## A BRAVE COWARD

By H. I. Cleveland.

John Sloan was trembling. His face was white, his eyes wandering, while over his skin ran cold and hot flushes. His mother at by the big window at the west end of the dining room. Mary Carr was at the door, her hand upon the knob. She was speaking to John:

"Of course, if you have got to be made to go, there's no heroism in it. The Tenth Pennsylvania don't want that class of men. But if you love me—if you think anything of the old flag—if you go because you ought to go—why, you can come and say good-by

to go—why, you can come and say good-by
to me to-night."

The latch clicked and she was gone. Sloan
looked at the troubled face of his mother
and left the house. Mechanically he wandered to the great red barn and the stalls where sleek horses stamped. There he battled with himself.

thed with himself.

The Sloan farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Juanita river, has been worked fet a hundred years by men of the same brook. Phiniak the Ivyings, the McClellands, the Curties, and last the Sloans—all intermagical have been the possessors of the acycage since the battle of Brandywine. Each generation of this family down to the Sloans had a fighting man in the nation's

Ivis not to be wondered then that the Stoans suffered in their pride to find that they were the first of the race to be with-out a military representative. John Sloan, their only son, heir to their goodly estates, was a physical coward. He knew it, and so did his gray-haired father and kindly-faced mather.

Morally, he was a clean, wholesome boy. Morally, he was a clean, wholesome boy. Physically, he was tall, ruddy-faced, well-muscled and more than good looking. Yet it was a matter of horror and shame to him that he feared firearms, dreaded the blow given in friendly contest with other boys, and was in a tremble if bodily harm seemed immifient.

But if the suffering had been a sore trial

But if the suffering had been a sore trial But if the suffering had been a sore trial to him in his earlier days, John Sloan never realized its full agony until following the operations of the American army in Cuba and the war with Spain there came the call for troops to serve in the Philippines, call for troops to serve in the Philippines, and the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment was ordered to prepare for service in the field. The destination of the regiment was Manila. Word had gone out from Pittsburgh that recruits would be accepted by the regiment. This message reached the settlement about the Sloan farm in the Juanita country. Several young men promptly came forward and declared they would enlist. The girl that John Sloan bleed and wished to be his betrothed—Mary Carr—asked him if he did not intend to join. His answers were evasive. Then she called at the Sloan home and asked him directly to enlist. And it

did not intend to join. His answers were evasive. Then she called at the Sloan home and asked him directly to enlist. And it was after this scene that John Sloan fled to the red barn to hide his misery.

A woman will is stronger than a man's when that man loves the woman. John Sloan won a partial victory over his fears and decided that he would join the regiment. and decided that he would join the regiment.
At evening time the young man crossed the
fields to the Carr homestead. He expected
that Mary would be watching for him, but
she was not at the gate nor on the front
porch. Her mother greeted him with the

porch. 'Her mother greeted him with the words:

"We had a sudden telegram from Iowa, John, that Mary's sister was ill, very ill. Pa hitched up at once and Mary left on the afternoon train. She's gond to Cedar Rapids, 'cause none of the rest of us could go. She left this note for you.'

The lines within ran like this:

"John, mother will tell you about my hurried going. I have prayed every minute since I left your house that you would see your duty clearly. If when you receive

ute since I lett your house that you would see your duty clearly. If when you receive this you have decided to enlist you will know that you have made your best friends very happy and done your duty to your country and the flag. Mary."

It is making a long story rightfully short than the read dark heleft for Pitters and the the read dark heleft for Pitters.

to say that the next day he left for Pitts-burgh, passed through the test of enlist-ment, was accepted and assigned to com-pany A, of the Tenth Pennsylvania. A let-ter which his father had written to Col. Hawkins, commander of the regiment, secured him some courtesies he otherwise

would not have received.

