

Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. They will be all right in the morning.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

will cure old coughs also; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats, and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and are frequently cured.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

If your cough cannot be cured by any other medicine, we will give you a large bottle free of charge.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures a cough or cold in one day. Coughers cough, whooping cough, croup, whooping cough, croup, whooping cough, croup.

The natural gas wells around Iowa, Kansas, and Texas are reported to be rapidly falling.

The temperature of tea and coffee produces results as real as those of drunkenness.

Your Stomach can Sell You Carter's Cough Syrup. It is a powerful lung and throat remedy.

Ohio's cities and towns gained 40,000,000 in population during the last 40 years.

Frey's Vermifuge For Worms. It is a powerful vermifuge for children and adults.

One hundred yards has been run in two seconds, but 50 yards never run in 5 seconds.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Cough Tablets. All coughs are cured in one day.

One gallon gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleeping persons.

The stomach has to work hard, grinding the food we swallow into a pulp.

England has one clergyman to every 600 people; Ireland one to every 120.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Tonic.

Breakage of propeller shafts at sea costs an immense sum annually in salvage.

Headaches and Nervous Depression are quickly relieved by using Garfield's Headache Powder, which is composed entirely of herbs and is harmless.

A King's Fear of Woman's Beauty. Charles XII. of Sweden feared only one power in the world—the power of beauty.

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Why Mrs. Pinkham Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would man give to woman's aid that he understands a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only by woman, and she is a woman who will do for you what a man would never do.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family physician.

Mrs. O. H. CHAPPELL.

He cannot bring herself to tell anything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been cured by Dr. Pinkham's medicine.

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TALENT

The sun is low, the tide is high. Shows red in the river's deflected glow. Save the silver line where the osmantra swims, subtle hour, that no spell can break.

A lik' tomorrow and yesterday. —Louise Ljams Lander.

THE REVOLT OF MOSES.

By Hope Darling.

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TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

In the heart of a storm. The wind was howling in gusts that dashed on the hills and dunes.

"What do you mean?" the woman shrieked. "What do you mean, Moses Smith?"

"Now see here, Sary Ann, I'll tell you what I mean. I mean to have some new bread, that's all," and back to the table he strode, bread in hand.

Mrs. Smith did not return to the table. Her husband saw little of her the remainder of the day. She retired early, and when Moses came up to bed she was asleep, apparently.

The next morning Mrs. Smith had regained the use of her tongue and ignoring Moses' declaration of independence, scolded heartily about everything else. Moses here it in silence, retreating to the barn as soon as possible.

It was Saturday. On the afternoon of that day the Smiths usually drove to Ovid, three miles distant, with farm produce. This particular afternoon Mrs. Smith arrayed herself in her best cashmere and Sunday bonnet.

"I'm going to the missionary meeting at Sister Swin's," she announced, as Moses lifted the jar of butter into the back of the buggy. "Here is a basket of cottage cheese. You can drive round on Maple street and sell it out. Be sure you go to the back doors, and they'll give you five cents for two balls. There's just 60 balls—a dollar and a half's worth. I want the money to make out 10 dollars I'm going to lend Widow Green. She'll pay me 50 cents for the use of it three months. Now don't step on my dress," as he clumsily took his place at her side.

Fifty cents for three months? Moses slapped the fat horse with the lines. "That'll be two dollars for a year. Two dollars for ten dollars. Let me see—why, Sary Ann, that's 20 per cent."

"What if it is?" There was a brief pause, then Moses began again.

"Well, Sary Ann, Widow Green is awful poor. Why don't you lend her the money for nothing? It's to finish pay'n' for her sewing machine, and there's only two months' more to go. She's got two thousand dollars, besides the farm."

"If you can't talk sense, do keep still. Let it go for now, indeed! Be sure you understand 'bout the apple-tree. 'See here, Sary Ann, I shan't peddle out your cheese for any such purpose. You can do it, or I'll take it to the store. But I don't do it for you. I'm going to my missionary meetin', to get the money for you to grind down the poor with, that's all."

Moses deposited his wife at Mrs. Swin's gate and drove off, making no reply to the command she hurriedly whispered as she saw her hostess at the door. She would not fall her head to one who would be so unkind to her.

There was an ominous silence. Mrs. Smith persisted in using an old-fashioned dash can. In a warm weather this dash can was placed in a tub of cold water, drawn with a worm from the stone-lined well by the kitchen door. A few steps from the well stood a wooden apple tree, whose spreading branches made a canopy of breezy shade. Moses had many times hinted a desire to do so, but she would not touch the subject.

"You bring that tub of water into the woodhouse. The water is out there, and you see to it you don't spill a drop of it where you empty it."

She went upstairs, opened the windows of her sleeping room and put the dash can into the tub, and she was careful to keep it sitting-room. When she went again to the kitchen, she stood for an instant transfixed with astonishment at the picture framed by the open door.

Under the apple tree stood her husband, his straw hat laid aside, while both hands grasped the churn dasher, as if to press it up and down.

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"Yes, as to what I meant by bringing it here, I mean to churn it here."

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"Humph! Poetry and work don't go well together. Why don't you do as I tell you?"

Mr. Smith dropped both hands up to his ears, and then he dashed himself up as straight as an arrow, speaking almost as many words, and said distinctly: "I don't care what you say."

"Sary Ann, I don't want to tell you to churn another stroke here. I guess I'll care a mite whether I churn or not, but if I do it will be right here and nowhere else."

For a moment she was speechless. "I'd like to know what you mean," she gasped. "The idea of talking like that!"

"Never mind. The question 'pears to be, shall I churn or not? I tell you plain, if I do it will be right here, and nowhere else."

"What did it mean?" And he had twice interrupted her. Mrs. Smith was not vanquished, but she was so confused that a truce seemed the best thing she could think of.

"Do as you like," she said shortly, and she vanished, but she was not behind her.

Moses took her at her word. An hour later she found that, after finishing the churning, he had carried the churn and contents to the place where she usually worked the butter. She was still undecided what to think of her husband's daring. However, she, herself, daily to get a larger haul on their course to adventures, not really forgotten. Such an adventure happened in December, 1892, and a worker on the line (the Chambers' Journal) had had one on his rail (the avalanche). He had gone on a relief train to dig out a passenger train that was stuck in a snowdrift at Bear Creek, in the heart of the mountains.

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