COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Yes, sir, that's it; and that's what he wants to see you about."

"More money, I suppose," said Mr. Quest.

"Well, yes, sir. You see there will be the covenants to meet, and then the farm is three hundred acres, and to stock it proper means nine pounds an acre quite, on this here heavy land."

"What is it that brings you to Boisingham?"

"Yes, yes, I know; a matter of four thousand more or less; but where is it to come from? that's the question. Cossey's do not like land now any more than other banks do. However, I'll see my principal about it. But, George, I can't possibly get up to the castle at 11. I have got a churchwarden's meeting at a quarter to—about that west pinnacle, you know. It is in a most dangerous condition; and, by the way, before you go I should like to have your opinion, as a practical man, as to the best way to deal with it. To rebuild it would cost a hundred and twenty pounds, and that is more than we see our way to pay at present, though I can promise fifty, if they can scrape up the rest. But about the squire. I think that the best thing I can do will be to come up to the castle to lunch, and then I can talk over matters with him. Stay, I will just write him a note. By the way, you would like a glass of wine, wouldn't you, George? Nonsense, man, here it is in the cupboard; a glass of wine is a good friend to have handy sometimes."

George, who, like most men of his stamp, could put away his share of liquor and feel thankful for it, drank his glass of wine while Mr. Quest was engaged in writing his note, wondering meanwhile what made the lawyer so civil to him. For George did not like Mr. Quest. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that he hated him. But this was a feeling that he never allowed to appear; he was too much afraid of the man for that, and in his queer way too much devoted to the old squire's interests to run the risk of imperilling them by the exhibition of any aversion to Mr. Quest. He knew more of his master's affairs than anybody living, unless it was, perhaps, Mr. Quest himself, and was aware that the lawyer held the old gentleman in a bondage that could not be broken. Now George was a man with faults. He was somewhat sly, and, perhaps, within certain lines, at times capable of giving the word honesty a liberal interpretation. But among many others he had one conspicuous virtue; he loved the old squire as a Highlandman loves his chief, and would almost, if not quite, have died to serve him. Indeed, as it was, his billet was no easy one, for Mr. de la Molle's temper was none of the best at times; and when things went wrong, as they pretty frequently did, he was exceedingly apt to visit his wrath on the head of the devoted George, saying things to him which he should not have said. But his retainer took it all in the day's work, and never bore malice, continuing in his own cadging, pig headed sort of way to labor early and late to prop up his master's broken fortunes. Indeed, had it not been for George's contrivings and procrastinations, Honham Castle and its owner would have parted company long before.

CHAPTER VII.

EDWARD COSSEY, ESQ.

After George had drunk his glass of wine and given his opinion as to the best way to deal with the dangerous pinnacle on the Boisingham church, he took the note, untied the fat pony and rambled off back to Honham, leaving the lawyer alone. As soon as he was gone Mr. Quest threw himself back in his chair—an old oak one, by the way, for he had a very pretty taste in antiquities and a positive mania for collecting them—and plunged into a brown study.

Presently he leaned forward, unlocked the top drawer of his writing table and extracted from it a letter addressed to himself, which he had received that very morning. It was from the principals of the great banking firm of Cossey & Son, and dated from their head office in Mincing lane. This letter ran as follows:

[Private and confidential.]