He wrote to Mary Carr, at Cedar Rapids, the date his regiment would leave Pittsburgh and its route to San Francisco, and it was after this letter was gone that he was seized with an inspiration. He made his way to his captain and told him frankly that he would like to leave Pittsburgh several days ahead of the regiment and meet it at Cedar Rapids as it traveled west. He said frankly, also, that the reason for his going to Cedar Rapids was a woman. Ten hours later he was on his way to Chicago, dressed in his regimentals, and marked by all who observed him as a recruit for the Philippines.

His peace of mind did not increase as though priceless in intrinsic value. Noserball was the reason for the received him from Chicago in the German "Heimweh," in English

His peace of mind did not increase as the North Western carried him from Chicago to Cedar Rapids, across the Mississippi into the fertile fields of Iowa.

It is not necessary to go into the details of Sloan's meeting with Mary Carr, nor the inevitable pleading on his part that before he left she would give him her plighted word. When the moment of final separation was at hand, she said to him:

"You know, and I know, that I care for

"You know, and I know, that I care for ou—how much it is not necessary to tell. et the way you do your duty at the front prove to me how much or how little I am to care for you in the future. I am not sending you to greatness, but, oh, John, I want you to come back a proven man, and—and—the day you do I will give you my final answer. Go, now, and God be with you, till we meet again." we meet again

we meet again."
Sloan joined his regiment, crossed with
them the historic Union Pacific and Central
Pacific railroads, and came at last to the
Presidio at San Francisco, where the regiment was stationed for a short time.
The addition of the statement of the s

The sailing was on June 15, and as the transport passed out of the Golden Gate or transport passed out of the Golden Gate on her long journey to the orient, he leaned over the rail of the troop deck until the land had entirely faded from sight, sick at heart, unanned, a pittable object to himself if not to his companions. One of them threw his arms about the neck of Sloan and sang out in gleeful tone:
"Then stand to your glasses steady

And drink to your comrade's eyes, ere's a cup for the dead and the dying, Hurrah for the next one that dies." Sloan shuddered, broke away, and hid in bunk. Overhead was Col. Hawkins. Barnett, Maj. Cuthbertson, the gentle chap-lain, Hunter, and other heroic leaders. And although Sloan did not know it then, And although Stoan did nov whose thought there was one captain above whose thought

was upon him, and whom he was to learn to call "My Captain" to the end of his days.
This captain carried in his effects a letter from John Sloan's father in which were the lines:
"My boy is going to battle in your command. Years ago your father and my brother went to battle as comrades, and in the heat of conflict your father fell, wounded My brother carried him to a place of safety,

and in the end nursed him back to strength. I ask you to care for my boy as one of mine once did for yours. He is a good lad, but he needs a friend now as he never did before." And this was the reason why, after the transport had cleared Honolulu and was on the last tack for Manila, that John Sloan found bimself detached from his company and on duty in the officers' quarters, where, much to his surprise, a certain captain often spoke kindly to him and gave him en-

ouragement.
"I have watched you enough, Sloan, to know that you are mortally afraid of what we are going into. You are a bundle of nonsensical nerves; but whatever is going to

sensical nerves; but whatever is going to happen when we are on shore, remember this, Sloan, don't run."

Men pray even in these hard days, and John Sloan prayed that night for strength, prayed as only a man can who knows that he is a coward, yet is determined to fight to the end. In the morning, while looking over his kit, he came across a North-Western railroad folder, which was the only one remaining of several he had provided himself with when starting from home, and somehow it gave him cheer and comfort to read with when starting from home, and some-how it gave him cheer and comfort to read the old familiar names in the states, and to know that back there many were thinking and living for him.

