

finest Cruelty in France.  
manitarian lady who will not  
is in her bonnet or eat flesh  
permit down pillows to soften  
life should turn her attention  
ed cruelty that is at the mo-  
vague in certain districts in  
For the manufacture of a cer-  
perfine cloth called zibeline re-  
plucked alive, and the long fur  
ained is woven into the afore-  
ure. A particular breed of rab-  
bly suitable, and these hapless  
are carefully tended after the  
process until their fur grows  
The thing is inexorably cruel.  
woman would surely encourage  
or manufacture of such cloth  
heart, not to say sensibility, is in  
place.—Chicago Post.

The Hotel Night Clerk.  
Mail: It has always been a  
of wonder among outsiders that  
clerk should not be one of  
best salaried officials of a hotel,  
of being, as he actually is, one  
worst paid. Certainly no day  
mary, except the manager, has  
a responsibility, and even the  
er is less likely to be caught  
adequate means to act. The  
clerk is proprietor, manager and  
tendent combined during the  
tical hours of the twenty-four,  
ranks in pay and preference  
over the room clerks. Inquiries  
pet men have never elicited  
his factory explanation of this,  
answer being that the night  
is often regarded merely as a  
man.

The Keystone of the Arch  
ence of health is vigor, which means  
of muscular energy, but an active  
of the various functions of the  
as digestion, secretion of the bile,  
of the bowels, the circulation of the  
Stomach more actively and there-  
contributes to the united performance  
functions than the renowned tonic  
rator, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.  
ait of its use is a speedy gain in  
together with the agreeable conse-  
that the tenure of life is being  
eased, that one is enjoying a store of  
against the unavoidable draughts  
old age makes upon the system. The  
influence of the Bitters constitutes  
able safeguard against malaria, rheu-  
and kidney trouble. Appetite and  
are improved through its use, and it protects  
from the effects of cold and damp.

Queer Ways of the Told.  
mal affection is not perhaps the  
emotion that we should be dis-  
to look for in the cold blooded  
But the Surinam toad appears to  
this praiseworthy attitude of  
toward its numerous progeny,  
his mate lays her eggs, the soli-  
father places them carefully  
her back, where in due time their  
causes an irritation that pro-  
numerous small holes, into  
the eggs forthwith drop. In  
cells, which, from mutual pres-  
to be hexagonal, like honey-  
combed, and for a bit scramble about  
mother's back, hiding in their  
cries when danger threatens.

A Modern Invalid  
tastes medicinally, in keeping  
other luxuries. A remedy must  
pleasantly acceptable in form, purely  
some in composition, truly bene-  
in effect and entirely free from  
objectionable quality. If really  
consults a physician; if consi-  
he uses the gentle family laxa-  
every of Figs.

er pants are used in some German  
plates.

### THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption has been  
stopped short by Dr.  
Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery. If  
you haven't waited  
long enough, read on,  
there's complete re-  
covery and cure.  
Although by many  
believed to be incur-  
able, there is the  
evidence of hundreds  
of living witnesses to  
the fact that, in all  
its earlier stages, con-  
sumption is a curable  
disease. Not every  
case, but a large per-  
centage of cases, and  
we believe, fully 90  
per cent, are cured  
by Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,  
after the disease has progressed so  
as to induce repeated bleedings from  
lungs, severe lingering cough with  
its expectoration (including tubercu-  
lation), great loss of flesh and extren-  
e exhaustion and weakness.  
You doubt that hundreds of such cases  
have been cured by "Golden Med-  
ical Discovery" were genuine cases of that  
old and fatal disease? You need not take  
word for it. They have, in nearly every  
instance, been so pronounced by the best  
and most experienced home physicians  
and no interest whatever in mis-  
representing them, and who were often  
opposed, and advised against  
"Golden Medical Discovery,"  
who have been forced to confess, that  
it surpasses in curative power over this  
world, all other medicines with  
which they are acquainted. Nasty coughs  
and its filthy "emulsions" and  
had either utterly failed to bene-  
fit, or had only seemed to benefit a little  
for a time. Extract of malt, whiskey,  
various preparations of the hypophos-  
phites had also been faithfully tried in vain,  
and photographs of a large number of  
cured cases, including chronic nasal  
catarrhs and kindred maladies, have been  
fully reproduced in a book of 300  
pages which will be mailed to you, on re-  
ceipt of address and six cents in stamps.  
You can then write those cured and learn  
the experience. Address: WORLD'S DISPEN-  
SARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"COLCHESTER"  
SPADING  
BOOT.  
BEST IN MARKET.  
BEST FIT.  
BEST IN WEARING  
QUALITY.  
The outer sole is  
tanned to the whole length  
of the boot, pro-  
tecting the inner sole  
from wear and in other hard  
places.