"DEAR SIR—We have considered your report as to the extensive mortgages which we hold upon the Honham Castle estates, and have given due weight to your arguments as to the advisability of allowing Mr. de la Molle time to give things a chance of righting. But we must tell you that we can see no prospect of any such solution of the matter, at any rate for some years to come. All the information that we are able to gather points to a further decrease in the value of land rather than to a recovery. The interest on the mortgages in question is moreover a year in arrear, probably owing to the non-receipt of rents by Mr. de la Molle. Under these circumstances, much as it grieves us to take action against Mr. de la Molle, with whose family we have had dealings for five generations, we can see no alternative but foreclosure, and hereby instruct you to take the necessary preliminary steps to bring it about in the usual manner. We are, presuming that Mr. de la Molle is not in a position to pay off the mortgages, quite aware of the risks of a forced sale, and shall not be astonished if, in the present unprecedented condition of the land market, such a sale should result in a loss, although the sum recoverable does not amount to half the valuation of the estates, which was undertaken at our instance about twenty years ago, on the occasion of the first advance. The only alternative, however, would be for us to enter into possession of the property or to buy it in. But this would be a course totally inconsistent with the usual practice of the bank, and, what is more, our confidence in the stability of landed property is so utterly shattered by our recent experiences that we can not burden ourselves by such a course, preferring to run the risk of an immediate loss, which, however, we hope that the historical character of the property and its great natural advantages as a residential estate will avert, or at the least minimize.

"Be so good as to advise us by an early post of the steps you take in pursuance of these instructions.

"We are, dear sir, your obedient servants,

"COSSEY & SON.

"W. Quest, Esq.

"P. S.—We have thought it better to address you direct in this matter, but of course you will communicate the contents of this letter to Mr. Edward Cossey, and, subject to our instructions, which are final, act in consultation with him."

"Well," said Mr. Quest to himself, as he folded up the sheet of paper, "that is about as straight as it can be put. And this is the time that the old gentleman chooses to ask for another four thousand. He may ask, but the answer will be more than he bargains for."

He rose from the chair and began to walk up and down the room in evident perplexity. "If only," he said, "I had twenty-five thousand I would take up the mortgages myself and foreclose at my leisure. It would be a good investment at that figure, even as things are, and besides, I should like to have that place. Twenty-five thousand, only twenty thousand, and now when I want it I have not got it. And I should have had it if it had not been for that tiger, that devil Edith. She has had more than that out of me in the last ten years, and still she is threatening and crying for more, more, more. Tiger—yes, that is the name for her; her own name, too. She would coin one's vitals into money if she could. All Belle's fortune she has had, or nearly all, and most of my savings, and now she wants another five hundred, and she will have it, too. Here we are," and he drew a letter from his pocket written in a bold but somewhat uneducated woman's hand.

"Dear Bill" it ran—I've been unlucky again and dropped a pot. Shall want £500 by the 1st October. No shuffling, mind; money down; but I think that you know me too well to play any more larks. When can you tear yourself from the lovely Mrs. Q——, and come and give your E—— a look! Bring some tin when you come, and we will have times. Thine, THE TIGER."

"The Tiger, yes, the Tiger," he gasped, his face working with passion and his gray eyes glinting as he tore the epistle to fragments, and threw them down and stamped on them.

"Well, be careful that I don't one day cut your claws and paint your stripes. By heaven! it ever a man felt like murder I do now. Five hundred more, and I haven't five thousand clear in the world. Truly we pay for the follies of our youth! It makes me mad to think of those fools Cossey & Son forcing that place into the market just now. There's a fortune in it at the price. In another year or two I might have recovered myself that devil of a woman might be dead—and I have several irons in the fire, some of which would be sure to turn up trumps. Surely there must be a way out of it somehow. There's a way out of everything except death if only one thinks enough, but the thing is to find it," and he stopped in his walk opposite to the window that looked upon the street and put his hand to his head.

As he did so he caught sight of the figure of a tall gentleman strolling idly toward the office door. For a moment he stared at him blankly, as a man does when he is trying to catch the vague clew to a new idea. Then, as the figure passed out of his view, he brought his fist down heavily upon the sill.

"Edward Cossey, by George!" he said, aloud. "There's the way of it, if only I can work him, and unless I have made a strange mistake I think I know the way."