The landing was rough. Their transport

had passed up the harbor by the Olympia, the Kaleigh, the Boston, flags flying, bands playing, and the great admiral on his bridge bowing and raising his hat as the troops cheered, which had come to his aid. Even Sloan forgot his fidgets, and waved his cap thick is the gir and valled:

Sloan forgot his fidgets, and waved in eap high in the air, and yelled:
"Hurrah, Dewey!"
Manila was still in the hands of the Spanish. Aguinaldo was seeking to secure recognition from the United States, and at the same time to capture Manila and loot the same time to capture was holding the insurgents. in check and preparing to take the city. The Tenth Pennsylvania was landed at Cavite, and then marched to the trenches at Malate in front of the Spanish outposts. Active in front of the Spanish outposts. and then marched to the testing and then marched to the testing and then in front of the Spanish outposts. Active service was commenced at once. The first duty that came to Sloan after the regiment was in the trenches was that of picket. His post was on the edge of a thicket, scarce a mile from the Spanish line. The tropical rains had commenced, and the fever was already upon some of the men. He was given particular instructions to watch out for a surprise, the Spaniards having displayed great activity during the day along the front of their line.

Wrapped in his rough weather coat, holding his gun underneath it to keep it dry, Sloan paced up and down his post, splashing in the water, wondering at the brilliancy of the lightning, and shivering in dread anticipation of trouble. A flash of lightning showed him figures on the plain, in front of him, moving toward him.

snowed him figures of the pain, in Floric of him, moving toward him.

Only the enemy could come from that di-rection. Sloan stood still as if welded to the ground. His hair rose on end. He yelled and fired in the direction of the advancing

the slush, saturated, and was ordered to take position with his company. Twice during the battle did Sloan have the wildest desire to run. But, as it has done many times before in the world's history, that name "Mary" held him to his place and duty. When morning came and it was realized that American pluck and valor had won the day, it was Sloan's captain, who sending for him said:

him, said:
"You knew your duty last night. You
have placed yourself in line for promotion.
The colonel knows of your service as picket." Then, out of the boy's heart rushed all then, out of the boy's heart rushed an those years of misery and doubt; all those unnamed fears that held manhood back and kept him the child. There came messages from far-away home. At the end of his mother's letter there was a penciled line:

"The Dodd boys have written home of your bravery at Malate. We hear you may be promoted. Keep up. John. Mary Carr."

That kind of a love letter would not satisfy all men, but it did satisfy John Sloan, who tupked it away in him. who tucked it away in his blouse and read it many times in the days to come. He would sit in the shade of his tent, read the short lines from Mary Carr over, draw out his North-Western railroad folder, and on the ground work out the topographical map of the long range of each to the country from the Calden.

in the German "Heimweh," in English "Homesickness"—was fought off with this strip of printed paper and these rough tracings on the face of the earth, time and time

again. There was not much soldiering to be done after the July fight until late in Dece.u-ber. Hostilities with the insurgents com-menced shortly afterwards, and by February real war was again raging on the Luzon. The day and the night of February 4 will be remembered by Sloan so long as

e lives.

During the day of February 4 insurgents During the day of February 4 insurgents kept creeping up on the American outposts, and there was desultory firing. That night Sloan was stationed on ptcket duty, perhaps 200 yards from a Chinese hospital in which were several hundred Filipinos. The oppresisve darkness of an oriental evening had already settled down when a number of these insurgents attacked the American lines or insurgents attacked the American lines or insurgents attacked the American lines or outposts at the point where Sloan was placed. At the first scattering volley that apprised him he was under fire, he ran like a madman toward his own lines. There was a ditch to cross, and in the brush of its bottom was a barbed wire. Becoming en-tangled in this he fell and stunned himself, while his regiment, coming to the front, passed over him, and men of the hospital corps picking him up for wounded sent him to the rear. There it was quickly discovered to the rear. There it was quickly discovered that with the exception of a cut on his head from the fall, Sloan was uninjured, and he was ordered back to the front.

