For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

"My little boy had a terrible cough. I tried everything I could hear of but in vain until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first night he was better, and he steadily improved until he was perfectly well."—MRS. S. J. STEELE, Alton, Ill.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills and thus hasten recovery.

Fatal Equality.

The drawbacks to social equality come out in domestic service, if they appear at all.

A correspondent reports this conversation between an American lady living in Manila and one of her Filipino servants:

"Ramar," said she, "why is it that you worked so well for the Spaniards, and did it for so little? They treated you very badly, and I treat you well. They paid you only two pesos a month, and you ask twenty-five of me. I don't understand it."

"Ah, senora," said Ramar, "the Spaniards were our superiors. You Americans are our equals."

The Search for Paul Jones' Body.

Back of the coming home of the body of John Paul Jones, to rest in the crypt of our new Naval Academy, lies the story of General Horace Porter's six years' quest, impeded by many obstacles, successful at last, with overwhelming evidence in favor of the identification of the body. The full story of this research General Porter tells for the first time in the October Century.

"Upon assuming charge of our embassy in Paris and finding myself among the old landmarks which are still honored there as recalling the many historic incidents in the sojourn of Paul Jones in that brilliant capital," says General Porter, "I felt a deep sense of humiliation as an American citizen in realizing that our first and most fascinating naval hero had been lying for more than a century in an unknown and forgotten grave and that no successful attempt had ever been made to recover his remains and give them appropriate sepulture in the land upon whose history he had shed so much luster."

Among the illustrations of the article is one showing the face of the recovered body, compared with the Hudon bust.

No Rhymer.

The amateur poet scratched his head.

"It must be somewhere," he murmured, "but where is it?"

"Where is what?" asked his friend.

"Why, I'm writing a verse and I want a rime, but I can't find it. I want a rime for the word 'twelfth.'"

"Good reason," replied his friend, "there's no such rime in the English language. That isn't the only unrimed word. According to Tom Hood there are just a score of them, although he forgot to include that word. His list includes bilge, chimney, coif, crimson, culm, cusp, fugue, gulf, have, kiln, microcosm, month, mouth (verb), oblige, rhomb, scarce, scarf, silver, widow and window. Some of these words may be rimed by two others combined, such as did, oh, for widow, but none can be rimed with another single word."

"Don't Hustle the Boss."

Teddy (aged eight) in the morning had received instructions from his father "never to hurry his elders"—once he had asked for a thing he should rest patiently, waiting their convenience to get around to it.

Teddy in the evening climbed into bed without saying his usual prayers. The intimate connection between these two events transpired a moment later, when Teddy's mamma asked why the prayers had been neglected.

"I've asked God for t'ree nights to make Teddy a good boy, an' if I ain't it's 'cause God's been kep' busy som'er's else. Pop says: 'Don't ever hurry the boss;' an' I guess I ain't a-goin' to hurry God. He'll get round to me jes' as soon as he has time."

BACK TO WOODEN PAVEMENT.

Great Lasting Quality Provided It Is Laid in Honest Fashion.

The disposition of New York to return to wooden pavements three decades after they have gone into ruin and been abandoned in this country, but retained in the European cities, naturally evokes discussion of the difference between the lasting qualities of pavements in this country and the older ones. Why did wooden pavements relapse into chaos within a very few years in American cities while lasting fairly well in England and France?

This is generally attributed to superior work and materials abroad. Doubtless that is a partial cause. But there is another radical difference in methods. In American cities the pavement laid this year may be torn up next year to lay some subterranean line. We have in mind one street in Pittsburg paved a little over a decade ago. In the six years following the one when the pavement was laid there was just one year when the city itself or the franchise-holding corporations did not tear up the pavement for laying trolley tracks, water and gas mains or electric conduits. In the case of block stone pavements each tearing up and replacement leaves the pavement rough and uneven, but is not absolutely destructive. But asphalt or wooden pavements depend for their life on the stability of the roadbed and the chronic tearing up is a means of speedy destruction.

