ed this pain gnawed all the more an grily now at thought of the embarressing—even suspicious—eituation in
which that very man had found him on
the previous evening. Pressing duties
and hurried preparations kept him from
brooding too much upon these sore
points, but the youngsters all railied
him upon his preoccupation while at
their merry breakfast table. He had reselved that there was one thing he could
and would bring to an issue with Dr.
Quin, and was all imputience for the
coming of evening, that he might hear
from the lips of Capt. Lawrence the actual stories that had been in circulation
concerning Denraven Ranch. He never
went out to a hunt so utterly indifferent
to the fortunes of the day, so eager to
have it all over and done with. And
yet—and yet—never had there opened
to him a day so radiant with glorious
possibility; never before in all his young
life had nightfall proved so unwelcome
when it finally came.

The first rabbit was started before they
were a mile from Romiter, and thefuounds
tumbled over him nearly a lengue away
down the valley of the Monee. It was
while they were watering their horses in
the stream that Mrs. Bellmap rode up beside them and laughingly addressed Mrs.
Lawrence:

"That was too much of a straight away

"That was too much of a straight away for either of us, Mrs. Lawrence; but what wager shall we have on the first mask

"Why, Mrs. Belknap! I can never hope to rival you. It was mere accident and good guiding on the part of some of the officers who were kind enough to stay by me, that enabled me to be 'in at the death' the other day."

"You have Mr. Perry to lead you today. Surely with such a guide you ought to be inspired. Am I to see anything of you today?" she almost whispered to him, as her stirrup brushed his riding boot.

"Certainly," he answered, quietly, and looking her over with frank blue eyes that were rather too clear and calm for her mood. "If Mrs. Lawrence will excuse me a few moments by and by, it will be a pleasure to come and ride with

"Indeed you shall not," was the low toned reply, while the dark eyes fairly snapped with indignation. "I do not borrow other women's escort. If you know no other way that ends it." And then Mrs. Sprague's cheery voice had hailed them as her eager horse came

eplashing into the stream; no opportunity occurred for further impressive remarks, but as the "field" rode out upon the prairie again and the dogs spread their yelping skirmish line along the front, Mrs. Belknap felt confident that before they returned to Rossiter she would have big, simple hearted admirer in some shape for discipline. Two capital runs added to her self satisfaction, for in one of them she was side by side with the foremost rider at the finish, and in both she had left the other women far in rear. Then came a third, and with it a revelation to one and all.

It was almost noon, and from a point well out on the prairie to the northeast of Dunraven the "field" was hunting slowly homeward, horses and hounds pretty well tired out, and the riders quite content with their morning's sport Up to this time Perry had been in constant attendance upon Mrs. Lawrence, and had made no effort to join Mrs. Belknap. Now, however, he could not but see that every little while her eyes sought his with significant glance and that she was riding well out to the left of the party, Dana faithfully hovering about her. The colonel with Mrs. Sprague ranged alongside just then, and a general conversation ensued, in the course of which Perry found himself a trifle in the way. If there was one thing fastidious Nolan did not like, it was to be crowded by horses for whom he had no particular respect; and, as a number of riders were grouped about Mrs. Law-Nolan's teeth and heels began to make play, and Perry laughingly resigned his position at her side, in order, as he expressed it, "to give you other fellows a chance." Even then, as he fell to the rear, it was with no thought or intention of joining Mrs. Belknap. But, once clear of the merry group, his eyes sought the distant outlines of Dunraven Ranch, glaring in the noonday sun beyond the Monee, and between him and that mysterious inclosure whither his thoughts were so constantly wandering there rode the dainty lady, the Queen of the Chase, so far as that day was concerned at least, and she was signaling to him with her riding whip. Oddly enough, when

"Mr. Perry," she said, as soon as Dana was out of hearing, "Mrs. Page will be with us to-night, or to-morrow morning

Perry rode up to obey her summons,

Mr. Dana presently found means to ex-cuse himself and join the main body.

"Will she?" answered he, unconscious, forgetful, and with an air of pleased anticipation. "How pleasant for you! I'll come and pay my respects the very first

"You do not understand," was the reproachful response. "You do not care, presume; but this means that you and will have no more long talks and happy times together."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Belknap, but I'm blessed if I can see why we

"No," despairingly, "it is plain enough that you see nothing. Ah, well?"-and the sigh was pathetic-profound, and the look from the dark eyes was unutterable in its sadness, "I suppose it is better so-better so." She was silent a moment, and Perry's puzzled faculties took refuge in a long look over toward Dunraven again: he fancied he saw figures moving down the slope on the southern

"One thing I want you to promise me." she presently said, sad and soft and low. There was no reply. Looking up, she saw his head was averted. Wa he feeling the sting, then, after all? Was he actually suffering a little pang after

this affectation of nonchalance? "One thing you must promise, for my sake," she repeated.

