You have a heart of fire and gold— Nor gold nor fire for me is bright: I would forget those days of old, Which seemed to show your heart aright.

My love, that is both dumb and deep, is freely given as 'tis true: What secret still the fates may keep I know not—but I say, adieu!

I say adieu because my part Where every moment is a smart and every day a year of pain.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER III-CONTINUED. "Yew'll tell on us?" he hissed. "Yew'll raise the plains agin us? "Yew'll tell on yewr father and yewr

cousin?" His hand twitched convulsively and assumed the shape of a wild bird's claws. His head shrank down upon his shoulders and his whole body seemed to quiver with fury. He made a panting step towards his daughter.

"Yew'll raise the plains agin us, would yew? Yew'd have us lynched? Would yew? Yew'd have us hanged. Would yew? Waal, I aint so darnation sartin-" His rage stopped his speech; he seemed to foam at the mouth, and stretched out an arm as if in command to his nephew. Lucy stood there, solemn and queen-

like as before. Her face shone in the moonlight with a white and brilliant glory, and the younger ruffian bowed his head before her glance.

"I'll do all that, dad," she said. "I'll do it all. I sin't afraid o' yew. Yew daren't kill me as yew killed

George Maclane raised both his arms above his head and clenched his fists. He drew up his long gaunt figure until he stood on tiptoe. Then he opened his hands and stretched out his bony fingers. In the meantime his face was alive with muscular distortions; his teeth were clenched hard, and his thin lips were drawn out full. He made several convulsive efforts toward his daughter, his long arms waving wildly, until at last with a cry that seemed to make the night horrible, he rushed upon the girl and caught her by the shoulder. A slight sound of pain escaped her as the tender flesh was bruised by the brutal contact, but she stood still, and looked him straight in the face, eye to eye.

The murderer shrank before that brave glance, and his wretched purpose trickled from him and left him a foaming coward, as he met his child's calm gaze. His fingers loos-ened slowly, and his arm dropped by his side. With heaving breast, and clawing his head with his long nails, he retreated a step or two, and the pent-up savagery in his breast found an outlet in nearly hysterical sobs.

"I reckon yew know what yew're threatenin'," Dave said quietly. He was no less infuriated than his uncle, but he knew better how to suppress his rage. "If this man is lowed to live, the first thing he'll do on gettin to the plains will be to denounce us, and I don't see as it's much better to be told on by him

than by yew." Chauncey's side. Her dainty fingers traveled over his wounded and bloodbesmeared face, and gently brushed the gore-clotted hair from his battered forehead.

"It'll be weeks and weeks," she said, "afore he can move. Yew can get sacks of gold from heyar, an' be off away east long afore he can say a word agin yew. I'll stay behind and see it all out when yew're gone." She rose and walked to the water's

edge, and dipped her handkerchief in the cool rushing stream; then she returned and began to moisten the suf-

The elder Maclane stood by grim and voiceless. "Let her have her way, George,"

Dave said quietly. "I guess It'll be best to let her have her way." The tall frontiersman cast one sav-

age glance at his daughter, then turned on his heel and strode away.

CHAPTER IV.

During the height of the season of 1860, London society was moved with pleasurable excitement, by one of those occurrences, which make real life more sensational than fiction.

The aged earl of Cleve had died in the course of the previous year. His two eldest sons had been killed in a terrible railway accident, the old nobleman, thoroughly prostrated by the shock, was soon laid by their side in the wault at Chauncey Towers. The earl's youngest son, the Honorable Herbert Chauncey, had succeeded to the estates of his forefathers, but the young man had gone abroad some years previously, and his family had been left without tidings from him for some time. It was only after a prolonged and difficult search that he was discovered 'lead-ing a nomadic life on the Northwestern prairies. He was recognized be-yond possibility of a doubt, but he had, in a mulderous conflict, of which he had no recollection, received some terrible wounds on the head, and had lost the faculty of memory. The past was a blank to him. He had no remembrance when he came to the West, where he was wounded, by whom or under what circumstances. He could not even compel his mind to unburden itself of some of the common secrets of his earlier life. He had no remembrance of

foung fellow, extremely intelligent ! ill, I hope?"

and kindly and straight and handsome as an athlete of heroic times.

