

IN THE SIERRAS.

So far away the city lies,
Deep in the fog-hung vale below,
I cannot hear its murmurs rise
To fret these mountains crowned with snow.

My soul is tired of storm and stress,
The tumult of the peopled ways;
The crowded streets are emptiness
That mock the passing of the days.

But here there is no sound to mar
The silence; and one almost hears,
Thrilling the solitude afar,
The faint, soft footfalls of the years.

I seek the wood paths and the streams,
Following the devious ways thereof;
To dream the half-forgotten dreams,
To live the memories of love.

'Twas here we heard the linnets trill
At summer morns beneath the eaves;
Against the blue above you hill
The fire tree traced its fernlike leaves.

'Twas there on radiant afternoons,
A golden haze lay on the slope,
When all the world was love's and June's,
And heart-throbs beat the hours of hope.

Between me and that long ago
The years' gray levels intervene,
Like the dim valley stretched below,
From altitudes of love unseen.

And soft as summer mists that fall
On distant slopes and woods and streams,
Lines on the days beyond recall
The golden gleam of our dreams.

—VIRNA WOODS, in Woman's Home Companion.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Aurillac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by the King of Rome to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fore. D'Aurillac, in examining the man, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Aurillac, upon giving his pistol to attempt to escape, bears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow... you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II—D'Aurillac next morning takes his place as usual in the staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of De Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routed de Rone's forces, d'Aurillac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a golden collar on de Rone's corpse, and Babette, the maid of the man, tells her partner to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hands of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Aurillac in the hospital of St. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and when he is well enough is taken to her Normandy chateau. Here he learns from Maitre Pallin, the madame's chaplain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marriage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his steward, d'Aurillac leaves for the avowed purpose of preventing their marriage.

Chapter V—D'Aurillac's horse casts a shoe. This causes a delay at village of Ezy, where he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Aurillac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. Stating to de Gomeron that he has heard something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge, Nicholas fires through the window at de Gomeron, but misses his mark.

Chapter VII—The two men fly for their lives, and the chevalier escapes almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with Biron, one of the traitors to the king, whom d'Aurillac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Aurillac escapes.

Chapter VIII—D'Aurillac comes to Rouvres where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received; from there he goes direct to Paris.

Chapter IX—D'Aurillac takes up lodgings in Paris, and lays what he knows of the treachery in the air among the nobles before Sully, master general of the ordinance, who advises him to keep himself as much confined as possible.

Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend living in Paris, the chevalier secures from him a servant, named Ravallac, whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen (at dice) to temporarily take the place of Jacques. He learns marriage of d'Ayen and Madame de la Bidache is to take place in a fortnight. De Belin is to be the witness.

Chapter XI—Maitre Pallin appears in Paris in attendance upon Madame de la Bidache, comes to see d'Aurillac and outlines to him a plan for the madame's escape into Switzerland. D'Aurillac crosses the river, meets d'Ayen, who throws him his glove, which almost forces him into a duel on the spot. Forced by the danger to himself of such a disturbance on the street, he flees, eluding the guards only by plunging into the river and swimming to his own side.

Chapter XII—D'Aurillac has his suspicions aroused concerning his new servant, Ravallac. Later he witnesses a meeting of the servant and de Gomeron. D'Aurillac thereupon returns him to his former service under de Belin.

Chapter XIII—M. de Belin goes to the Louvre with d'Aurillac so that he may tell his story to the king. After a few moments in the great hall he is summoned into the cabinet.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"Courage," whispered Belin, and I was before the king. In the first two steps I took on entering the room I perceived that there had been a scene. Sully was standing against the open window, his back to the light, and gravely stroking his beard. The marshal was pacing backward and forward in an agitated manner, and the king himself was leaning against a high desk, beating a tattoo with his fingers on the veneer.

As de Belin presented me, I bent to my knee, and there was a dead silence, broken only by Henry renewing the quick, impatient tapping of his fingers on the woodwork of his desk. He was, what was unusual with him when in Paris, in half armor, and perhaps in compliment to the king of Spain, for it was the anniversary of the treaty of Verdrins, wore the scarlet and ermine-lined mantle of the Toison d'Or. In the silence my eyes unconsciously caught the glitter of the collar, and I could al-

most read the device, "Pretium non vile laborum," on the fleecy.

