

HOW TO LIVE

So should we live that every hour, May die as dies the natural flower. A self-reviving thing of power.

AN INTERRUPTED VERDICT.



HE lights were turned low in the courtroom, and about them slowly circled the fowl, heavy air, adding to the dimness. Judge Green-goods had gone to his dinner, having announced his intention to return at 9 o'clock unless summoned sooner by the agreement of the jury.

The prisoner had been led over the covered corridor—another Bridge of Sighs—into the jail, to await his fate in the cell where murderers were always kept, as the great iron ring in the centre of the floor, for their better securing, attested. His counsel had accompanied him to the stairway, and then had turned into the office to have a smoke and a chat as to prospects with his friend the Sheriff.

"Dubious," said that functionary, munching on his cigar. "The Judge was agin him from the fust, and the jury seed it." The reporters had hurried away with their notes, first arranging for telephone calls when a verdict was reached.

High above the Judge's bench ran a gallery. At the end nearest the windows was a door. Before this door sat a court officer, and behind it were the jury, discussing, and so vigorously, too, that again and anon a muffled sound would descend to those who waited.

These were few in number—the janitor of the building, the clerk, who lived out of town and had brought a lunch with him; three or four attendants, the blind crier, dozing in his chair, and, in the further corner of the spectators' seats, an old woman and a young girl. The former of these two was stiff and motionless, her features set sternly, and her eyes burning with a fierce desire. The latter was slight and yielding; she swayed from the weakness that terror had brought, and would have rested her head on her companion's arm had not an unrecognized antipathy prevented.

There and thus they had sat throughout the day, the matron a stone and the maiden a reed. Finally this young girl spoke. "Grandma," she said, "why does that man sit without that door?" "He is on guard, my child, to see that the jury are secure and unmolested."

"But why should they be locked up?" "In order that they may render a verdict and thus punish the wicked." "But surely each one must have known what he believed when the case was finished, and confining them won't cause them to change."

"No, but discussion may." "Then that would be yielding to other influences than that of the evidence, and that would be contrary to the oath they each one took."

"Some are strong and sensible, and others are weak and foolish. It is proper that the will of the former should prevail." "But that wouldn't be their unanimous judgment then, and who can say but that the weak and foolish may not sometimes be right? Besides they must be hungry and tired and cross. And when people are cross they are unfair. Oh, what a dreadful thing is the law!"

"What a dreadful thing rather is murder. Think of your only brother done to death by the Barlings. I only wish the old days of drawing and quartering had returned."

ows, about her; her mind in its peaceful slumbers had never imagined anything so cruel! Yet he would be acquitted, how could she doubt, when the jurymen as well as she had heard his frank, simple story and had seen the candor of his beautiful face? Had she not watched them and detected expressions of sympathy, of confidence, on at least two of their countenances? And if these men had once trusted would they dare to condemn? Then, indeed, were not they the murderers who would slay for relief from custody, from fatigue, or from fear of their associates? Oh, a dreadful thing was this law which beclouded the truth which it was so evident! Hadn't Tommy explained that he was removing the obstruction from the track when the "wildcat" so unexpectedly came around the curve and struck it, and was derailed?

Couldn't they understand why he had remained silent when asked how he happened to be there? Surely, any one could see that he had discovered his brothers' plot and had striven to thwart it, but was now too loyal to implicate them. The idea that Tommy, her gentle, true-hearted Tommy, would connive to slay the only brother of the girl he loved! And yet, when he had refused to answer, the Judge, who surely should be impartial in action as well as word, had swung around impatiently in his chair, and the District Attorney had smiled, oh, so ironically, and shrugged his shoulders and said: "You see, gentlemen. See?"

The case which had occupied the Aberdeen Oyer and Terminer for the past week, was, as the District Attorney had said in his opening, "awful in the simplicity and directness of its proof." At the further end of the county, amid the arid sand plains, the Barlings and the Knowles had occupied adjacent farms for many years. The railway ran in front of their dwellings, and the young men had grown up half farmers, half linemen, gleaming from the two occupations livelihood and recreation. There had been a constant feud between the two families, sprung from some forgotten trivial cause, but enhanced into bitterness through paucity of daily interest.

