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SOLE PROPRIETOR JOLIETTE, P. Q., Canada. MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER.

M. FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS IN CEN-TURY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

No more cheerful place could be found, even at that early hoar. - quarter of nine in the morning,-than Mr. Gadsbury's study. This remote little room presented a strange and whimsical contrast to all other parts of the Gadsbury establishment. broad hearth blazed a typical country fire. The hearth itself was of rough, fire. irregular stones, filled in with sand which, as time wore on, had packed into the interstices. The burning logs of oak and hickory rested upon oblong pieces of limestone instead of highly polished brasses. The big, uncouth ireplace, and splint-seated chair in front of it, related the first page of Mr. Gadsbury's history, before New York knew the prominent banker and prosperous business man. It embalmed and conjured up familiar scenes, for Mr. Gadsbury was a mountaineer by birthright. If New York had left him any sentiment whatever, it perhaps evinced itself when he became a rich man and endeavored to recreate the crude comfort of the log cabin in a secluded corner of his city home. However, he basked in the genial warmth of the fire that morning, apparently unconscious of its cheeriness. The door behind him opened and closed without breaking his deep, absorbing contemplation of the coals glowing on

the hearth. A letter, papa - such an odd, wholesome-looking letter.' The girl laid the letter-a folded

sheet of foolscap—on his knee. She watched him in eager curiosity, while he read the difficult chirography of a hand not used to the pen.

"Something is wrong with you, papa," she said suddenly. "What is "Business troubles, daughter," he

said, stroking her hair gently. "But there are no business troubles in this letter," and with the audacity of a petted child she read the letter over his shoulder. "It says—oh, dear, what does it say? no beginning and no date. 'I'—that is an I—'will be thar a Wensday—' This is Wednesno date. day; he will come to-day—'to git the money in yo bank. F. Gadsbury. Now, who is the writer of this epistle,

papa?"
"My brother." The reply, brief as he could make it, brought the bright eyes back to his harassed countenance.

"There are coal and iron on his tract of mountain-land," Mr. Gadsbury went on, "and it has brought him a great sum of money.

'Is it in your bank, papa?' "He thinks it is, Margaret," slowly eplied her father; "but I in eplied her father; ested it without asking his consent. seemed absurd," he added more hastily, "to let such a sum of money lie in bank idle. The investment has not been fortunate ; indeed, none of my

business has been fortunate of late. "Oh, well, you may be fortunate to-day, papa, and that will remedy Margaret kissed him laughingly

and Mr. Gadsbury went away to his office, wondering to himself that such scant supplies of truth sufficed even the most interested parties. Every word had been absolutely true, but fewbeyond Mr. Gadsbury-guessed how far short it fell of the whole truth The age of miracles is past, and only a miracle can save a ruined man," he reflected, as the terrible retrospect mirrored mistake after mistake with startling fidelity, now that it was to How he had lost his own in the muddy waters of stock-speculation, and then used his brother's money in utile efforts to retrieve himself was the old story-an every-day affair only the rustic in the log cabin down in the Virginia mountains might not ee it in that light.

Mr. Gadsbury sat down before the capacious desk in his private office, and rested his chin on one hand in un worted idleness. For the first time in his occupancy of the place he noted the bare outlook from the window. Naked, ugly, rain-stained walls: chimneys from which the good old-time blue smoke never curled—he had never observed them until to-day. the past busy years no poesy to him had been so sweet and thrilling, no symphony so harmonious, as a rise in the stocks he held; no sentiment so noble as a first mortgage trust-deed. There was utter absence of excitement Life looked gray and barren and wretched, as it narrowed into a rugged path. With mechanical pree read and replied to numerous letters. An hour had passed when the door opened unceremoniously, and a visitor walked in. He was a tall,

ITCHING HUMORS

ank man, in a long, ill-fitting home

made over-coat of homespun, a rusty,



Remedies, consisting of CUT CURA, the great skin cure, CUT CURA BOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUT CURA RESOLVENT, greatest chumor remedies, when the bephysicians fail. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, curption and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold every ware. Porter Druc AND CHEM. CORP., Bostof R.J. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free

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broad-brimmed slouch hat, a blue cotton shirt, and heavy boots. Removing his yarn mittens, the stranger drew out a red bandana, and mopped his swarthy, wrinkled face.

