

# A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

## INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)  
Constance looked up eagerly. "He has done nothing and said nothing inconsistent with honor and what he owes you. The weakness is all mine; the folly, the madness and the suffering. He never thought of me except as a sister. Surely his engagement proves this."

"What should your marriage have proved?" asked her husband, sarcastically. "It may be as you say. If I believe it, it is not because you swear it is the truth. But I did not come here to waste time in reproaches. There is but one way to put this scandal down; namely, to conduct ourselves as if we had never heard of it. Of course, as soon as can be done without exciting remark, Edward must seek another home. Our removal to the country will afford a convenient opportunity for effecting this change. As to your reputation, I charge myself with the care of it from this hour. My error has been undue indulgence."

Constance lifted her leaden eyes with a look of utter wretchedness. "If you would but suffer me to go away and hide myself from all who know my miserable story I would ask nothing else at your hands. You would the sooner forget the unhappiness brought upon you by the sad farce of marriage in which we have been the actors."

"On my part it has been no farce," replied the stern metallic voice. "I have conscientiously fulfilled the duties made obligatory upon me by our contract. You entered into this voluntarily. For what you have termed folly, you have only yourself to blame. You seem to have been tempted to your unhappy passion by an inherent love of wrong doing. As to your proposal of flight and concealment, it is simply absurd. In the first place, you leave out of view the fact that my fair name would be tarnished by an open separation, the infamy you would hide be laid bare to the general gaze. Secondly, you have no decent place of refuge. I know your brother sufficiently well to affirm that his doors would be closed against you were you to apply to him for shelter as a repudiated wife. And you have no private fortune. I shall never again of my own accord, allude to this disagreeable subject. We understand each other and our mutual position."

He kept his word to the letter. But henceforward his every action and look, when she was by, reminded her she was in bonds, and he was her jailer. Too broken-spirited to resist his will, or to cavil at the demands made upon her time and self-denial by his cold imperiousness, she marched at his chariot wheel, a slave in quietly attire, whose dreams were no more of freedom, to whom love meant remorse, and marriage pollution, the more hopeless and hateful that the law and the Gospel pronounced it honorable in all.

(The End.)

## A SECRET OF THE SEA.

IN THE year 1849 the Honorable East India company's ship the Star of India set sail from Madras for London, having on board over 200 passengers, and among them Lord Glenham, Gen. Swift, Lady Artwell and her two daughters, and other men and women of note at home and abroad. Aside from her general cargo, the ship carried treasure to the amount of \$250,000. The bankers at Madras figured out that the passengers must have had at least \$100,000 among them, while an Indian potentate on his way to be received as a guest of royalty had a strong box of jewelry and gems valued at so great a sum that no one dared speak of it. It was intended that the ship should be conveyed as far as the Cape of Good Hope by a man-of-war, as there were plenty of pirate craft still afloat, but the government vessel met with a mishap at sea and was detained somewhere, and the Star finally decided to sail without her, as there was little fear but that she could take care of herself. Two days out of Madras she was sighted and reported, but that was the last seen or heard of her until the year 1864.

The loss of the Star made a great sensation for several reasons, and when it was finally concluded that she had been lost various vessels were sent in search of her and every effort was made to ascertain her fate. In 1856 a Malay sailor who died aboard of an English tea ship told her captain that the Star was attacked and captured by pirates to the south of Ceylon, and that he was one of the men engaged in the attack. He said there were five native craft, and that they came upon the Star in a calm and carried her by boarding. The ship made a long and stubborn resistance, but was finally captured, and the pirates had suffered such heavy loss that in revenge they killed everybody to the last child. They then looted the ship and scuttled her and the plunder was subsequently divided on an island in the China sea. Some people believed this story and some said it was absurd. The general idea was that the Star foundered at sea during a heavy gale. The dying statement of the pirate was never fully investigated for some reason. So far as the investigation went it was proved to be a fact. The pirates had long

been scattered, many were doubtless dead, and the idea of bringing the gang to justice was given up as impossible.

In the year 1863 I was one of the crew of the English brig Swiftsure, which was making a survey of the islands to the northeast of Madagascar. At the Chagos group, as we were pulling into land one day, with seven men in the boat, we were upset in the surf and only two of us escaped death. My companion was a sailor named Wallace and while in a half-drowned state we were swept along the coast of the island by a current and finally thrown on shore in a bit of a cove. A boat put off from the brig as soon as the disaster was noticed, but only two bodies were recovered. The three others were pulled down by the sharks before the boat got to them. Believing this to have been the sad fate of all five no search was made for the pair of us cast ashore, and before we had recovered from our exhaustion and prepared a signal the brig had departed for another field. The island on which we were cast is one of a group of nine and the innermost one of all. It is likely the same today as then, having plenty of fresh water most of it covered with verdure and wild fruits, shrimps and shellfish so plentiful that a shipwrecked crew of twenty men could get along there for months. Wallace and I were inclined to look upon the affair as a lark. We erected a hut in the woods, procured fire by rubbing two dry sticks together and after a thorough exploration of our domain, which was not over two miles across in any direction, we slept, ate and talked and had a pretty easy time of it.

