The Bondman

A.... Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jorgenson was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her and in his anger he disowned her. Then orry deserted her and ran away to sea. Of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a broken-hearted woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse, and maried a dissolue, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, war born. The woman died and Orry gave their child to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's only daughter, Greeba. Time passed and the governor and his wife became estranged, their five sons staying with their mother on account of their jealousy of Sunlocks, who had become a favorite with the governor. Finally Stephen Orry confesses his misdeeds to Sunlocks, who promised to go to Iceland to find Rachel if possible and care for her, and if she was dead to find her son and treat him as a brother. He bid good-bye to his sweetheart, Greeba, and started on his journey.

Meantime Jason had started on his journey of vengeance and his ship was wrecked on the Isle of Man. He saved the life of his father unknowingly. Orry died, and on his death bed was recognised by Jason.

THE BOOK OF MICHAEL SUNLOCKS.

CHAPTER I.

RED JASON.

Now the facts of this history must stride on some four years, and come to a great crisis in the lives of Greeba and Jason. Every event of that time seemed to draw these two together, and the first of the circumstances that bound them came very close on the death of Stephen Orry. Only a few minutes after Greeba, at the bidding of her two brothers, Stean and Thurston, had left Jason alone with the dying man, she had parted from them without word or warning, and fled back to the little hut in Port-y-Vullin. With a wild laboring of heart, panting for breath and full of dread she had burst the door open, fearing to see what she dare not think of; but instead of the evil work she looked for, she had found Jason on his knees by the bedside, sobbing as if his heart would break, and Stephen Orry passing away with a tender light in his eyes and a word of blessing on his lips. At that sight she had stood on the threshold like one who is transfixed, and how long that moment had lasted she never knew. But the thing she remembered next was that Jason had taken her by the hand and drawn her up, with all the fire of her spirit gone, to were the man lay dead before them, and had made her swear to him there and then never to speak of what she had seen, and to put away from her mind forever the vague things she had but partly guessed. After that he had told her, with a word of pain, that Stephen Orry had been his father; that his father had killed his mother by base neglect and cruelty; that to wipe out his mother's wrongs he had vowed to slay his father; and that his father, not knowing him, save in the vision of of his delirium, had died in the act of blessing him. Greeba had yielded to Jason, because she had been conquered by his stronger will, and was in fear of the passion which flashed in his face; but hearing all this, she remembered Michael Sunlocks, and how he must stand as the son of the other woman; and straightway she found her own reasons why she should be silent on all that she had that night seen and heard. This secret was the first of the bonds between them; and the second, though less obvious, was even more real.

Losing no time, Adam Fairbrother had written a letter to Michael Sunlocks, by that name, telling him of the death of his father, and how, so far as the facts were known, the poor man came by it in making the port in his boat after seeing his son away in the packet. This he had dispatched to the only care known to him, that of the Lord Bishop Peterson, at his Latin School of Reykjavik; but after a time the letter had come back, with a note from the Bishop saying that no such scholar was known to him, and no such student was under his charge. Much afraid that the same storm that had led Stephen Orry to his end had overtaken Michael Sunlocks also, Adam Fairbrother had then promptly re-addressed the letter to the care of the Governor-General, who was also the Postmaster, and added a postscript asking if, after the sad event whereof he had thought it his task in love and duty to apprise him, there was the same necessity that his dear boy should remain in Iceland. [illegible] inditte me a few lines without de[illegible]" he wrote, "giving me assurance [illegible] safe arrival, for what has hap[illegible] of late days has haunted me with [illegible] fears of mishap."

[illegible] in due course an answer had [illegible] from Michael Sunlocks, saying [illegible] landed safely, but there being [illegible] means, he had been compelled [illegible] the sailing of English ships to [illegible] that by some error [illegible] the first of these, and [illegible] by the next; that [illegible] had happened to [illegible] in the house [illegible]; that his [illegible] him very [illegible] by a fate [illegible] and quite passing from his [illegible] and, finally, that what that work was he could not tell in a letter, but only by word of mouth, whenever it pleased God that they should meet again. This, with many words of affection for Adam himself, in thanks for his fatherly anxiety, and some mention of Greeba in tender but guarded terms, was the sum of the only letter that had come from Michael Sunlocks in the four years after Stephen Orry's death to the first of the events that are now to be recorded.