"You may rise, monsieur," the king said at last, coldly, and added: "And you may speak. It is because I understand that I have for the moment excused you—now what have you to say?"

As he spoke his glittering eyes met me full in the face, and for the moment I could not find words.

"Ventre St. Gris!" and Henry picked up a melocotin from a salver that was by him and played with it between his fingers, "you could not have been born under the two cows on the field, or else you would have found your tongue ere this, M. d'Aurillac—you are not of the south, are you?"

"No, sire, though my father was governor of Provence, and married into the Foix Candale."

"If so you should be a perfect Chrysostom. What have you to say?"

I had regained my courage by this and took the matter in both hands: "Your majesty, I will speak—I charge the marshal, Duc de Biron, with being a traitor to you and to France, I charge him with conspiring—"

"You liar!"

It was Biron's voice, furious and cracked with rage, that rang through the room; but Henry stopped him with a word, and then I went on repeating exactly what is known, and what I have described before. When it was over the king turned to the marshal, who burst out in a passion of abridging, calling God and his own services to witness that his hands were clean, "and is the word of this man to be believed?" he concluded, "this man, who was openly in arms against the king, who is known as a brawler in the streets, who is even now trying to win the hand of a royal ward with not a penny piece to line his doublet pockets, who is excluded from the king's peace—is his oath to be taken before the word of a peer of France? Sire, my father died by your side—and I—I will say no more. Believe him if you will. Here is my sword! It has served you well, and unbuckling his sword the marshal flung himself on his knees before the king and presented him with the hilt of his blade.

Astonished and silenced by this audacious outburst, I could say nothing, but saw Sully and de Belin exchange a strange smile. The king, however, was much moved. Putting his hands on Biron's shoulders, he lifted him to his feet. "Biron, my old friend," he said, "the oaths of this man and a hundred such as he are but as a featherweight against your simple word. Messieurs, it is because I wished the marshal to know that I would hear nothing behind a man's back that I would not repeat to his own face, that I have allowed M. d'Aurillac a free rein to his tongue. In fine, I believe no word of this incredible tale—M. d'Aurillac," and he turned to me, "I give you 24 hours to quit France, and never cross my path again."

With my heart boiling with rage, I made for the doorway. I did not dare to look for madame. There was enough despair on my face to enable her to read it like a book were she to see me, and I had no doubt she had. I felt I had miserably failed. There was one chance, however, and that was to urge her to instant flight, and I determined to ride straight to the Rue Varenne, and there await either madame's or Pallin's return, and induce them to adopt this course.

At this moment some one came in my way, and stepping aside to let him pass, I caught sight of madame with both de Belin and the Huguenot at her side. She was not three feet from me and held out her hand, saying: "Courage, I know all." I held her small fingers for a moment, and then the ribbon by which her fan was slung to her wrist somehow slipped and the fan fell to the ground. I picked it up and on handing it to her caught a whisper: "Coiffier—to-night," and then with a bow I went on. Ten steps more brought me to the head of the stairway and Coiffier was standing there. "Would you have your fortune told, monsieur?" he asked.

"Will to-night suit you?" I answered, taking his humor.

"To-night will be too late, monsieur le chevalier—look in that as you ride home and you will see—and now go."

With a turn of his wrist he produced a small red ball of polished wood and placed it in my hands, and then moved backwards amongst the crowd.

It did not take me five minutes more to find Couronne, but as I turned her head on reaching the gates of the town towards the river face, I heard de Belin's quiet voice behind:

"Not that way, d'Aurillac—you come with me."

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE LIMES.

It mattered little to me if I rode a portion of the way back with de Belin, and so I turned Couronne's head as he wished. Before setting off, however, he gave some rapid and whispered orders to Vallon, emphasizing them with a loud "Quick, mind you, and do not fail."

"It is not likely, monsieur," answered Vallon, and then set off.

The crowd was as great as ever, and we were compelled to go slowly. Looking for a moment to my right as we went forward, I saw Vallon making as much haste as he could in the delivery of his message, and I wished to myself that my own stout-hearted knave were with me; one blade such as his was worth a half-dozen hired swords.