A couple of minutes afterward a tall, shapely young man of about twenty-four or five years of age, came strolling into the office where Mr. Quest was sitting, to all appearance hard at work at his correspondence. He was dark in complexion and decidedly distinguished looking in feature, with large, dark eyes, dark mustaches and a pale, somewhat Spanish looking skin. Young as the face was, it had, if observed closely, a somewhat worn and worried air, such as one would scarcely expect to see upon the countenance of a gentleman born to such brilliant fortunes, and so well fitted by nature to do them justice, as was Mr. Edward Cossey. For it is not every young man with dark eyes and a good figure who is destined to be the future head of one of the most wealthy private banks in England, and to inherit in due course a sum of money in hard cash variously estimated at from half a million to a million sterling. Such, however, was the prospect in life that opened out before Mr. Edward Cossey, who was now supposed by his old and eminently business like father to be in process of acquiring a sound knowledge of the provincial affairs of their house by attending to the working of their country branches in the eastern counties.

"How do you do, Quest?" said Edward Cossey, nodding somewhat coldly to the lawyer and sitting down. "Any business?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Cossey," answered the lawyer, rising respectfully, "there is some business, some very serious business."

"Indeed," said Edward, indifferently, "what is it?"

"Well, it is this: the house has ordered a foreclosure on the Honham castle estates—at least it comes to that."

At the sound of this intelligence Edward Cossey's whole demeanor underwent the most startling transformation—his languor vanished, his eyes brightened, and his form became instinct with active life and beauty.

"What the deuce," he said, and then paused. "I won't have it," he went on, jumping up, "I won't have it! I am not particularly fond of old De la Molle, perhaps because he is not particularly fond of me," he added, rather drolly; "but it would be an infernal shame to break up that family and sell the house under them. Why, they would be ruined. And then there's Ida—Miss de la Molle, I mean—what would become of her? And the old place, too. After being in the family for all these centuries, I suppose it would be sold to some confounded counter skipper or some retired thief of a lawyer. It must be prevented at any price—do you hear, Quest?"

The lawyer winced a little at his chief's contemptuous allusion, and then remarked, with a smile: "I had no idea that you were so sentimental, Mr. Cossey, or that you took a lively interest in Miss de la Molle," and he glanced up to observe the effect of his shot.

Edward Cossey colored. "I did not mean that I took any particular interest in Miss de la Molle," he said; "I was referring to the family."

"Oh, quite so, though I am sure I don't know why you shouldn't. Miss de la Molle is one of the most charming women that I ever met, I think the most charming, if I except my own wife Belle," and he again looked up suddenly at Edward Cossey, who, for his part, colored for the second time. "It seems to me," went on the lawyer, "that a man in your position has a most splendid opportunity of playing knight errant to the lovely damsel in distress. Here is the lady with her aged father about to be sold up and turned out of the estates which have belonged to her family for generations—why don't you do the generous and graceful thing, like the hero in a novel, and take up the mortgages?"

Edward Cossey did not reject this suggestion with the contempt that might have been expected; on the contrary, he appeared to be turning the matter over in his mind, for he drummed a little tune with his knuckles and stared out of the window.

"What is the sum?" said he, presently.

"Five-and-twenty thousand, and he wants four more, say thirty thousand."

"And where am I going to find thirty thousand pounds to take up a bundle of mortgages which will probably never pay a farthing of interest? Why, I have not got three thousand I can come at. Besides," he added, recollecting himself, "why should I interfere in it?"

"I do not think," answered Mr. Quest, ignoring the latter part of the question, "that with your prospects you would find it difficult to get thirty thousand or twice thirty thousand pounds. I know several who would consider it an honor to lend the money to a Cossey, if only for the sake of the introduction—that is, of course, provided the security was of a legal nature."

"Let me see the letter," said Edward.

Mr. Quest handed him the document conveying the commands of Cossey & Son, and he read it through twice.

"The old man means business," he said, as he returned it; "that letter was written by him, and when he has once made up his mind it is useless to try and stir him. Did you say that you were going to see the squire today?"

"No, I did not say so, but as a matter of fact I am. His man, George—a shrewd fellow, by the way, for one of these bumpkins—came with a letter asking me to go up to the castle, so I shall get round there to lunch. It is about this fresh loan that the old gentleman wishes to negotiate. Of course I shall be obliged to tell him that instead of giving a fresh loan we shall have to serve a notice on him."