And throughout these years Jason had lived at Lague, having been accepted as housemate by the six Fairbrothers, when the ship-broken men had gone their own ways on receiving from their Dublin owners the wages that were due to them. Though his relation to Stephen Orry had never become known, it had leaked out that he had come into Orry's money. He had done little work. His chief characteristics had been love of liberty and laziness. In the summer he had fished on the sea and in the rivers and he had shot and hunted in the winter. He had followed these pursuits out of sheer love of an idle life; but if he had a hobby it was the collecting of birds. Of every species on the island, of land or seafowl, he had found a specimen. He stuffed his birds with some skill, and kept them in the little hut in Port-y-Vullin.

The four years had developed his superb physique and he had grown to be a yet more magnificent creature than Stephen Orry himself. He was rounder, though his youth might have pardoned more angularity; broader, and more upright, with a proud poise of head, long wavy red hair, smooth cheeks, solid white teeth, face of broad lines, an intelligent expression, and a deep voice that made the mountain ring. His dress suited well his face and figure. He wore a skin cap with a peak, a red woollen shirt belted about the waist, breeches of leather, leggings and seaman's boots. The cap was often awry, and a tuft of red hair tumbled over his bronzed forehead, his shirt was torn, his breeches were stained, and his leggings tied with rope; but rough and even ragged, as his dress was, it sat upon him with a fine rude grace. With a knife in his sheath, a net or a decoy over his arm, a pouch for powder slung behind him, a fowling piece across his shoulder, and a dog at his heels, he would go away into the mountains as the evening fell. And in the early gleams of sunrise he would stride down again and into the "Hibernian," scenting up the old tavern with his tobacco smoke, and carrying many dead birds at his belt, with the blood still dripping from their heads hung down. Folks called his Red Jason, or sometimes Jason the Red.

He began to visit Government House. Freeba was there, but at first he seemed not to see her. Simple greetings he exchanged with her, and that was all the commerce between them. With the Governor, when work was over, he sat and smoked, telling of his own country and its laws, and the ways of its people, talking of his hunting and fishing, calling the mountains Jokulls, and the Tynwald the Loberg, and giving names of his own to the glens the Chasm of Ravens for the Dhoon and Broad Shield for Ballaglass. And Adam loved to learn how close was the bond between his own dear isle and the land of the great sea kings of old time, but most of all he listened to what Jason said, that he might thereby know what kind of world it was where in his dear lad Michael Sunlocks had to live away from him.

"A fine lad," Adam Fairbrother would say to Greeba; "a lad of fearless courage, and unflinching contempt of death, with a great horror of lying and treachery, and an inborn sense of justice. Not tender and gentle with his strength, as my own dear Sunlocks is, but of a high and serious nature, and having passions that may not be trifled with." And hearing this, and the more deliberate warning of her brothers at Lague, Greeba would remember that she had herself the best reason to know that the passions of Jason would be terrible.

But nothing she recked of it all, for her heart was as light as her manners in those days, and if she thought twice of her relations with Jason, she remembered that she was the daughter of the governor, and he was only a poor sailor lad who had been wrecked off their coast.

Jason was a great favorite with Mrs Fairbrother, notwithstanding that he did no work. Rumor had magnified the fortune that Stephen Orry had left him, and the two hundred pounds stood at two thousand in her eyes. With a womans quick instinct she saw how Jason stood towards Greeba, almost before he had himself become conscious of it, and she smiled on him and favored him. A whisper of this found its way from Lague to Government House, and old Adam shook his head. He had nothing against Jason, except that the lad was not fond of work, and whether Jason was poor or rich counted for very little, but he could not forget his boy Sunlocks.

Thus while Greeba retained [illegible] her [illegible] there was but little chance that [illegible] wrong the promise she had [illegible], but events seemed to [illegible] her into the arms of Jason. [illegible] had never heard of an [illegible] quite passing from his [illegible] band she had shown a mean penuriousness. This affected her six sons chiefly, and they realized that when she had taken their side against their father she had taken the cream of their living also. Lague was now hers for her lifetime, and only theirs after she was done with it; and if they asked much more for their work than bed and board she reminded them of this, and bade them wait. Soon tiring of their Lenten entertainment, they trooped off, one after one, to their father, badly as they had dealt by him, and complained loudly of the great wrong he had done them when he made over the lands of Lague to their mother. What were they now, though sons of the Governor? No better than hinds on their mothers farm, expected to work for her from light to dusk, and getting nothing for their labor but the house she kept over their heads. Grown men they all were now, and the elder of them close on their prime, yet none were free to marry, for none had the right to a penny for the living he earned; and all this came of their fathers unwise generosity.