And still no answer came. How odd! He was bending over in the saddle as though turning from her, perhaps to hide his face from her and from them all. He had shifted the reins into his right hand, and was apparently fumbling at the breast of his riding coat with the left. Was it the handkerchief he needed? Were there starting tears in those blue eyes that he dared not let her see? She could not lose that luxury! Out went the little hand and touched his arm. Her tone was sweet, thrilling, appealing, yet commanding; she would see his face.

"Mr. Perry-Ned! Look at me." "Eh! oh! What! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Belknap, but I was trying to make out who that was in the timber yonder. Looks-looks almost like a woman on horseback, doesn't it?"

But when he appealed to her for confirmation of his timid, half credulous vision he was aghast at the look in her

"You were not listening! You were not even thinking of what I was saying!" she began, her white teeth set, her soft lips livi I with wrath; but she suddenly controlled herself-none toc soon, for Dana came trotting up.

"Say, Perry, what do you make that out to be down there in the valley? Col. Brainard and I feel sure it's a lady on borseback."

And, looking at Perry, Mrs. Belkusp and that he had flushed to the very temples—that an eager, joyous light had sprung to his eyes; but before she could say a word there came a shout from the huntsman, a yell from the leading line, a simultaneous yelp from the curs and mongrels among the "irregulars," and her horse leaped at the bit and went tearing off toward the Monee, foremost in unsd pursuit of a wild careering "jack."

"Come!" she called, as she glanced over her shoulder; but the sight was one that only added to her wrath. Noian, plunging and snorting, was held to the

plunging and snorting, was held to the spot, while his rider, sitting like a centaur, was still eagerly gazing over into the distant cottonwoods. The next in-stant she realized that all the field were thundering at her heels, and the instinct of the sportsman came to her aid. She could not be beaten in the chase. For half a mile Bunny shot like a streak

of light straight away southwestward, the hounds bunched in a slaty, sweeping cloud not thirty yards behind the bobbing tuft of his tail. Then he began a long circle towards the stream, as though to

head for a "break" that extended some

rods back from the line of bluffs. Another

minute and he had reached its partial

shelter and darted in. For the next min-

ute he was lost to sight of his human

pursuers, but presently flashed into view again down in the creek bottom and

"streaking it" up along the northern bank, with the whole pack at his heels. The bluffs were steep just here, some of the riders a trifle timid, and all the

"field" reined in a little as they made

the descent; Dana, Mrs. Belknap, Parke,

Mrs. Lawrence, Graham, the colonel and

Mrs. Sprague straightened out for their

pursuit in the order named, the instant

they reached the level of the valley. The bounds were far shead by this time, and

the two light troopers in charge of them

close at their heels; but who-what was the figure that flashed into view between

those huntsmen and the field, darting like

arrow from the fringe of willows and

dashing straight in wake of the quarry?

Thirty yards ahead of the foremost riders

of the Rossiter party a superb English hunter, the bit in his teeth, his eyes afire

and his head high in air, fresh, vigorous,

raging with long imprisoned passion for the sport of the old island home, gaining

on the hounds at every stride, and defy-

ing the utmost efforts of his rider, leaped

from the covert of the timber into sight

of one and all, bearing a lovely but most

In vain with might and main she leaned back and tugged at the reins:

though checked in his speed, the horse

still tore ahead, keeping straight for the hounds, leaping in his easy stride every

little gully or "branch" that crossed his

path. Bunny took a sudden dive into

the timber, fairly flew across a narrow,

gravelly rapid, and darted up on the op-

posite bank; the hounds veered in pur

suit, the huntsmen wavered and sought

along the bank for a better place to cross.

but the mettlesome English bay lunged

through in the very wake of the hounds,

crumbling the sandy banks and crashing

through the pebbly stream bed. Out on

the southern slopes went Bunny, close followed by the hounds; out on their trail

went the big hunter, but his rider's hat

has been brushed away in the wild dash

through the timber, and now a flame of

beautiful golden hair-a great wave of

light-flies on the wind over his glossy

back, and, though she still leans over the

cantle tugging hard at the reins, she is

plainly losing strength. Some of the

Rossiter party burst through the timber

in pursuit; some still ride hopefully up

the north bank, and these are rewarded.