"Don't do that just yet," said Edward, with decision. "Write to the house and say that their instructions shall be attended to. There is no hurry about the notice, though I don't see how I am to help in the matter. Indeed there is no call upon me."

"Very well, Mr. Cossey. And now, by the way, are you going to the castle this afternoon?"

"Yes, I believe so. Why?"

"Well, I want to get up there to luncheon, and I am in a fix. Belle will want the trap to go there this afternoon. Can you lend me your dog cart to drive up, and then perhaps you would not mind if she gave you a lift this afternoon."

"Very well," answered Edward, "that is if it suits Mrs. Quest. Perhaps she may object to carting me about the country?"

"I have not observed any such reluctance on her part," said the lawyer dryly, "but we can easily settle the question. I must go home to get some plans before I attend the vestry meeting about that pinnacle. Will you step across with me and we can ask her?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I have nothing particular to do."

And accordingly, as soon as Mr. Quest had made some small arrangements and given particular directions to his clerks as to his whereabouts for the day, they set off together for the lawyer's private house.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. QUEST'S WIFE.

Mr. Quest lived in one of those solidly but comfortably built old red brick houses, which abound in almost every country town, and which give us the clearest possible idea of the want of taste and love of material comfort that characterized the gross age in which they were built. This house looked out on to the market place, and had a charming old walled garden at the back, famous for its nectarines, which, together with the lawn tennis court, was, as Mrs. Quest would say, almost enough to console her for living in a town. The front door, however, was only separated by a little flight of steps from the pavement, upon which the house abutted.

Entering into a large, cool looking hall, Mr. Quest paused, and asked a servant who was passing where her mistress was.

"In the drawing room, sir," said the girl; and followed by Edward Cossey, he made his way down a long paneled passage till he reached a door on the left, which he opened quickly, and passed through into a charming, modern looking room, handsomely and even luxuriously furnished, and lighted by French windows opening on to the walled garden.

A little lady dressed in some black material was standing at one of these windows, her arms crossed behind her back, and absently gazing out of it. At the sound of the opening door she turned swiftly, her whole delicate and lovely face lighting up like a flower in a ray of sunshine, the lips slightly parted, and a deep and happy light shining in her violet eyes. Then, all in an instant, it was instructive to observe how instantaneously her glance fell upon her husband (for the lady was Mrs. Quest) and her entire expression changed to one of cold aversion, the light fading out of her face as it does from a November sky, and leaving it cold and hard.

Mr. Quest, who was a man who saw everything, saw this also, and smiled bitterly.

"Don't be alarmed, Belle," he said, in a low voice; "I have brought Mr. Cossey with me."

She flushed up to the eyes, a great wave of color, and her breast heaved; but before she could answer, Edward Cossey, who had stopped behind to wipe some mud off his shoes, entered the room, and politely offered his hand to Mrs. Quest, who took it coldly enough.

"You are an early visitor, Mr. Cossey," she said.

"Yes," said her husband, "but the fault is mine. I have brought Mr. Cossey over to ask you if you can give him a lift up to the castle this afternoon. I have to go up there to lunch, and have borrowed his dog cart."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure. But why can't the dog cart come back for Mr. Cossey?"

"Well, you see," put in Edward, "there is a little difficulty; my groom is sick. But there is really no reason why you should be bothered. I have no doubt that a man can be found to bring it back."

"Oh, no," she said, with a shrug, "it will be all right; only you had better lunch here, that's all, because I want to start early, and go to an old woman's at the other end of Honham about some fuchsia cuttings."

"I shall be very happy," said he.

"Very well, then, that is settled," said Mr. Quest, "and now I must get [my plans and be off to that vestry meeting. I'm late as it is. With your permission, Mr. Cossey, I will order the dog cart as I pass your rooms."

"Certainly," said Edward, and in another moment the lawyer was gone.