In England the rule is that a pavement once laid is not to be torn up except for the most urgent exigencies. A quotation has recently been published from a report of the city engineer of Nottingham, in which it is stated that the pavement on the main street of that city, laid twenty-five years ago, has never been torn up and consequently has never cost anything for repairs. This is made possible because before the pavement was laid an underground pipe gallery was constructed, in which all underground lines can be placed without disturbing the pavement.

There are still a few things we can learn from the old country, if we study their doings with a determination to learn.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Laughs at $5 Each.

"Insulting behavior" is a very elastic charge in Australia. It may cover anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Its latest application comes from Bendigo.

In that golden city, where the late Marquis of Salisbury tried his luck as a digger, the authorities of a Methodist Church, decided to suppress juvenile giggling. They introduced a policeman in plain clothes, and he detected a couple of small boys laughing during the evening service.

The boys were brought into court on a charge of "insulting behavior" and fined $5 each.—London Chronicle.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

{ SEAL }

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Somewhat Different.

"What is the price of that antique chair?" asked the lady shopper.

"Nineteen dollars, madam," replied the new clerk.

"Aren't you mistaken?" queried the bargain hunter. "It certainly can't be worth that much."

"Madam," said the conscientious young man, "it is probably worth about $2.50, but you asked the price."

$75 PERMANENT salary and expenses paid reliable men, outside of the city; pleasant work. H. Henker, room 5, 127½ 7th st., Portland.

A Telling Retort.

A telling retort was made by a commercial traveler to an unkind remark made by a young woman whom he had met at the house of a friend.

The young woman, of New England origin, inquired the occupation of the young man.

"I am a commercial traveler," quietly remarked the young man.

"Ah, indeed!" she returned, in a very patronizing manner. "Do you know that in my part of the country commercial travelers are not received in good society?"

"Nor are they here, madam," quickly replied the young man, bowing politely.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

David sat doggedly. He had always been dogged and obstinate. His uncle looked at him curiously, as if studying his character.

"David," he said presently, "you were a bad boy at school, where they ought to have flogged it out of you. You were a bad son to your father, who ought to have cut you off with a shilling. You were a bad farmer when you got your farm. If I hadn't taken your land, a stranger would have had it. Now it's kept in the family. Years ago I thought to give you a lesson, and if you reformed, to give it back to you in my will. I now perceive that you are one of those who never reform. I have left it—elsewhere."

"Go on," said David, "I like to hear you talk."

"The old house at Berry—your old house—is turned into two cottages. One of those cottages is empty. If you mean to stay in the parish, you can live in it if you like, rent free, for a time—that is, until you get into work again or I find a tenant. If you choose to earn money, you can; there are always jobs to be done by a handy man. If you will not work, you must starve. Now that is all I will do for you. When you are tired of Challacombe, you can go away again. That is my last word, nephew." He turned away, and began to busy himself again among his papers.

"After the accident and the loss of those papers you were senseless for three days. And after that you got paralysis. Why, what was all that, but a judgment on you for your conduct to your own flesh and blood?"

"Rubbish!"

David said no more. Those best acquainted with him would have understood from the expression of his face that his mind was laboriously grappling with a subject not yet clear to him. He was, in fact, just beginning to be aware of a very foxy game which he might play with his uncle, though as yet he only dimly saw the rules of that game. It was a new game, too, quite one of his own invention, and one which would at the same time greatly please and stimulate his uncle, whom he meant to be his adversary. He said nothing more, but he sat doggedly and tried to work out the rules of that game.

Presently Mary came home from church, and with her George Sidcote and Will. They found David sitting with his uncle, but the old man was reading the paper, and David was silent, thinking slowly.

"Mary," said David, "you don't remember me, I suppose?"

"You are my cousin David. Of course I remember you, David, though you are altered a good deal." She gave him her hand. "All the people are talking about your return."