for once again poor, badgered, bewildered Bunny makes a sudden swerve,

and, throwing half the hounds far be-

hind, darts a second time to the shelter

of the banks, with the other half closer

Those who were watching see the big

hunter making a long, circular sweep,

then once again bring up in the wake of

the leaders, once more go leaping, plung-

ing, crashing through the stream, and,

in another minute, rabbit, hounds,

huntsmen, the "field," and the fair in-

cognita are all strung out in chase along

the northern shore, and all eyes can see

that she is an English girl and well nigh

exhausted. Still, no man can catch that

hunter and lay hands on the rein. She

is riding with the foremost now, leading

the troopers, even, and still Bunny spins

along in front, the hounds gnashing not

six feet behind him. A little point of

bluff juts out just ahead; the stream

winds round its base and takes a turn

northward for a dozen roda. Bunny

shoots the turn like the pilot of the lightning express, the hounds strain to

make it without loss of vantage gained,

the big hunter sways outward to the

very verge of the steep and crumbling

bank, and a groan goes up from the breathless pursuers; but he railies and

straightens once more in the track, and

the golden hair, streaming in advance.

is the oriflamme of the chase. Then as

they round the point Dana gives a shout

straight and swift as rode the daring

huzzar from whom he got his name, when he bore the fatal message like

arrow flight from the Sapoune crest at

Balaklava, down the bluffs to the right

front comes Nolan, with Ned Perry on

his back-Perry, with set, resolute, yet

almost frenzied face-Perry with eyes

that flash blue fire in the intensity of

their gaze, and Nolan's vigorous strides

have brought him in circling sweep, in

just ten seconds more, close to the hun-

ter's quarter, close behind the fluttering

Just ahead there is another sudden

turn to the left; the stream goes one

way, the bluffs another, and between

them lies a five-acre patch of level prairie

thickly stillided, here, there, everywhere,

with tiny earthen mounds and tiny, gap-

ing, treacherous holes—a prairie dog

village, by all that's awful! and that

runaway hunter, mad in the chase of

the sweeping hounds, is in the midst of

it before mortal hand can check or

swerve him. Another second, and they

who pursue have veered to right or left

or reined up on the verge-all save one.

Never faltering. Ned Perry is at her

hunter's quarter, almost at her side

They see him spurring, they see him bending eagerly towards her, they see

that he is shouting something to her-

Heaven knows what! Then there is a

groan of misery and dread from a dozen

breasts, a groan that as suddenly bursts

into the gladdest of cheers; the hunter's

forefoot has caught in one of the thou-

sand little death traps; down he goes,

plunging, heaving, quivering, rolling over and over; but Nolan leaps gallantiy

ahead, and Ned Perry's strong arm has

lifted the girl from the saddle as her

steed goes crashing to earth, and bears

nigh senseless, but safe and clasped

tight to his thankful and exultant heart.

in in the very midst of the tumbling

hounds, and Gladys Maitland is the only

Continued next Saturday.

A Cure or No Pay.

All diseases arising from a deranged liver, or from impare blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, scalp disease, scrofulous sores and swell are and consumerion (which is lung-scrofula) in its carly stages, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or the morey paid for it will be promptly returned. Sold by droggists under a duly executed certificate or guarantee from the manufacturers.

A Cure or No Pay.

woman "in at the death."

Another instant, and Nolan is reined

drooping, faint, frightened, well

joy. Straight down the slopes,

at his heels than before.

reluctant victim on his back.

Crystal palace during the early '50's. To the shoemaker of today these relies are both amusing and instructive. The clumsy shapes and odd ornamentation were sub-jects for mirth, while the workmanship afforded instruction. With the quality of material or workmanship no fault could be found, both being fully up to that of today. The leather was evidently tanned by the good old bark process, and what might be lacking in flexibility was fully compensated for in longevity. The stitching, as was all other parts of the materials of the materials and the parts of the materials of the materials of the materials. the workmanship, was hand work, for in those days the McKay sewer, Buzzel edge trimmer, Goodyear machine, or Bigelow heelers played no part in the making of footgear,

OLD TIME FINE SHOES.

ARTISTIC FOOTGEAR OF THE MAKE

OF THE YEAR 1853.

Comparisons Between Things as Thor

Were in Times Passed and Things as

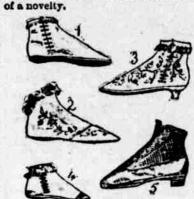
They are Now Are Often Very Interesting and Sometimes Instructive.