There were three Barling boys, of whom Thomas, the defendant, was the youngest, and one Knowles, the brother of Patty. This latter had encountered one evening the two elder Barlings at the village tavern, and a quarrel and a scuffle had ensued. It was the following day that a "wildcat" train, of which young Knowles was engineer, was derailed and he thrown from the cab and killed. Thomas Barling was seen running away from the place where this accident occurred. His brothers disappeared, but the detectives, incited by liberal rewards, caused the arrest of the lad, claiming that it was he who had set the obstruction on the track.

His presence, his flight, his terror, certain incoherent words which he had uttered on his apprehension, constituted the main points of the case against him. His defense had been necessarily brief, consisting of his youth, good character, and his own story slightly corroborated—that he had been engaged in removing the obstructions, when the "wildcat," of whose existence he had not been aware, came around the curve and struck. But on the question of how he happened to be there at just this time he had remained silent.

Solemnly the great clock in the courtroom beat out the dragging moments. The bailiffs droned stories and yawned. The clerk scribbled on the back of papers. The crier slept the sleep of childhood and smiled over its reviving scenes. The old woman sat erect, motionless, intent like another Sphinx, awaiting the culmination of burning desires. Perhaps she alone could explain that ancient feud; perhaps when that bosom had been tender and that arm softly responsive to caresses, an injury to her beauty had been the dragon's tooth of this future. Perhaps the past now returned to her: for expectancy hath its panorama of spent, but not dead, emotions. Certainly little Patty, as she saw the grim face growing grimmer, grew faint with dread, for in its lines she read vengeance upon Tommy and woe for herself.

There was a sharp, demanding rap on the door of the jury room. Its drowsy guardian sprang to his feet and unlocked it. There were whispers, and then once more the door closed, the bolt was shot, the sentinel sat at his post. Once more, but with a difference. The man no longer lolled. He was big with the consciousness that every eye was upon him, big in the possession of a secret which he had no right to know.

The great clock ticked warningly, for the hours of excitement are moments. It was nearing the time for the Judge's return. The clerk set docket and pen and paper in order. The bailiffs shut windows and opened doors, and turned up lights and took their stations. There was one whose post was by the door at the end of the gallery leading to the jury room, which opened upon the main stairway of the building. The guardian of the jury room was his friend, and, as he passed, whispered a single word. The bailiff stepped to his place and beyond. He leaned over the rail and gazed down into the gloomy corridor. The front door swung open, a dignified form entered. He recognized it, and in an instant was leaping down the stairs. And in another instant Judge Green-goods knew that the solemn words which he had mentally arranged during his walk thither had not been marshaled in vain.

Many sharp eyes had noticed the passing of that single word from officer to officer, and ere the crier had begun his sonorous proclamation, bailiffs and attorneys and Sheriff and prisoner knew that the verdict was "guilty."

Patty knew it, too, for she had watched that guardian at the door as if he held the portals of her happiness. Patty knew it, and a great sob swelled in her heart and hardened into a resolution. In this moment of extremity, when human and Divine powers had coalesced against him, she would be by her old playmate's side to comfort, to sustain, to bless! She looked at her grandmother. That expectant gaze had not yet changed into triumph. "I will go a little closer, so that I can find out," she said, and the old lady nodded an eager approval.

Down the narrow iron stairway along the wall came the jury—swaggering, hesitating, stuttering. Patty leaned against the little door of the railing which divided the courtroom, thus separating the goats of spectators from the sheep of the bar, and studied the faces as they passed. Stolid, immovable for the most part; but there were two that seemed worried and dubious, and they were the faces of the two men in whom she had put her trust. Oh, cowards! Why had they not preserved the courage of their convictions or why had they put themselves in a position where faint-heartedness is a crime?

