THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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BY AID OF MORPHEUS

By MARVIN DANA

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Sitting over their coffee in the evening, the various members of the coaching party were detailing impressions from the day's trip.

By common consent the others paused when Madam la Baronne de Vaux began to speak. The dainty Frenchwoman was a favorite with all, and she was usually sure of listeners to whatever she chose to say.

"Ah, that little village!" she cried, easily. "That little village all of wood, with its wooden church! But in France it had been all of brick and stone. Yet it was like—oh, so very like!—a tiny place quite near our chateau. And it was there that something happened once, something droll and sweet."

Madam la Baronne paused and smiled, and the sweetness in her face deepened, and the dreariness flashed in her black eyes.

"Tell us, please tell us, madam," the others clamored.

"Surely," the baroness replied. "There was a dear old boy lived in the village, and, too, a dear old lady. He was an old bachelor, and she was an old maid. Once, years and years and years ago, she and he had been sweethearts. Somehow they could not or would not, marry. He went away for years, while she remained in the village always. Then at last he came back, and they were good friends. They were too old to marry, or so they thought. But every evening he called on her, and they sat and chatted on the veranda when the season was right, and at other times they sat in two great chairs before the little fire in the little parlor of her cottage.

"One winter's night, when the air was most bitter and their old blood chilled by the frost of it, they sat comfortably in the parlor, as always, and the old gentleman, I suppose, was very busy with keeping the tiny fire high and to blow the bellows briskly, so that they sat snugly in their huge chairs and basked in the warm glow, and chatted easily and drowsily of the past days, when they were hot in their young hearts.

Madam la Baronne broke off and ran her merry eyes over the group about her.

"Have none of you read the tale?" she questioned. "No? Well, there is little more. Indeed, I have only to finish now. In the morning, when the sunne entered the parlor to dust it and put things straight, she found the dear old gentleman and the dear old lady in their great chairs before the dying fire in the tiny grate, and they were—sound asleep!"

The baroness smiled, and laughter ran in the circle around her.

"They were married as quickly as the law would allow. Otherwise there must have been a whisper of scandal. And, oh, I am sure that they lived happy ever after; yes, even as happy as before!"

The group chattered merrily over the narrative and thanked the roomy house with enthusiasm.

"And now let us have some music," the baroness suggested, and turned to a patriotic American. "Of course that means you, Mr. Blennen."

Blennen's dark, thin face lighted with a pleasant smile, as he nodded an assent to the general demand, but before he rose from his chair his eyes wandered toward a woman at a little distance from him and there they rested, with a suggestion of expectation in their gaze. Almost instantly the woman turned to meet his look, as she spoke eagerly:

"Oh, please, Mr. Blennen."

At the words a glow of pleasure shone from the musician's face, and he hastened toward the piano.

The early summer night of the Hudson valley was soft, languorous, silent save for the restful droning of the insects. Through the open windows of the great drawing-room came the luxurious mingled perfumes of many blossoms. It was a night and a company for music. For Blennen, though the inheritor of a princely fortune, was a master of music.

When he had finished, and the crowd of enthusiasts at last allowed him to break from their compliments, he went to her.

She made place beside her, and flushed a glance of fond pride upon him.

"It was wonderful, wonderful!" she cried, softly. "Your genius, Vance, is so true—so splendidly true! Ah, when I listened to you, my soul went floating in a magic land of harmony. I—"

She broke off abruptly. Then, with hardly a second's pause, she continued easily:

"I should never mind my insomnia if I could lie and hear you playing."

"Poor child! you don't show any sign of it. You are as fresh and dainty, as lovely and superb as ever—more beautiful in my eyes, Grace."

The woman blushed and dropped her gaze in confusion at the passion in his voice. Her silence emboldened him, and he continued in an eager whisper:

"Tell me, Grace, is not my happiness coming to me soon—soon?"

But the woman raised her hand appealingly, whilst she avoided the longing eyes:

"Don't, Vance. No, no, not yet. I am afraid."

The emotion in her voice checked him from another plea, and the anguish of despair gripped his heart.

Blennen, alone in his room that night, reviewed the situation. He was confronted by the vital fact that he loved Mrs. Morse with all his soul, but that the happy issue of this love was of the utmost uncertainty. For fate made him the scapegoat of another man's sins.