Eleven o'clock had already struck, one beautiful June morning, and Lady Evelyne Wynter, only daughter of the marquis and marchioness of Gwendale, was still tossing sleeplessly on her down pillows. The golden day was peering gaily through a little chink of the drawn curtains, and a bright streak of opal light fell upon the lady's face, as she turned and rolled, throwing off the blue satin, quilted coverlet, which fell upon the Aubusson carpet, and left her in all the white glory of the rich lace that enveloped her rounded limbs. Yawning like meaner mortals, she stretched a pair of creamy. velvety arms, and locked her dainty fingers above her head, adding a second frame to the handsome which was already surrounded by her wealth of glossy brown, silken hair. One rosy foot was peeping shyly from beneath the clinging half-transpar-ent fabric, the big grey-blue dreamy eyes, were gazing into vacancy, and a sigh, barely audible, but still distinct and unmistakable escaped from my lady's lips.

The fact was that Lady Evelyn was perplexed. Conflicting currents of thought agitated her ordinarily so calm and even mind. They had banished sleep from her couch, and had left her weary and nearly distressed.

Lady Evelyne Wynter had, for nearly a month already, been en-gaged to be married to Mr. David Maclane, a young American gentleman, of reputed immense wealth. The young man was one of the lions of the season, and Lady Evelyne Wynter, whose twenty-six summers had warned her that it was time to look about for a husband, had taken a rather morbid pride in securing, as her prize, the sensational hero of the year. The daily papers, and the weeklies too, for that, had described the young Westerner with a fervent eulogy and a graphic picturesqueness which would not have been out of place in telling the story of a god of mythology. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and as many hairbreadth escapes, and, like all heroes, he was as gentle as he was brave and strong. In these very words, that fashiona ble journal, "Albert Gate" had described young Maclane, and if the writers on "Albert Gate" were not in a position to know everything of everybody, who was?

I am inclined to doubt that such a thing as a real serious attachment was at all in the nature of Lady Evelyne Wynter. But she had been very fond, in fact, fonder than she herself imagined she could have been, of Herbert Chauncey. He was barely two years her senior, and they had known each other since childhood. As a boy, at Eton, he had spent his pocket money in buying her bouquets, and she remembered well how proud she was of him, when, as the captain of the eleven of his school, he vanquished Harrow. Lady Evelyne had returned home

from a ball with the broad summer day, and had not been able to banish Herbert's revived memory from her mind. She babbled about him while her maid undressed her; she found the subject more interesting while the girl brushed her hair; and when the young woman was dismissed, and dream of fancies, Herbert Chauncey's picture would persistently intrude itself upon her not unwilling mental eyes. During the first quarter of an hour, or so, she thought the freshly called-up reminiscences very nice. Herbert had been a sweetheart-one of the many moths that had fluttered round her brilliant light. Now he was back, and she would see him again, and as he was an earl, and, doubtless, unmarried, they would be able to speak freely together. It was then that Lady Evelyne remembered that she was engaged to Mr. David Maclane, and, for the first time, she considered that engagement rather a bore. It would be very nice to be the wife of a millionaire hero, but-Countess of Clevethere was a peculiar stirring Anglo-Saxon ring of dignity and unutterable pride about that, by the side of which the parvenue gold was decidedly vulgar and despicable. And, perhaps—who knows—might she not be Countess of Cleve, for the asking aye, even without the asking?

Lady Evelyne was lying drowsily, moving one hand about the streak of golden sunlight that broke the room, and playing the scintillating atoms into with that danced in it, when the door of the chamber opened and Lady Gwendale appeared upon the thresh old, followed by Evelyn's maid. She was a stately personage, whose irongrey hair sat well against a kindly

"My childl my child!" she exclaimed. Do you know that it is past 11 o'clock." "Well, ma." replied Lady Evelyne

languidly, "what of it?" "What of it, my dear?" was Lady Gwendale's remonstrance. "What of it? How can you be so forgetful. The duchess' garden-party commences at 2, and you have arranged to sit to Delauria at 12. That portrait of yours will never be finished."

"I will not go to Delauria's today," Lady Evelyne answered poutingly, "and I'm not so sure that I shall go to the garden party."

The maid had, in the meantime

drawn the heavy curtains, and the bright sunlight, softened by the lace hangings within, streamed all over the room, Lady Evelyne closed her eyes again, whilst her mother held up her hands in amazement.