We had been on the island about three months when we awoke one morning to find the sea like a sheet of glass and the air as still as death. The sky was overcast, and yet of a copper color, and the birds on the island appeared to be in great alarm. Great flocks of them came in from the sea, and all along shore the fish were leaping out of the water as if it were polluted. After surveying things for a while Wallace gave it as his opinion that we were in for a typhoon or an earthquake. The sulphury smell in the air inclined him to the latter, and as soon as we had eaten we started for the center of the island. There was a high hill in the center, bare of everything but a couple of trees and a few bushes, and we sought it on account of the tidal wave we knew would surely follow an earthquake.

There was more than one shock, but the first was the most violent and lasted longest. The three or four which succeeded were thrills rather than shocks. They ran through the island from east to west and out to sea, and we heard a chorus of what may be called the shrieks of distress from the birds with each vibration. Two or three minutes after the fourth or fifth shock Wallace stood up and looked out upon the sea to the east and shouted to me:

"Look! Look! The tidal wave is coming in and there's a big ship on the crest of it."

I sprang up and followed his gaze. Ten miles away there was a wall of water which seemed to lift its great white crest almost to the sky and to reach north and south as far as I could see. Riding on the crest was a great ship, with her three masts standing erect and some of the yards across. For the first ten seconds the wall seemed to stand still. Then it came rolling on like a railroad train, and almost before I could have counted twenty it struck the shore of our island and swept across it. The island was a good thirty feet above water in every part, while on the hill we were at least 100, but all portions save the hill were covered by at least ten feet. I had my eye on the ship alone. It came straight for the hill, but as the wave divided it was swept to the left and struck the earth and was turned full about. While it hung there the waters passed on, and, lo! at our feet, resting almost on a level keel, was as strange a sight as the eyes of a sailor ever beheld. It was a ship, to be sure, but one had to rub his eyes and look again and again to be certain of it. There was the great hull—there the three masts, up aloft the yards, and there were scores of ropes trailing about like slimy serpents. From stem to stern and from keel to masthead the fabric was covered with mud and slime and barnacle and sea grass and shells, and as she rested there the water poured off her decks and out of her hold in such a sobbing, choking way as to bring the shivers. Not a word had passed between the pair of us while the wave raced in and across the island, and the ground below us was clear of the last water before Wallace said:

"I think this ends it, and let us both thank God! This ship was heaved up from the bottom of the sea, where she must have rested for a good many years, but we'll have to wait a day or two before we investigate."

After a couple of hours, to let the ground dry out a bit, we descended the hill to see what damage had been done. About one-half the trees on the island had been uprooted and carried out to sea, and of our hut not a vestige remained. There was scarcely a stone as large as a hen's egg on the island previous to the wave, but now we found that hundreds of rocks had been distributed around, while the dead fish were so numerous that we were hours in gathering them up and giving them to the tide to bear away. Two hours after the last shock the sky cleared, the sun came out, and by night the

island was fairly dry in all parts. We, however, gave the ship all next day to get rid of her water and harden in the hot sun. You are prepared to hear, of course, that she proved to be the long lost Star of India. We found that out before we had been aboard of her a quarter of an hour, and later on we had a dozen reasons for believing that the dying Malay had spoken the truth.

I tell you that ship was a queer sight. Her ocean bed had been hundreds of feet deep and the mud covered everything to the depth of a foot—in some places two or three. Neither one of us had heard of the Star or her loss, but we knew this wreck to be that of an Indianman, and we went at it to clear away the stuff and get into her. We were a full week doing this, and at every turn we came across evidences to prove the story of the Malay. Three or four of her guns were yet in place, and from the way she had been knocked about by cannon shot it was easy to figure that she had made a hard fight and suffered great loss of life before she gave in.