was ordered back to the front.
At daybreak word came to the Tenth that
a charge was soon to be ordered. The captain, of whom Sloan was so proud, was near
him and quietly taking note of his wretched
countenance. Of a sudden he ordered Sloan to come to him, and when the latter approached, said:

and the line of American boys swept for and the line of American doys swept tor-ward, first very slowly, then, gaining mo-mentum, increasing the speed until it was a mad rush, and every man on his metal to reach the hospital first. Shots were pop-ping from it, men were falling, Landis went down and others, but the rush never

the maddest of all sights was John Sloan, hatless, far beyond his own line, running like a hare for the hospital, gun well up ning like a hare for the hospital, gun well up but never firing a shot. Officers yelled in astonishment as he ran by them, privates envying him his gait, shouted in encourage-ment. He was a stimulant to the entire line—this coward from the Juanita country. He was in front of the walled church now, eager to fight his way in. Men were yelling on all sides of him, and there was the snap

on all sides of him, and there was the snap of flames in the thatch. Suddenly the earth seemed to slip away from him, his head whirled, he threw up his arms, and went down, wounded. Sloan had given his blood in atonement for his cowardice, and no man can do more than that. When his senses returned to him he was in the field hospital, and his-left shoulder done up in bandages. There he remained until March, receiving from home many kind letters, but none so dear as the one which ran like this: dear as the one which ran like this:

dear as the one which ran like this:
"I know all about what you did; everybody is talking of your bravery; if you were
here I would tell you, John, what I think of
you; do, do come home. MARY CARR."
But John Sloan was yet to fight at Malolos,

Fursion San was yet to fight a stations, to cross a Filipino river under fire with Funston, the men swiming side by side, to be with the Utah battery, the Thirteenth Minnesota, the men from Oregon and Nebraska, and when Malolos was taken he was to fall in the middle of its main streets, shot again as he held the colors high for the cheer of his comrades. It was then he was taken back to Manila as Sergt. Sloan, of the Tenth, and nursed until such strength came back as enabled him to return to the dear old railroad folder and with pencil and paper this time map out the long journey home from the Golden Gate over the Union Pacific and the North-Western to the Juanita

The Tenth came into Manila to relieve the The Tenth came into Manila to relieve the Fifty-first Iowa at Cavite, and there to it came the glad news that it was ordered home and would go as soon as the transport was ready. The gallant regiment had been 69 days on the firing line, and made a wonderful record for bravery. The latter part of June the men went on board ship, and late in July reached San Francisco, bringing into the Golden Gate the body of Col. Hawkins, who had died en route.

had died en route.

The Union Pacific and North-Western brought them over the Sierras, through the brought them over the Sierras, through the Rockies, across the plains of the Platte and safely to Chicago. A little later they were in Pittsburgh, where royal greeting awaited them. But Sloan could not wait for this, and hastened to the home of Mary Carr.

John was at the foot of a small hill, when, looking up the path to the summit, he saw her coming. For a moment she did not see him, but paused to gather a flower by the way. and fired in the direction of the advancing foe.

Strange, is it not, that that shot—fired by John Sloan, coward—gave to the American army its notice of the advance of the Spaniards at Malate, defeated the energy, and made a hero of a trembling, frightened, half-boy, half man!

Sloan, after firing, ran back towards his own lines and stumbled or fell at the feet of that captain who had first encouraged him to do his duty. He jumped up out of the slush, saturated, and was ordered to take position with his company. Twice during position with his company. Twice during with a touch of pride. "I have done my duty." This with a touch of pride. "I was often troubled;

gone, "a long way—to tell you that I am no longer afraid—I have done my duty." This with a touch of pride. "I was often troubled; with a touch of pride. with a touch of pride. "I was often troubled; I did many things I ought not to have done, but I have conquered myself. Mary, Mary, I want you."

For no hero of war or of peace can there be greater reward than the love of a pure woman. The emoluments of governments, or the rewards hat one of the rewards of the restriction.

woman. The emoluments of governments or the rewards bestowed by patriotic citizens sink into significance beside the giving to a man of a good woman's heart. There came nestling into the hand of John Sloan not one white hand but two, and the face of Mary Carr was lifted to his and her lips given to him. given to him.