Mr. Morse had been a suave villain, of exceptional personal charm when he so willed, a hypocrite, a debauchee, a brute. He had treated his wife with exquisite courtesy in the presence of others; but, alone with her, he had outraged her every instinct, had beaten and bruised her flesh and scourged her soul. His death had come as a blessed release from the tortures her pride had forced her to endure, but it had left her with a morbid dread of marriage, a conviction that all men were cowardly and cruel, that as her husband had been, so any other might be.

To-night, as Blennen reviewed the words she had spoken to him, he felt a swift exhilaration that she must still suffer physically, as her insomnia testified she did.

"No wonder she broods. If she can't sleep nights," he muttered angrily. What chance can I have?"

After a long silence, he spoke again, and now very tenderly:

"If I could only play to her, for her out the night through!"

He went to the window and stood looking out at the glory of the river and the night. The spirit of the scene crept to his ear and whispered her name, and the memory of her and the desire of her filled his soul.

One day the whole party sailed up the river, and made a mountaineering expedition into the Catskills. They did not return until nightfall, and they were hungry and weary. After dinner the company was listless and drowsy; very early, one after another they began to straggle off to bed.

Blennen came to Mrs. Morse.

"I'm not the least bit sleepy," he said to her, so low that no one could overhear. "And I'm not tired. Of course, you're not sleepy yet, and even if you were, I suppose you wouldn't dare to risk a night's sleeplessness by going to bed so early. So come into the library with me, and I'll play you Chopin for a while. Will you? Do!"

"It will rest me and soothe me," she said. I am so glad you thought of it!"

The great drawing-room was almost deserted as the two passed out into

SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP.

the hall, and on to the library, which stood somewhat apart in a wing. This room was sacred to the master of the house; guests rarely intruded unless on particular invitation. When he had established her comfortably, Blennen turned away without a word and seated himself at the piano.

A few dying notes, then silence. The shaded light of the electric bulb still shone softly, but the moonlight had long danced from the waves. In its stead, the mist over the river was erupting warm with the summer dawn.

Blennen moved softly to the window and stood looking down on the woman. She gave no heed to his presence. The dark lashes swept her cheek, her breath rhythmed gently, she was nestled luxuriously amid the cushions—she was fast asleep!

Suddenly, she opened her eyes and turned into his face with the bewildered look of a drowsy child.

"Why, good heavens, there must be a fire," she exclaimed. "See how light it is!"

Blennen looked obediently.

"So it is," he agreed.

"It isn't light," she cried, "not day-light! It can't be!"

"I rather suspect it is, though," Blennen said, quietly.

"And do you mean to say that I've been right here in this chair since seven o'clock last night? Sound asleep for hours?" she asked, with amusement that was almost awe.

"I'm afraid you have been," Blennen affirmed, apologetically.

But the widow was far from indisposition at this moment.

"Bless me," she exclaimed, rapturously, "it's a miracle! I—asleep for hours! I can't believe it. You are a magician, Vance."

Blennen seized his opportunity boldly:

"Marry me, and I'll play you to sleep any night you wish."

Instantly, the woman of the world awoke to her knowledge of conventions. Her eyes dilated a little, and for a minute there was silence. Then she turned to him with a face that was glowing:

"Yes, I will marry you now. Somehow, the fear has passed."

"Aye, her nerves are the better for just these few hours of real sleep," Blennen thought; but he had the wisdom not to speak aloud.

"But such a scandal!" the widow whispered as she drew her lips from Blennen's.

"Pooh! no one can know! And if they do—"

"And if they do—they will laugh!"

"Yes, they will laugh, as they did

—story."

The love that lifts lightens its own load.

—

It takes more than a vindication to restore virtue.

—

The highest service is that which raises others.

—

A little help is worth a lot of talk about happiness.

—

New paths are the best penance for old wanderings.

—

In many a burden is hidden the blessing of strength.

—

Poverty cannot be cured by making charity a pastime.

—

Meekness is the secret of the maintenance of mastery.

—

No man ever succeeded in preaching truth by acting a lie.

—

You do not have to empty your head to fill your heart.

—

The only way to keep kindness is to keep it in circulation.

HARD TASK FOR 'RASTUS.

Small Wonder He Had Found It Difficult to Join This Particular Church.