It was my intention to leave de Belin at his hotel, and make my way as quickly as possible to my lodging, and thence, taking the risk of the king's warning, go straight to the Rue Varenne and urge madame to instant flight. My house of cards had come down, a fluttering heap, as the first story was raised, and to my mind there was nothing for it but a sharp spur and a loose rein. I wished, too, for a moment of leisure to examine Coiffier's gift. I had little doubt that it conveyed a message or a warning, and the sooner I got at its contents the better.

In the meantime Belin rode by my side whistling a march to himself, whilst a couple of lackeys immediately behind us shouted themselves hoarse with an insistent "Way—way for monsieur le comte!"

This cry of theirs was being constantly echoed by a capuchin, who, mounted on a mule, with his hood drawn over his face, so as to show little but his eyes and a portion of a gray beard, kept alternately flinging an "Ave!" and a "Way! way!" to the crowd, the while he struck close to our heels, having evidently made up his mind to follow the old saw—the stronger the company the freer the road.

I know not why it was, but the jingling notes of the tune my friend whistled irritated me beyond measure, and at last, at the corner of the Rue Perault, I could stand it no longer and reining in held out my hand.

"I must say good-by here, Belin. We will meet again, and meet in better times, I trust, for me. In the meanwhile let me thank you, my friend—the rest of my business lies in my own hand."

He laughed and said: "Not yet good-by; and as for your business, there is some of it in Coiffier's wooden bair. I would open that here before you decide to leave me."

"Monsieur! You all seem determined to speak to me in riddles. Why can you not say plainly what you mean—and, besides, this is no place to read."

"It is as good as any other. See here, d'Aurillac! I slipped out of the king's cabinet as he spoke to you, told madame how your affair was progressing; she herself had something to communicate to you; the matter was pressing, and as things stood she could not tell you there. As for your being treated like a pawn, I give you my word it was beyond me to help that; but if you come with me you will learn many things within the hour. In the meantime open the ball, man! It was a lucky thing Coiffier was there."

Without any further hesitation I drew forth Coiffier's gift. It was, as I have said, a hollow wooden globe, and was made in two parts, which could be joined together, or separated by a turn of the wrist. I held it in my hands for a moment or so, and then opened it, and had just pulled forth the paper it contained, when by ill chance as it seemed the capuchin, who was urging his mule past us, brushed violently against my horse, with the result that the paper slipped from between my fingers and fluttered to earth. Couronne after her first start was steady enough, but the monk's ill-conditioned mule kicked and

plunged, bringing him apparently heavily to the ground. He fell exactly over the paper, and lay there for a moment, face downward, resting on one elbow. I sprang down as much to get the paper as to assist him, but as I did so he scrambled to his feet with a "hundred pardons, monsieur, for my clumsiness," and then hastily turned and hurried after his mule, which was already many yards ahead, behaving after its kind, and whose speed was not diminished by the sticks, stones and oaths flung at him, and there was a roar of laughter—a mob will laugh or hiss at the merest trifles—as the lank figure of the capuchin sped along in pursuit of his beast and vanished after him down a side street.

Belin himself joined in the merriment, and I picked up the paper, muddy and much soiled. Smoothing it out against the flap of my saddle, I made out the words: "To-night, under the limes in the Tuilleries—at Compline." There was no doubt about the writing, and, trusting the precious scrap into my breast pocket, I remounted. As I did so de Belin said: "Well, have you changed your plans?"

"Partly; but I think I shall go back to my lodging."

"Do nothing of the kind as yet. I have asked Pantin to meet us at the Two Ecus, your own ordinary—Vallon—has gone to call him; you can give him any orders there. You owe me as much as to yield to me in this."

It would have been ungracious not to have agreed, and I told Lisois I would go with him.

"Hasten, then! The road is clearer now, thanks to the capuchin, or rather to his mule. By the way, did you see the monk's face?"

"No!"

"A pity! I tried to, but failed in the attempt. His voice was familiar to me, and he seemed wonderfully active for an old man."