With all that, so said report, he was a cheerful, blithe and pleasant what has happened? You are

Evelyne held out a pair of pleading arms, and the old lady approached her daughter, who drew her mother's face to her own and kissed it affectionately.

"No, ma, dear," she whispered. "I'm not ill, but I do not want to go out. I want to stay at home and think."

Lady Gwendale's temporary anxiety changed to amazement. That her volatile daughter should desire to think, no matter what the subject, was in itself an anomaly, but the tone in which the wish was expressed. the tender pleading of the voice for apparently so trivial a cause, told my lady—a shrewd, experienced woman of the world—that something was not altogether as it should have been with her child. A moment's reflection guided her on the right track for the solution of the problem.

"I know what troubles you, my dear," she said. "At least I think I do. Herbert has returned to England, and you have been thinking of him."

The young lady's eyes brightened: she took her mother's plump hand between her own soft fingers and stroked it caressingly. Her eyelids dropped dreamingly for an instant, then she looked Lady Gwendale straight in the face, and with a smile dimpling her cheeks, nodded her head twice or thrice.

"I thought so," the old lady exclaimed, with a suppressed sigh. "Really, my dear Evelyne, you must become a little more settled in your intentions and decisions. You are now engaged to Mr. Maclane, and it can make very little difference to you whether young Cleve has returned or not.

Lady Evelyne pursed her lips. "But ma," she whimpered, "it does make a difference. Herbert and I were engaged to one another once, and—" (the young lady raised her-self and threw both arms around her mother's neck) "you know he is now the earl of Cleve.

"Herbert is certainly in a better position now than when he left England," Lady Gwendale admitted. gently disengaging herself from her daughter's embrace, "and I have no doubt that many ladies with marriageable daughters will consider him a desirable son-in-law. As to myself, I must decline forming an opinion on the subject till I have seen the young man."

"But you will form an opinion. won't you, ma. when you have seen the young lady suggested again him P" drooping her eyes and stroking her mother's hand with her own, "and if that opinion is favorable ---." The little fingers wandered nervously over my lady's palm, and the grey blue eyes danced with a pretty glit-"If that opinion is really favorable," Evelyne repeated with a captivating emphasis, and the dainty tingers travelled forwards and backwards, whilst she sought in her mind an expression which did not readily present itself to her tongue, "don't you think countess of Cleve a prettier name that Lady Evelyne Wynter?

Lady Gwendale's reply was solemn and ceremonious-

"My child!" she exclaimed, "you can bear no better name than your

"I did not mean that, ma," pleaded Lady Evelyne was left by herself to dream of fancies, Herbert Chauncey's married Mr. Maclane I should still be Lady Evelyne Wynter, but if I married Herbert I should be the countess of Cleve."

"You really must not think of such a thing, my dear." Lady Gwendale remonstrated. "You are engaged to Mr. Maclane, and your father and I both consider it a desirable engagement. You are well aware we had sufficient reasons for closing our doors upon young Chauncey, and I have learned nothing which would induce me to alter my opinion or intentions on the subject. Come, now! brush the matter from your mind. Think no more about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Guinea Fowls as Poultry Protectors.

That noisy, quarrelsome bird, the guinea fowl, with its voracious appetite and destructiveness of flower and kitchen gardens, would not, on general principles, seem to be a profitable bird for the poultry yard. It is so indifferent a parent that its young have usually to be hatched out and reared by a foster mother in the shape of a hen turkey. It was with surprise, therefore, that a New Yorker summering in the town of Monroe, Maine, discovered that the farmers of that region commonly kept a pair or more of guinea fowls among their other poultry. This was done for the purpose of keeping away the hawks, the boldest of which would not venture to swoop down upon a yard of which any of these mottled, round-bodied, helmet-headed fowl were tenants. Whether it is their belligerent appearance, or strident cry, or manifest readiness to fight that daunts the hawk, certain it is that whenever one of these aerial pirates, reconnoitering the farmyard from on high, comes earthward in swift, narrowing circles, it needs only the loud squawk and bristling defiance of the guinea fowl to cause him suddenly to remember an engagement in the next township, and to send him scurrying off in haste.—New York Sun.

How He Ate Them.

During a trial in New York a witness was examined regarding a certain dinner of fried oysters, in which the defendant participated. "Did the defendant seize upon

them with avidity?" inquired the counsel.

"No. sir," answered the witness, "he chucked them down into his esophagus from the end of a threetined fork."-Texas Siftings.