Not long ago I came across a lot of shoes and fancy footgear, which at me time were exhibited in the New York

In Fig. 1 is seen a white satin garter, such as was the pride of the gushing belles of that period. It is made from white satin of fine quality, and laces at the side, after the fashion so popular at that time. About the top is stitched, with many fancy stitches, a strip of silk fringe an inch and a quarter deep. The fore part of the sole has square edges, while the heel is what is now known as "spring heel," but in those days such shoes were known as "straights" or "flat bottoms." Such a shoe as this was worn by the "fine ladies" while attend-ing to their light household duties.

For afternoon wear, when "milady"
was ready to receive her friends, she
wore such as seen in Fig. 2. This is
made of white or pink satin and beautifully embroidered with silk in many striking and unique designs. Of these designs, those of vines, with bright flowers and golden-hued humming birds, seemed to find most favor with those of extreme tastes. Fluffy silk fringe of gay color, held in place by silver or gol thread, ornamented the tops. The soles of these shoes were of the lightest sole leather, and without heels. The embroidery and all the stitching was very fine and all hand work.

Another fancy shoe for afternoon, concert or theatre wear is seen in Fig. 3. This shoe is of blue velvet and of quality that would make glad the heart of any of the birds of fashion of the presen day. The embroidery is in unique design in bright silk, while threads of gold and silver shooting here and there add their bizarre effect. A deep fringe of purple silk is about the top. The shoe is laced at the side, and the white silken cord that served as shoestring lent a pleasing novelty to the altogether striking appearance of the shoe. A thin sole supplemented by thinner strips of cork protected "milady's" dainty feet from the sidewalk, as did also high heels, These heels are of themselves somewhat of a novelty.



They are quite high, and, though they

lack the symmetry, somewhat resemble the Louis XV heel of today, and while built solid look something like a school boy's clumsy attempt at whittling out a top. The base or heel seat is very broad, and the breast or front and back of the heel being each of the same slant, and terminating with a sort of round knob, gives the heel a very comical appearance when compared with the shapely heel of today. But, no doubt, in its day such a heel as this was looked upon as a notable example of the handicraft of some dis-

ciple of St. Crispin. Another favorite shoe for party or reception wear is seen in Fig. 4. It is of blue kid, side lace, and has a tip and narrow foxing of patent leather. This shoe was without heel, but a fairly thick sole of cork and sole leather protected the wearer from dampness. Though it was without the emblazonment of embroidery, it was none the less an expensive shoe, for the stock was of the finest quality imported. The lace, fringe and lining were of silk, and all the stitching very fine and done by hand. Such shoes as these were the favorite ones for driving and such amusements."

The walking boot of the '50's does not compare very favorably with those of today, at least, so far as beauty is concerned; but perhaps what was lacking in beauty was fully compensated for by comfort. Fig. 5 shows such a walking boot as the gushing belies of that period delighted to promenade in, and no doubt caught the eye of the dudes as readily as does the more shapely novelties of the present day. This boot has patent leather vamps and fixings. The top is of very fine black broadcloth and made to button; the buttons being placed farther apart is now customary. The buttonholes are worked with silk and hand made. The lining is of blue silk and quilted very fine. The shoe has a cork sole and square edges. The heels are very square and give a rather clumsy appearance to the shoe. The counters are of sole leather and very stiff. Such a shoe as this was worn by married ladies and the more scdate

maidens. Fig. 6 shows the shoe that the belles and dudines delighted to sport their shapely feet in on the promenade. It has vamp and foxing of patent leather and tops of bgid once sits. The stitching is very line and in fantastic design, yellow silk being used. The lining is of white satin and finely quitted. The buttonholes are hand made and worked with yellow silk. Along the edge of the button fly is fancy stitching, also with yellow silk, making altogether a very striking and attractive walking boot. The sole is much lighter than in Fig. 5, and has beveled edges. The least attractive part of the shoe is the clumsy square heel. The shoemaker of those days seems to have lost part of his handicraft when it came to the making of the heel. No doubt, however, he followed the dictates of fashion in making this sort of box heel, yet it does not follow that he must needs set it as though it were ashamed of its uncouth appearance and seeking to part company with its more fashionable surroundings, as will be seen by Figs. 5

and 6. For men's wear there was not the variety of foot gear as is sported at the present day. Whether this was due to the fact that the shoemaker was too busily employed with designing for the ladies, or that in those days men were so actively employed in the pursuit of gold



