COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Good-by," she answered, as she gave him her shaking hands. "Good-by, my dear. If only you knew what I feel here," she pointed to her breast, "you would make excuses for me." Almost before she had finished her sentence he was gone. She stood near the door, listening to his retreating footsteps till they had quite died away, and then flung herself in the chair and rested her head upon her hands. "I shall lose him," she said to herself in the bitterness of her heart. "I know I shall. What chance have I against her? He already cares for Ida a great deal more than he does for me. In the end he will break from me and marry her some time. Oh, I had rather see him dead and myself too."

Half an hour later Mr. Quest came in.

"Where is Cossey?" he asked.

"Mr. Cossey's father has had a stroke of paralysis, and he has gone up to London to look after him."

"Oh," said Mr. Quest. "Well, if the old gentlemen dies, your friend will be one of the wealthiest men in England."

"Well, so much the better for him. I am sure money is a great blessing. It protects one from so much."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, with emphasis, "so much the better for him, and all connected with him. Why have you been crying? Because Cossey has gone away—or have you quarreled with him?"

"How do you know that I have been crying? If I have, it's my affair. At any rate my tears are my own."

"Certainly they are—I do not wish to interfere with your crying—cry when you like. It will be lucky for Cossey if that old father of his dies just now, because he wants money."

"What does he want money for?"

"Because he has undertaken to pay off the mortgages on the castle estate."

"Why has he done that—as an investment?"

"No, it is a rotten investment. I believe he has done it because he is in love with Miss de la Molle, and is naturally anxious to ingratiate himself with her. Don't you know that? I thought perhaps that was what you had been crying about?"

"It is not true," she answered, her lips quivering with pain.

Mr. Quest laughed gently. "I think you must have lost your power of observation, which used to be sufficiently keen. However, of course it does not matter to you. It will in many ways be a most suitable marriage, and I am sure they will make a very handsome couple."

She made no answer, and turned her back to hide the workings of her face. For a few moments her husband stood looking at her, with a gentle smile playing on his refined features. Then remarking that he must go round to the office, but would be back in time for tea, he went, reflecting with satisfaction that he had given his wife something to think about which would be scarcely to her taste.

As for Belle Quest, she waited till the door had closed, and then turned round toward it and spoke aloud, as though she were addressing her vanished husband.

"I hate you," she said, with bitter emphasis, "I hate you. You have ruined my life, and now you torment me as though I were a lost soul. Oh, I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead!"

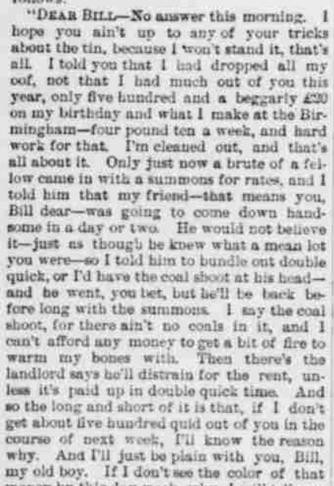
On reaching his office, Mr. Quest found two letters for him, one of which had just arrived by the afternoon post. The first was addressed in the squire's handwriting and sealed with his big seal, and the other bore a superscription, the sight of which made him turn momentarily faint. Taking up this last with a visible effort, he opened it. It ran as follows:

"DEAR BILL—No answer this morning. I hope you ain't up to any of your tricks about the tin, because I won't stand it, that's all. I told you that I had dropped all my oof, not that I had much out of you this year, only five hundred and a beggarly £20 on my birthday and what I make at the Birmingham—four pound ten a week, and hard work for that. I'm cleaned out, and that's all about it. Only just now a brute of a fellow came in with a summons for rates, and I told him that my friend—that means you, Bill dear—was going to come down handsome in a day or two. He would not believe it—just as though he knew what a mean lot you were—so I told him to bundle out double quick, or I'd have the coal shoot at his head—and he went, you bet, but he'll be back before long with the summons. I say the coal shoot, for there ain't no coals in it, and I can't afford any money to get a bit of fire to warm my bones with. Then there's the landlord says he'll distrain for the rent, unless it's paid up in double quick time. And so the long and short of it is that, if I don't get about five hundred quid out of you in the course of next week, I'll know the reason why. And I'll just be plain with you, Bill, my old boy. If I don't see the color of that money by this day week, why, I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to take a little country air—my complexion wants it—and I think Boisingham would suit first rate. In fact, I shall come down and pay you a visit, old boy; so perhaps you'll ask the lovely Mrs. Quest to get a room ready for me, and when I get down there, if I don't tell all the old respectables a thing or two about their beloved lawyer, and generally make them sit up and see stars, why, I ain't I. And now there's the straight tip from your affectionate 'Tiger.' But remember she'd always rather purr than growl. It's only when the cash don't come down that her back goes up. All a question of money, my boy, like everything else in this wicked world. Your beloved EDITH."

By the time that Mr. Quest had finished reading this precious effusion, the cold sweat was standing in beads on his forehead.

"Great heavens!" he said, "this woman will destroy me. What a devil! And she'd be as good as her word unless I found her the money. I must go up to town at once. I wonder how she got that idea into her head. It makes me shudder to think of such a thing," and he dropped his face upon his hands and groaned in the bitterness of his heart.

"It is hard," he thought to himself; "here I have for years and years been striving and toiling and laboring to become a respectable and respected member of society, and always this old folly haunts my steps and drags me down, and, by heaven, I believe that it will destroy me after all." With a sigh he lifted his head, and taking a sheet of paper wrote on it, "I have received your letter and will come and see you to-morrow or the next day." This letter he placed in an envelope,



"Great heavens!" he said, "this woman will destroy me."

which he directed to the high sounding name of Mrs. d'Aubigne, Stanley street, Pimlico, and put it in his pocket.

Then with another sigh he took up the squire's letter and glanced through it. Its length was considerable, but in substance it announced his acceptance of the arrangement proposed by Mr. Edward Cossey, and requested that he would prepare the necessary deeds to be submitted to his lawyers. Mr. Quest read the letter absently enough, and threw it down with a little laugh.

"What a queer world it is," he said to himself, "and what a ludicrous side it has to it all. Here is Cossey advancing money to get a hold over Ida de la Molle, whom he means to marry if he can, and who is probably playing her own hand. Here is Belle madly in love with Cossey, who will break her heart. Here am I in love with Belle, who hates me, and playing everybody's game in order to advance my own, and become a venerated member of a society I am superior to. Here is the squire blundering about like a walrus in a horse pond, and fancying everything is being conducted for his sole advantage, and that all the world revolves round Honham castle. And then here at the end of the chain is this female harpy, Edith Jones, otherwise D'Aubigne, alias the Tiger, gnawing at my vitals and holding my fortunes in her hands. Bah! it is a queer world, and full of combinations; but the worst of it is that, plot as we will, the solution of them does not rest with us, no—not with us."

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOUSE WITH THE RED PILLARS.

Two days after his receipt of the second letter from the Tiger, Mr. Quest announced to his wife that he was going to London on business connected with the bank, and expected to be away for a couple of nights.

She laughed straight out. "Really, William," she said, "you are a most consummate actor. I wonder that you think it worth while to keep up the farce with me. Well, I hope that Edith is not going to be very expensive this time, because we don't seem to be too rich just now, and you see there is no more of my money for her to have."

Mr. Quest winced visibly beneath this bitter satire, which his wife uttered with a smile of infantile innocence playing upon her face, but he made no reply. She knew too much. Only in his heart he wondered what fate she would mete out to him if ever she got possession of the whole truth, and the thought made him tremble. It seemed to him that the owner of that baby face could be terribly merciless in her vengeance, and that those soft white hands would close round the throat of a man she hated, and utterly destroy him. Now, if never before, he realized that between him and this woman there must be enmity and a struggle to the death; and yet, strangely enough, he still loved her!