Even before we began work we found the augur holes bored in her bottom to scuttle her. The great cabin and every state room had two feet of mud on the floor, and I may tell you that we worked hard for four weeks before we got the hulk cleaned out. In the mud and among the mold and rot we found rusty muskets, pistols, swords, pieces of jewelry, cutlery, crockery, glassware and what not, but in actual money we found only 5 sovereigns. A part of the cargo had been wool, but we got nothing whatever of value out of it. Indeed, when our work had been finished, we simply had a big hulk resting on land a mile from the beach and were only five gold pieces better off than before. The pirates had swept her clean of treasure, plundering the passengers before murdering them, and we did not find in cabin or state room so much as a single bone of human anatomy. We made the ship our home for six months and were then taken off by a whaler, and our story was the first news received of the long-lost ship. The English government sent a man-of-war to the island to overhaul the hulk, and mementoes of her have long been on exhibition in the British museum. Nothing could be more queer than the way we found her or rather the way she was heaved up by the sea to be discovered. From soundings made to the east of the island in 1867-68 it was estimated that the great ship rose from a depth of over 2,000 feet. Nothing but an earthquake could have lifted her from that depth—nothing but a tidal wave held her up and swept her to our feet.

## HERD OF IRISH BULLS.

Some Mixed Metaphors Credited to Sons of the Emerald Isle.

A collection of Irish bulls was published recently by a contemporary. Here are some of them, from Household Words: A certain politician, lately denouncing the government for its recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry." "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the united kingdom." An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages." Only a few weeks ago a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand." An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the forests of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

## The Prize Poster

Once upon a time a green cat sat under a blue rose-bush devouring a red mouse. This cat did business in the southeast corner of a poster, while at the upper left grew a vague, lavender-faced maiden against a lemon sky. Her hair and eyes were the color of the cat; also the shirt front of the dim-faceted, alizarin-faced youth beside her. The purple grass hesitated driftily about them. In the distance a vermillion sail was cutting a wide swath against a mauve moon.

Something akin to intelligence azzured the reflection of the far-faced boy.

"The washing is on the line," he grieved.

The lavender eyelids fell.

"Out of the intense, comes—" she hesitated, and the rest was lost in the cream-colored silence.

The cat sped a gobelin-blue yeowl such as thrive only in Poster Land.

The tragedy was finished.

The prize poster was ready for the contest.

I do not know what it means. Neither does the artist.

But those who have gone deeply into the heart of things—who have solved the elusive far-ness of Browning and Beardsley, they—they will understand.—Truth.

## Gold In North Carolina.

A poor North Carolina farmer turned up a gold nugget on his farm and has since refused fabulous prices for his lands, which are near Lenoir.

Carrier Pigeons in Medical Practice.  
A doctor in the Highlands of Scotland distributes carrier pigeons among his patrons, to be released when his services are needed.

## BIG COMET COMING OUR WAY.

A Splendid Traveler Due to Be Within Human Vision in 1911.

Halley's comet is coming back—the comet which in the year 1066 shed a celestial splendor over the Norman conquest and whose terror-inspiring visit was commemorated by the hand of Queen Matilda in the Bayeux tapestry, says the Providence Journal; the comet that in 1456, the year of the battle of Belgrade, scared the Turk and Christian alike and was anathematized by a bull from the pope; the comet whose strange, scimitar form still chilled the marrow of the ignorant and superstitious at its latest return in 1835. It is yet far away, but the eye of science sees it, already within the orbit of Neptune, rushing sunward and earthward with constantly increasing velocity as it falls along the steep curve of its orbit. And a call to arms, a call for preparation, has just been issued from one of the chief watch towers of astronomy. Prof. Glassnap announces that the computing bureau established by the Russian Astronomical society has undertaken the calculation of the true path of Halley's comet with a view to predicting the exact date of the next return. He hopes that astronomers acquainted with unpublished observations of the comet will communicate the information to the society. After its perihelion the comet was watched retreating into space until May, 1836, when it was finally swallowed from sight. It will be in perihelion again about 1911, but with the great telescopes now in existence, and the greater ones that may then have been constructed, it is probable that the comet will be detected coming sunward a year or more earlier than that. The fact that the labor of computing the precise time of its return is already about to begin gives assurance that the next time it will not be a question of how many days, but rather of how many hours, or even minutes, the calculations will be in error.

## "BEFO' THE WA."

The Sunsets Then Were Far More Beautiful.

Southerners who lived in more luxury before the war than they have been able to do since have a very natural way of dating everything by comparing every event of the present time to those palmy days "befo' the wa," says the Country Gentleman. It is quite unnecessary to add that all things suffer by the comparison. It was the custom of the guests at the sanitarium to assemble on the porches just before sundown, to watch the retiring process of old Sol as he slipped away to bed behind Mount Pisgah, one of the loftiest peaks of the Blue range. Some of the guests were asserting they could see the gray hairs on the back of the "Rat," another elevation, so called from its resemblance to that animal. A little patch of fleecy clouds had evidently caught fast on the pines in passing a cliff, and some one said Beancatcher peak was flirting with Beaumont; while the Balsam range, others said, had already put on a nightcap of mist, with now and then a blue-black peak projecting above the clouds. Otherwise not a cloud was to be seen save a few mackerel scales just above the western horizon. Just as but half of the sun's orb was left in view and shadows were rapidly deepening and the last departing shafts of sunlight were gliding the domes of the most lofty hills and every one was all but speechless with admiration at the splendor of the sunset, one woman, a northerner and a newcomer, was able to keep her tongue going. "Oh, I do think," she was saying to a southern lady, "that it is the most exquisite sunset I ever saw; tell me, is it a custom down here for the sun to set like that?" "Oh, that's nothing," was the reply; "you should have seen it 'befo' the wa!'"

