CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"I will suppose that John Oakburn really saved the money his daughter supposed he did, and that it was in his small, private safe. Kredge, knowing about this money, might have opened the safe, taken the money, relocked the "strong box," and returned the key to Oakburn's pocket. Or, it is possible that he may have privately provided himself with a duplicate. Though the safe was not found open it does not follow that it was not robbed. I was very near committing an oversight in neglecting this point in the case," thought Paxton.

Paxton shadowed Kredge back to the city.

The detective next instituted an investigation which elicited the information that Donald Wayburn, the author of the threatening letter found among John Oakburn's correspondence, was a young man who had been obliged to flee from New York on account of having been the promoter of a gigantic swindle, which had resulted in the financial ruin of a large number of people.

Some of his information the detective received from Jason Garrison, who remarked in the course of the conversation:

"Yes, Wayburn was a scoundrel. My old cashier, John Oakburn, could have told you more about him than I can, for he had several thousand dollars in the swindle of which that man was the head. Poor old John! He was never tired of denouncing Wayburn as a villain."

"Ha!" thought Paxton. "This information favors my theory that Wayburn may have been the assassin, with Kredge for a confederate. But stay! The name Pratt & Weeks gave the man who carried the skeleton keys was Garnar, and yet that does not prove that he is not really Wayburn. Garnar may be an alias."

Paxton continued his investigation relating to Wayburn, hoping to thereby arrive at a revelation of the truth regarding the secret of the supposed assassin's identity.

He did not succeed in establishing the fact which he had hoped to prove, that Wayburn had returned to New York and was in the city at the time of the murder.

The failure left his theory wanting in a most important link of presumptive evidence.

But Paxton thought:

"If Donald Wayburn returned to the city he would have the best possible reason for concealing the fact, since discovery would no doubt result in his arrest by the parties whom he swindled years ago. Even if he did return it is not surprising that I have been unable to establish the fact."

A day or two later one of Paxton's agents shadowed Judith Kredge to a savings bank, where she was seen to deposit money, and inquiry solicited the fact that the woman had opened an account there.

At Paxton's request an examination of the books was made, which resulted in the discovery that all the money to Judith Kredge's credit had been deposited since John Oakburn's murder.

This the detective regarded as significant.

The bank had received no marked money, however.

Prompted by a suspicion which he had all along entertained, Paxton visited the window at which Stanmore and himself had spied when the detective was shadowing Kredge.

Crouching at the kitchen window of Oakburn's apartment as before, he again saw Marion and Judith.

The curtains were drawn, but at the side of the window there was a narrow space which the curtain did not cover, through which he could command a view of the room.

Paxton witnessed a scene which served to further mystify and perplex him, and it also occasioned him the greatest surprise.

He saw Marion Oakburn count out a large sum of money and give it to Judith Kredge.

The detective was confident that the amount thus given to the woman by Marion could not have been less than five hundred dollars.

The recollection of the conversation which he had overheard between Judith Kredge and her brother Levi returned to Paxton's mind, freighted with startling significance.

"It is then from Marion Oakburn that Judith Kredge has received her money. But my ear of Levi Kredge's time on the night of the murder had been accounted for except one hour—from one quarter or fifteen minutes after twelve to the same time after one o'clock.

We know that John Oakburn met his death between the hours of twelve and one o'clock.

Here was another item of presumptive evidence against Kredge.

Since the cunning agent of the detective had been able to trace Kredge for every moment of the night of the murder with unerring certitude, except for the one fatal hour of the murder, the detective inferred that Kredge must have surrounded his movements for that one hour with every precaution of secrecy.

Paxton could arrest Kredge at any time, but as yet he regarded such a course as premature.

CHAPTER XV.

The agent to whom Paxton had intrusted the task of ascertaining where Levi Kredge was on the night of the murder, and at the hour when the crime was committed, had neglected one proceeding which his principal had advised. He had failed to search the janitor's room.

Paxton resolved to visit this apartment in person.

The next evening the detective repaired to his boarding place.

The landlady admitted him, and he said:

"I called to see Mr. Kredge."

"He is not at home, sir," replied the landlady.

"In that case I will wait, if you please; I have an engagement with Levi. He asked me to run up to his room and make myself at home in case I arrived before he returned."

"Very well. The second door on the right at the head of the stairs."

Paxton ascended to Levi Kredge's room, entered and closed and secured the door.