Old Adam could not gainsay them, and he would not reproach them, so he did all that remained to him to do, and that was to exercise a little more of the same unwise generosity, and give them money. And finding this easy means of getting what they wanted, they came again and again, all six of them, from Asher to Gentleman Johnny, and as often as they came they went away satisfied, though old Adam shook his head when he saw how mean and small was the spirit of his sons. Greeba also shook her head, but from another cause, for though she grudged her brothers nothing she knew that her father was fast being impoverished. Once she hinted as much, but old Adam made light of her misgivings, saying that if the worst came to the worst he still had his small salary, and what was the good of his money if he might not use it, and what was the virtue of charity if it must not begin at home?

But the evil was not ended there, for the six lumbering men who objected to work without pay were nothing loth to take pay without work. Not long after the first of the visits to Government House, Lague began to be neglected.

Asher lay in the ingle and dozed Thurstan lay about in the "Hibernian and drank; Ross and Stean started a ring of gamecocks; Jacob formed a nest of private savings, and John developed his taste for dress and his appetite for gallantries. Mrs. Fairbrother soon discovered the source of the mischief, and railed at the name of her husband, who was ruining her boys and bringing her self to beggary.

(To be continued.)

A MEMORY.

Betwixt the blown sands and the flowing sea
We stood at nightfall. In the hollow west
The ultimate torch of day flared for a space,
Sank and expired. A wind whined round the dunes,
And ragged shreds of vapor, salt and chill,
Went by us in the flaw. We had no tear
To shed, no word to say. Our stricken heads
Were bowed together, and her streaming hair
Swept o'er my cheek. Swiftly the gray night fell,
And like a huge hand blotted sea and shore.
I heard her garments rustle in the gloom;
A moment on my breast she laid her brow,
Then turned, and from the darkness where she fled
A sob came down the gust. 'Twas ages since,
But memory still broods on that black hour.

—J. B. Kenyon in October Lippincott's.

WORRY A SOURCE OF INDIGESTION

Worry is a baneful curse, and source of untold evils. It seams the face with lines and furrows and has a most depressing effect upon that hypersensitive organ, the stomach, which at such times becomes a most unwilling and laggard servant. Indeed, it is safe to say that unless encouraged by a cheerful temper and bright, or at least hopeful, thoughts, the stomach will play truant or sulk and do not work which it can shirk. The physiological explanation of this is the close alliance of the great sympathetic nerves, which are worse than the telegraph for carrying bad news; the worry and anxiety which depress the brain produce simultaneously a paralysis of the nerves of the stomach, gastric juices will not flow, and presto! there is indigestion. One sign of mental health is serenity of temper and a self-control that enables us to bear with equanimity and unruffled the petty trials and jars of life, especially those arising from contact with scolding, irascible, irritating folks. It is well to remember at such times that these unfortunates are their own worst enemies, and a cultivation of the art of not hearing will help us very much. It is a very useful art all through life and well worth some trouble to acquire.—Demorest's Magazine.

RIGHT WAY TO REMOVE GLOVES.

Do not take a glove off carelessly if you desire it to last well. In taking off turn the wrist over the fingers and draw until the fingers are half uncovered, then the finger ends may be loosened by the tips. This makes it an easy matter to readjust the glove right side out. It is a good plan to breathe in a glove after taking it off. It preserves the delicacy of the kid by quickly driving any slight moisture.

GRANDMA'S CIRCUS.

"For the best of all the miracles the summertime can work us,
Is the canvas-tented, sawdust scented, much frequented circus."

"A circus! Comin' to town!" Old Marth Stebbins, pressing out her youngest grandchild's Sunday gown, paused with iron suspended. "For the land's sake, Billie! Do tell! Are you sure?"

Billie was thrilled by the interest which his news had awakened. Therefore, he looked as imperturbable as possible. He hoisted himself up on the table and sat there picking sandburs off his sleeves, and swinging his bare legs.

"Gim me a cooky, and I'll tell you all about it."