ASK YOUR DEALER  
FOR THEM.  
Do not be put off  
with inferior goods.  
COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

THOSE WHO HAVE  
been afflicted with  
rheumatism, neuralgia,  
sciatica, backache,  
catarrh, etc., they will receive a prompt reply.

## THE PURTENT.

A Story of the Inner Vision of the  
Highlanders, Commonly Called  
the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

### CHAPTER XVII. NEW INTRENCHMENTS.

But this way of breaking into the  
house every night did not afford me the  
facility I wished. For I wanted to see  
Lady Alice during the day, or at least  
in the evening before she went to sleep;  
as otherwise I could not thoroughly  
judge of her condition. So I got Wood  
to pack up a small stock of provisions  
for me in his haversack, which I took  
with me; and when I entered the house  
that night, I bolted the door of the  
court behind me, and made all fast.  
I waited till the usual time for her  
appearance had passed; and, always  
apprehensive now, as was very natural,  
I had begun to grow uneasy, when I  
heard a voice, as I had heard it once  
before, singing. Fearful of disturbing  
her, I listened for a moment. Whether  
the song was her own or not I cannot  
be certain. When I questioned her  
afterward, she knew nothing about it.  
She ceased singing. Still she did not  
enter. I went into the closet and found  
that the door was bolted. When I  
opened she entered, as usual; and  
when she came to herself, seemed still  
better than before.

"Duncan," she said, "I don't know  
how it is, but I believe I must have  
forgotten everything I ever knew. I  
feel as if I had. I don't think I can  
even read. Will you teach me my let-  
ters?"  
She had a book in her hand. I hail-  
ed this as another sign that her waking  
and sleeping thoughts bordered on each  
other; for she must have taken an  
book during her somnambule condi-  
tion. I did as she desired. She seem-  
ed to know nothing till I told her. But  
the moment I told her anything, she  
knew it perfectly. Before she left me  
that night she was reading tolerably,  
with many pauses of laughter that she  
should ever have forgotten how. The  
moment she shared the light of my  
mind, all was plain; where that had  
not shone, all was dark. The fact was,  
she was living still in the shadow of  
that shock which her nervous system  
had received from our discovery and  
my ejection.

As she was leaving me, I said:  
"Shall you be in the haunted room  
at sunset to-morrow, Alice?"  
"Of course I shall," she answered.  
"You will find me there then." I re-  
joined; "that is, if you think there is  
no danger of being seen."  
"Not the least," she answered. "No  
one follows me there; not even Mrs.  
Blakesley, good soul! They are all  
afraid, as usual."  
"And won't be frightened to see  
me there?"  
"Frightened? No. Why? Oh! You  
think me queer, too, do you?"  
She looked very vexed, but tried to  
smile.

"I would trust you with my  
life," I said. "That's not much, though  
—with my soul, whatever that means,  
Alice."  
"Then don't talk nonsense," she re-  
joined, coaxingly, "about my being  
frightened to see you."  
Which she had done. I followed in-  
to the old hall, taking my sack with  
me; for, after having found the door  
in the closet bolted, I was determined  
not to spend one night more in my old  
quarters, and never to allow Lady  
Alice to go there again, if I could pre-  
vent her. And I had good hopes, that  
if we met in the day, the same conse-  
quences would follow as had followed  
long ago, namely, that she would sleep  
at night.