"I'm a lookin' fer Hugh Gadsbury, " I'm kin to he presently announced. him, en come ter settle a trifle o' business with his bank.'

Mr. Gadsbury gazed at the visitor in some surprise, and a slow gladdening of expression checked by the concluding words. He himself had changed beyond recognition, in thirty years' separation, but this tall mountaineer had merely wrinkled and grown thinner.

"Frederick, you don't remember me ; I am Hugh." Mr. Gadsbury held out his smooth, white hand. It was grasped with uncomfortable cordiality.
"Dunno es I'd thought so, ef you

had n't 'a' told me," retorted Mr. Gads-bury's brother. "You're a gittin' ter ook settled like, en actilly you're agittin' gray. 'You must expect me to change in

thirty years, although I perceive small alternation in you. Sit down. This is my office; later in the day we will go to my house.' visitor seated himself, and

pushed his hat to the back of his head. "It's been thirty yeah sence you lef us, but thar ain't no gre't change savin' fer the ore," he remarked pensively, tugging at a grizzled forelock 'but seems like thar's some news. He proceeded to relate the happenings upon "the ridge," with a quaint assumption of interest and familiarity on the part of his hearer, bridging th gap, and taking up life where it had stopped in the mountains thirty years before. Mr. Gadsbury listened without interruption. For one instant he seemed to see the steep gray ledges, and to hear the whir of the startled pheasant or the wail of snipe descending the rayines: he seemed to feel the fresh mountain air blowing in his face the resinous odor of pines.

En-well-dunno but that's all as has took place sence you lef'," his brother was saying; "thar ar jacket en pants you lef' home whenst you kem heah has been thar ev'v sence had n't no load on the beas' whin I rid ter station, so I fotched it.

Diving into his well-worn saddlebags, Frederick Gadsbury extracted therefrom an attenuated suit of butter

You've kind o' stoutened, you hev. I don't b'lieve you kin git 'em on.'

The mountaineer held up the elaborately patched trousers. Their dimenappeared woefully diminutive beside the banker's well-rounded legs. "I was a slim boy at fifteen," remarked Mr. Gadsbury, smiling.
"Why did you not use them, Frederick, for your boys, instead of keeping them thirty years?"

"They war n't mine, an' ef I ain't got things belongin' ter me, I 'low to ek shift 'thout 'em. Mr. Gadsbury was holding the

trousers at arm's-length, surveying their grotesque shabbiness with curious interest. They dropped suddenly to

"I'll keep them, Frederick. They were my sole possessions to commence with; who knows that I may have anything more valuable at the end of life?" suddenly replied Mr. Gadsbury. folding the garments carefully, and pushing them back into one of the compartments of the huge walnut The banker turned to his paper intense anxiety and harassment drift

observed the mountaineer. them men as wants my ore ter come heah, ef they hed a notion er buyin' out

"You were very wise, Frederick. I an, of course, make better terms. What value do you put upon your share of the ore lands?" inquired Mr. adsbury, zealous that no advantage should be taken of this new and ver

dant Crœsus. "I ain't got no shur. I've got the peginnin' en eand of it. It goes up Gum Holler, en 'crost Piney Ridge, en th'ough Huckleberry Gap, en I've kind o' fixed what I'm a-goin' ter arsk em. Dunno es they'll give it, but ef they don't, I kin bu'n coal the balance o' my life, en save haulin' wood," explained Mr. Gadsbury's brother, as he drew from his inexhaustible pockets a formidable knife, and fell to a vigorous whittling of his hickory walking-

stick "At least you will not close the transaction without consulting me, urged the banker. "They will dis cover your lack of experience, and outwit you; besides, I can point out good investments, in which you may double vour money

'Dunno but it 's 'nough fer me mo' 'n I keer fer. I kin put it in lan', er suthin'; leastways I won't hev no speculatin', es I told you 'bout the money you 've got now. The one hunnoney you 've got now. dred en fifty thousand dollars, ain's

A shadow drifted across Mr. Gadsbury's features as he said, "That was the sum."

"En seventy-five cents," added his

brother, slowly.
"Yes; and seventy-five cents,"
echoed Mr. Gadsbury. "You are very precise. "The seventy-five cents air paht of

the money," was the logical response.
"I loant you that 'ca'se I paid my boy fer them pa't'idges you bought las' fall, when that feller es wuks the ore brung em heah ter sell fer him."