Then she turned back with him, and the two, thus united after sore trial, walked their happy way up to the old farm and the old folks waiting there. Much had Sloan to one roiss waiting there. Much had Sloan to tell, much to go over and over again—his fighting, his wounds, his myriad experiences in Malayland—but when he had told all he would that night, he brought out the faded North-Western folder, and he tossed it into the lap of Mary Carr, with the words: "That was a living link with home to ye

'That was a living link with home to us in the field and at Manila-keep it forever; it did much to save me for you."

And, being a woman, she asked him why, and in time he told her this story.

Note.—Upon receipt of six cents in post-

age stamps, this complete story, in book form, handsomely illustrated, will be mailed to any address by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth

## STORY OF OUEEN LIL

A Moment of Embarrassment at a Reception After She Lost Her Crown.

Young Al Berry, son of Congressman Al Berry, of Kentucky, said a naval officer who was in Honolulu when the Hawaiian flag was replaced by the stars and stripes, was in Hono-lulu in some kind of official capacity when I was there once, and was on particularly good terms with Queen Liliuokalani and her entire court. And I may say that in this regard he was about the only American who was. How he got there I don't know but he was one of your irresistible kind of Kentuckians who conquer admiration in spite of all obstacles. could say anything he pleased and do all manner of startling things, but that only seemed to make the queen's people fonder of him, and when he offered to take me to call on her majesty, at a little reception she gave in the afternoon after the flag ceremonies were over, I felt that I was safe in accepting. It was a very in-formal affair and we were soon in the royal presence and I was duly intro-duced. Then the young man suddenly upset me in 14 places at once and gave me a fit of the nervous embarrass

"Well, your majesty," he said in that boyish and breezy manner of his, not less at home in a queen's palace than on a blue grass farm, "how does it feel to be out of a job?"

I felt like going through the floor, but Berry never turned a hair, and the crownless queen in quite the same spirit greatly relieved my embarrassment by responding:

"Oh, Mr. Berry, you are such a jol-

It was slightly slangy, perhaps, for royalty, but it was the right thing to say, and I read the riot act to Berry on my own behalf when I got home.-

Professional Curiosity.

"Yer honor," said the prisoner to the judge, "I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is sick and can't come to court."

The judge took two or three minutes to consider. "The case may be postponed," he said, at last, "if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act. What can your counsel have to say on your behalf?"

"That's just what I want to know, yer honor," said the prisoner.—Collier's Weekly.

Noble Conduct.

Gotrox-I wish you to know that I am a self-made man.
Cynicus—How noble of you to assume all that responsibility!—Philadelphia Record.

Winter Tours.

Should you desire information regarding California, Arizona, Texas or Mexico, and the long limit, low rate, round trip tickets sold to principal points, the various routes via which the tickets can be purchased, or régarding one way first and second class rates, through sleeping car lines, First Class and Tourist, call upon or address W. G. Neimyer, Gen'l Western Agent, Southern Pacific Co., 238 Clark St., Chicago; W. H. Connor, Com'l Agent, Chamber Commerce Bidg., Cincinnati, O., or W. J. Berg, Trav. Pass. Agt., 220 Ellicott Sq., Buffalo, N. Y.

That's What They Call It.

"Papa, what is broad-mindedness?"
"Agreeing with headstrong people when you know they are wrong."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Solid Trains to Northern Michigan,

Solid Trains to Northern Michigan.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is now running solid trains of palace sleeping cars, dining cars (serving meals a la carte) and first-class day coaches, through from Chicago to Calumet, Houghton, Hancock and other points in the Coper Country without change of cars, with direct connection for Marquette, Negaunce, Ishpeming, etc., and passengers from the East, South and Southwest will find this a most desirable route.

All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

way.

A Saving.—"Did you save the country, Pat?" "How's that?" "Be your vote?" "No, begorry. But I saved the rent."— Philadelphia North American.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Cyclist—"I'm 'run down,' doctor." Facetious Doctor—"Well, you've run down ogood many people in your time, so it's only tit for tat."—Fun.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if to fails to cure. 25c.

It depends on your point of view whether you consider him the best man or the worst man who wins in a prize fight.—Chicage Chronicle.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughi is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute Sometimes marriage ought to be defined as the art by which two people manage to live together and yet apart.—Puck.