Mr. Quest reached London about 3 o'clock, and his first act was to drive to Cossey & Son's, where he was informed that old Mr. Cossey was much better, and having heard that he was coming to town had sent to say that he particularly wished to see him, especially about the Honham castle estates. Accordingly Mr. Quest drove on to the old gentleman's mansion in Grosvenor street, where he asked for Mr. Edward Cossey. The footman said that Mr. Edward was upstairs, and showed him into a study while he went to tell him of the arrival of his visitor. Mr. Quest glanced round the luxuriantly furnished room, which he saw was occupied by Edward himself, for some letters directed in his handwriting lay upon the desk, and a velveteen lounging coat that Mr. Quest recognized as belonging to him was hanging over the back of a chair. Mr. Quest's eye, wandering over this coat, was presently caught by the corner of a torn flap of an envelope which projected from one of the pockets. It was of a peculiar bluish tinge, in fact of a hue which was much affected by his wife. Listening for a moment to hear if anybody was coming, he stepped to the coat and extracted the letter. It was in his wife's handwriting, so he took the liberty of hastily transferring it to his own pocket. In another minute Edward Cossey entered, and the two men shook hands.

"How do you do, Quest?" said Edward. "I think that the old man is going to pull through this bout. He is helpless, but keen as a knife, and has all the important matters from the bank referred to him. I believe that he will last a year yet, but he will scarcely allow me out of his sight. He preaches away about business the whole day long, and says that he wants to communicate the fruits of his experience to me before it is too late. He wishes to see you; so if you will, you had better come up."

Accordingly they went up stairs to a large and luxurious bedroom on the first floor, where the stricken man lay upon a patent couch.

When Mr. Quest and Edward Cossey entered, a lady—old Mr. Cossey's eldest daughter—put down a paper out of which she had been reading the money article aloud, and, rising, informed her father that Mr. Quest had come.

"Mr. Quest?" said the old man, in a thin voice. "Ah, yes; I want to see Mr. Quest very much. Go away now, Anna; you can come back by and by. Business before pleasure. Most instructive, though, that sudden fall in American railways. But I thought it would come, and I got Cossey & Son clear of them," and he sniffed with satisfaction and looked as though he would have rubbed his hands if he had not been physically incapacitated from so doing.

Mr. Quest came forward to where the invalid lay. He was a gaunt old man with white hair and a pallid face, which looked almost ghastly in contrast to his black velvet skull cap. So far as Mr. Quest could see, he appeared to be almost totally paralyzed, with the exception of his head, neck and left arm, which he could still move a little. His black eyes, however, were full of life and intelligence, and roamed about the room without ceasing.

"How do you do, Mr. Quest?" he said; "sorry that I can't shake hands with you; but you see I have been stricken down, though my brain is clear enough—clearer than ever it was, I think. And I ain't going to die yet—don't think that I am, because I ain't. I may live two years more—the doctor says that I am sure to live one at least. A lot of money can be made in a year if you keep your eyes open. Once I made a hundred and twenty thousand for Cossey & Son in one year; and I may do it again before I die. I may make a lot of money, ah, a lot of money," and his voice went off into a kind of thin scream that was not pleasant to listen to.

"I am sure I hope you will, sir," said Mr. Quest, politely.

"Thank you; take that for good luck, you know. Well, well, Mr. Quest, things haven't done so bad down in your part of the world; not at all bad, considering the times. I thought that we should have to sell that old De la Molle up, but I hear that he is going to pay us off. Can't imagine who has been fool enough to lend him the money. A client of yours, eh? Well, he'll lose it, I expect, and serve him right for his pains. But I am not sorry, for it is unpleasant for a house like ours to have to sell an old client up. Not that his account is worth much—nothing at all; more trouble than profit—or we should not have done it. He's no better than a bankrupt, and the insolvency court is the best place for him. The world is to the rich and the fullness thereof. There's an insolvency court specially provided for De la Molle and his like—empty old windbags with long sounding names; let him go there and make room for the men who have made money—heel heel heel" and once more his voice went off into a sort of scream.

Here Mr. Quest, who had had about enough of this sort of thing, changed the conversation by commencing to comment on various business transactions which he had been conducting on behalf of the house. The old man listened with the greatest interest, his keen black eyes attentively fixed upon the speaker's face, till at last Mr. Quest happened to mention that among others a certain Col. Quaritch had opened an account with their branch of the bank.