Then George and William shook hands with him cheerfully and brotherly.

"Why, David," said George, "we must rig you out a little better than this. Come home with Will and me."

David turned sullenly to his uncle.

"I've one more thing to say. All of you may hear what that is. He offers me a laborer's cottage to live in, and a laborer's work to do, and a laborer's wage to pay, on my own lands—my own that he stole, this old man here, sitting struck by a judgment in his chair. The next time I come here—you may all take notice and bear witness—the question may not be how little I may be offered, but how much I shall take."

So far had he got in his understanding of the game that was to be played.

"How much," he repeated, with a chuckle—"how much shall I take."

"Dear me!" said his uncle. "This is Will? When did you come down? And how is your writing business? Take David away, George; I am afraid you'll find him very tedious—very tedious indeed."

CHAPTER XII.

We took David away with us; but the old man was right; he was insufferably tedious. To begin with, his mind seemed absorbed; he answered our questions shortly, and showed no curiosity or interest in us, and pretended no pleasure at seeing us again; he was lumpish and moody.

"Mother," said George, "I've brought David Leighan to dinner. He came home last night."

The old lady gave him her hand, without the least appearance of surprise that David had returned in so tattered a condition.

"You are welcome, David," she said. "You will tell us after dinner some of your adventures. I hope you are come to settle again among your own people."

"My own people," he said, "have been so kind that I am likely to settle again among them."

"I will take David upstairs, mother," said George, "for a few minutes; then we shall be ready."

When they came downstairs David presented a little more of his old appearance. There remained a certain slouching manner which suggested the tramp, and the sidelong look, half of suspicion, half of design, which is also common to the tramp; but as yet we knew nothing of his past life and adventures.

When he was dressed he sat down to dinner. Then it was that we made a very painful discovery. Our friend, we found, had entirely forgotten the simplest rules of manners, the very simplest. It was clear that he must have gone down very low indeed in the social scale in order to get at those habits which he now exhibited. Were they acquired in the Pacific, or in Australia, or in America, where, as we afterward learned, David had spent his years of exile? I think in none of these places. He lost his manners because he had lost his self-respect, which is a very different thing from losing your money. During the operation of taking his food he said nothing, nor did he reply if he was addressed; and he ate enough for six men.

After dinner George and I took chairs with us, and sat in the old-fashioned garden of Sidcote, under a gnarled and ancient apple tree.

"Our David," I said, "was always inclined to be loutish. He has been developing and cultivating that gift for six years—with a pleasing result."

"There is something on his mind," said George. "Perhaps he will tell us what it is; perhaps not. David was never particularly open about himself. Strange that he should begin by looking for his uncle's grave! Why did he think that he was dead?"

"He believed what he hoped, no doubt."

"In the evening, Harry Rabjahns tells me, he had a kind of fit—a hysterical fit of laughing and crying—in the inn."

"That was perhaps because he had learned that his uncle was still alive." This was indeed the case, though not in the sense I intended.

"And this morning, the first day of his return, he begins with a row with his uncle. Well, there is going to be mischief at Gratnor."

"Why, what mischief can there be?"

"I don't know. David went away cursing his uncle. After six years he comes back cursing him again. When a man broods over a wrong for six years, mischief does generally follow. First of all, the old man will do nothing for him. Do you understand that? There was a solid obstinacy in his eyes while he listened to David. Nothing is to be got out of him. What will David do?"

"He will go away again, I suppose, unless he takes farm work."

"David is as obstinate as his uncle. And he is not altogether a fool. There will be mischief."

"George, old man, I return to my old thought. If you and Mary marry without old Dan's consent, her fortune goes to David. Does David know?"

"I should think not."

"To which of the two would the old man prefer to hand over that money?"

"To Mary, certainly."

"So I think. Then don't you see that some good may come out of the business after all?"