Mrs. Quest watched the door close, and then sat down in a low armchair, and resting her head upon the back, looked up with a steady, inquiring gaze full into Edward Cossey's face.

And he too looked at her, and thought what a beautiful woman she was, in her own way. She was very small, rounded in her figure almost to stoutness, and possessed the tiniest and most beautiful hands and feet. But her greatest charm lay in the face, which was almost infantile in its shape, and delicate as a moss rose. She was exquisitely fair in coloring—indeed, the darkest things about her were her violet eyes, which in some lights looked almost black in contrast with her white forehead and waving auburn hair.

Presently she spoke.

"Has my husband gone?" she said.

"I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

"Because, from what I know of his habits, I should think it very likely that he is listening behind the door," and she laughed faintly.

"You seem to have a good opinion of him."

"I have exactly the opinion of him that he deserves," she said, bitterly; "and my opinion of him is that he is one of the wickedest men in England."

"If he is behind the door he will enjoy that," said Edward Cossey. "Well, if he is all this, why did you marry him?"

"Why did I marry him?" she answered, with passion. "Because I was forced into it, bullied into it, starved into it. What would you do if you were a defenseless, motherless girl of 18, with a drunken father who beat you—yes, beat you with a stick—apologized in the most gentleman-like way next morning, and then went and got drunk again! And what would you do if that father were in the hands of a man like my husband, body and soul in his hands, and if between them pressure was brought to bear and brought to bear until at last— There, what is the good of going on with it; you can guess the rest."

"Well, and what did he marry you for—your pretty face?"

"I don't know; he said so; it may have had something to do with it. I think it was my £10,000, for once I had a whole £10,000 of my own. My poor mother left it me, and it was tied up so that my father could not touch it. Well, of course, when I married my husband would not have any settlements, and so he took it, every farthing."

"And what did he do with it?"

"Spent it upon some other woman in London—most of it. I found him out; he gave her thousands of pounds at once."

"Well, I should not have thought that of him," said he, with a laugh.

She paused a moment and covered her face with her hand, and then went on: "If you only knew, Edward; if you had the faintest idea what my life was till a year and a half ago, when I first saw you, you would pity me and understand why I am bad, and passionate, and jealous, and everything that I ought not to be. I never had any happiness as a girl; how could I in such a home as ours? And then almost before I was a woman I was handed over to that man. Oh, how I hated him, and what I endured!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEARTY THANKS.

The GREAT SIERRA KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE is positively the most perfect medicine of the age. Don't use the mineral kidney remedies on the market, but try us. We are purely vegetable. All druggists sell these valuable goods.

Sierra Chemical Co., 2324 Mission Street:

GENTLEMEN: On your bottle label you ask for testimonials in regard to the effect of your remedy. I take pleasure in giving to you my hearty thanks as well as my testimonial, which you can publish. I have suffered a great deal with kidney and liver troubles, and have tried many medicines as well as different doctors to get relief. Your GREAT SIERRA KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE was recommended to me and I have given it a trial. Much to my satisfaction, I find it has cured me of all my kidney and liver difficulties, also the severe pains in my back are entirely well. I cheerfully recommend your truly valuable remedy to all in the same condition. Very kindly yours,

O. WAHLHEIM,
912 Twentieth st., San Francisco, Cal.

In Germany a worm eats steel rails.

KISSED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green,
At his good neighbor, Brown,—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."
"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her, that I've not denied,
But kissed her on the cheek—
And I did it because she looked so handsome—
the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?" "Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night." "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* of giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

A woman does not like to be spoken of as a grass widow. Her one desire is to keep off the grass.

A Chicago druggist retailed over 100,000 "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigars in four months.

An extensive financial scheme is on foot by which the Hungarian Government intends to convert the stock issued for the purchase of State railways.

WOODSON'S WEAL.

A Memphis Young Man of Worth Becomes Luckily More So.