"I remember the partridges. The man stated that you would call for the money yourself.

True nough. We kin settle up when them men is done their talk." He was interrupted by the arrival of of his chair. the expected purchasers of his pro-

as men whose wealth and business schemes were on a plane with his own but while the banker's wealth and for tunate deals must already be spoken of in the past tense, theirs might be so described any day. Dismay at the have determined not to lose what we bare idea, the sheer madness, of a verhave already invested, but to offer you

dant mountaineer venturing to bar gain with these shrewd capitalists outran surprise, although plainly that inran surprise, although plainly that in-dividual did not share this apprehen-sion. Removing his hat, Frederick Gadsbury produced a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, slipping the string holding them together over his head, replaced his hat, tilted his chair, and went on whittling. Of the prelimin-ary skirmish-line of remarks Mr. Gadsbury's brother seemed totally uncon-scious, until the banker, who had borne a large part in the general affability, turned to him and said impres

sively:
"Frederick, these gentlemen have met here by appointment on your business. Their time is of great value They wish you to give close attention

to what they are saying."

"Jes so; but they ain't said nothin yit wuth 'tendin' ter," candidly re oined the whittler, glancing over his spectacles at the opulent New Yorkers.

They desire to know the lowes possible sum you will take for your property," went on Mr. Gadsbury, ignoring the reflection upon their conversation.
"Yes, sir; the lowest, the very low

est," briskly added Mr. Asbury, the manufacturer. "We do not consider the investment a safe one, but we are willing to risk moderately. We may ose money in the end.

"Think so? You'll hev ter be pow ful triflin' ef you do," returned the mountaineer. "It fotches me a sight mountaineer. "It fotches me a sight o' foddah fer the cattle. I ain't no call ter sell, savin' fer the persistin' of them Yankees, es is nosin' roun' ir ev'rythin'. "Ah, yes; I presume they do develop

the natural resources of a region, replied Mr. Jonas, the rich railway king, who managed his roads so skill fully that in the end they were bought in by himself and a syndicate of congenial capitalists. "Now what price do you ask fo your fodder fields?"

Mr. Gadsbury's brother settled the steel-rimmed spectacles further down towards the tip of his nose. "Sence you arsk me, I can't do no

less 'n tell you. I won't teck nary cent un'er fo' hundred thousin' dollahs," he slowly replied.

"It's preposterous! Perfectly in one!" ejaculated Mr. Jonas, ex sane! "Say fifty thousand, and we may talk to you!" cried Judge Hexham, in

the tone he was wont to use when ex tinguishing a damaging witness. 'Or even one hundred thousand, supplemented quiet Mr. Gadkins, as tutely observant of the utterly moved aspect of the tanned and

vrinkled visage opposite them. "Its value must be fairly estimated. observed Mr. Gadsbury in an inex plicable tone, which might be inter preted in a partizan light, by either

ouyer or seller.
"Very true," chimed in Mr. Jonas 'such a sum of money ought to buy out your State."
"Or twenty ore beds," added Mr.

Asbury "We don't entertain any such pro position. Now, my friend, we offer you one hundred thousand dollars for right, title, and possession of your terror in his heart, it would avail him land, and its minerals, or what-ever it has on it, or under it," summed up Judge Hexham, making very great effort to reduce his English to the comprehension of a back woodsman.
Mr. Gadsbury's brother re-adjusted

his spectacles, and scanned the staring white face of an overgrown silver watch interrogatively. "It's jest watch interrogatively. twenty minutes ter twel'," he said, placing the formidable timepiece on the desk beside him. ""
bout grub-time, ain't it!" "That 's nigh

"Right you are, sir; and as soon as our business is settled, you must take a glass of moonshine with me," seductively observed the manufacturer in the firm belief that this was the natural

beverage of a mountaineer.
"Dunno es 't would hurt me, onliest I don't drink liquor; but I was a-goin ter say es twel' 's my eatin'-time, en I 'm a-goin' ter say mo', es I'd give you twel' by sun ter mek up yo' mine, whuth you kin gimme fo' hundred thousing fer my cattle grazin' er no—'
'' Preposterous! Positively preposterous!'' wildly interrupted Mr. As

bury, nettled by the imperturbable mien of the man. "It's more money than you know what to do with. Come down to business, now-what do you want for the

property?' I said fo' hundred thousing, did n't 1?" inquired Frederick Gadsbury, in perplexed effort to remember. "That's your asking price; now

give us your selling price "These gentlemen wish to give you a fair price, Frederick," interposed the

banker in a conciliatory meant to encourage all parties. "Mebbe so. I've heern es Yankees

is pow'ful tight-fisted en stingy," was the phlegmatic reply.