My object was to choose one of the  
deserted rooms in which I might es-  
tablish myself without chances of  
discovery. I had not turned many  
corners, or gone through many passag-  
es, before I found one exactly to my  
mind. I will not trouble my reader  
with a description of its odd posi-  
tion and shape. All I wanted was con-  
cealment, and that it provided plenti-  
fully. I lay down on the floor, and was  
soon fast asleep.

Next morning, having breakfasted  
from the contents of my bag, I proceed-  
ed to make myself thoroughly ac-  
quainted with the bearings, etc., of this  
portion of the house. Before evening,  
I knew it all thoroughly.  
But I found it very difficult to wait  
for the evening. By the windows of  
one of the rooms looking westward, I  
sat watching the down-going of the  
sun. When he set, my moon would  
rise. As he touched the horizon, I went  
the old, well-known way to the haunt-  
ed chamber.

One moment longer and a light hand  
was laid on the door. It opened gently,  
and Alice, entering, fixed across the  
room straight to my arms. How beau-  
tiful she was; her old fashioned dress  
bringing her into harmony with the  
room and its old consecrated twilight!  
For this room looked eastward, and  
there was only twilight there. She  
brought me some water, at my request;  
and then we read, and laughed over  
our reading. Every moment she knew  
only knew something fresh, but knew  
that she had known it before. The  
dust of the years had to be swept away  
but it was only dust, and flew at a  
breath. The light soon faded us in  
the dusky chamber; and we sat and  
whispered till only when we kissed  
could we see each other's eyes. At  
length Lady Alice said:  
"They are looking for me; I had bet-  
ter go. Shall I come at night?"  
"No," I answered. "Sleep, and do  
not move."  
"Very well, I will."  
She went, and I returned to my den.  
There I lay and thought. Had she  
ever been insane at all? I doubted it.  
A kind of mental sleep or stupor had  
come upon her—nothing more.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
ESCAPE.  
It was time, however, to lay some  
plan, and make some preparation for

our departure. The first thing to be  
secured was a convenient exit from the  
house. I searched in all directions, but  
could discover none better than that  
by which I had entered. Leaving the  
house one evening, as soon as Lady  
Alice had retired, I communicated my  
situation to Wood, who entered with all  
his heart into my projects. Most for-  
tunately, through all her so-called mad-  
ness, Lady Alice had retained and cher-  
ished the feeling that there was some-  
thing sacred about the diamond ring,  
and the little money which had been  
intended for our flight before, and she  
had kept them carefully concealed,  
where she could find them in a mo-  
ment. I had sent the ring to a friend  
in London, to sell it for me; and it pro-  
duced more than I had expected. I  
had then commissioned Wood to go to  
the county town and buy a light gig for  
me; and in this he had been very for-  
tunate. My dear old Constance had  
the accomplishment, not at all common  
to chargers, of going admirably in har-  
ness; and I had from the first enjoined  
upon Wood to get him into as good  
condition as possible. I now fixed a  
certain hour at which Wood was to be  
at a certain spot on one of the roads  
skirting the park—where I had found  
a crazy door in the plank fence—with  
Constance in the dog cart, and plenty  
of wraps for Alice.

"And for Heaven's sake, Wood," I  
concluded, "look to his shoes."  
The next evening I said: "Alice—  
I must leave the house; will you go with  
me?"  
"Of course I will, Duncan. When?"  
"The night after to-morrow, as soon  
as everyone is in bed and the house  
quiet. If you have anything you value  
very much, take it; but the lighter we  
go the better."  
"I have nothing, Duncan. I will take  
a little bag—that will do for me."  
"But dress as warmly as you can. It  
will be cold."  
"Oh, yes; I won't forget that. Good-  
night."