Most men of mature habits were the old-fashioned leg boot, and many yet adhere to them as a relic too precious to throw aside. Except it be for the dance when pumps were worn-low cuts were almost unknown, partly because the shapely button boot and congress gaiter of today had not, at that time, assumed symmetrical form,

Fig. 7 shows the shoe from which at later data came the lace boot. The resume

later date came the lace boot. The vampe and foxings were of patent leather. The tops and front were of caliskin and lined with colored sheepskin. Although such a shoe as this is now considered ungainly, in its day it was thought to be a marvel of beauty. Undoubtedly it was comfortable or at least more so than the hot, stuffy leg boots of the period. Shoes after this shape are yet made—in coarser material—and known as brogans or plow shoes, being sought for mostly by miners

About ten years previous—in 1840—did the congress gaiter first make its appearance. At first it was not kindly regarded, owing, no doubt, to the clumsy make and lack of elasticity and durability in the goring then used. The making of goring was then in its in-fancy, and it has not been until within a few years that we have been able to secure a suitable article. Then, too, there seemed to be a prejudice against the wearing of rubber next the ankles. Many thought it to be injurious to the health, or, as the old woman said, "Rubber drew the muscles and caused rheumatism." But, as people became better educated to the use of rubber, their prejudices were broken down and the noemaker gave his attention to the designing of a shapely congress gaiter. No doubt men took kindly to the congress on account of its convenience in

putting on or off. The chief delight of the dude of 1850 seemed to be in dancing pumps and rid-ing boots. Fig. 8 shows a riding boot that attracted much attention while exhibited in the Crystal Palace. This boot, as were several of those shown in this article, was in the building at the time of its burning, and consequently burned with it; the others are yet in the possession of a prominent New York shoe manufacturer. Fortunately they had been photographed a short time previous, so that we are still able to look upon that which was then considered the height of the shoemakers' art.

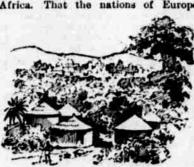
This boot had calf vamp and morocco legs, the tops of which were trimmed with white kid.

It will be seen by reference to the cuts that, though the heel and ankle were fairly well outlined, the beauty of arched instep was completely lost. This was due to lack of shape in the lasts used. In those days lasts were little better than blocks of wood which any carpenter might cut out, for scientific last making was not thought of, or, if so, had not been encouraged. It is also no-ticeable that bright colors in fashionable foot gear are not exclusively modern.

AVARD MOORE AN AFRICAN TOWN.

Hands of the Dervishes.

The late dispatch that the dervishes have captured and burned Gordar Abyssinia, interests but few on this side of the Atlantic, yet it is one of many in dications of a very peculiar and extremely tropical contest now raging in Africa. That the nations of Europe



GONDAR, ABYSSINIA. have combined to establish the Congo free state, and that the English and Germans as nations, and French and Italians as companies and individuals, are contending for trade and power on the cast coast, are facts known to all; but it is not so generally known that the Mahometan peoples of North Africa have crossed the Great Desert and Arabized, so to speak, a strip 400 or 500 miles wide across the continent. These people are now fighting desperately against British progress southward from Egypt, and stirring up the partially civilized negroes

to oppose the Congo free state.
This rene wal of the old war between Cross and Crescent has tremendous possibilities for Africa, and the mahdi, or prophet chief, of the Mahometans appears to be holding his own. Gondor, which may be called the summer capital of Abyssinia, stands on a "bench, so to speak, of the great mountain plateau of Eastern Africa. In the wars of the present century it has shrunk from a city of 60,000 to less than one-fifth of that number. It is thought that the country was settled and civilized by the people over whom the noted Queen of Sheba ruled-the Hamites of the most ancient civilization.

The Late William Henderson. William Henderson, who died recently at Stockbridge, Mass., was one of the best known and most respected theatrical managers in America. His charities were many, though unostentatious. He was a member and officer of the Actors' fund from its or ganization, and at the time of his death he was second vice president and a member of the executive committee of the board of trus-

tees of that institution. Mr. Henderson began his theatrical career as an actor, and made his debut on the stage of the Odeon theatre, in Albany, in 1851. The next season he went to Chicago. Soon after he acted in important parts in Detroit, with such stars as Julia Dean, Elizar Logan, James Murdock and E. L. Davenport. Sub-sequently he played at the Troy and Albany museums, and it was during his stay in the latter city that he concluded to make his first venture in management. He went to Newark, N. J., and managed a company there. This experiment was successful, and he continued in that line of the theatrical calling.