Mr. Gadsbury ventured no further remarks. His efforts, slight as they were, proved less than fortunate. four capitalists retired to a window, and conferred in low voices for severa minutes. The banker resumed his writing, the whittler continued his whitling; the big silver watch ticked remorselessy on its way to midday Having arrived at some agreemen with one another, the gentlemen again approached the desk, against which the mountaineer now rested the back of his chair.

"My dear sir," persuasively began taineer slowly answered, "fer I tu'ned it ovan in my min'."

"I was sure of it. Pray remember, gentlemen, that I expressed myself as to his intentions before he came in. In Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

perty. Mr. Gadsbury recognized them Judge Hexham, "we have reconsidered this matter.'
"Jesso, stranger.

"Our outlay," he continued, " has been enormous, in machinery, hands, and opening up the ore : in short, we have already invested, but to offer you two hundred and fifty thousand dol-

Mr. Gadsbury's brother shut his knife, and restored it to his pocket with great deliberation. "That's a pow'ful pile o' money,"

he assented. "Immense." answered several

voices at once. "Dunno but it 's ies this way. tol' you the lan' were wuth fo' hundred thousing dollahs, en I won't tek no leso fer it, en I'm a-goin' ter say mo'ovah es it 's eatin'-time, en I'm a-goin' ter git my vituals.

But, my dear sir !" "One moment.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!" The loud remonstrant voices failed to detain the mountaineer. "I said I'd talk till twel'," he paused

to reiterate in his monotonous tone 'It's twel' now; I hev n't no mo' talk n me. A very real consternation overspread

the faces of the shrewd bargainers for mountain values.

"He wants to sleep on our offer," suggested Mr. Asbury, in angry jest. "He can't take in the idea of so much

"There is nothing more difficult than business with these illiterate Southern mountaineers," Judge Hexham commented, in ill-concealed irrita-"One must haggle and chaffer tion. like an old woman over a dozen eggs, or a scrap of tape. Such dense ignorance is found nowhere else. The poor wretch don't know when he has a good

thing.
"You must give him time; he is quite unaccustomed to business," apologetically observed Mr. Gadsbury.
"Yes, we must give him a chance to

recover his breath," jocularly retorted Mr Jonas, without relaxing the frown drawing his heavy brows together. They easily agreed to appoint the same hour on the following day, provided the banker could prevail upon his brother to meet them. Mr. Gadsbury engaged to do so, as far as in him lay; he would at least impress upon him the heinous sin of wasting so much valuable time, by making four such men hold a use less rendezvous in his office. It was plain to Mr. Gadsbury that as posses sion of the property appeared elusive i

became the more eagerly desired. The mountaineer assented indifferently to the proposed interview, but if the banker meditated suggestion of counsel, no opportunity offered. subject filling and absorbing every thought of one brother seemed forgotten by the other. For obvious reasons Mr. Gadsbury experienced intense re lief that the sale of the lands reached no conclusion. He well knew that the reckoning with himself must follow The final blow at his own tottering fortunes must then fall, and a convic ion gained upon him, as he sat on one side of the ugly fireplace that night, and watched the red light of the flame glimmer and gleam on the wrinkled ountenance of his brother, that this nan, so tenacious, so stoical, so selfcontained, would never condone the vrong against him. Under whatever rhetorical guise, he might present it, as a blunder, misfortune, speculation, Mr. Gadsbury feared, with a mighty nothing. It was robbery, neither more nor less than robbery. The delay was merely a brief respite to himself. He apologized eloquently, the next morning, when the would-be purchasers entered his office, only to find the owner of the coveted property not yet

arrived. "I am positive he will be here," the banker assured them.