"Quaritch?" said the old man, eagerly, "I know that name. Was he ever in the One Hundred and Fifth Foot?"

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, who knew everything about everybody, "he was an ensign in that regiment during the Indian mutiny, where he was badly wounded when still quite young, and got the Victoria cross. I found it all out the other day."

He was a gaunt old man with white hair.

"That's the man; that's the man," said old Mr. Cossey, jerking his head in an excited manner. "He's a blackguard; I tell you he's a blackguard; he jilted my wife's sister. She was twenty years younger than my wife—jilted her a week before her marriage, and would never give a reason, and she went mad, and is in a madhouse now. I should like to have the ruining of him for it. I should like to drive him into the poorhouse."

Mr. Quest and Edward looked at each other, and the old man let his head fall back exhausted.

"Now, good-by," Mr. Quest; they'll give you a bit of dinner down stairs," he said at length. "I'm getting tired, and I want to hear the rest of that money article. You've done very well for Cossey & Son, and Cossey & Son will do well for you, for we always pay by results; that's the way to get good work and make a lot of money. Mind, Edward, if ever you get a chance don't forget to pay that blackguard Quaritch out, pound for pound, and twice as much again for compound interest—heel heel heel"

"The old gentleman keeps his head for business pretty well," said Mr. Quest to Edward Cossey as soon as they were well outside the door.

"Keeps his head!" answered Edward. "I should just think he did. He's a regular shark now, that's what he is. I really believe that if he knew I had found the thirty thousand for old De la Molle he would cut me off with a shilling." Here Mr. Quest pricked up his ears. "And he's close, too," he went on, "so close that it is almost impossible to get anything out of him. I am not particular, but upon my word, I think that it is rather disgusting to see an old man with one foot in the grave hanging on to his money bags, as though he expected to float to heaven on them."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, "it is a curious thing to think of; but, you see, the money is his heaven."

"By the way," said Edward as they entered the study, "that's queer about that fellow Quaritch, isn't it? I never liked the look of him, with his pious air."

Very queer, Mr. Cossey," said he; "but do you know, I almost think that there must be some mistake. I do not believe that Col. Quaritch is the man to do things of that sort without a very good reason. However, nobody can tell, and it is a long while ago."

"A long while ago or not, I mean to let him know my opinion of him when I get back to Boisingham," said Edward, viciously. By Jove! it's twenty minutes past 6, and in this establishment we dine at the pleasant hour of half past. Won't you come and wash your hands?"

Mr. Quest got a very good dinner, and, contrary to his custom, he drank the best part of a bottle of old port after it. He had an unpleasant business to face that evening, and felt as though his nerves required bracing. About 10 o'clock he took his leave, and getting into a hansom bade the cabman drive to Stanley street, Pimlico, where he arrived in due course. Having dismissed his cab, he walked slowly down the street till he reached a small house with red pillars to the doorway. Here he rang the bell. The door was opened by a middle aged woman with a cunning face and a simper. Mr. Quest knew her well. Nominally the Tiger's servant, she was really her jackal, and in return for the intelligence she lent to the chase, received her portion of the prey.

"Is Mrs. d'Aubigne at home, Ellen?" he said.

"No, sir," she answered, with a simper, "but she will be back from the music hall before long. She does not appear in the second part. But please come in, sir. You are quite a stranger here, and I am sure that Mrs. d'Aubigne will be very glad to see you, for she have been dreadfully pressed for money of late, poor dear. Nobody knows the trouble that I have had with those sharks of tradesmen."

By this time they were up stairs in the drawing room, and Ellen had turned the gas up. The room was well furnished in a certain gaudy style, which included a good deal of gilt and plate glass. Evidently, however, it had not been tidied since the Tiger had left it, for there on the table were cards thrown this way and that, amid an array of empty soda water bottles, glasses with dregs of brandy in them, and other debris, such as the ends of cigars and cigarettes, and a little copper and silver money. On the sofa, too, lay a gorgeous tea gown resplendent with pink satin, also a pair of gold embroidered slippers, not over small, and an odd gant de Suede, with such an extraordinary number of buttons that it almost looked like the cast off skin of a brown snake.