At a dinner which was attended by a number of clergymen, President Buckham, of the University of Vermont, told the following of Bishop Hall, of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont, in response to some good natured chaff about the liberal views of the Congregational church and the ease with which almost anybody could join it. He said he had heard of a negro who had many times applied for membership in St. Paul's church at Burlington, but had not been able to satisfy the bishop that his state of mind entitled him to admission. The negro had been advised to pray that his spiritual condition might improve. After doing so he made a new application. The bishop said to him: "Well, Erastus, have you prayed as I told you to?" "Yas indeedy, suh; I done prayed an' I done tole de Lawd I wants jine St. Paul's chu'ch an' de Lawd he say to me: "'Good luck, 'Rastus; I been tryin' jine dat church fo' 20 years mahse'f.'"

LIFE AND DEATH ALIKE.

Young Man at Least Thought There Was Mighty Little Difference in That Quiet Town.

There is in California a village noted for its quiet, restful atmosphere where the rush and clamor of business never intrudes and where the commuter never rushes for his train, or anybody is ever in a hurry. And the climate even seems to proclaim serenity, for spring, summer, autumn and winter follow each other with but little change in temperature. To this peaceful village came a man advanced in years to pass the evening of life in rest and quiet. In due course of time came a nephew to visit him, and to him, who was so young and active, the place seemed dull. He said: "Uncle, why did you choose such a place to live in?" "Oh," said the uncle, "I thought this would be a good place to live in, and a good place to die in."

"But how will you know when you are dead?" said the nephew.

Too Great an Innovation.

With upraised hands the manager of the great hotel shakes his head. Nevertheless, the man in front of him argues. The manager calls his superintendent, and the superintendent calls the chef and the chef calls the head waiter. The man repeats his argument. The manager, the superintendent, the chef and the head waiter, all with upraised hands and upflung eyebrows, shake their heads decisively. And the man at last, with a despairing sigh, goes out. "What was the matter with that fellow?" asks an innocent bystander. "Astounding!" reply the manager, the superintendent, the chef and the head waiter in one voice. "He wants to give a banquet, and he insists that there shall not be a course consisting of filet of beef with mushroom sauce."

Defended on Providence.

A gentleman in the south was passing a potato patch and stopped to speak to a darkey who was leaning lazily on his hoe. "Howdy, uncle. How are you feeling?" "Oh, I'se feelin' mighty fine, 'cept I sho has been havin' good luck." "Is that so?" "Yas, sah; why, 'bout a week ago I had a lot oh trees fo' to cut down, an' a cyclone come erlong an' jes' nachely knocked 'em ovah fo' me." "Well, that is wonderful." "It sho is, but Providence done helps me agin yestiddy. Massa tole me to burn up de strawstacks an' heah come de lightnin' an' fo' I knowed it they wa'nt nothin' left." "Well! Well! But what are you doing now?" "Me? Ise waitin' fo' a yeathquake to shake dese 'taters outen de groun'."

Wise Words of Justice Harlan.

"If I should be asked what is the greatest thing in the world," said Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court, "I should be inclined to say it is the saving grace of knowing one's own business and keeping to it. I have seen a good deal of life, and I rarely know it to fail—that the man who can draw the line between what concerns him and what does not is the great salvator for most of the evils the flesh is heir to. If I am ever guilty of asking a man to talk to me about himself, I hope some of my friends will take the cue and put me out of harm's way."

His Lucky Number.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, the distinguished painter, is a strong believer in the luckiness of numbers. His lucky number is 17. His wife was 17 when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was 17; his present house bears the same number, and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17, 1886. It was November 17 that he and his family first took up their residence there.

The Blessing of Poverty.

The social reformer, after ordering a soda, addressed the shabby individual at the bar. "Ah, my friend," he said, "are you not aware that strong drink biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?" The other held up his glass to the light. "This don't, friend," he said. "This is only cheap, watered stuff. I can't afford to buy the kind you refer to."

Anxious to Know the Limit.

The Father (to boy back from college)—"Well, son, how much money do you owe?" The Son—"Well, er, dad, how much have you got?"—Harper's Bazar.

—

There is a medium in all things.—Horace.

—

Money is the best bait to fish for man with.—From the French.

—

The master of the house is the guest of the servant.—From the Turkish.

—

True merit is like a river; the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—Halifax.