"Have you any idea of his state of mind this morning?" inquired Mr Asbury. Mr. Gadsbury confessed himself be

fogged, and utterly incapable of even conjecture upon that occult subject. 'He will come to terms ; he is get ting used to the expectation of wealth, predicted Judge Hexham, holding to a

awyer's faith in the subtle seductions At that moment the door opened hurriedly, and Frederick Gadsbury hastened in.

"I ain't skurcely got my wind yit, he said, balancing his spectacles upon the acute angle of his nose. "Ab'um Moonlight from our way is waitin' out 'n the road fer me ; then we're a-goin'

ter git sommut to eat."
"I'll be glad to have you take some oysters with me, when our little affairs are straight," airly insisted Mr. As-"You really must do it.

The mountaineer declined. don't eat no sech thing es o'sters," he said; "but time's gittin' long, en Ab'um 's out vandeh "We made you an offer yesterday," began Judge Hexham, "a liberal offer

-too liberal, but we mean to stand by it to day; we still say two hundred and fifty thousand." The four gentlemen smiled simul-

taneously, in admiration of their own magnanimity. "It don't come up ter my figgah, the mountaineer rejoined.

"The offer is simply fabulous; did n't you think it over last night?'t Dunno but I thought a pow'ful lot o' that two hundred en fifty thousing,

was the frank admission. "Of course you did ; kept you awake all night, "cried Mr. Jonas, in triumph.
"It mought 'a' done it," the mountaineer slowly answered, "fer I tu'ned

my profession we read human nature " Judge Hexham nodded to his companions as he spoke, and smiled me

ingly.
"I was a-goin' ter say," the moun

taineer went on, "es I 'd offah it fer fo' hundred en fifty thousing dollahs." "You said four hundred thousand."

"You 've added fifty thousand." "It 's extortion! You 're insane!" said the three men together. "Think so?" queried the banker's

brother, patiently. "Then it 's no good a talkin'. Ef you gimme fo' hun-"Then it 's no dred en fifty thousing you 'll git it : ef you don't gimme fo' hundred en fifty housing you won't git it.

"We won't give it! We declined to be fleeced! You can't get it from anybody else!" sharply replied Mr. Asbury.

"Think not? Dunno es I kin. It 's my price to-day. Ab'um 's a-wait

in', en my say-so's out."
"One moment, Frederick," Mr.
Gadsbury said, as his brother rose, shook out his long coat-tails, and crossed the floor in two or three strides. "Stop a bit," cried Mr. Jonas. "Meet us here to-morrow, my friend. We mean to do right by you-we do

indeed," urged the judge, speaking in gush of generous feeling born of the imminent jeopardy of his scheme. The mountaineer pondered, while he slowly pulled at his long forelock.

"Mo'nin' me 'n Ab'um 's ter see them ship—"
"Say 3 in the afternoon," suggested the judge; "but suit yourself "I 'll come to-morry aftahnoon," he

said, disdaining any reference to the hour. Five minutes later, when Judge Hexham and his friends walked down the street together, they saw Mr. Gadsbury's brother and "Ab'um" Moon-

light purchasing gingerbread at a

neighboring stall. "Is the man shrewd or simple asked the lawyer, meditatively.

No one answered the question Their belief was that no one could be shrewd whose wits were not sharpened upon those of their fellows. They were not mountain-bred. They knew nothing of the unsounded depths of men who lived with nature, always in the grand limitless open — men who thought all things human and humanmade trivial and unworthy of effort. Hugh Gadsbury leaped the interim

of thirty years, and comprehended something of the hidden force of a man who had no ends to serve, no ambitions, no longings, no envies to cause divergence from the simple purpose before him. According to Frederick Gadsbury's lights, poverty was the natural following of rash expenditure. He saw no humiliation or self-denial in not spending money when one had It was not an no money of his own. enlightened creed, perhaps, but civilization did not march apace in the gloomy recesses of the mountain. hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to 3 when Mr. Gadsbury and his brother reached the office of the former The banker doffed his shining beaver The mountaineer pushed his rusty felt to the back of his head. Notwithstandng the keen winter air, Hugh Gadsbury's complexion had lost even its natural glow. Pale, careworn, and miserable, the once prosperous and confident man of business cowered in dread before this ignorant clod whose homely wisdom he had despised. knew that the finale had come, that he stood upon the brick of his own financial grave, and that in less than an hour he must be entombed therein No convicted criminal waiting under the black beam ever cast a more shuddering glance into the yawning chasm at his feet than the banker mentally turned upon the reckon ing that in an hour would complete and publish his ruin. He had risked his brother's money, and lost it. might not this mountaineer do when he discovered the truth? He who held to the seventy-five cents must be enraged when he required the hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and found it absolutely gone. Gone — every penny swept away. The penurious countryman would go mad with rage at such wholesale plundering. What