The janitor's room was a small sleeping apartment, with a closet opening from it.

Besides the usual furniture, the room contained Kedge's trunk. It was locked, but Paxton opened it by means of a skeleton key, and searched it. He discovered nothing to reward his quest.

Then he ransacked all the drawers, and still he made no discovery.

Completing the search of the sleeping-room, he entered the closet.

Presently Paxton emerged from the closet with a small canvas bag, such as gold coin is packed in at the mint, in his hand.

"I thought some discovery might be made here," said the detective to himself, in a tone of satisfaction, as he placed the small canvas bag in his pocket.

Then he ran down stairs.

The landlady met him in the hall.

"Are you going, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, I'll run round and see Levi at the office."

Paxton was well satisfied.

He had made something of a discovery, he fancied, but regarding it he maintained the most profound secrecy.

At the time when Paxton undertook the solution of the mystery of John Oakburn's murder, he was engaged in another investigation which related to certain duties which do not pertain to the office.

Some business pertaining to the matter induced Paxton to make a visit to a certain obscure East Side street, where the dangerous undercurrent of the great city's human tide was ever to be dreaded, one night soon after the occurrence last recorded.

The detective was elaborately disguised, for he was too well known to the criminal classes, and he had too many enemies among them to think of venturing among them in his own proper personality.

As he traversed the dimly lighted way, Paxton noticed a female form flitting along before him, and he fancied there was something familiar about the woman's appearance.

In a moment or so he was at the woman's side, and as she passed beneath a street lamp at a corner the night wind lifted a veil which she wore, and he caught a glimpse of her face and recognized it.

The woman was Marion Oakburn.

Of course Paxton was surprised at finding Marion alone at night in such a dangerous locality.

But his curiosity and his detective instinct prompted him to follow her.

A few blocks further down the street, the detective saw Marion pause before the door of a gloomy building.

The cashier's daughter glanced about as though she expected to meet some one, but she did not discover the detective, who had promptly stepped back into the alley.

A moment elapsed, and, peering from his hiding place, the detective's espionage was rewarded by the appearance of a man who came walking stealthily along the street as though fearful of discovery, and joined Marion at the door.

The girl gave the man both her hands and seemed to greet him warmly.

The detective was so near that, as the man presently raised his voice a trifle, he heard him say:

"Come, let us enter the parlor. I have much to say to you."

Then they opened the door and disappeared within the house.

Paxton remained where he was.

He did not follow Marion and her companion into the house, for, as it was not an ordinary public resort, he deemed it advisable to proceed with caution.

A moment or so elapsed, and then the detective saw a faint light reflected through the opening between the blinds of a couple of windows in the side of the building fronting the alley.

He glided to the nearest window, thinking it might be the window to the little back parlor mentioned by the man who had met Marion Oakburn.

Paxton hoped to see and hear more of the parties who had just entered the house, but as he reached the window heavy inside curtains were drawn, and he was unable to see anything, neither could he hear a word.

There was no help for it, and so the detective waited patiently in the alley for Marion and her companion to reappear on the street.

At the expiration of half an hour, perhaps, the door through which the subject of Paxton's surveillance had entered opened, and they came out.

A brightly burning gas-jet in the hall, which must have been lighted since they entered the place, reflected a brilliant light upon the couple as they stood for a moment in the open door addressing some remarks to a person within.

For a few minutes Paxton scrutinized the face of Marion's companion under the glare of the gas light.

He saw that the man was in disguise.

The next instant Paxton believed that he had made a great discovery.

He saw a scar on the man's eyebrow, and from this as well as his general appearance, which corresponded with the general description given by Stuart Harland, the detective believed that Marion's companion was the suspected assassin of her father—the man called "Garnar" by Pratt & Weeks, who carried the skeleton keys and was impressions in his overcoat pocket.

Marion and her companion walked away, but at a neighboring corner they parted.

But Paxton did not mean that the man who had thus far evaded discovery and whom the most skillful of his agents had failed to "locate" should escape now.

He bounded forward and seized his man.

But, like a flash, the other wheeled and dealt the detective a blow that staggered him.

Then the stranger darted away and vanished in a passage between two buildings.

Paxton pursued, but he did not overtake or even sight him.

Enraged with himself at his want of caution in attempting the arrest, and fully satisfied that he had a desperate man to deal with, Paxton retraced his steps.