I had seen Mrs. Blakesley since she  
had told me that the young earl and  
countess were expected in about a  
month, else I might have learned one  
fact which it was very important I  
should have known—namely, that their  
arrival had been hastened by eight or  
ten days. The very morning of our in-  
tended departure, I was looking into  
the court through a little round hole  
I had cleared for observation in the  
dust of one of the windows, believing  
I had observed signs of unusual pre-  
paration on the part of the household,  
when a carriage drove up, followed by  
two others, and Lord and Lady Hil-  
ton descended and entered, with an  
attendance of some eight or ten.

There was a great bustle in the house  
all day. Of course I felt uneasy, for if  
anything should interfere with our  
flight the presence of so many would  
increase whatever difficulty might oc-  
cur. I was also uneasy about the  
treatment my Alice might receive from  
the new-comers. Indeed, it might be  
put out of her power to meet me at all.  
It had been arranged between us that  
she should not come to the haunted  
chamber at the usual hour, but to-  
ward midnight.

I was there waiting for her. The  
hour arrived; the house seemed quiet;  
but she did not come. I began to grow  
very uneasy. I waited half an hour  
more, and then, unable to endure it  
longer, crept to her door. I tried to  
open it, but found it fast. At the same  
time I heard a slight sob inside. I  
put my lips to the key-hole, and called  
"Alice." She answered in a moment:  
"They have locked me in."

The key was gone. There was no  
time to be lost. Who could tell what  
they might do to-morrow, if already  
they were taking precautions against  
her madness? I would try the key of  
a neighboring door, and if that would  
not fit, I would burst the door open,  
and take the chance. As it was, he  
key fitted the lock, and the door open-  
ed. We locked it on the outside, restor-  
ed the key, and in another moment  
were in the haunted chamber. Alice  
was dressed ready for the flight. To  
me it was very pathetic to see her in  
the shapes of years gone by. She look-  
ed faded and ancient, notwithstanding  
that this was the dress in which I had  
seen her so often of old. Her stream  
had been so standing still, while mine  
had flowed on. She was a portrait of  
my own young Alice, a picture of her  
own former self.

One or two lights glancing about be-  
low detained us for a while. We were  
standing near the window, feeling now  
very anxious to be clear of the house;  
Alice was holding me and leaning on  
me with the essence of trust; when, all  
at once, she dropped my arm, covered  
her face with her hands, and called  
out: "The horse with the clanking  
shoe!" At the same moment the heavy  
door which communicated with this  
part of the house flew open with a  
crash. A light gleamed into the room,  
and by it I saw that Lady Alice, who  
was standing close to me still, was  
gazing, with flashing eyes, at the door.  
She whispered hurriedly:  
"I remember it all now, Duncan. My  
brain is all right. It is come again.  
But they shall not part us this time.  
You follow me for once."

As she spoke, I saw something glitter  
in her hand. She had caught up an  
old Malay creese that lay in a corner  
and was now making for the door, at  
which half a dozen domestics were by  
this time gathered. They, too, saw the  
glitter, and made way. I followed close,  
ready to fell the first who offered to lay  
hands on her. But she walked through  
them unmenaced, and, once clear, sped  
like a bird into the recesses of the old  
house. One fellow started to follow. I  
tripped him up. I was collared by an-  
other. The same instant he lay by his  
companion, and I followed Alice. She  
knew the route well enough, and I  
overtook her in the great hall. We  
heard pursuing feet rattling down the  
echoing stair. To enter my room and  
bolt the door behind us, was a mo-  
ment's work; and a few moments more  
took us into the alley of the kitchen  
garden. With speedy, noiseless steps,  
we made our way to the park, and  
across it to the door of the fence, where  
Wood was waiting for us, old Con-  
stance pawing the ground with im-  
patience for a good run.