Upon the principle that none but eagles soar with eagles, the *Appeal* reportorial capitalists yesterday sought out Mr. Chas. E. Woodson, the extent of whose good fortune is only excelled by his handsome appearance. Mr. Woodson was the lucky holder of a one-fortieth part of ticket No. 98,455 in the December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery which drew the capital prize of $600,000. The *Appeal* commissioner found Mr. Woodson hard at work at his desk, holding the responsible position of head bookkeeper and chief of the business office of the well known retail dry goods establishment of Hunter Brothers, corner of Main and West Court Streets. He is a gentleman of fine appearance and, apparently, a genial, sociable companion. The *Appeal* reporter approached him with the figurative question: "Well, Mr. Woodson, I suppose your ship has come in?" "How is that, sir?" said he, and then, as if catching on to the idea, continued: "Oh, yes, sir; I made the riffle the last drawing." In reply to further interrogatories, Mr. Woodson elaborated: "I held the lucky number, deposited it with my bank, received the returns ($15,000) promptly, and have not yet decided what investment I will make. I own a valuable farm which has been receiving my attention very closely, and I may place a portion of it there in the way of improvements. I have received any amount of advice as to how I shall invest it, but I have decided to resign my place here on the 1st of January and devote a good part of next year to travel over the United States, and perhaps may go to Europe. I am a native-born West Tennesseean, Fayette County being the place of my birth and early training. I received a good literary education, which was completed at Lexington, Ky., but studied book-keeping at Leddon's Commercial College in Memphis. I have held responsible positions at Menken's and the house I am now engaged in. I have been in the habit the past five or six years of buying one or more Louisiana State Lottery tickets more as a pastime than anything else. You may rest assured I was surprised to discover that I had secured the lucky number. I will still continue to patronize the lottery in about the same way. I am thirty years of age, have been married, and have two sons who now reside at my farm. Good-bye sir."—*Memphis* (Tenn.) *Appeal*, December 28.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts decides that a dealer in oleomargarine or any kind of imitation butter must not sell it without a designating label or mark upon the package.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Goffinbury, Cleveland, O., says:

"I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate relief."

Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by William's Manufacturing Co., Props., Cleveland, Ohio. 50c. and $1.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

Beware of immitations of the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that Merit Wins. It is the best blood purifier and actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

If your heart is larger than your head you injure yourself, and if your head is larger than your heart you injure your neighbors.

THE GRAVE GETS TIRED YAWNING.

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the mean time never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

I will not look upon the wine when it is
glowing red,
So may my evening hat sit loose upon my
morning head.

DON'T MISS A GOOD THING.

You want an elegant collection of artistic novelties, which can be procured by anyone. You will be astonished at the variety, beauty and oddity.

To get these buy a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address plainly written and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards. Address, Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.

Never kick a man when he is down. It's a waste of energy. Go for the man who is climbing above you.

STONE IN THE KIDNEY.

I was first taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of gravel, I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another inflammation of the bladder, and another stone in kidneys. For three months I was under the care of an eminent doctor at Albany, but constantly growing worse, went home to die. At this time I was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and am now robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to use the Remedy.—C. W. Brown, Peterburgh, N. Y.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y. $1; 6 for $5.

Send for book, how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders.

Stranger (in Kansas)—Can you direct me to the county seat? Mr. Dugout (sadly)—No-o, I can't stranger. There was a cyclone here last week, and I ain't heard yit whar the county seat went to.

MANY PEOPLE REFUSE TO TAKE COD

Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. This difficulty has been overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis, General Debility, Wasting Diseases of Children, Chronic Coughs and Colds, has caused physicians in all parts of the world to use it. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emulsion and be convinced.

The Czar of Russia has become an expert performer on the violin. His troubles have evidently made him desperate.

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, pales into *nothingness* before the story it will tell you *itself*, of its own *perfect* quality, if you will give it *one* trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

It is believed that if the foreign influenza and the faith curists have a wrestle the faith curists will go under.

OREGON THE PARADISE OF FARMERS.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and Most Healthful. Dr. Price's the only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alumn. Sold only in Cans.

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