## SIR JOSEPH LISTER.

Humanity's Great Debt to Him—A Revolution in Surgery.

Sir Joseph Lister acknowledges his supreme indebtedness to Pasteur for the discovery that putrefaction was a fermentation due to microbes, which could not arise de novo from the decomposable substance, says Scribner's. With this as a basis the great surgeon persisted, in the face of much opposition, in perfecting a simple antiseptic dressing—that is, one which would destroy any microbes that could fall on the wound and purify the surgeon's hands and instruments. His success accomplished a veritable revolution in surgery. To select a single instance: The general hospital at Munich had come to such a state of unhealth that fully 80 per cent of all wounds were infected by the poisonous gangrene. A surgeon was sent to England to learn the new "Listerism," and after his return not a single case of hospital gangrene appeared in the Munich Krankenhaus. Many allied dangers were totally destroyed by this gospel of cleanliness, and in addition the suffering of patients during necessary operations was vastly relieved, owing to the absence of inflammation. The most conservative savants estimate that the Lister antiseptic has increased the field of remedial surgery twentyfold and that the mortality of hazardous operations has been reduced from probably 50 per cent to something like 1 per cent. With antiseptic treatment the skull, even the viscera, can be safely entered for operation, and it is literally true that modern surgery can without danger remove any part of the human organism which is not itself essential to life.

## The Largest Barrel.

The celebrated "Heidelberg tun" looks like a small cask when compared with a huge barrel that was made last summer for the use of the "Halle aux Vins," a Paris establishment, known as the largest liquor emporium in the world. This huge French wine cask has a capacity of 13,710 gallons and measures twenty-three feet in height.

## THE POWER OF CHILDREN.

They Made a Man See All the Good in a Mother-in-Law.

One man was making unkind remarks about his mother-in-law, and the other man was taking it all in. After a while he put in his oar. "You haven't any children, have you?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply; "what's that got to do with it?"

"More than you'll ever know till you have some."

"I fail to see it."

"Yes, so did I, at first, and I talked just as you do. Then, when the youngsters came and began to grow up and to learn who grandma was, to look to her as their best friend; the one to shield them when they needed the parental spanking; the one to give them pennies when their parents thought they should not have them; the one who came and watched by them when they were sick; the one who was always good to them; the one grandma of all the world to the innocent, mischievous, all-prevailing kids, blamed if I didn't forget utterly that she was my mother-in-law, and I got to calling her 'grandma,' just as the little ones did, and thinking about her just as they did, and finally, when the gray-haired old angel went to her rest, I grieved with the children and as sincerely as any of them."

## NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

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## Almost Mad.

Gus—Heavens, Gawge! What's the matter?  
Gawge—Mattah! Why, I nevah came so near being offended in my life. The keeper of that cafe called me a liah and kicked me out. I tell you what—ah—Gus, it wouldn't have taken much moah to have made me weal mad.

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Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

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Enormous Evaporation Figures.  
An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole of the earth's surface. Assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, the force of evaporation necessary to supply moisture for such a prodigious rainfall must be equal to the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet every minute, day and night, during the entire year. To supply this enormous amount of moisture a stratum of the entire ocean surface of the globe not less than 7½ feet thick must be taken up by the clouds and returned to earth once each 365 days.

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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, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by all druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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## A Tongue Twister.

Among the literary curiosities of which Boston is justly the proud possessor is the following jawbreaker, framed and hung in the old South church in that city: "Wutapessituk-quussunookwehtunquoh." This word, so far as known, has never been pronounced by a white man, but occurs in Eliot's Indian bible, and is found in Mark's gospel, first chapter and fortieth verse, and according to that means "kneeling down to Him." If the brave red man had thrown such chunks of wisdom at the forefathers instead of dull arrow heads and wayside stones, probably American history would have been written in a different key.

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Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

## The Tower of Babel.

Early English building was done with what would now be called very small stones, and the unwillingness or inability of the workmen to raise and deal with heavy masses is indicated in a sculptured representation of the building of Babel preserved in the Chapter house of Salisbury. Workmen are there shown in the act of walking up the ladders carrying stones on their backs.

## Merchants Hotel, Omaha.

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PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Prop's.

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