Nearing the Grave.

in old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmacal skill have allie! thomselves in furnishing us a reliable means of amellorating the ailments incident to declining years, and of renewing waning physical energy. is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely com-prehensive remedy in disease, and an ines-timable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and the convalescent. Rheuma'le aliments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common aliments of the aged. The e are effectually counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a prevention and curative of malarini complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and billiousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and, the acquisition of vigor.

Ancient Preservation of the Dead.

Herodotus gives a good description of the manner in which the early ethopi-ans preserved their dead. Having thor-oughly dried the corpse, they plastered it over with a paste made of gypsum and then painted the face and exposed parts so as to make them look as natural as possible. Dead bodies served in this manner remained intact for hundreds of years.—St. Louis Republic.

To make our own troubles the means of aelping the troubles of others is a noble efort for good. A well illustrated instance of this kindly sympathy is shown in a letter from Mr. Enoch L. Hanscom, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 60 and when 40 had a bad knee and rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs Oil and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health.

Will Kill Quicker.

An electric motor attachment has been applied to the Gatling gun which promises not only to more than double the destructive capabilities of that par-ticular machine, but to effect a great advance in the efficiency of all machine guns. The motor is detachable, is of one horse power, is very small, weighing but a trifle over fifty pounds, and is placed in the breech of the gun, amply protected. The motor increases the present rate of firing, 1,200 shots a min-utr, to more than 3,000 shots a minute.

It is told of Hannah More that she had a good way of managing tale bear-ers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously pain-The tale bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts.

Beware of Cintments for Catarrh That

Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co.. Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly ficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative, Syrup of Figs.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.

SIX TONS OF HAY PER ACRE. That is seldom reached, but when Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures are sown his is possible. Over fifty kinds of grass and clover sorts. Largest growers of farm seeds in the world. Alsike Clover is the hardiest; Crimson Clover is the quickest growing: Alfalfa Clover is the best fertilizing clover while

is the quickest growing: Alfalfa Clover is the best fertilizing clover, while Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures make the best meadows in the world.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send 12 With 14c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive eleven packages grass and clover sorts and his mammoth farm seed catalogue: full of good things for the farmer, the gardener and the citizen. er, the gardener and the citizen.

The fish which escapes from the hook seems the largest.

For the relief and cure of a cold in the head there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures after all other treatments have proved of no avail.

Beelzebub was the first "oldest inhabitant." He was the father of liars.

Who steals goods is called a thief; who steals dominions, a ruler.

Friend

Authors Bislike Their Own Fame

It is a curious thing how those who write famous books or create well-known noms de plume develop an aversion to them as times goes on. Edward Bellamy, for example, absolutely shud-ders when one talks of "Looking Backward" in his presence. There is no surer way to offend Bret Harte than to refer to him as the author of "The Heathen Chinee." Will Carleton cannot imagine why people should associ-ate "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" so prominently with his name. Mrs. Burnett dislikes too much mention of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in her presence, but courts any praise of her story of "Vegabondia," with which so few, in comparison with those who know her famous juvenile story, have any knowledge. Charles Heber Clarke has a strong averson to any association of his once famous nom de plume of "Max Adler" with his name. Charles G. Le-land's ire is aroused when one speaks of "Hans Breitmann" as his best piece of work. E. P. Roo never could understand why people read and bought "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" in preference to his later and what he deemed his better books. Eugene Field feels that he has written fifty poems that are superior to "Little Boy Blue." John Hay's feeling are hurt when one introman at the literary supper recently, as the author of "Little Breeches." Henry Ward Beecher used to say that "to hear some people talk you'd imagine I never did a thing but write 'Norwood,' which Mr. Bonner ealled a novel."-

Numerous unsolicited testimonials daily received by its proprietors clearly demonstrate the fact that the reputation of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the infallible cure for all affections of the throat and chest, has suffered no diminution in the last quarter of a century. of a century

Must Smother, then Hang.

J. N. Hill, who was recently sentenced to death for murder in Pittsburg, wears a silver tube in his neck. After killing the woman for whom he is to be hang ed he cut his throat. The doctor patched up his wound; therefore he can breathe with the aid of the tube. It is thought that to hang him successfully the tube will have to be removed.

Keep Salvation Oil in the gymnasium. is a sovereign remedy for cuts, strains, bruises and sprains, to which acrobats and athletes are liable at all times. It is the greatest cure on earth for pain. 25 cts.

