

ON ARGUMENT NEEDED.

Every Sufferer from Catarrh Knows that Salves, Lotions, Washes, Sprays and Douches do not Cure

Powders, lotions, salves, sprays and inhalers cannot really cure catarrh, because this disease is a blood disease, and local applications, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give transient relief.

The catarrhal poison is in the blood and the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and trachea tries to relieve the system by secreting large quantities of mucus, the discharge sometimes closing up the nostrils, dropping into the throat, causing deafness by closing the Eustachian tubes, and after a time causing catarrh of stomach or serious throat and lung troubles.

A remedy to really cure catarrh must be an internal remedy which will cleanse the blood from catarrhal poison and remove the fever and congestion from the mucous membrane.

The best and most modern remedies for this purpose are antiseptics scientifically known as Encalyptol, Guaiacol, Sanguinaria and Hydrastin, and while each of these have been successfully used separately, yet it has been difficult to get them all combined in one palatable, convenient and efficient form.

The manufacturers of the new catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have succeeded admirably in accomplishing this result. They are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, to be dissolved in the mouth, thus reaching every part of the mucous membrane of the throat and finally the stomach.

Unlike many catarrh remedies, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain no cocaine, opiate or any injurious drug whatever and are equally beneficial for little children and adults.

Mr. C. R., Rembrandt, of Rochester, N. Y., says: "I know of few people who have suffered as much as I from Catarrh of the head, throat and stomach. I used sprays, inhalers and powders for months at a time with only slight relief and had no hope of cure, I had not the means to make a change of climate, which seemed my only chance of cure.

Last spring I read an account of some remarkable cures made by Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and promptly bought a fifty cent box from my druggist and obtained such positive benefit from that one package that I continued to use them daily until I now consider myself entirely free from the disgusting annoyance of catarrh; my head is clear, my digestion all I could ask, and my hearing, which had begun to fail as a result of the catarrh, has greatly improved until I feel I can hear as well as ever. They are a household necessity in my family.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for complete treatment, and for convenience, safety and prompt results they are undoubtedly the long looked for catarrh cure.

The circumstances attending the tragedy which led to the trial of Richard Croker, Tammany's leader, on the charge of murder have been resurrected in New York by some rather intemperate utterances denouncing the Tammany chieftain as a murderer. I was in 1874 that the tragedy occurred. It was the outcome of a street row, in which Croker was a leader, and which resulted in the death of one of the participants from a pistol shot. The question as to who fired the pistol has never been definitely settled. In an ante-mortem statement the wounded man said he had been shot by Croker and on the strength of this evidence Croker was indicted for murder and spent two months in the Tombs awaiting trial. After deliberating several hours the jurors reported that they were unable to agree and were discharged. Six members of the jury were in favor of a verdict of murder in the first degree. The other six were willing to find him guilty of man slaughter, but did believe that he fired the shot deliberately with intent to kill. Thus he was neither convicted nor acquitted.

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stairs. Telephone connect-

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Ray's Recruit

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

Mr. Jarvis was an old hand. He had run trains over the Transcontinental ever since it first bored a way through the hunting grounds of the Sioux, and many a tramp had he hustled off the cars in midprairie. But this was no tramp. This was a self possessed, well dressed, fine looking tourist, and, but for the straight, sharp, American clip to his words, rather of the English type. He nettled the conductor, and the conductor had nettled him. Each was now bristling at every point and in no mood to appreciate the other's position.

"Well, do you propose to sit up all night?" was the next question, propounded in a tone common enough on the faraway western railway a decade or so ago.

"What earthly business is it of yours whether I do or not? I've bought a berth and the privilege of using it or not as I see fit."

The train was slowing. It was nearing Willow Springs. The conductor had other duties to attend to and knew he must quit the field.

"I'll see you later, my cocky friend," he muttered to himself as he turned angrily away, with distinct sense of defeat, then let himself out on the platform with a most unprofessional slam of the sleeper door.

It was a long hundred yards up to the engine, but Jarvis hastened through the day car and smoker until he came to the recruit car platform, by which time the train was at a stand and he could safely spring off and run alongside. Under the dim light of the station the tall figure of the cavalry sergeant loomed before his eyes, his chevrons, stripes and buttons gleaming. The station keeper came sleepily forth as the conductor stepped into the beam of light from the office window. "Come on up to the engine with me," he said, and wondering the drowsy servant followed. The platform was short, and the trio presently had to spring down and trudge along the prairie sod by the track side. Long was waiting for them, leaning out from his cab. At sight of the once familiar crossed sabers and buttons a gleam of pleasure shot across his grimy face.

"Hello!" he said. "I used to know pretty much every fellow that wore the stripes in that regiment."

"And pretty much every fellow in it knew you or of you. My name's Kearney," said the sergeant, reaching up a hand. But the conductor had no time for ceremonies.