There was no compromising with Billie. He was a young man of his word. Of this his grandmother was aware. She looked at him hard a moment. The she sat the iron down, and went into the pantry. She came back with two cookies.

"There!" she said, "now go on!"

"After I'd been to mill I went up town. There was two men putin' up pictures on the blank wall near the livery stable. They'd got 'em up already by the lumber yard. Another feller was goin' into the shops, and gettin' signs put in the windows. And, I say, grandma, you just want to see them pictures. They're—they're jimminygee!"

Grandma ironed on, but less energetically than before the return of Billie. "Go on an' tell me about them pictures," she urged. "I used to like awful well to go to circuses when I was young. Seems like I went to every one that came to our town. One hasn't been near this place since I come here to live with your ma. That was when Emily Louise was born—15 years ago."

Billie went on to tell her of the glories of the posters. He gallantly gave ladies preference of his description. He first told her about the bare-armed female, standing in the Roman chariot driving the plunging steeds; about the little girl, standing on a white shetland pony; about the radiant damsel in the abbreviated skirt, who made the flying leaps through paper hoops; about the muscular sisters who swung from trapezes. Then the men came for their share of admiring remarks. He was half-way from the ringmaster to the clown, and grandma was listening with breathless delight, when a step was heard in the hall. Grandma guiltily picked up her cold iron and pattered across the kitchen to the stove for a hot one. Billie subsided into silence, puckering his lips into a soundless whistle.

"Mother, you got that ironin' most done?"

The voice suited the fact, a hard, intolerant face, with dull eyes and converging lines around the mouth.

"Mostly, Belinda!" cried back the old lady with nervous cheerfulness. "Ain't mar'n half a dozen more pieces. Billie here's back from the mill."

She moistened the tips of her fingers with her tongue and spatted away on the iron to test the temperature.

"I can't see that," tartly. "Billy your father git off with that stock? That's good. Now I don't want you settin' round like this when there's his chores to be done well's yourown. You hear?"

"Yes'm."

There was a brief silence when she had gone. Martha Stebbins seemed to see through the mist the garments she was ironing. Suddenly the kitchen seemed smaller and hotter than it had five minutes ago. All at once, too, the lovely ladies, and dashing men, and wonderful animals of the circus seemed more distant, in approachable, and grievously remote.

"Are—you thinkin' you'll be let go, Billie?"

"Dunno." He lifted his foot and looked pensively at the stonebruise on the toe. "Will if I can. I'll see if I can't get a job carryin' water in that way."

"The elephant!" She looked across at him with brightening eyes. "Have they got a real elephant along? I ain't sin't seen an elephant in I don't know when."

Something wistful in her tongue struck Billie. He was not a particularly bright boy, but he was affectionate in a dumb and clumsy way. He had never known the joy of self-expression, but he and grandma had some secrets of their own. These secrets, involving as they frequently did her connivance and silence, were necessary to his humanity and protection. Now he wished—he hardly knew what.

"Say, grandma, I kinder think you'd like to go to the circus yourself!"

"Me!" she shrilled. "O, dear, no! Whatever put such an idea into your head? Me—I'm that old! And besides—gracious, if I ain't gone and scorched that shirt! I hope your ma won't notice it but I got that flustered—to think of such a thing!"

Billie looked puzzled. "Well, somehow," he persisted, stubbornly, "I do think so, gramma. And," he added boldly, "I don't see why you shouldn't either if you've got a mind to—there!"

"Why, Billie!" she cried weakly, but there was a yielding tremor in her voice. She put down the iron, glancing furtively at the door as she did so. She went over to the table and stood next to the audacious young fellow. "Your ma would never hear to such a thing. Besides we ain't got the money."

"O, we couldn't get a cent from her!" Involuntarily he lowered his voice, as was his habit when a fishing trip was projected, and the question of secretly securing provender therefor confidently discussed. "She's savin' too hard to get her rag carpet wove. Tell you what, though. I can work enough to pay for myself sure. You've got that 15 cents Mis' Murray give you for makin' her check-row sunbunnit. I can sell Tom Cam my pigeon house. He'll let me have a dime for it. The only trouble is the gettin' there. It's a good four mile to town. Ma wouldn't hear to us takin' the horse out after sundown, and you never could—"

"I could—O, I could, Billie!" she broke in excitedly. Her wrinkled old face was radiant—her knotty red hands were trembling. "'Twouldn't be any farther that bein' on my feet from in the mornin' till after supper like I am. I could walk every step of it, but—" the enthusiasm began to fade out of her face. She drew a long sigh—a sigh of bitter renunciation. "Belinda—"

"Grammа!" He leaned forward, whispering as he did when he was asking her to leave the back buttery window open when he was to be out after hours. "Ma don't need—to know—a single—thing about it!"