what would he do? The clear, cruel figures of the appalling deficit inscribed themselves everywhere— upon the windows, the floor, the blank

walls, as of old the affrighted eyes of Belshazzar read the casting up of life's account. A miserable despair closed over Mr. Gadsbury as he unlocked his desk. One of the compartments opened, and something tumbled in a pose heap before him. It was only the shabby, patched suit of homespun, but to the distorted fancy of the unnerved, ruined speculator, the garments sug-gested the prison garb of shame. A cold moisture gathered over Mr. Gadsbury's face. It grew livid in hue, old and broken in aspect. Those eternal minutes dragged on, while the moun-taineer fitted the antiquated spectacles to his nose, and studied out the limit of his time on the staring white face of the silver watch. Punctually at three the four gentlemen appeared, all affable, smiling, and a trifle jocular. "Trust that we have not kept you waiting, Mr. Gadsbury," courteously

chill already upon him, the banker noted that the capitalist saluted him carelessly. TO BE CONTINUED.

With a cold susdicion enhancing the

remarked Mr. Jonas.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and ee what an amount of pain is saved.

See what an amount of part PALENESS, ANA-WEAKNESS, DEBILITY, PALENESS, ANA-EMIA, etc., are cured by Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.

SAVING THE EXI

MAY 20, 1898.

"Well, Kent, I guess of you for a couple of weeks, like to take a vacation," eral Manager of the C., D

Kent Ballard was nig operator for the C., D. an the big terminal station He was eighteen years bright, capable and faithf as the company had in system. As the Gene came and leaned over shelf of the telegraph o pleasant announcement, up gladly and gratefully

"I would like a little he said, "if it is perfect! It's been pretty steady vyear; and I must confes bit tired. When can y sir?"
"Day after to morrow

We will have a man at then, and can put him for a couple of weeks. I idea what you would where you would like to tion plan in which I cou ance to you?' Kent hesitated a mome had a plan in my mind i sir," he said, at length;

dare to mention it, e would be asking a grea road. "Out with it, my boy General Manager. volve us too deeply in fi rassment "— and he h humoredly—"I can pro

be granted. I want to make a road in a locomotive," s should like to go clear coast, if there is time. ture to ask you for p out and back with the of the overland express "Why, of course you exclaimed the Gen-"Say no more about it.

preparations, and come morrow for your pass a mit, in case anybody your right of way. Mr. Faley, the engine week overland, and he for you on Thursday's Thank you, sir-d Kent. "It will cried Kent. ure to me, and I shall

your kindness. Kent Ballard told b morning that his pet was to be realized. longed to cross the Roc Pacific," he said ; "a can spare me for a co mother, I am off. F will take good care of had their vacations

On Wednesday Ken general manager's or pass and permit. served section twelve you," said the manag want a good, comforta you know. Here is y as for your meals, g buffet cars, regularly understands.

"Oh, sir! you are

Kent.
"No, I am not!" 1 "A man can' impossible. You mu that you have served difficult and respons three years. You de and then, according ing at things. and a pleasant trip!
The mid-week pulled out at 10 c'cl

morning with Kent l

first run will be miles," said Mr. Fal

"and you will have see how No. 312 beh It was a trip full of to the young telegra ery, and the mechan proved a most fase they whirled along Then the ever chan; bustling cities and routes; the big rive steamed on spider-we wide level prairies. raced at whirlwind sighting a herd of o up a flock of prairie of interest and plea Then wha through him, when in sight of the tow

So far the ove whirled on in its without the slightes had not even bee The train was sha everything went would be complete They had now rea gravel over the slowly crawling pass, between the peaks, through w gain the Pacific s was indescribably eyes never wearie Oh, if mother c grand mountains !

their terraced foot

doorstep to the thre

if I ever get prom she shall!" Nine hours pass great engine, wit side track at the s'divide." A tra with stone, and d tives, was slowly