As we pulled up at the ordinary and dismounted Belin exclaimed: "Now for our supper! I am of those who can only fight under a full belt, and I would advise you, d'Aurillac, you who will have fighting to do very soon, perhaps, to follow my advice and make the best use you can of your knife."

I laughed out some reply, and then turning to mine host ordered refreshment for both man and beast, and directed that our supper should be served in a private room.

"And observe," cut in Belin, "if Maitre Pantin arrives let him be shown up to us at once."

How well do I remember that small

room in the Two Ecus, with the dark oak wainscoting, the furniture that age had polished, the open window, showing the yellow sunset between the high-roofed and many-gabled houses, the red Frontignac, sparkling like rubies in our long-necked glasses, and the deft service of Susette, the landlord's daughter, whose pretty lips pouted with disappointment because no notice was taken of her good looks by the two cavaliers who supped together, whose faces were so grave and whose speech was in tones so low as to be heard only by each other. At last we were left to ourselves, and Belin, who had been explaining many things to me that I knew not before, suddenly rose and began to pace the room, saying: "See here, d'Aurillac, I have helped you for two reasons. One because I love France, and the other because I love you. Henry has ordered the marriage of Madame de la Bidache with d'Ayen to be celebrated to-morrow. He gave that order today to put an end to the importunities of the marshal in regard to de Gomeron. I know this, and madame knows it, too. In plain language, you must play a bold stroke for the woman you love—take her away to-night."

"That was partly arranged—we are to go to Switzerland."

"You will never reach the frontier. Look—there is my castle of Mourmeton in Champagne. It is old and half in ruins. See—here is my signet. Take it, show it to Gringel, the old forester there; he will take you to a hiding place. Stay there until the affair blows over, and then to Switzerland or elsewhere if you will; in the meantime I pledge you the faith of de Belin that no stone will be left unturned to effect your pardon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY DAYS OUT WEST.

How Outlaws and Indians Banded Together to Capture the Overland Stage Coaches.

Col. "Jim" Stephenson, the liveryman of Omaha, is one of the veteran freighters of the old west. There are not many of the tribe left, and few of them at any time had more adventurous experiences than he. The terror of the freighters in those remote times was Three-Fingered Jack, who was assisted by Roman Nose and a band of 50 Sioux. In those days Stephenson was driving a Concord coach, one of a line of which he was operating, making connection with western railroads. One of these coaches was set aside to carry treasure. By leaving Omaha on Monday morning the 600 miles to Denver could be made by Saturday afternoon.

One day the coach started out with \$200,000 for Denver. Stephenson drove the six horses himself as far as Kearney. There were five passengers and Ben Adams, the guard. Two hundred miles out, near where Lexington, Neb., now is, while the coach was climbing a hill, Jack's band blocked the road. He yelled to Stephenson to pull up, but Jim cracked his whip on the horses, which sprang forward and two of the outlaws were run over before they could get out of the way.

Stephenson says: "At the same time Ben Adams fired both barrels of a heavily-loaded shotgun into the band and killed three of their number. From both sides of our treasure coach the passengers fired their pistols at the outlaws. They did little execution, but the bandits evidently thought they had surprised an army from the way they scattered. I gained the brow of the hill before the road agents were ready to act.

"They poured a volley into the rear of our coach, which killed two passengers outright and wounded George Golden. In spite of his wounds the brave fellow climbed up to the rear window of the coach and as the great vehicle swayed and rolled as we dashed wildly down the hill poured shot after shot into the outlaws. This kept the bandits at a distance, and they were afraid to approach until their Indian allies came up. We came two miles down the hill in three minutes. As we reached the foot of the hill the Indians hove in sight. They could not get up close to us and the road agents were afraid. They sent a cloud of missiles through the coach, over our heads and into the horses pulling the coach. One arrow pierced the face of Golden as he defended our rear. Another feathered shaft stuck into Adams' back. In addition he received no fewer than ten other wounds. In spite of the jolting of the coach he managed to knock several of the pursuers from their horses with his rifle.

"The gang followed us until the post was almost in sight and then drew off. Of the five passengers four were dead and Golden was desperately wounded, but recovered."—Denver Times.

Mistaken Identity.

Attorney—You say you had called to see Miss Billings and was at the house at the time the burglary was committed? Witness—Yes, sir.