"O—Billie!" The possibility of such surreptitious pleasure dazed her. "Do you think we—could manage it?"

He unlimbered himself from the table. "I'll manage it!" he avowed confidently.

The week that followed was one of the most intense, the most absorbing anticipation Martha Stebbins had known in many a year. She went about the drudgery of her daily work on winged feet. She laughed at the jokes of the hired man. She brushed and cleaned Billie's best clothes until they did not look within a year of their age. She put a new band on his hat. She fixed over her ancient bonnet during the absence of her daughter. She smiled to herself when she was alone. Once, indeed, they even heard her singing.

"They don't sound like a human tune mother," remarked Mrs. Malone, suspiciously.

"It's 'The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,'" said the old lady softly.

Oh, the myriad fluttering moments and apprehensive instants which led up to that night! The temerity of undertaking a flight so unwonted, the danger of discovery, of recapture—these but enhanced the ecstacy of it all.

They made their escape while the youngest scion of the house of Malone was being put to bed upstairs. Down through the dusk, between the rows of straggling gooseberry bushes that caught at her gown, out into the path around the wheat field skirting the corn, grandma skurried like a little gray rabbit. And there on the high road was Billie waiting for her—Billie, kindly, encouraging, swelling with the importance of the adventure. How he did strive to restrain her impetuosity. How he did explain that they had lots of time, that the seats were already secured, that she would be tired out before she got there. But neither speech nor movement was to be regarded in the exhilaration of that delicious experience. How sweet the green things smelled with the dew on them! Wasn't that a scent of sweet briar? What a noise the crickets were making! And if that wasn't a new moon—over their right shoulder, too!

Ah, never would the memory of that night fade—that "witching, wonderful night!" The entrance into the lively town, the sight of the domed canvas tents, the hurrying crowds of pleasure-seekers, the lighted shops, the smell of the sawdust, the glimpse of tiered faces, the torches, the music—best of all, O, incomparably best of all—the circus itself! Never did so stately a ringmaster stride into the arena. Never did so witty a clown break his bones on collapsable barrels, and set the benches in a roar! Never had such acrobats ever balanced ladders or dangled from trapeze. No such lovely ladies ever poised and pirouetted on bareback horses. No such stately Amazon ever lashed her steeds to victory. And all the rest merged for Billie into one exquisite glow that was almost pain—pain and rapture—when he beheld:

The loveliest little damsel
Fit for a fairy queen,
Upon a milk white pony
His eyes had ever seen!

It was over. They had enjoyed it all. They had seen the animals—every one. They had eaten popcorn, and drank lemonade, and munched peanuts. And now they were plodding back to the farm along the road that stretched ahead like a ribbon of amber velvet. Neither spoke. Their hearts were too full—hers with memories, his with imaginings. They were as Daudet represents: Parisians after the Salon "Satiated, but not weary, still thrilled by that air charged with artistic electricity." They made no mention of the morrow. Not even reproach could wrest this experience from them.

"Are you tired, grandma? Rest on me—lean hard."

"O, I ain't tired, Billie! I couldn't be tired tonight. I've had a beau-ti-ful time!"

The night was magical. The sleeping world was sweet. The hour was the fullblown rose of—

The peace of out-lived bliss!
—Chicago Tribune

Why Americans Succeed.

One of the reasons why American manufacturers are so successfully competing in foreign markets is to be found in the following episode which occurred recently: An American manufacturer of steam specialties was visiting an English firm which made similar goods. A certain article which both firms made was under discussion.

"What is your price on this thing?" asked the American.

"Well, in your money, about $19," replied the Englishman. "What does it cost you?"

"I'll deliver at your door all you want at $7 apiece," said the American.

"How in the world do you do it?"

"Well, I'll illustrate," answered the American. "Look out of the window and across the street and you see that man painting a sign?"

"Yes."