"It may come, but too late to save Sidcote. He means to have Sidcote. My days here are numbered. Well, it is a pity after five hundred years"—he looked around at the inheritance about to pass away from him—only a farm of three hundred acres, but his father's and his great-grandfather's—and he was silent for a moment. "As for work, what would I grudge if I could keep the old place! But I know that over at Gratnor there sits, watching and waiting his chance, the man who means to have my land, and will have it before the end of the year."

"Patience, George. Anything may happen."

"He is a crafty and a dangerous man, Will. We can say here what we cannot say in Mary's presence. He is more crafty and more dangerous now that he is paralyzed and cannot get about among his fields than he was in the old days. He cannot get at me by the same arts as he employed for David. He cannot persuade me to drink, and to sign agreements and borrow money. But the bad times have done for me what drink did for David."

So we talked away the afternoon in a rather gloomy spirit. Life is no more free from sharks in the country than in the town; there are in Arcadia, as well as in London, vultures, beasts, and birds of prey, who sit and watch their chance to rend the helpless.

"And so," he said, summing up, "I shall have to part with the old family place, and begin in the world again; go out as David went out, and return, perhaps, as he returned."

"No, George; some things are possible, but not probable. That you should come back as David has come back is not possible."

At that moment the man of whom we spoke came slowly out of the house, rubbing his eyes.

"When you are among the blacks," he said, "you never get enough to eat."

"What are you going to do now you are come home, David?"

"I will tell you, George, in a day or two. The old man says he will do nothing for me—we'll see to that presently. He's turned the old farm house at Berry into two cottages, and the buildings are falling to pieces. Says I can take up my quarters in one of the cottages, if I like; that is liberal, isn't it? And I am to earn my living how I can; that's generous, isn't it?"

"Try conciliation, David."

"No, Will; I think I know a better plan than conciliation."

CHAPTER XIII.

This was all that David told us. We saw, indeed, very little of him after this day. He took what we gave him without a word of thanks, and he did not pretend the least interest in either of us or our doings or our welfare. Yet he had known both of us all his life, and he was but five or six years older. A strange return! Knowing now all that I know, I am certain that he was dazed and confounded, first at finding his uncle alive, and next at the reception he met with. He was thinking of these things and of that new plan of his, yet imperfect, by which he could wreak revenge upon his uncle. This made him appear duller and more stupid than was his nature.

We sat waiting for more experiences, but none came. How, for instance, one would have been pleased to inquire, came an honest Devonshire man to consort with a gang of fellows who had all "done something," and were roving and tramping about the country ready to do something else. Before David lost his head he used to drink, but not with rogues and tramps. Yet now he confessed without any shame to having been their companion—a tramp and vagabond himself, and the associate of rogues. By what process does a man descend so low in the short space of two or three weeks as to join such a company? I looked curiously at his face; it was weather-beaten and bronzed, but there was no further revelation in the lowering and moody look.

"I dare say," he once said, "that you were surprised when I came to look for his grave?"

"It is not usual," I said, "to ask for the graves of living men."

"I was so certain that he was dead," he explained, "that I never thought to ask. Quite certain I was; why"—here he stopped abruptly—"I was so certain that I was going to ask what it was he died of. Yes; I wanted to know how he was killed."

"You said some one told you that he was dead. Who was that?"

"I will tell you now—not that you will believe me; but it is true. He told me himself that he was dead."

"I do not say, David, that this is impossible, because men may do anything. Permit me to remark, however, that you were in America, and your uncle was in England. That must have made it difficult for your uncle to talk with you."

"That is so," he replied. "What I mean is, that every night—it began after I'd been in New York and got through my money—every night, after I went to sleep, his ghost used to come and sit on my bed. 'David,' he said, 'I'm dead.' A lot more he said that you don't want to hear. 'David,' come home quick,' he said. 'David, I'll never leave you in peace until you do come home,' he said. Every night, mind you. Not once now and again, but every night. That's the reason why I came home. The ghost has left off coming now."

"This is truly wonderful."