"Then how did it happen that when the prisoner dashed into the room and assaulted you you leaped through the window and went home, making no attempt to defend the lady or give the alarm?"

"I thought it was her father."—Hartford Times.

A Question of Emphasis.

Mother—Why didn't you prevent him from kissing you? Why didn't you call me? (Reflectively.) But I suppose it was all over too soon?

Daughter (with a far-away look)—Yes, mother; it was all over too soon.—Puck.

A Sad Disappointment.

Maj. Bludgud—So you were disappointed in Bar Harbor, huh? Maj. Threefingers—Vawstly, majah Why, would you believe it, it derives its name from a bar that is actually situated undah watah, huh.—Judge.

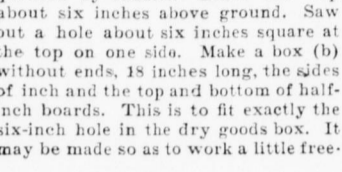
The only animal that is really dumb is the giraffe, which is unable to express itself by a ty sound whatever.



ANOTHER RABBIT TRAP.

It is Quite Clever in Design and Can Be Constructed by Any Ingenious Youngster.

Sink a dry goods box two and a half or three feet deep into the ground near a hedgerow or in a fence corner, or any secluded spot that may be frequented by rabbits. Leave the top about six inches above ground. Saw out a hole about six inches square at the top on one side. Make a box (b) without ends, 18 inches long, the sides of inch and the top and bottom of half-inch boards. This is to fit exactly the six-inch hole in the dry goods box. It may be made so as to work a little free-



DESIRABLE RABBIT TRAP.

ly and is to be hung on a pivot in such a way that the end outside the box is slightly heavier. Put the bait (c) at the inner end of the pivoted box. It does not take much to induce a rabbit to enter a hole. Once inside this the animal crawls along until past the middle, when its weight overbalances the box, which tips up suddenly, and the animal slides out into the larger box. The pivoted box then falls back to its original position and is ready for another rabbit. The trap is easily constructed, simple and has the advantage of being always set. There can be two entrances as shown in the illustration. The top and sides of the box exposed above ground can be covered with leaves, snow or anything to disguise it. The trap door (a) is for removing the captured rabbits.—Orange Judd Farmer.

NEGLECTED INDUSTRY.

The Honey Business Is Not Receiving the Attention in the West Which It Should.

It is a matter of congratulation that so many of the side industries possible to the farm have been brought into prominence within a few years through the farm press and the farmers' institute, but there is something still lacking. The honey business is rarely mentioned at a farmers' institute, and many of the farm papers do not mention it except in the most casual manner.

Illinois has many honey plants which would be a source of considerable revenue if the honey could be secured, but because of lack of bees thousands of dollars' worth of nectar wastes every year. All over the state white clover grows and flourishes during the summer, and in most of the state heartsease and Spanish needle are found in waste places, while golden rod might almost be named as the flower of the state. Besides these is sweet clover, which is a troublesome weed in most places, and many dislike the honey that comes from it.

Intelligent farmers recognize the value of bees in the pollenization of fruit flowers, and they no doubt accomplish much good in the same way with other crops. There is room for bees on every farm in the state, and if every farmer produced only honey enough for his own family, the saving in the item of sweets for family use would be larger than most men imagine.—Farmers' Voice.

Qualifications of a Judge.

Mr. Mortimer Levering, of Lafayette, Ind., in an address delivered at the annual meeting of the New York State Breeders' association, recently held at Rochester, on "Judging Live Stock in the Show Ring," after emphasizing the great responsibility of the position, summed up the requirements of a judge as follows: "An eye for symmetry and outline, a fine sense of touch, an education in animal anatomy to detect blemishes, defects and malformation, a complete knowledge of the points of excellence governing the variety under consideration, a mathematical genius for comparing sizes and weights, a cool head and resolute nerve, an unprejudiced mind, the courage of his convictions, unimpeachable integrity, and a disposition to do what is honest and right."

About Color and Breeds.