—

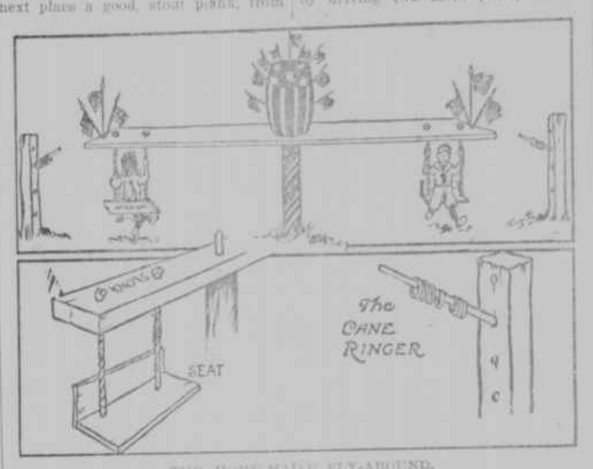
Every one sings as he has the gift and marries as he has the luck.—From the Portuguese.

A Home-Made Merry-Go-Round

There is a fascination about the merry-go-round, with its music and its animals, which we cannot resist. The diagram here will show how a miniature one may be constructed at little or no expense, much to the gratification of everyone concerned. Any bright boy can build this merry-go-round from articles obtainable in his own back yard.

The mainspring of the whirl is a stout post, driven far enough into the ground to insure its steady and unvarying position. It should be about six feet in height and smooth on top, with an iron pin set squarely in the middle.

Much after the fashion of a seesaw, next place a good, stout plank, from



THE HOME-MADE FLY-AROUND.

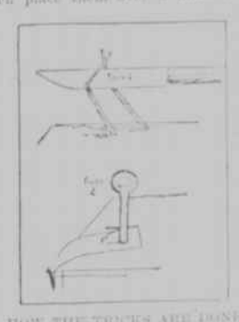
18 to 20 feet in length, upon the post, a hole for it being bored, thus holding it in position. Two or three whirls around will give the plank free action upon the pin, and a little ordinary axle grease might compound the spinning powers.

Four more smaller holes must be bored, two in either end of the plank. Ropes, knotted here and suspending small seat planks, as shown in the diagram, complete the original.

TWO SIMPLE TRICKS.

The Perambulating Toothpicks and the Key That Remains Upright.

To find out if a person's hand is firm and steady, which it never is, split the ends of a match (not of sulphur end) and smooth the end of another match so that it will fit into the split one. Then bend the matches so that they will look like the figure 1. Then place them over a knife (only



HOW THE TRICKS ARE DONE.

just to show how steady the hand is. If the person holding the knife should then lower the blade so that the ends of the matches will touch the table, the matches will walk along on the knife blade.

A key, one of the kind that stand erect, is required for the second trick, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Place it as in figure 2 upon a strip of paper about six inches long and not more than an inch wide near the edge of a table, remove the paper without making the key fall. It is easy enough. Just strike the paper a sharp tap.

Two Ears and One Mouth.

The teacher told the children how a wise man once said that we have only one mouth and two ears so that we may listen and hear twice as much as we speak. Afterward, to see how much of the instruction was remembered, she asked:

"Why is it that we have two ears and only one mouth, Frances?"

"Because we would not have room in our face for two mouths and we would look too crooked if we had only one ear."

"No; that is not the reason. You know, do you, Rosie?"

"Yes, ma'am. So that what we hear may go in one ear and out of the other."—Chicago Daily News.

A CAPITAL GUESS.

"For whom was our national capital named?" the teacher asked one day.
And Johnny Jones responded, in his hesitating way,
But clearly proved beyond a doubt he had the fact, at least—
"Our Washington, D. C., was named for Washington, deceased."
—Nixon Waterman, in St. Nicholas.

Planting a Tree.

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But nature knows, and in due time the power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly.—Holmes.

Young Queen's Lace.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland boasts the finest collection of lace in Europe.

SOME NEW MARBLE GAMES

Suitable for Indoors When the Weather Will Not Permit of Outdoor Play.

An indoor game of marbles is a good thing for a rainy day, when outdoor sport is impossible. There is the battle game, for instance, which is full of possibilities. In its simpler form it is played by two boys, each using the same number of marbles, which represent the soldiers.

The two boys sit on the floor at opposite sides of the room, so that the seams in the carpet or the cracks in the wooden floor run to their right and left. The seam or line nearest the middle of the room forms the enemy's line to both players. The line next to that, on each side is the dead line. Each player may place his marbles as he chooses between the enemy's line and his own dead line.

One marble is selected as a sharpshooter and is used by the two players alternately, each of whom tries to shoot his opponent's men beyond their dead line. All men so driven beyond the dead line, either directly by the shooter or by being struck by another marble, are "dead," and the player who first "kills" his opponent's men is the winner of the "battle."