All thought of the business which had brought him to that locality was, for the time, banished from his mind, and he hastened in the direction of Jason Garrison's office, hoping to intercept Marion Oakburn.

Meanwhile, after parting with her mysterious companion, Marion hurried homeward.

She had reached the door and was about to enter her home when Paxton overtook her. The detective had resolved upon a bold and determined course, and, gliding forward, he placed his hand on Marion's arm.

The girl turned with a frightened exclamation, and by reason of his disguise, she did not recognize Paxton.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Marion, as she indignantly confronted the detective.

"I am your friend, Miss Oakburn, and I am seeking to discover your father's assassin. Tell me who the man was whom you met to-night, and who escaped me?"

Marion leaned against the door and her form trembled with agitation, but she did not speak.

"Will you not answer me?" persisted Paxton.

Still Marion was silent.

Paxton became impatient.

"I will tell you who the man you met is. He is Donald Wayburn!" he cried, suddenly. "I am Gerald Paxton," he added.

He sought to surprise Marion into some confirmation of his statement, if it was the truth.

"I believe that man is your father's murderer. Miss Oakburn, I warn you that the time has come when you should explain the cause of your mysterious conduct since your father's death. You are venturing into peril, it may be. Will you not save yourself! Will you not trust me?" the detective continued, as Marion made no sign in confirmation of his statement that her recent companion's name was Donald Wayburn.

"What is there in my conduct that you regard as mysterious?" said Marion at last.

"This night meeting. Your having given your inheritance to Judith Kredge. Your positive declaration that Harland is an innocent man," replied Paxton.

"You wrong me cruelly. I can explain nothing; but, by my dead father's memory, I swear that Donald Wayburn has no knowledge of my father's murder. He is innocent!"

With these words she unlocked the door and entered the house.

"Now, indeed, is my cup of misery filled to the brim. Too late I discover that I have made a fatal mistake, but I cannot determine to abandon my purpose yet," thought Marion, as she crept to her room.

Paxton made no attempt to detain Marion, and as the evening was not far advanced and he had concluded to abandon the business which had taken him out that night, for the present, he proceeded to visit certain shops devoted to the sale of curiosities in the way of ancient coins, weapons, and the like. In every shop he exhibited the bullet which had caused John Oakburn's death, and asked if they ever had a pistol which the ball would fit.

In every instance the detective received a negative answer, until at last he entered a little shop whose proprietor informed the detective that he had sold an ancient air pistol provided with such bullets as the one Paxton exhibited.

"Can you tell me the purchaser's name?" asked Paxton, thinking a positive clue to the solution of the mystery was found at last.

"I keep a memorandum of purchasers' names and addresses when, instead of taking the goods with them at the time of the sale, they order them to be sent home. I believe I wrote the name of the man who bought the air pistol in my book. Yes, here it is," answered the shopkeeper.

"Read it?" cried Paxton breathlessly. There was a surprise in store for him he little dreamed of.

CHAPTER XVI.

The proprietor of the curiosity shop did not share the detective's excitement, and he very deliberately read the following memorandum from his order-book:

May 8th, 18—.
John Oakburn, No— Wall Street, City.
One ancient air pistol, No. 88.
To be delivered to-day.

The name of the murdered man was the very last one the detective anticipated hearing announced as that of the purchaser of the air pistol, and he was completely surprised.

Paxton had entertained the hope that the fatal bullet which had occasioned the death of John Oakburn would serve as an important clue in tracing the unfortunate man's assassin.

From the first it had been the detective's purpose to trace the weapon of death to the assassin, by means of the bullet.

Now the purpose of the man-trailer was no longer possible to be executed, and the hope which the possession of the death-missile had given him was destroyed.

"So John Oakburn was murdered with his own weapon. The assassin probably found the weapon in the office and used it to kill Oakburn, very possibly, with the intention of perplexing the investigator, should the weapon be traced," thought the detective.

But he recalled to mind the fact that no one had mentioned having ever seen such a weapon as the air-pistol in the possession of John Oakburn, and as a new idea entered his mind he cried:

"I have it! The strange weapon with which Oakburn was murdered formed one of his collection of curious, ancient weapons.

"The assassin had opened the old cashier's little safe, robbed it, and secured the air-pistol when he heard Oakburn coming. The wretch had discovered that the pistol was loaded and ready for use. He used it to kill his victim because it made no sound."