Many readers who take an interest in the breeds are at a loss to understand the advantages possessed by birds of the same breed, but which are different in color. For instance, there are the white, buff, black, brown, dominique and silver-duckwing Leghorns, but they differ only in color, being equal in laying qualities. The same may be stated of the single-comb and rose comb varieties. There is a difference, however, in hardness. The varieties that are rare, such as the black, dominique and silver-duckwing Leghorns, are more inbred, as new blood is not easily obtained, but the buffs, whites and browns, though harder than the others, are about equal in merit otherwise. Color has but little, if any, influence in determining quality.—Farm and Fireside.

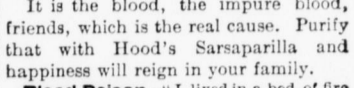
"Evil Dispositions Are Early Shown."

Just so evil in the blood comes out in shape of scrofula, pimples, etc., in children and young people. Taken in time it can be eradicated by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. In older people, the aftermath of irregular living shows itself in bilious conditions, a heavy head, a foul mouth, a general bad feeling.

It is the blood, the impure blood, friends, which is the real cause. Purify that with Hood's Sarsaparilla and happiness will reign in your family.

Blood Poison—"I lived in a bed of fire for years owing to blood poisoning that followed small pox. It broke out all over my body, itching intensely. Tried doctors and hospitals in vain. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped. I kept at it and was entirely cured. I could go on the house-tops and shout about it." Mrs. J. T. WILLIAMS, Carbondale, Pa.

Scrofula Sores—"My baby at two months had scrofula sores on cheek and arm. Local applications and physicians' medicine did little or no good. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him permanently. He is now four, with smooth fair skin." Mrs. S. S. WROTON, Farmington, Del.



Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-nourishing and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Same Profession.

In a well-known college an old negro called Tim had waited on the students for many years. He was not without his peccadilloes in the way of petty larceny, and caught tripping on one occasion by one of his employers, he was gently reproved. "Ah, old fellow, you are bound for the devil! What are you going to do, sir, when you get down in his regions?" "I dunno, Mars Ed," answered Tim, "douten I jes keep on waitin' on de students!"—Household Words.

Home Seekers' Cheap Excursions.

The North-Western Line will sell home seekers' excursion tickets February 21, March 7 and 21, with favorable time limits, to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Keeping It Up to the Last.

Dix—I understand Windig, the attorney, is seriously ill. Hix—Yes; I met his physician this morning, and he says he is lying at death's door. "That's just like a lawyer."—Chicago Evening News.

Tarry a few days under Florida's azure skies; breathe her soft pure air; drink the fragrance from her orange blossoms, then tour the Tropics on magnificent steel Passenger Ships of the Plant Line, sailing five times every week from Port Tampa to Havana.

Just Lovely.

Mrs. Brown—I was in the new drug store to-day. It's just lovely. Mrs. Jones—Yes? Mrs. Brown—Yes, they have six different shades of pills!—Detroit Journal.

Disagreeable February.

The discomforts of this month can be escaped by taking advantage of the winter excursions of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to one of the many pleasant resorts of the South. This line offers unsurpassed facilities for reaching the cities in the South, the winter resorts of the beautiful Gulf Coast, of Florida, of California, and of the West Indies. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for folders descriptive of Florida or the Gulf Coast.

TUMOR EXPELLED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. ELIZABETH WHELOCK, Magnolia, Iowa, in the following letter describes her recovery from a very critical condition:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been taking your Vegetable Compound, and am now ready to sound its praises. It has done wonders for me in relieving me of a tumor. My health has been poor for three years. Change of life was working upon me. I was very much bloated and was a burden to myself. Was troubled with smothering spells, also palpitation of the heart and that bearing-down feeling, and could not be on my feet much. I was growing worse all the time, until I took your medicine. After taking three boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Lozenges, the tumor passed from me. My health has been better ever since, can now walk quite a distance and am troubled no more with palpitation of the heart or bloating. I recommend your medicine to all sufferers from female troubles."

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that any one can doubt the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's methods and medicine in the face of the tremendous volume of testimony.



Whiskers Dyed

A Natural Black by Buckingham's Dye.

Price 50 cents of all druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

PISO'S CURE FOR

GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Couch Syrup. These Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A tight, slanting platform, arranged under the roosts, so as to catch all the droppings, will help in lessening the work of securing cleanliness.