The jury took their seats, these two men in the places which they had occupied during the trial, Nos. 7 and 8 in the rear row, directly behind the foreman. From the anteroom came Tommy, and sat by his lawyer alongside of the table in front of the Judge's bench. How pale he was, but how quiet, how stern! Was it possible that those lips which had ever curled in smiles could be so firm? Why one might be afraid of him, that is, one who didn't love him as she did! Patty brushed a tear from her cheek as she gazed; it seemed as if he were already dead, and that it was his cold gray shade that now appeared.

"Call the roll, Mr. Clerk," said Judge Green-goods, and, as that functionary obeyed, each jurymen answered "Present"—completely so, too, excepting Nos. 7 and 8, who looked as if they wished very much they were elsewhere. No. 7 was a tall, slender, bent young man, awkward and bashful, who was perpetually blushing, either because people were looking at him or because he imagined they were. He also stammered. No. 8 was a short, thick-set, aggressive-looking old gentleman, very deliberate in action, slightly deaf, but ever ready to slay any one who imputed such a defect to him. Consequently, No. 7 dropped into a pool of stuttering, where he hopelessly floundered, and No. 8 shouted "Here" some time after the clerk had noted the attendance.

"Stand up," said the clerk to the prisoner. And Tommy arose and stood with folded arms, a fragile yet intrepid Ajax defying the lightning. But, oh, it was dark about him; if there might be but a single ray of sympathy, then he could endure. The court officer at the little gate was naturally more interested in the proceedings than in his duty. He moved forward, and Patty slipped within the rail.

"Let the prisoner look upon the jury; let the jury look upon the prisoner," continued the clerk. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" The foreman dropped his hat and folded his overcoat and struggled to his feet. In that silent instant of suspense there was a fluttering sound, and Patty flew to her old playmate's side. She threw one arm about his neck, and stood with the other extended toward the jury box like a guardian angel performing her mission. She upraised her face glowing with light of love, and Tommy bent his head and kissed her tremulous lips.

"We have," answered the foreman. "We find the prisoner"—but here arose confusion. From the touching tableau Nos. 7 and 8 sprang forward on either side, both noisy, incoherent, and indignant. From the spectators' space an ancient fury with blazing eyes and twitching fingers was menacingly advancing.

"Silence! Order!" cried Judge Green-goods, rapping sharply, and the crier reiterated his command. The bailiffs rushed to their posts. One caught the grandmother at the little gate and forced her back; another gently placed Patty in a chair, but she leaned against the prisoner and clung to his hand and annotated it with her tears. Once more the silence of suspense prevailed.

"We find him guilty, your Honor," blurted the foreman. "Or at least I thought we did, but these two gentlemen seem to object." Then again there was confusion. The District Attorney, his assistant, the defendant's counsel were on their feet together and talking at once.

"Sit down!" thundered Judge Green-goods. "Mr. Clerk, poll that jury." "Guilty," answered the foreman in response to his name, and "guilty" answered the succeeding five. Then came No. 7's turn. Hesprang forward, apple-cheeked with determination to express himself and for once unconscious of his own personality. "Not guilty," he screamed, "and I've been trying to say so ever since we retired."

Then No. 8 deliberately set each foot in place and arose. "Your Honor," he said, "I am thoroughly convinced of the defendant's innocence, and I understood that we all were. I am a man, sir, not apt to be mistaken, and there must be some chicanery at work here. I solemnly protest against the verdict as given by the foreman, and I beg to say that I am prepared to maintain my judgment for the rest of my natural life."

"It is evident, your Honor," said the prisoner's counsel, "that there has been a mistrial. I would ask that the jury be dismissed and the defendant released on his own recognizance, unless, indeed, my learned brother will agree to an order of nolle prosequi."

"Never," exclaimed the District Attorney with an oratorical swing. "Never. I have a duty, sir, a sacred duty that I owe to the people of this great commonwealth which sustains me."