He had had enough of it before 12  
hours were over.  
Was I not well recompensed for my  
long years of despair? The cold stars  
were sparkling overhead; a wind blew  
keen against us—the wind of our own  
flight. Constance stepped out with a  
will; and I urged him on, for he bore  
my beloved and me into the future  
life. Close beside me she sat, wrap-  
pled warm from the cold, rejoicing in

her deliverance, and now and then  
looking up with tear-bright eyes into  
my face. Once and again I felt her  
sob, but I knew it was a sob of joy,  
and not of grief. The spell was broken  
at last, and she was mine.  
We rested no more than was abso-  
lutely necessary; and, in as short a  
space as ever horse could perform the  
journey, we reached the Scotch border,  
and before many hours had gone over  
Alice was my wife.

### CHAPTER XIX. THE END.

Honest Wood joined us in the course  
of a week or two, and has continued  
in my service ever since. Nor was it  
long before Mrs. Blakesley was like-  
wise added to our household, for she had  
been instantly dismissed from the  
countess' service on the charge of com-  
plicity in Lady Alice's abduction.  
We lived for some month in a cot-  
tage on a hill side overlooking one of  
the loveliest of the Scotch lakes. Here  
I was once more tutor to my Alice. And  
a quick scholar she was, as ever. Nor,  
I trust, was I slow in my part. Her  
character became yet clearer to me  
every day. I understood her better  
and better.

She could endure marvelously; but  
without love and its joys she could not  
live, in any real sense. In uncongenial  
society, her whole mental faculty had  
frozen; when love came, her mental  
world, like a garden in the spring  
sunshine, blossomed and budded. When  
she lost me, the present vanished, and  
went by her like an ocean that has  
no milestone; she caring only for the  
past, living in the past, and that re-  
flection of it in the dim glass of her  
hope, which prefigured the future.  
We have never again heard the  
clanking shoe. Indeed after we had  
passed a few months in the absorption  
of each other's society, we began to find  
that we doubted a great deal of what  
seemed to have happened to us. It  
was as if the gates of the unseen world  
were closing against us, because we  
had shut ourselves up in the world of  
the present.

Having examined into Lady Alice's  
affairs, I claimed the fortune which she  
had inherited. Lord Hilton, my former  
pupil, at once acknowledged the jus-  
tice of the claim, and was considerably  
astonished to find how much more  
might have been demanded of him,  
which had been spent over the al-  
lowance made from her income for  
her maintenance. But we had enough  
without claiming that.  
My wife purchased for me the pos-  
session of my forefathers, and there we  
live in peace and hope. To her I owe  
the delight which I feel every day of  
my childhood as still mine. They help  
me to keep young. And so does my  
Alice's hair; for although much gray;  
now mingles with mine, hers is as  
dark as ever. For her heart, I know  
that cannot grow old; and while the  
heart is young, man may laugh old  
Time in the face, and dare him to do  
his worst.

(THE END)

### Hill Was a Trainboy.

It is generally known that Sena-  
tor Hill has risen from a humble origin  
and that he was the original "train  
boy" on the New York Central rail-  
road—the first urchin that ever sold  
newspapers, cigars and chewing-gum  
on the railroad cars in that state. He  
secured the privilege from Dean Rich-  
mond, then manager of the section of  
what is now the New York Central  
system between Syracuse and Roches-  
ter, and finally operated the whole line  
between Buffalo and Albany, having a  
number of other boys to assist him. He  
might have been a millionaire also had  
he not gone back to school when he  
was 17 years old, with an ambition to  
study law and allowed himself to drift  
into politics as soon as he was admitted  
to the bar.

He made political speeches before he  
was old enough to vote, and was elec-  
ted a delegate to a congressional nom-  
inating convention the same month  
that he became of age. His father was  
a carpenter in the little New York vil-  
lage of Havana. Mr. Hill has been so  
busy with politics all his life that he  
has never had time to make money,  
and is not worth more than \$50,000 all  
told, most of which is invested in his  
home in the suburbs of Albany, which  
was built and embellished by poor  
"Fritz" Emmet, at a cost of more than  
\$150,000, and was sold to Mr. Hill af-  
ter his death for one-fifth of that sum.