"What did he do it for?" asked David, angrily. "He'd got my land. Well, as for—as for—what happened, my score wasn't paid off by that."

"What did happen?"

"Never mind. He'd got my land still; and I was a tramp. What did he want to get by it?"

"You don't mean, David, that your uncle deliberately haunted you every night? No one ever heard of a living man's ghost haunting another living man. A dead man's ghost may haunt a living man, perhaps, though I am not prepared to back that statement with any experiences of my own. Perhaps, too, a living man's ghost may haunt a dead man; that would be only fair. Turn and turn about, you see. But for a live uncle to haunt a live nephew—no, David, no."

"He is crafty enough for anything. I don't care who done it," said David. "It was done. Every night it was done. And that's why I came home again. And since he's fetched me home on a fool's errand, he's got to keep me."

"But it wasn't his fault that the ghost came. Man alive! he wanted his own ghost for himself. Consider, he couldn't get on without it!"

"He brought me home, and he's got to keep me," said David, doggedly. Then he slowly slouched away.

"He is going to the inn," said George. "Will, there is something uncanny about the man. Why should he have this horrible haunting dream every night?"

"Remorse for a crime which he wished he had committed, perhaps. An odd combination, but possible. If he had murdered his uncle he might have been haunted in this way. Wishes he had murdered him, you see. Imagination supplies the rest."

(To be continued.)

WALKED 5,000 MILES IN YEAR.

Businessman Who Performed the Feat Easily.

On Jan. 1, 1903, I conceived the idea of walking 5,000 miles before the expiration of the year, says a writer in Outing. The object was not to achieve any unusual feat nor to accomplish any conspicuous performance. The underlying motive was, rather, to insure a plan by which regular and systematic exercise could be obtained.

To travel this distance it was necessary to cover an average of 14 miles a day. Now, 14 miles for a day's walk is well within the compass of the ordinary man. But an occasional walk of this length is one thing, the sustained effort, day after day through the year, is another.

Let me answer the question by saying that at the end of the year I had completed a distance on foot of 5,205 miles, a daily average of 14¼ miles. The stipulated 5,000 miles were finished on Dec. 16, but an additional 200 miles were covered in order that each of the 52 weeks of the year might claim an average distance traversed of 100 miles.

I set out upon my enterprise with the knowledge that it was incumbent upon me to maintain a daily average of 14 miles, and I made it a rule, when practicable, of keeping about the average, so as to have something in hand to meet the emergencies which were almost certain to arise. That they did arise was shown by the fact that for 15 days in the year, owing to sickness, lameness and railway traveling, no walking whatever could be indulged in. The inability to utilize these 15 days was equal to a loss of over 200 miles. It will, therefore, be seen that, under the circumstances named, it was imperative on many occasions, to exceed the distance of 14 miles a day in order to preserve the average.

At the beginning of my walk my weight was 192 pounds in street clothes, while at the end of it my weight was 178 pounds. This loss of 14 pounds was in every way acceptable. The avoirdupois lost was only redundant weight, and I felt, as a result, more active, stronger and harder. In the matter of health, I felt decidedly better than I had done for several years.

CHEESE AND SALAD.

Should They Be Eaten Together, According to the Custom.

The habit of taking cheese with salad is, according to the best authorities, wholly American in origin, says the New York Sun. The French make cheese a special course at the end of the meal, following the dessert.

In England it is served after coffee, as a sort of savory, although it does not take altogether the place of the heavy cooked savories, which are sometimes a surprise when they are put on a table after a long dinner. As salad in England, when a typical English meal is served, has no dressing on it, it can scarcely be taken into account here.

The American habit of taking the cheese with the salad seems good enough to Americans, although persons in the habit of eating in the French way complain very bitterly that the two courses do not go well together and in fact are fairly sure to spoil each other. To American taste the cheese is very much better with the salad than the salad served with the chicken, as the French invariably serve it.