The hand must never be advanced beyond the dead line in shooting, and if, by accident, a player hits one of his own men and drives him beyond the enemy's line into his opponent's field that man becomes a prisoner and may be played by the opponent among his

A NEW MARBLE GAME.

own men. When a game is over prisoners may be exchanged, if both players so desire.

"The Pyramid" is another good game, says the People's Home Journal, in which one boy is selected as "banker," another becoming "banker," in turn, after each game. A ring about four or five feet in diameter is drawn, and the banker places in it at the beginning of the game four marbles, three close together and the fourth on top of them, to form the pyramid.

Each player takes a shot, in turn, from a point agreed upon outside the circle, and whoever hits the pyramid can have as many marbles as he knocks out of the ring, his turn continuing until he fails to knock one outside.

If any player fails to hit the pyramid he must give a marble to the banker then in charge of the ring. When all the marbles are out of the ring a new game begins, with another banker, who, in turn, supplies the four marbles for the pyramid.

Order of turns may be agreed upon as in the ring game, as it might happen that only one would have a chance to shoot under a certain banker, if he were expert enough to knock all four marbles out of the ring at one turn.

Not a Good Way.

"I wish you could tell me a good way to get rid of book agents."

"I can."

"Well?"

"Buy their books."

"I said a 'good' way."—Houston Post.

How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. The Winston Drug Co.

The Price of Peace.

The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

A Card.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures in grippe coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. The Winston Drug Co.

Woman loves a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores ruddy, sound health.

HORTICULTURE

PLANTING A FRUIT TREE.

The Method Has Much to Do with Its Subsequent Development and Growth.

Specialties of fruit trees are generally not to being incorrectly planted. The veriest man knows more than any other man simply because he tries to save trouble in the work of planting. He saves work in preparing the ground for the tree. The worst method is quite commonly followed, which is to merely dig a big hole in soil that has been for a long time undisturbed. The soil in the hole is loose, and with-around the sides and on the bottom is hard packed. Often this hard packing is made worse by the man getting into the hole and tramping it while shoveling out the dirt. This virtually "puddles" the bottom if the soil be moist, and this renders it almost impervious to water. Stock ponds are made water tight in that way.

When the tree is set in the hole and the dirt filled in, the conditions are ripe for the killing of the tree at the first heavy rain. The hole becomes a sort of sink in which the water remains. Air cannot get to the roots of the tree and hence no food can be taken into the system of the tree. When the warm days come, the tree sends out its leaves, which are developed from the latent plant food stored up in the tree from the previous year. But no new food gets in, as the roots are immersed in water. After a little time the leaves on the tree begin to wither, and the owner wonders what is affecting the tree. In another month the tree is dead.

The right way to plant a tree, says Farmers' Review, is to prepare all the ground by stirring it up thoroughly and providing some way to let off the water. Frequently the slope of the ground will do this, if the trees are not placed in mere holes. With the ground well stirred up the water that falls will not collect around the trunks of the newly set trees, and the soil will not be for any long time saturated with water.

Trees should not be set too deep. Some seem to think that the deeper a tree is set the better, but most trees send out their roots near the surface of the ground. It is allowable to set a tree one or two inches deeper than it was in the nursery row, as the ground is sure to settle some around it. If a tree is properly set and if it is in good condition at time of setting there is no reason why it should not live.

CABBAGE FLEA BEETLE.

Insect Which Is Destructive Not Only of Cabbage, But Turnips, Etc.

The cabbage flea beetle is found in many states. It is particularly destructive to cabbages, turnips, and radishes when it is in the larva state; it works mainly upon the roots. The beetles do considerable damage to young plants by filling them full

THE CABBAGE FLEA-BEETLE.

(Lines indicate Actual Size of Larva and Beetle.)

of holes. The adult beetle, which with the larva is illustrated in the accompanying cut, is about one-tenth of an inch long, black with two yellowish stripes on the back which are sometimes broken into four yellow spots. The adult hibernates in sheltered places in the field.

Bordeaux and arsenical sprays are applied for exterminating the pest. Where fields have been largely attacked during the year, it is wise to destroy the leaves and rubbish in the fall. By following this practice a large number of the adults will be destroyed and future crops curtailed.

ORCHARD CHAT.

Seeds should not be planted deep in clay soil.

Avoid the adulterated paris green on the market.