"There, there!" interrupted Judge Green-goods. "Of course. I dismiss the jury and continue the case unto the next term. The prisoner is remanded without bail. Adjourn court, Mr. Crier," and with a very dissatisfied expression contorting his regular features "his honor" hastened away to his club.

The Sheriff led his prisoner away. The lights were turned out and the great building was left to the ghosts of sorrows and the echoes of sobs. And little Patty driving home with her wrathful grandmother dared smile through her tears.

But before the next term news came of the violent death of the elder Barling boys in a foreign land and of their prior confession and assertion of their brother's innocence. The grim jail yielded up its captive, and the cell where murderer had been chained knew his guileless nature no more. Impotent rage increased the weight of years until they crushed the grandmother into her grave. The feud between the two families was buried with her, and over their joint farms Patty Barling now presides as a happy mistress.—New York Times.

Attorney with an oratorical swing. "Never. I have a duty, sir, a sacred duty that I owe to the people of this great commonwealth which sustains me."

"There, there!" interrupted Judge Green-goods. "Of course. I dismiss the jury and continue the case unto the next term. The prisoner is remanded without bail. Adjourn court, Mr. Crier," and with a very dissatisfied expression contorting his regular features "his honor" hastened away to his club.

The Sheriff led his prisoner away. The lights were turned out and the great building was left to the ghosts of sorrows and the echoes of sobs. And little Patty driving home with her wrathful grandmother dared smile through her tears.

But before the next term news came of the violent death of the elder Barling boys in a foreign land and of their prior confession and assertion of their brother's innocence. The grim jail yielded up its captive, and the cell where murderer had been chained knew his guileless nature no more. Impotent rage increased the weight of years until they crushed the grandmother into her grave. The feud between the two families was buried with her, and over their joint farms Patty Barling now presides as a happy mistress.—New York Times.

WISE WORDS. Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. Self-respect—that cornerstone of all virtue. There is no malice like the malice of the renegade. The absence of temptation is the absence of virtue. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one. No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life. Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit. The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show of equipage. As soon go kindle fire with snow as seek to quench the fire of love with words.

What is becoming in behavior is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming. Be thou the first true merit to befriend; his praise is lost who waits till all commend. It is vain to trust in wrong; as much of evil so much of loss, is the formula of human history. He who observes the speaker more than the sound of his words will seldom meet with disappointments. A politician weakly and amiably right is no match for a politician tensonally and pugnaciously in the wrong. Men seldom, or rather, never, for a length of time and deliberately rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.

An Incident in Edison's Early Life. In telegraphy, operators are taught; receivers must be born. Equipped by nature and training, Edison gave up the newsboy life, in which he had earned in four years \$2000, the greater part of which he gave to his parents. Now began his migratory career as a telegraph operator. Many ups and downs were his. Often he was cold, hungry, and shelterless, for the insatiable impulse to experiment to the neglect of his duties kept him continually out of work. One day he revelled in the praises his ingenuity evoked; the next, he was dubbed "Lunatic" and turned adrift.

Perhaps his most ingenious boyhood feat was performed during an ice jam that broke the cable between Port Huron in Michigan and Sarnia in Canada. The river at this point is a mile and a half wide. The ice made the river impassable, and there was no way of repairing the cable. Edison impulsively jumped on a locomotive and seized the valve controlling the whistle. He had an idea that the blasts of the whistle might be broken into long and short sounds, corresponding to the dots and dashes of telegraphy. In a moment the whistle sounded over the river: Toot, toot, toot—toot, toot—toot—toot—toot—toot—toot—toot—toot—toot.

"Hallo-o, Sarnia! Do you get me?" "Do you hear what I say?" No answer. "Do you hear what I say, Sarnia?" A third, fourth, and fifth time the message went across, to receive no response. Finally, the operator on the other side understood. Answering "toots" came cheerfully back, and the connection was established.—St. Nicholas.