### A Deep-Laid Scheme.

"You're a perplexing case," said the  
oculist, "You call red 'purple' and re-  
ferred to Nile green as 'turkey red.'"  
"Yes," replied the visitor, with a con-  
tented smile, "I guess I was born that  
way."  
"It's the most aggravated case of  
color-blindness I ever encountered in  
my professional experience."  
"That's it. I want you to write me  
out a statement to that effect. Never  
mind what the fee is. You see, my wife  
has a lot of samples she wants match-  
ed, and she'll ask me to take the job  
some time next week, sure."  
And then the oculist had his suspi-  
cions.—Washington Star.

### Forgetful, But Accommodating.

Doctor—Suffering from those gastr-  
ic twinges again, eh. Mr. Lapsus? What  
did you eat at dinner to-day?  
Mr. Lapsus—Well, really, doctor, I  
couldn't exactly tell. You see, I have  
not acquired a habit of memorizing my  
bills of fare.  
Doctor—That's unfortunate. I strong-  
ly suspect, however, you've been in-  
dulging in your old penchant for mince  
pie.  
Mr. Lapsus—I declare, I don't remem-  
ber. However, you go ahead and pre-  
scribe on the basis of mince pie and  
when I get home I'll ask my wife and  
if she says I didn't eat any I'll harmon-  
ize my system to your diagnosis by de-  
vouring a piece at once.—Richmond  
Dispatch.

### Subtly Hinted.

Hubby—How do you suppose the  
saying "There is nothing new under  
the sun" really originated?  
Wife—Really, I don't know, unless  
some woman who wore a bonnet like  
mine said it to her husband.  
Cholly—Now you may show me the  
most stunning thing you have in your  
establishment.  
Tailor—Yes, certainly. Here is the  
bill for the suit you have on.

## Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is  
the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweet-  
est, most delicious food. The strongest baking pow-  
der makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and  
strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome  
food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself  
of the baking powder which will give her the best  
food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift  
or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal,  
as they invariably contain alum, lime or sul-  
phuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can  
be had by declining to accept any substitute for the  
Royal, which is absolutely pure.

### A Lesson From Holmes' Life.

This habit of always doing his best is  
surely one of the fine lessons of his life.  
It has given his prose a perfection  
which will carry it far down the shores  
of time. The letter sent during the  
last summer of his life to be read at the  
celebration of Bryant's birthday was a  
model of simplicity in the expression of  
feeling. It was brief, and at another  
time would have been written and re-  
vised in half a day; but in his enfeebled  
condition it was with the utmost diffi-  
culty that he could satisfy himself. He  
worked at it patiently day after  
day, until his labor became a pain;  
nevertheless, he continued, and won  
what he deserved—the applause of  
men practiced in his art who were  
there to listen and appreciate.—Mrs.  
Annie Fields in the Century for Feb-  
ruary.

### An Old-Lawsuit.

Mme. Wagner has just won one of  
the oddest of lawsuits. At Baireuth  
last year, as a piece of pleasantry on the  
anniversary of the birth of her son  
Siegfried, she composed some verses and  
tied them to the necks of her five pet  
dogs. These verses got into the pos-  
session of a Baireuth newspaper, and  
they were published, provoking much  
amusement, particularly when the lines  
were printed in the French newspa-  
pers. Mme. Wagner's only remedy was  
to sue for breach of copyright. The  
courts assessed the damages at \$6.

### Worms in Horses.

The only sure cure for pin worms in horses  
known is Steketee's Hog Cholera Cure.  
Never fails to destroy worms in horses, hogs,  
sheep, dogs or cats; an excellent remedy for  
sick foals. Send sixty cents in United  
States postage stamps and I will send by  
mail. Cut this out, take it to druggist and  
pay him fifty cents. Three packages for \$1.50  
G. G. STEKETEE,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

### Mention name of paper.

Love is the only thing that more than  
pays for all its gets.

The man who looks through cobwebs will  
see spiders everywhere.