Don't mix ashes with hen manure; use land plaster instead.

Harrow or cultivate the orchard at least three times this month.

Always have a handy knife for watersprouts. Cut them out any time.

The best garden stuff you ever ate was that which you raised yourself.

Let no guilty weed escape in the garden this month. Hoe around the garden sass, but around the weeds.

After the seeds of the watermelon have been planted, tread the soil in. It will have better germination. This is also true of most seeds.

Cultivate often: it warms the soil in early spring, allows even light rains to penetrate the soil and retains the moisture for use in summer. To say nothing of keeping weeds in control.—Farm Journal.

An Insidious Danger.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. The Winston Drug Co.

You will not find beauty in soaps pot or complexion whitewash. True beauty comes to them only that take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It is a wonderful tonic and beautifier. 35 cents Tea or Tablets. The Winston Drug Co.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Medicine for Children.

In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but, when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Whooping cough is not dangerous when this remedy is given as directed. It contains no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

When the cold winds dry and crack the skin a box of salve can save much discomfort. In buying salve look for the name on the box to avoid any imitations, and be sure you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by all druggists.

Clear up the complexion, cleanse the liver and tone the system. You can best do this by a dose or two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Safe, reliable little pills with a reputation. The pills that everyone knows. Recommended by all druggists.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

Food don't digest? Because the stomach lacks some one of the essential digestants or the digestive juices are not properly balanced. Then, too, it is this undigested food that causes sourness and painful indigestion. Kodol For Indigestion should be used for relief. Kodol is a solution of vegetable acids. It digests what you eat, and corrects the deficiencies of the digestion. Kodol conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold here by all druggists.

Three little babes were nestled in bed,
"I'll name William, Willie and Bill,"
mother said.
While was her smile, for triplets they be,
she lays her good luck to Rocky Mountain Tea. (Great baby medicine.)
The Winston Drug Co.

It invigorates, strengthens and builds up. It keeps you in condition physically, mentally and morally. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. The Winston Drug Co.

"They like the taste as well as maple sugar." is what one mother wrote of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup This modern cough syrup is absolutely free from any opiate or narcotic. Contains Honey and Tar. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by all druggists.

Why Colds are Dangerous.

If you would be immune from disease, keep the system healthy. Each successive cold weakens the constitution and renders infectious diseases more liable. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure your cold promptly and restore the system to its normal condition. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Do you know that rheumatic pains can be relieved? If you doubt this just try one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It may not give you relief from pain but will make rest and sleep possible, and that certainly means a great deal to any one afflicted with rheumatism. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

Dean's Regulets cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulate the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passages of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

Special Announcement Regarding the National Pure Food and Drug Law.

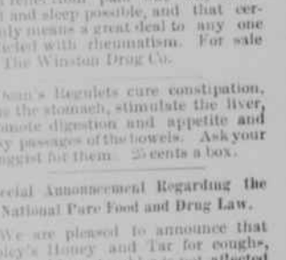
We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. The Winston Drug Co.

Nearly every person who is subject to attacks from the stomach suffers from a morbid dread of a dietetic treatment for relief, that is three-fourths starvation, and one-fourth toast and milk. On the other hand you can eat as you please and digest the food by the aid of a good digestant, thus giving the tired stomach equally as much rest. Eat what you please and take a little Kodol For Indigestion after your meals. It digests what you eat. Sold by all druggists.

Crime.

A rogue met a pretty young Mrs.,
A widow, and stole a few krs.;
And the lady, though she was astounded,
said she'd waive prosecution
If he'd make restitution,
So the felony soon was compounded.
—Philadelphia Press.

STILL HAD IT IN HIS MOUTH.



Gent (with the flowery button-hole, who has just met with a stroke of luck)—I really believe I must have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

Ulster Gent—And what's more, old chap, it looks as if it is still inside!

Swelled.

The landlord said this flat was "swell,"
And I guess the landlord knows;
For there isn't a window that opens well
Or a door not hard to close.
—Cleveland Leader.

Kept His Word.

"Papa, papa! you said that if I would tell you all about it not a hair of my head should be harmed."

"Well (whack!) not one will (whack!) will be. Your head (whack!) is higher up."—Judge.

And They're Not.

Mrs. Jawback—You'll never succeed in politics. You're neither a Webster nor a Blaine.

Mr. Jawback—No, but, by Gum, I'm alive!—Cleveland Leader.