"I see that your mistress has been having company, Ellen," he said, coldly.

"Yes, sir, just a few lady friends in to cheer her up a bit," answered the woman, with her abominable simper. "Poor dear, she do get that low with you away so much, and no wonder; and then all these money troubles, and she night by night working hard for her living. Often and often have I seen her crying over it all"——

"Ah," said he, breaking in upon her eloquence, "I suppose that the lady friends smoke cigars. Well, clear away this mess and leave me. Stop, give me a brandy and soda first. I will wait for your mistress."

The woman stopped talking and did as she was bid, for there was a look in Mr. Quest's eye which she did not quite like. So, having placed the brandy and soda water before him, she left him to his own reflections.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is not often that a reigning Queen finds herself without a single change of dress. This was, however, the fate of her Majesty of Belgium, on the 1st inst. Her entire wardrobe had been destroyed in the conflagration of the Royal Palace at Laeken, and owing to the fact of the day being a public holiday, every store in Brussels was closed.

The Secretary of the Navy has issued a circular prescribing that the funeral expenses of enlisted men and appointed petty officers who die and are buried out of the United States must not exceed $50 each, unless due regard for decent burial renders greater expense necessary.

READ A FEW LINES OF GOOD ADVICE —IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE.

I am broken down and discouraged, and don't know just what to do for my health. This remark we often hear from both men and women that are positively in that condition that life is no longer to them a pleasure but instead a continual bore. THE GREAT SIERRA KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE is especially adapted for just such cases. It acts gently on the bowels, purifies the blood without unsightly blotches, renovates the kidneys and liver, the great organs of existence that must be kept clear. By thus doing its work it brings the nervous system into a healthy condition, producing sound and refreshing sleep. For all female complaints, leucorrhea, suppressed menses, no matter from what cause, attended by severe pain, and all other complaints so common among women, it immediately relieves and effects a permanent cure. Put aside all prejudice and give this most wonderful and best of all remedies a trial. Warranted purely vegetable. Delightful to the taste. For sale by all druggists. Take no other.

Mrs. Oldsoak, whose husband is a wartime Colonel, takes a clove every time he kisses her.

POOR HUMANITY!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence, is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and assisted by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, billiousness and kidney troubles.

An artist made a fortnae small—
In landscape painting he was bred—
But, woe for him, he lost it all
In townscape painting—color, red.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

There always is. She is the power behind the throne. A woman's influence over the man who loves her is often absolute. To wield so great a power to guide, strengthen and help her husband, a woman's mind should be clear and healthy. It cannot be if she is suffering from any functional derangement. How many a home is made unhappy because she who should be its life and light is a wretched, depressed, morbid invalid! Wives, mothers and daughters, why suffer from "female complaints" which are sapping your lives away, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will renew your health and gladden those about you? It has restored happiness to many a saddened life. Why endure martyrdom when release is so easy? In its special field there never was a restorative like the "Favorite Prescription."

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

Honesty is doubtless the best policy, but it seems to have expired long ago.

Do you wish to know how to have no *steam*, and not half the usual *work* on wash day? Ask your grocer for a bar of *Dobbins' Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

Every last peach bud will be killed until the stocks of canned peaches are marketed.

They disappear like hot cakes before a St. Louis tramp—"Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

The germs of influenza may easily be conveyed in greenbacks, but who's afraid? Fetch along your germs.

India-rubber for street paving is now talked of in London. Granite, asphalt, wood and other materials have been tried and found wanting. Rubber has been laid down on the approaches of Euston Railway Station and seems to be serviceable. It is, also, on trial in Berlin.

Mrs. Senator Stewart met with an accident in Washington last Tuesday which might have been serious. She fell on Connecticut avenue and struck her head against the wall of a house and cut herself quite seriously. She also badly sprained her hand and knee. She is resting somewhat easier.

Important banks of marine sponges, including all the kinds most valued in commerce, have been discovered on the southern coast of Sicily.