Paxton was satisfied with this theory.

On this very evening, while Paxton was visiting the curiosity shop, Levi Kredge was on his way to visit his sister.

The treacherous scoundrel had taken the alarm, and he was thoroughly on his guard.

From the evening when Paxton had shadowed him to the office of Pratt & Weeks, Levi Kredge had experienced the keenest anxiety for his personal safety.

"They are on my trail! Do they suspect the truth?" he asked himself over and over again.

For the present he did not visit Pratt & Weeks, for the wily brokers had instructed him not to do so.

Levi Kredge met his sister in the rear of Garrison's office by appointment, and the moment Judith saw his face she knew that he was troubled.

"What is it Levi; you look frightened?" said Judith.

"I am frightened, Judith; the detectives are shadowing me day and night."

"Is that a fact!" cried Judith, starting.

"Yes. They surely have some suspicion against me."

"What do you fear?"

"You know well enough, I fear I shall be charged with John Oakburn's murder."

"That should not alarm you. You didn't kill the old man."

"No, that's a fact. But there are circumstances against me, Judith, of which you do not know."

"Ah, you have secrets from your affectionate sister, eh?"

"I tell you I fear I shall yet be placed in peril of my life, on account of John Oakburn's murder."

"If it comes to that, I'll save you. I'll point out the real assassin, and prove that person's guilt."

After this, they conversed at some length, but they discussed personal affairs, of no interest to our readers.

Paxton's faithful auxiliary, whose duty it was to track Kredge, overheard this conversation, for he had not neglected to track the janitor on this occasion.

The detective agent repeated what he had overheard of the conversation just recorded to his principal.

This intelligence seemed, at the first view, to overthrow the detective's theories of the guilt of Kredge. But Paxton was not yet ready to admit that Kredge was not the assassin or his accomplice, and he thought:

"Kredge may have been concerned in the crime, and Judith be ignorant of the fact."

One point, however, seemed established. Judith Kredge was sincere in believing she could produce enough to procure the conviction of some one, who was not Stuart Harland.

The perplexing complications and mysteries with which the case abounded would have confused a non-professional, but Paxton saw his way clear. His next step was indicated by the intelligence he had just received.

Judith Kredge must be compelled to reveal the knowledge of the crime which she was concealing.

To accomplish this, Paxton resolved to arrest Levi Kredge and charge him with John Oakburn's murder.

He meant to thoroughly frighten Kredge, and lead them to believe that the danger of conviction, as Oakburn's assassin, was imminent, and he counted on Judith keeping her promise and revealing what she claimed to know, thinking only by such a course could Levi be saved.

But meanwhile, during the time occupied by Paxton in making the investigations recorded, the Grand Jury had held a session. Stuart Harland's case had been considered, and a true bill was returned against him.

Stuart Harland had endured his imprisonment bravely.

Edna Garrison was an almost constant visitor to his cell, and the imperilled young man was cheered and sustained by her unfailing devotion.

Harland's attorney was a shrewd and successful criminal lawyer, and when Stuart had positively answered him that the real truth regarding the motive for his visit to Albany on the night of the crime could not be told under any circumstances, he said:

"I will not question your motive, but we must invent some plausible defense or you are lost."

"What, resort to falsehood?" demanded Stuart.

"A story must be told to account for your midnight journey. Listen to me. I have made a study of the case, and here is what you must say when you are brought to trial.

"Your aunt, whose prospective heir you are said to be, resides in Albany. Very good. You made your midnight journey to visit her.

"Some one had informed you that the first train in the morning would take Weeks to Albany to see your aunt, to whom he meant to reveal that you had become involved in stock gambling, to the extent of ten thousand dollars.

"You had obtained a sight of your note for one thousand dollars, which you had given the scoundrel, and when you saw it had been raised to ten, you knew Pratt and Weeks meant to swindle your aunt.

"You secretly took the midnight train in order to see your aunt and explain matters before Weeks came.

"You did not tell the truth at the Coroner's inquest, because to do so would have been to lead to the betrayal of the person who had warned you of Weeks' intention of visiting Albany, on the morning following the night of the murder. That person was a young clerk, John Sand by name, employed by Pratt & Weeks, and the sole support of a widowed mother and invalid sister.