### Indianapolis Journal.

"What would you think?" asked the inquisitive young  
person, "what would you think if Bob  
Ingersoll were to get religion and die  
converted?"  
"What would I think?" echoed Dea-  
con Podbery, with much warmth. "I  
would think it was a darn swindle,  
that's what I'd think!"

### Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quick-  
er than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary  
as food to the body.

The man gains nothing who loses his  
character and saves his money.

### "Ransom's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your  
druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Every production of genius must be the  
production of enthusiasm.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medi-  
cine.—Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Sicken and  
Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 30, '94.

A lady man loses heart every time he  
looks at the clock.

### If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs.  
Winstlow's SCOTCH SYRUP for Children Teething.

Necessity is cruel, but it is the only test  
of inward strength. Every fool may live  
according to his own liking.

### 1,000 BUS POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats,  
corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut  
this out and send to postage to the  
John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse,  
Wis., for their great seed book and  
sample of Giant Spurry. wau

Those who hope for no other life are dead  
even for this.

### Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale

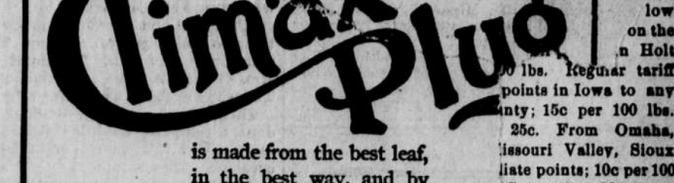
cheap. Apply to or address H. C. ANNE,  
511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

If we know how to aim, the bigger the  
game the better the mark.

## Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

## ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.



is made from the best leaf,  
in the best way, and by  
the best skill—that's why

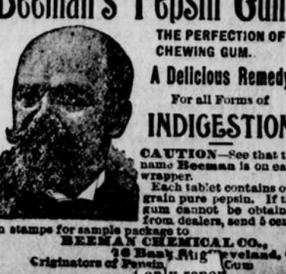
## IT'S MUCH THE BETTER

Sold everywhere. Made only by the Oldest Tool  
Mfr's in America, and the largest in the world  
P. LORILLARD & Co.

I suffered from catarrh  
of the worst kind ever since  
a boy, and I never hoped  
for cure, but Ely's Cream  
Balm seems to do even that.  
Many acquaintances have  
used it with excellent results.  
—Oscar Ostrum, 45 War-  
ren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm opens and cleanses the  
Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals  
the Sores, protects the Membrane from Cold, Re-  
stores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is  
quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.  
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agree-  
able. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.  
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York



## Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

THE PERFECTION OF  
CHEWING GUM.  
A Delicious Remedy  
For all Forms of  
INDIGESTION.

CAUTION—See that the  
name Beeman is on each  
wrapper.  
Each tablet contains one  
grain pure pepsin. If the  
gum cannot be obtained  
from dealers, send 5 cent  
stamp for sample package to  
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.,  
100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

to attend to the wants of our  
customers on and after this date. We  
have a full and complete line of Dry  
Goods, Boots and Shoes, Gloves and  
Pocket Combs, Hats Caps and Groceries.  
Having purchased this entire stock  
at a great bargain, we are able to sell  
at about half their cash market val-  
ue. We are therefore in a position to  
offer you bargains that no one—buying  
all merchandise goods in the regular market—can  
match. It will pay you to call and  
compare our prices. We will guarantee you  
every member's prices that you can get elsewhere.  
plates attend will be glad to show you through  
tion, as it shows and you can judge for your-  
selves, that they are bargains. We sell ex-  
ceptionally low for cash, and this, coupled  
with the fact that we got our goods at  
a cheaper than any other mer-  
chant in the city and then make a fair  
profit, Call and see us, and take advan-  
tage of these great bargains. Times  
change and the place where you can  
get the most goods for the least money  
is the place to make your purchases.  
Don't forget the place—Henrickson's  
stand—one door west of Morris &  
Co's drug store.

SULLIVAN MERCANTILE CO.