Children Will Not Die of Croup, Colds or Diphtheria if Hoxsie's Croup Cure is used promptly. No opium. 50 cents. A, P. Hoxsie, M'I'r, Buffalo, N. Y.

Some people keep their friends interested in their troubles because they are of a soun-dalous nature.—Atchison Globe.

Anybody ought to be able to regulate a watch. It's merely a question of time. watch. It's merely Golden Days.

Golden Days.

She—"Harry, Kate Snowhill has a diamond ring that her lover, Fred Stilton, gave her. Funny that you never gave me any diamond ring." He—"Nellie, it is only girls who are not precious in themselves who require the embellishments of precious stones." She—"Oh, Harry, what a dear fellow you are!"—Boston Transcript.

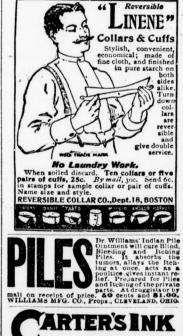
A Child of Fortune.—"Lucy Dukane is a very lucky woman," said Mrs. Northside.
"Is she?" replied Mrs. Esplanade. "Has not her husband died recently?" "Yes, and his life was insured for \$100,000, and she looks just too utterly sweet in black."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Arthur, dear," she said, "I do wish you would not use cigarettes." "Why?" "Because you don't know what is in them." "Oh, yes, I do. Why, for the trifling sum that a cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphia, and any quantity of carbon." She looked up into his eyes and murmured: "Arthur, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"—Brisbane Review.

Forcing a Collection.—"Vat, you gif nod dings for dot moosic?" said the collector for a little German band. "Not a cent." "Den we blay some more, aind't it." He got the money.—Ohio State Journal.

Author-"Now, I want your honest opinion. Tell me what faults you see in my book." Friend-"Well, for one thing. I think the covers are too far apart."—San Francisco Saminer.

A steamer last week was stopped, owing to a dense sea fog in the mouth of the river. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. "Can't see up the river," replied the captain. "But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old party. "Yes, but until the boilers bust we ain't a-goin' that way."—World's Comic.



STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY,
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the 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,
[Seal]
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and nucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.
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"You don't call that boy honest?"

"Yes, sir! This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir: Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me and have prospered. Thanks."—Chicago Evening News.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head-ache. Price 25 and 50c.

It is a smart father who knows how his daughters spell their first names.—Atchison Globe.

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Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Thanks."—Chicago Evening News.

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to grandma in the rocker Grain O is good for
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or injures the digestion. Made from pure
grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste
and appendance of the best, coffee at the
price. It is a genuine and scientific article
and is come to stay. It makes for health
and strength. Ask your groeer for Grain O.

Evidence.

Friend—I guess your father knows as
much about raisin cattle as anylood?
Farmer's Son—I guess he does. Why, one
of our cows has just had a two-headed cali.—

of our cows has just had a two-headed cali.—

"Peruna has been my stand-by for
"Peruna has been my stand-by for

many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my re-

quirements. "I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—
Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

The druggist and the dentist deal in different kinds of extract.—Golden Days.

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by the Peruna Medicant kinds of extract.—Golden Days.

250. SAMPLE BOTTLE 100. FOR NEXT THIRTY DAYS. How long have you suffered with ... RHEUMATISM



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which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat wear and use, is furnish ed on receipt of only 10° to partly pay postage or expressage and as evidence of good faith the 10° is allowed on first purchase amounting to \$19° or above.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"Star" tiu tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE:

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THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1900.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tage (that is, Star tin tage with no small stars printed on under dide of tag), are not good for presents, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty centsper BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of

STAR PLUC TOBACCO MAKE THE TEST! Send tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.



\*\*\*\*\*\* PATENTS Advice as to patentability and inventors' guide

> A. N. K.-C 1791 WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please vinte that you saw be Advertise-ment in this paper.