How to Mend Crockery.

A valued correspondent says: "Before being allowed to get dirty or greasy tie all the broken pieces in their places nicely with any kind of a string that suits, then put in an iron or tin dish that can be put on the fire, pour in as much milk as will cover the fractures well, put on the fire and boil for, say, 10 minutes, and the whole opera-tion is complete. Don't undo the wrap-ping until the dish is completely cold, and if yours hold as ours do, you will call it a success.'

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure" free to any sufferer. He advertises by giving it away. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

Aged Woman Walks Over 500 Miles. Mrs. Anna Peterson of Denver, 60 years of age, walked into *Pueblo at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, having come on foot from the Cherokee strip, 650 miles, with the exception of a trifle over 100 miles, which she rode on a train. She wedt to the strip at the opening but with starvation staring her in the face she set out for Denver and averaged more than 20 miles every day she walked.—Pueblo (Colo. Special.

The principal causes of sick headache, bil-iousness and cold chills are found in the stomach and liver. Cured by Beecham's

The helping hand is one that has as the price of a meal concealed in the palm. The oldest known poem is the song of Miriam.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Giycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct. Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

"Hansom's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your ruggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The coldest bodies warm with opposition; the hardest sparkle in collision.

Without Change to Hot Springs Ark.

The Missouri Pacific Railway is now running a slepping car from Omaha to the Hot Springs of Arkansas without change via. Kansas City, Wagner, Ft. Smith and Little Rock. Leaving Omaha daily at 10 p. m. For further information, tickets or berths, call at depot 15th and Webster streets, or company's city offices northeast corner 13th and Farnam streets, Omaha, Nebr.

Thos. F. Godfrey,

J. O. Phillippi, P. and T. Agent.

J. O. PHILLIPPI, P. and A. G. F. and P. Agent.

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as

For generations it has been the cu tom to mix the batter for buckwheat cakes with yeast or emptyings, retaining a portion of the batter left over from one morning to raise the cakes for

Royal Bookwheats.

the following day.

If kept too warm, or not used promptly, this batter becomes excessively sour and objectionable. Buckwheat cakes raised by this means are more often sour or heavy than light and sweet. If eaten daily they distress the stomach and cause akin eruptions and itching.

Instead of the old fashioned way we

have been making buckwheat cakes this winter with Royal Baking Powder, mixing the batter fresh daily, and find the result wonderfully satisfactory. They are uniformly light and sweet, more palatable and wholesome, and can be eaten continuously without the

can be eaten continuously without the slightest digestive inconvenience. Besides they are mixed and baked in a moment, requiring no time to rise. Following is the receipt used:

Two cups of pure buckwheat flour (not "prepared" or mixed); one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder and one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. Once properly tested from this receipt, no other buckwheat will find its way to your table.—Domestic Cookery.

Prince of Wales' Bracelet.

It is probably not generally known that the Prince of Wales wears a bracelet on his left wrist. On a recent occa-sion when he appeared in public the gleam of the golden bangle was noticed by a very few individuals, and among those who noticed it there was an inthose who noticed it there was an interchange of wondering glances. The wearing of the bracelet is not, however, foppishness on the part of his royal highness, for the bangle has a history. It belonged originally to Maximillian, the ill fated emperor of Mexico, and it is a cherished possession of the prince's.—London Tit-Bits.

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Chinese soldiers get \$1 a month and have to board themselves.

The oldest peer in England is Earl Gray who is almost 92 years of age.

A boil in the pot is worth two on the neck Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

The bat, hanging upside down laughs at the topsyturvy world.

A woman without jealousy is like a ball without elasticity.

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Spasms, Convulsions, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Nervous Prostration and those nervous conditions brought on by functional disorders are permanently curved by Dr. Pierces Favorite Prescription. It's a atrengthening nervine and restorative tonic, prescribed by an eminent Physician for all those distressing "weaknesses" and irregularties common to correct the common to contract the second common to contract the second common to the contract that the second common to contract the second common to the contract that the second contract the secon



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PIRRCE: Dear Sir—
My sister, Miss Cordella Merkel, had St.
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constantly; she could
not walk without being held under herarms. She tried fourdoctors, but without
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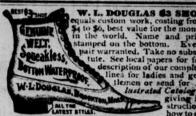


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