"He's on a ladder, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"See that other man sitting on the sidewalk holding the foot of the ladder?"

"Yes."

"Now in America we have ladders that stand up by themselves—don't need a man to hold 'em. So, you see, in this instance we divide our cost of labor exactly in two."

"I see," remarked the Englishman.

Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster has just completed the manuscript of a very important work upon the history of American diplomacy, which will be published next fall.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Philadelphia Bulletin: He—Do you think you could learn to love me? She—I might. I learned to like olives.

Detroit Journal: "A girl always thinks any man perfect who proposes marriage to her." "Certainly. The theory is to catch your ideal before you have him, don't you see?"

Chicago Record: "Did your husband make fun of your love letters?" "Yes; but not until after we were married."

Smart Set: Lena—I didn't think you'd let a man kiss you on such short acquaintance. Maude—Well, he thoroughly convinced me that it was all my own fault that I hadn't met his sooner.

Brooklyn Life: Daughter—Oh, mamma, I do wish I were pretty! Mither—You needn't, dear; sensible men think very little about beauty. Daughter—But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about, mamma; it's Charlie.

Indianapolis Journal: "You and Horace seem so fondly devoted, Louise." "Yes, Clara, we are; but we often get awfully tired of each other, too."

Chicago Post: "Adele," said the fond mother, "is reaching the age where a girl naturally thinks of marriage." "True," replied the father, regretfully, "but do you think we can afford a son-in-law?"

Philadelphia Press: Tess—I thought she was going to marry old Gotrox. Jess—She was, but she broke the engagement. Tess—What for? Jess—Why when she accepted him he told her she had put new life in him.

Detroit Journal: She placed her hand trustingly in his, upon observing that he held his hand about level with his chin, cultivatedly. "I can't possibly put my foot in it, under the circumstances!" she argued with herself. For with her, in her innocence, the forms of polite society were an earnest of true worth.

Chicago Post: "Did you ever get religion?" asked the revivalist. "Well, I should say so—138 pounds of it," replied the man. "A hundred and thirty-eight pounds of religion!" cried the revivalist. "How did you get that?" "The only way that a good many men ever get religion," was the reply. "I married it."

Baltimore American: Mr. Sappeigh—I wouldn't marry that Miss Gabby. She is terribly set in her ways. Mr. Softeigh—Is that so? Mr. Sappeigh—Yes, indeed. Why, she has refused me nine times.

Vital weakness and nervous debility can be cured. "Virtuama" Tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., to cure all nervous diseases, debility and vital losses, or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed lot fails. Pale, thin, emaciated, trembling and nervous people should try these tablets; greatest of nerve tonics. If you are not what you ought to be, or want to be and can be, give them one trial and you will praise them forever. $2 a package, or 3 for $5, per mail. Retail and wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Full line of rubber goods; ask for what you want.

Menses surely brought on regularly, suppressions neglected often result in blood poisoning and quick consumption, and is the direct cause of women's troubles; therefore keep the menses regular with "De Le Due's Female Regulator," and women will be happy and healthy. If it fails, Kidd Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., send free medicine until relieved and fully cured; $2 per package, or 3 for $5, per mail. Retail and wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. A complete line of rubber goods on hand; ask for what you want.

Portland Oregonian: Bishop Nelson of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Georgia recently prached a sermon at Atlanta in which he declared himself as opposed to prohibition. The bishop declared that prohibition does little, if anything, to remove vice, and attempts to do that which God himself does not endeavor to do—force individuals into virtue against their will.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Smile when you can," says a poet. That's all right, says the Chicago News, but why didn't he confer an everlasting favor on humanity by telling us how to smile when we can't.

Why not doctor yourself? "Gonova" Tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., to cure all diseases inflammations, ulcerations of the urinary system, organs, bladder, etc., or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed lot fails. An internal remedy with injection combined; the only one in America. Price, $2, or 3 for $5, sent per mail. Retail and wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Complete line of rubber goods; ask for what you want.

Just as the United States gets through counting votes on November 6 Canada will begin to vote. Thus within forty-eight hours all the English speaking people of the North American continent will have exercised the right of suffrage.

Kidneyoure. CURES all Kidney Diseases, Backache, etc. At druggists, or by mail. Free book, prices, etc., of Dr. E. J. Kay, Saratoga, N. Y.