ROYAL ROAD TO WEALTH.

HOW A $1 INVESTMENT IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

Increased Fifteen Thousand Fold - A Very Lucky Countryman.

The Express but recently published the fact that Mr. Z. P. Cole, a poor man who resides at Pearsall, was the lucky winner of fifteen thousand dollars in The Louisian State Lottery, having purchased ticket No. 98,455, which drew one-fortieth of the grand capital prize of $600,000 in the December drawing. Mr. Cole is a remarkably lucky man, for he seems to have known just where and when to invest a dollar where it would do the most good. After learning of his good fortune, Mr. Cole sent his ticket to New Orleans by express, where it was cashed in full by the bank and the money returned to him in a remarkably short time, thus demonstrating the fact that The Louisiana State Lottery Company is as reliable as ever, and never makes a promise but what is carried out to the letter.

Mr. Cole, as stated above, was a poor man, having been working for the small sum of $15 per month. His good fortune however, has not turned his head, and he proposes to use his means in the effort to better his condition for the remainder of his life.—*San Antonio* (Tex.) *Express* January 8.

Clerk—I want an increase of salary. Employer (wearily)—All right. Anything else? Clerk—And I want to get off an hour earlier every day so I can spend it.

THE GILES' CREOSOZONE

For Poultry, whose advertisement appears in another column of this paper, is a preparation for doing away with insects and other pests in poultry, and is meeting with very marked success wherever it is introduced.

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

Try Germea for Breakfast.

What It Costs

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people before buying an article which seems absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken according to directions will average to last a month, while other medicines last but half or quarter as long. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and see for yourself.

"We would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best medicine we ever kept in the house. My family are all taking it." MRS. J. M. BARBER, San Joaquin and Fremont Streets, Stockton, Cal.

"I have taken one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion and it has done me a great deal of good." THEODORE WALLACE, Petaluma, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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.

Fresh from Kansas City—Organist—Do you think you can manage the bellows? Blower (seeking a job)—Oh, yes; I was formerly a tow-suite boomer.

EVERY SYMPTOM GONE.

Probably no disease inflicts so much continuous pain as Rheumatism. Over no single complaint has Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., won more cures than Rheumatism. By its use the agonized patient can once more use his limbs and feel free from past years of pain.

Mr. Frank Strait, a well-known merchant of New Hamburgh, N. Y., says: "I suffered tortures from Sciatic Rheumatism. My case was a very bad one, and none of the means taken gave me relief. I use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., am entirely rid of every symptom of my trouble. Only three bottles brought about this wonderful result. It has built me up and been of great benefit to me in other ways. I heartily recommend it to other sufferers.

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.

An educated pig out in Indiana has died of pen paralysis.

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.

When schemes are set on foot the conditions are generally on hand.

CONSUMPTION, WASTING DISEASES,

And General Debility. Doctors disagree as to the relative value of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites; the one supplying strength and flesh, the other giving nerve power; and acting as a tonic to the digestive and entire system. But in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites the two are combined, and the effect is wonderful. Thousands who have derived no permanent benefit from other preparations have been cured by this Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable and is easily digested by those who cannot tolerate plain Cod Liver Oil.

Go to the Pacific Slope, young man, and grow up with the snowbanks.

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 Coffinbury, 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.

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 Alum. Sold only in Cans.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. S.

Having for the past four or five years been troubled with pimples and blotches on my face and body, and finding no relief in any of the chemically prepared soaps and medicines prescribed for me by physicians, I concluded to try your S. S. S. remedy, and have found great relief in the same, four bottles clearing my skin entirely. I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are in the position that I have been in. You can use this letter and my name as a testimonial to the merits of the S. S. S. remedy.
Very truly yours, ALFRED P. ROBINSON
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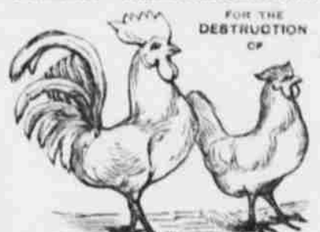

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