In the period of the four years from 1854 to 1857 Mr. Henderson was connected in management with such stars as Lola Montes, Edwin Eddy, Avonia Jones, John Collins, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Lander and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. In 1858 the young manager succumbed to a general adversity in the theatrical business and had to resume acting. In 1809 he assumed the management of a Pittaburg theatre. While there he paid Ristori, who was then at the zenith of her farme, \$4.000 for two performances in his the In the period of the four years from 1854 to 1857 Mr. Henderson was connected in

tore. This is only an illustration of his pos-icy and his pluck.

He prospered so much that in 1871 he was a rich man and quit Pittsburg, the scene of his great success. For the next year Mr. Henderson rested. Then he invested in the Providence opera house and managed that theatre for seven seasons. Then he went to New York.

New York.

He then secured the Academy of Music in Jersey City, a theatre which had been a failure, like others which he had revived. When he took charge of the Jersey City place its auditorium was on the second floor, and its general condition was deplorable. He ripped out the entire interior and, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, reb. and refitted it. Then he put into practice his old policy of presenting only the best attractions, and prosperity once more waited upon his efforta. He made money steadily, and at the time of his leath he was still its manager, and had in it a valuable property. it a valuable property.

Mr. Henderson was in his 66th year.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Chess problem No. 36.—By S. Loyd. Black—eight pieces.



White to play and mate in two moves Checker problem No. 36.—By A. Cameron Black—7, 10, 11, 21*.

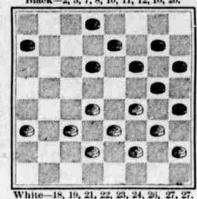


White-54, 19, 22, 23, Black to play and win.

Chess problem No. 35.

| No. 8.. 9 to 17 7.. 25 to 22 8.. 9 to 14 9.. 14 to 18 10.. 18 to 14 11.. 14 to 18 12.. 18 to 15 13.. 17 to 13 14.. 13 to 9 8..23 to 20 9..10 to 13 10..15 to 11 11...2 to 6 12..11 to 7 13..20 to 25 14...7 to 10 15...10 to 19 16..23 to 18 17...19 to 10 15... 9 to 2 16...22 to 15

> PROBLEM NO. 15, BY "MOSSBACK." Black-2, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 16, 20,



White to move and win. Following is the solution to No. 14, by

Mossback ' 32-28 31-27 25-21 14-10 21-17 10-7

Ill Winds
That blow " naebody any good " are plenty on
the storm-vexed Atlantic, to say nothing of the occasionally typhoon-swept Pacific. The hap-less voyager, when shaken up by the heavings of the "briny," should take that pleasantest and most salutary of doses, a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest stomachic and tonic that ever warmed, regulated and quieted the human interior. Rathroad ted and quieted the human interior. Railroad joited and steamship shaken travelers will exercise a wise provision by supplying themselves with a sufficiency of this incomparable medicine for the journey. So will mariners, emigrants to the West, and others about to "seek fresh fields and pastures new." Malaria, the scourge of newly cleared and mining districts, is completely conquered and surely averted by the bitters. Liver, bowel and kidney complaint and incipient rheumatism it annihilates.

novi0to17

What is a cold in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, etc. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrhal condition-for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to " resolve " or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers should resort to it before that common allment becomes seated and ends in obstinate

Special Motices.

catarrh.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at H. B. Cochran's Drugstore, No. 139 N. Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (6)

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINS-LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regu late the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. tune251yd&w

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For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from my knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the fiesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one-third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relier whatevene. was persuaded to try your CUTICUEA REMEDIES, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is as well as ever it was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen.

Skin Disease 17 Years

Skin Disease 17 Years

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I used CUTICHAR REMEDIES, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured, I feel it my duty to you and the public to state above case.

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HOW MY BACK ACHES Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pain relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

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AND PERMANENT.

It is the mucous membrane, that wonderful semi-fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissues of the air and food passages, that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established, it eats into the very vitais, and renders life but a lone-drawn breath of misery and disease, dulling the sense of hearing, trammelling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath, and killing the refined picasures of taste, insidiously, by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membranous lining and envelops the bones, eating through the delicate coats and causing inflammation, slonghing, and other dangerous symptoms. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient, and all allevratives are simply procrastinated sufferings. Sanporn's Rabical Curre, by Inhototion and by Internal administration, racely fails; even when the disease has made rightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell, and taste have been recovered, and the disease thoroughly driven out.

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ACHE

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