The best plans seem to be for family dinners to serve two plates with the salad and cheese, so that the person who wants both may not have the salad taste in the cheese and vice versa. Except in the case of Camembert, pont l'eveque and some of the finer cheeses, the taste of cheese does not mingle badly with that of salad.

The old-time nuisance of making the toasted crackers taste of cheese by spreading a thin layer of cheese over the English water cracker after it had been toasted is no longer necessary. They are made now, ready to eat as soon as they are taken from the box, thin crisp crackers covered over with a delicate and thin layer of cheese.

They are usually better than the home-made article, because the crackers are thinner than the amateur can make them and crisper than any ordinary cook can toast them without burning.

Not a Capitalist.

Lady—What? You've just come out of prison? I wonder you are not ashamed to own it.

Ne'er-do-Well—Well, I don't own it, lady—I only wish I did. I was merely a lodger.—Chicago Journal.

GOOD BLOOD
TELLS ITS OWN STORY

And tells it eloquently in the bright eye, the supple, elastic movement, the smooth, soft skin, glowing with health, a body sound and well, an active brain, good appetite and digestion, refreshing sleep, energy to perform the duties and capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life. The blood is the most vital part of the body; every organ, muscle, tissue, nerve, sinew and bone is dependent on it for nourishment and strength, and as it circulates through the system, pure and strong, it furnishes to these different parts all the healthful qualities nature intended. When, from any cause, the blood becomes impure or diseased, it tells a different story, quite as forceful in its way. Itching, burning skin diseases, muddy, sallow complexions, disfiguring sores, boils, carbuncles, etc., show the presence, in the blood, of some foreign matter or poison. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison and Scrofula, are effects of a deeply poisoned blood circulation. These may either be inherited or acquired, but the seat of trouble is the same—the blood. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cleanses and purifies the circulation and makes it strong and clean. Under its purifying and tonic effects all poisons and impurities are expelled from the blood, the general health is built up, all disfiguring eruptions and blemishes disappear, the skin becomes soft and smooth and robust health blesses life. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any medical advice, free of charge.

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Leap-Year Episode.

Fred—Miss Elderleigh has proposed three times within the past six weeks, but I can't make up my mind to accept her.

Joe—Has she got money?

Fred—About $50,000, I understand.

Joe—Well, you are taking desperate chances, old man. Suppose she should stop proposing?

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Hard Question.

Modern Maid—I wish some advice.

Old Lady—Certainly, my dear. What is it?

Modern Maid—Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine, and quarrel with him? or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine, and get tired of him?

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

How She Landed Him.

Edith—Papa told me to tell you you mustn't come here any more. He says you are a dangerous man.

Edward—Dangerous man! What does he mean?

Edith—He says you're the sort of a fellow who will hang around a girl for years and never marry her.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Pertinent Query.

Him—I see your social rival, Miss Budd, has her picture in to-day's paper.

Her—Indeed! What was she cured of?

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Friendly Criticism.

"Texas," remarked Jaggsby, "is a great place for snakes. I once saw a green and yellow snake down there 77 feet long and as big round as a whisky barrel."

"Well, I don't doubt it," rejoined Waggsby, "but it's doughnuts to fudge you saw the whisky barrel before you saw the snake."

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Clip this out, return to us with the names and addresses of yourself and two of your friends, and the date when you will probably enter a business college, and we will credit you with $5.00 on our $65.00 scholarship. Our school offers exceptional advantages to students of Business, Shorthand, English, etc.

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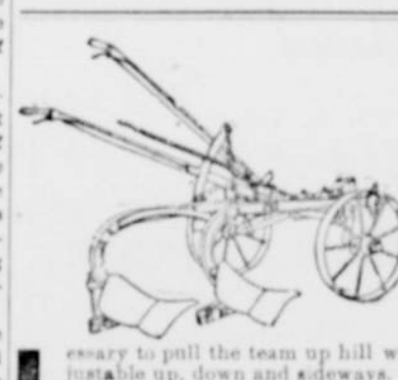

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