Cured by Laughter. Laughter has often dissipated disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at a satirical remark that he broke a tumor and recovered his health. In a singular treatise on "laughter," Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion that, after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he ground his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.—New York Ledger.

American pioneers were God fearing; and Bible loving. They staked out town lots in twenty-two Goshens, twenty-one Shilohs, eleven Carmels, eighteen Tabors and Mount Tabors, twenty-two Zions and Mount Zions, twenty-six Edens, thirty Lebanons, twenty-six Hebrews and thirty-six Sharons.

Missionary work in Siam is now chiefly in the hands of the Presbyterian Board, which commenced its work there in 1840. Twenty years of labor were expended before a single convert was won from Buddhism to Christianity.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Ceylon has cinnamon plantations covering 36,000 acres.

The New Bread As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities. Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way. To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread: 1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4 1/2 by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise if left in the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk. Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

"East, West, Home is Best," If Kept Clean With SAPOLIO. Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT CURE. IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION. An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free. KO NO. The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath.

Do Not Be Deceived. Rising Sun Stove Polish. Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Emulsions and Paints which stain the boiler, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase. N. Y. N. C. 34.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS. No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no time to be made in the leather too busy for the rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use on harness, saddles or seatings, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or send 50c in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Made by JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

COMMON SENSE TRUNK. Can be opened while locked to the wall without tearing or straining yourself. Pushing trunk forward. The lid folds over the trunk, and the lid from being knocked off in rough handling. If your dealer hasn't them write for catalogue, FREE. F. U. PALICA CO., RACINE, WIS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere! WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Holds the wheel rim true with ease under all circumstances. Perfect (correct), ABSOLUTE. New Pat. Improvement. (Must. Cut, and runs for self-maintenance security sealed. G. V. House Bldg. (PATENTED) No. 141 Broadway, N. Y. City.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE. For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Irritability, Nervousness, Stomach Troubles, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. RIPLEY'S TABLETS are sold by the RAILROAD and DELUXE RAILROAD COMPANIES in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE. Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 40 days, let him write for particulars and invest. Our guaranteed reliability. Our successful, lasting, is \$100.00. When necessary, bottles, ointment, suppositories or Hot Springs fall, we guarantee a cure—and our Elastic Cylinders is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof seen mailed, from COOK BROTHER CO., Chicago, Ill.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Ceylon has cinnamon plantations covering 36,000 acres.

The New Bread As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities. Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way. To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread: 1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4 1/2 by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise if left in the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk. Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

"East, West, Home is Best," If Kept Clean With SAPOLIO. Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT CURE. IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION. An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free. KO NO. The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath.

Do Not Be Deceived. Rising Sun Stove Polish. Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Emulsions and Paints which stain the boiler, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase. N. Y. N. C. 34.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS. No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no time to be made in the leather too busy for the rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use on harness, saddles or seatings, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or send 50c in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Made by JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

COMMON SENSE TRUNK. Can be opened while locked to the wall without tearing or straining yourself. Pushing trunk forward. The lid folds over the trunk, and the lid from being knocked off in rough handling. If your dealer hasn't them write for catalogue, FREE. F. U. PALICA CO., RACINE, WIS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere! WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Holds the wheel rim true with ease under all circumstances. Perfect (correct), ABSOLUTE. New Pat. Improvement. (Must. Cut, and runs for self-maintenance security sealed. G. V. House Bldg. (PATENTED) No. 141 Broadway, N. Y. City.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE. For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Irritability, Nervousness, Stomach Troubles, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. RIPLEY'S TABLETS are sold by the RAILROAD and DELUXE RAILROAD COMPANIES in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE. Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 40 days, let him write for particulars and invest. Our guaranteed reliability. Our successful, lasting, is \$100.00. When necessary, bottles, ointment, suppositories or Hot Springs fall, we guarantee a cure—and our Elastic Cylinders is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof seen mailed, from COOK BROTHER CO., Chicago, Ill.