"You knew that if it came out that he had warned you, he would be discharged by Pratt & Weeks. In that event, you thought the helpless ones dependent upon his salary for support might suffer. This consideration prevented your risking the betrayal of your friend by telling the truth. Besides you will add that you did not at the time of your examination fully realize how great your peril was."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. WILDER has made an interesting note relative to prairie dogs. They seem to lack any sense of height or distance, owing, it is thought, to the nature of their ordinary surroundings—a flat, level plain, destitute of pitfalls of any kind. Several dogs, experimented with, walked over the edges of tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture, and seemed to be greatly surprised when their adventure ended in a fall to the ground. One dog fell from a window-sill twenty feet above a granite pavement.

DRY ropes immersed for four days in a bath containing twenty grains of sulphite of copper to a quart of water are for some time preserved from the attacks of animal parasites and rot.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

The Anti-Truck Law Void—A Farmer Blows His Head Off—Clayton's Poisoned People Recover—Children Poisoned by Arsenic in Candy.

From Far and Near.

FRANK J. WORMAN died at Effingham, aged 30.

THREE children of Ernst Wambold, a Chicago photographer, were poisoned by eating candy colored by arsenical preparations. It is doubtful if any of them recover.

JOHN OCHRE, a farmer living eight miles north of Carlyle, committed suicide by placing the muzzle of a shotgun in his mouth and pulling the trigger with a string. He killed himself on account of ill health.

HARRY SAGE was commissioned as manager and captain of the base-ball club that Rock Island and Moline will put into the Illinois-Iowa League, and will commence signing players at once. The club starts out in good financial trim.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARDSON and Dr. and Mrs. Miller, of Clayton, Ill., who were dangerously ill for some days from drinking poisoned milk, are recovering. A sample of the milk has been sent to Professor Shammel, at Ann Arbor, Mich., for chemical analysis.

A DANGEROUS counterfeit half-dollar which the secret-service agents believed had been taken out of circulation years ago has reappeared and the sub-treasury, at Chicago, has received many of the bogus coins lately. They are made of brass, well coated with silver, and dated 1876. Even the most an expert can tell them from the genuine. The gang which manufactured these coins had its rendezvous in Northern Indiana and was under the leadership of a notorious character named "Bill" Allen. He and his crowd were captured and it was believed all of their bogus coin was gathered in. The reappearance of some of the coins has caused considerable speculation as to where it came from. It is believed that some of the coin was buried and recently unearthed.

OIL is to be used as fuel, instead of coal, in all the big furnaces at the World's Fair grounds. A contract was practically made with the Standard Oil Company for furnishing the entire supply. The Standard Oil Company sent in a bid that made the coal dealers who were after the contract shake in their boots. The lowest bid for coal was $2.44 per ton. From that figure the bids ranged all the way to $3.95 per ton. The Standard Oil Company's bid was 70 cents for a barrel of forty-two gallons of oil, and 72½ cents a barrel during 1893. Agents of the company said that three barrels of oil would produce as much heat as a ton of coal. That meant a saving of about 14 per cent. on the lowest bid for coal, and a committee decided in favor of oil, on one condition. The Exposition Company will pay 70 cents a barrel until 1893, and then have the privilege of getting the oil at the lowest market price, not to exceed 72½ cents a barrel. The proposition will probably be accepted by the Standard Oil Company.

SOME years ago the Legislature passed what is known as an anti-truck law. It was vetoed by Senator Cullom, who was Governor then, on the ground of its unconstitutionality. A similar measure was passed by the last Legislature, and the Supreme Court has just declared it null and void, thus sustaining Judge Allen's decision. The ground taken by the court is that the law attempts to interfere with the right of citizens to make contracts. It is for this reason that similar legislation has been upset in other States. The court is unable to see why the miner should be allowed to make a contract with his employer to pay him in money and not be allowed to make a contract to take his pay in goods or anything else that the two parties can agree on. It cannot see why the power of contracting as to food, clothing, tools, etc., should be withdrawn from the miner and from no other laborer, or why it should be taken from the miner and the power to make all other kinds of contracts be left him. This decision leaves the settlement of the truck-store question to the miners and their employers, or to the latter and the unions. Probably they can make a more satisfactory arrangement than the Legislature could make for them.

TREASURY officials made a raid on the house of Mrs. Emma Helwig, a female physician, of Chicago, and captured 5,034 false teeth, which had been smuggled. They were worth $900, and the duty was $540.

THE Illinois winter wheat bulletin says the area seeded last fall, 1,895,146 acres, was 4 per cent. larger than that of 1891. Very little damage has been done by cold weather in northern and central counties; but in the southern part of the State the crop will not be more than 50 per cent. of that of 1891.

THE Governor issued a proclamation designating Friday, April 8, as Arbor Day, and requesting the people to observe it by planting trees, shrubs and vines. Teachers and pupils in public schools are especially enjoined to properly observe the day, and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction has issued the following:

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. }
CHICAGO, Ill., March 21. }

To the County Superintendents, teachers and pupils of the State, greeting:

In conformity with the Governor's proclamation I take this opportunity of calling attention to the observance of Arbor Day by appropriate exercises in connection with the planting of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants on the school premises, thus adding to the beauty and attraction of the schools. The teachers will perform a patriotic act by impainting in growing minds a love of the beautiful and by teaching the youth of the State lessons of humanity to plants as well as to animals. To protect whatever we have of forest and shade trees in our prairie State is no less a duty than a pleasure to add to their number annually. Very respectfully yours,
HENRY RAAB,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

JENNIE BOOKER, colored, committed suicide at Springfield, shooting herself through the heart, the result of a love affair.

CONSIDERABLE excitement and indignation exists at Clayton over the attempt to poison two families named Miller and Richardson. Dr. and Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson were dangerously ill for some days from the effects of poison which was placed in the milk used by them. A woman of the town furnished the milk, but furnished nine other families the same day. Dr. Miller has his suspicions of the scoundrel, but will say nothing.

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malaria-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide-spread visitation, it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medicinal agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in regions where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly, such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala, and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints, and la grippe.

Tennyson's Early Poems.

Tennyson was only 8 years old when he covered both sides of his brother's slate with a poem on "Flowers," done in unimpeachable meter. His brother had said to him: "See if you can write poetry," and when he read the verse on the slate he merely said: "You've done it." Between the ages of 11 and 12 the young poet wrote an epic of over 4,000 lines in Scott's octosyllabics mingled with heroics. These were the only finished poems of Tennyson's boyhood, but when about 14 or 15 years he commenced a drama in iambic meter which still survives. Thus he practiced himself in three different meters before he began seriously to write or publish. There is no man, however, who is so careful of his poetical reputation as Lord Tennyson, and it is not likely that he will permit this early drama ever to see the light of day. The number of his own poems which Tennyson has suppressed during his lifetime would fill a bulky volume.—Bookman.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Heidelberg Castle.

The Castle of Heidelberg is the largest in Germany. It stands 330 feet above the Neckar river, and was occupied as a castle as early as 1294 A. D. In a cellar in one corner of the ruins is the famous "tun," or monster cask, capable of holding 49,000 gallons. This was for the storage of wine used by the nobility who dwelt in the castle.

Reduced Rates.

On and after March 22 the regular rates via this line from Chicago to Louisville, New Albany, Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton will be $6; to Indianapolis, $3.65. These are no "excursion" rates to be effective a few days and then withdrawn; they will be offered to patrons every day in the week. Be sure your tickets read via the "Monon." For further particulars apply to L. E. Sessions, Traveling Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. J. Reed, City Passenger Agent, Chicago; or address James Barker, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Benefactress of Her Sex.

The Countess of Dufferin, it will be remembered, interested herself in securing more and better medical treatment for women in India while her husband was Viceroy of that country a few years ago. Now 400,000 of her sex get the benefit of attendance, and the staff which she was largely instrumental in establishing consists of nine women doctors and thirty-one assistants.

"I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

HE—Mattie, if I only dared to kiss you! She—Harry, whatever you are, don't be a coward!

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands—we do it by knowledge.

Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of consumption possessed of a devil?

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can be done.

Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

You can digest/keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Recommended as the Best. IX

LE MARS, Plymouth Co., Ia., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

REV. BENJ. BORNHORST.

RADOM, Ill., Sept., 1889.

The Rev. P. Sebastian writes: Koenig's Nerve Tonic has produced a wonderful effect in case of a girl 9 years of age, that has epileptic fits daily since her first year, sometimes 9 times in one day. Nothing seemed to help her, but after the first spoonful of the Tonic the attacks disappeared forever.

JOLIET, Ill., March 10, 1891.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used for the past twenty years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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