"What's this about the feller in the ulster?" he demanded. "He's ticketed through to Butte from Chicago and is as sassy as they make 'em. What d'you know?"

"I don't know anything. But you remember that affair on the K. P. last July—the swell that shot the expressman near Wallace? Well, he was just such another good looking fellow as this, well dressed and all that, with lots of money. What makes me suspicious this chap is that he says he's out here to enlist; wanted to ride in the cab and talk about it to me. Whoever heard of a fellow wanting to enlist until he was dead broke or half starved? This young fellow's pockets are full of cigars."

"He doesn't want to enlist," chimed in Sergeant Kearney derisively. "He has a roll as thick as my hand. Treated all the crowd back there at the Junction."

"You hear that?" said Long. "It's just like as not he's aboard to find out who's in that sleeper and who's armed in the day car, and we'll meet his pals somewhere up in the foothills. Better let some of the soldiers into the express car and one or two here with me after

we pass No. 12. Where does she side track for us?"

"We'll get orders at Boulder Creek," answered the conductor. "I'll watch our cocky friend till then. No. 12 can't pull out of Thunder Gap till we get there. Now let her go for all she's worth, Jimmy."

Then back to the platform he hurried, eagerly explaining to the silent station master the cause of their delay earlier in the night. The sergeant sprang aboard, and Jarvis swung his lantern.

"You haven't heard of 12 at all?" he shouted.

"Not since she left Pawnee," was the answering cry. "They'll hold her at the Gap."

And now as the sergeant re-entered the stuffy coach the songster had ceased. The melodious sounds had given place to many a snore. He glanced again at his watch, and the hands were pointing to five minutes of 2.

CHAPTER III.

Rushing westward through the night, the great train was indeed "going for all she was worth." Twenty-five miles away lay the foothills. There began the tortuous up hill climb to the high plateau at Pawnee, 40 miles of twist, turn, tug and pull, that in the earlier days of the road were never attempted without two engines. Now the mammoths like 783 scorned even a pusher. But tonight she had to haul an extra sleeper and an extra coach, both crowded, the latter packed with recruits, the former with a joyous party of excursionists, bound for the Pacific coast. It was swift, smooth running along the flats of the broad valley, dotted here and there, as it was, with farms and ranches and traversed over the old buffalo ranges by great herds of horned cattle. This crisp, moonless, starlit night all the western world was dark and still but for the clank and ruck of the flashing monster with its long, dimly lighted train.

The lonely occupant of the smoking compartment, gazing silently upon the northward heavens, had forgotten to keep alive the tiny fire of his cigar, and it had died unnoticed between his long, white, slender fingers. A glance at the handsome watch he drew from his waistcoat pocket told him it was almost 2 o'clock as, after a brief stop at some unknown, almost unseen station, the train rolled on again. The porter had come in to ask some question about how he would have his pillow, front or back, and was told it made no difference. Would the gentleman like one here in the smoking room? No, he would turn in presently. Call him in plenty of time for Butte. Then the porter tiptoed off to the rear of the heavily curtained aisle and curled himself up in a vacant section, leaving the stranger to his thoughts.

And that these were sad there could be no doubt whatever. His face as it sank into repose looked white and drawn in the dim light of the overhanging lamp. Once or twice as he gazed out upon the waste of darkness his eyes seemed to fill, his lip to quiver with strange, strong emotion. Once he bent forward, covered his face with both hands and leaned his elbows on his knees, then suddenly started, pulled himself together, "braced up," as he perhaps would have expressed it, thrust the moist end of the cigar between his teeth, found it cold and unresponsive, tossed it away, arose, gave himself a shake, took the flask from his ulster pocket and passed through the doorway to the lavatory where were the ice water tanks and started despite himself.

A baggard face flattened against the glass of the forward doorway was peering in at him—a face that was instantly withdrawn.

This was before the days of vestibuled cars. Seizing the doorknob and laying his flask on one of the basins, the young fellow quickly let himself out upon the platform and glanced about him. There on the lowest step, clinging to the hand rail, cringed and cowered the figure of a man who turned his head and gazed piteously, pleadingly up at the tall stranger. A tramp beyond doubt, and a shivering wretch he was, for the night air was sharply cold. A powerful hand was laid upon the shoulder of the crouching figure and heaved it up, and the poor creature's teeth chattered as he made some inaudible plea.

"I can't hear you," said the man in tweeds. "Come in here. You're half frozen." And he would have led him into the sleeper, but found that the snap latch was set—that he had looked himself out. Still clinging to his prisoner, he led on into the rear door of the day coach ahead. The lights were burning bluish and dim. The passengers, curled or sprawled about their seats, were sleeping as best they could. A brakeman's lantern lay on the floor at the head of the aisle, and the brakeman sat in a forward seat half dozing, wholly

unconscious of the addition to the car-load.

"Stealing a ride, I suppose?" said our traveler presently. "Where're you trying to get to?" And with a shrug of his shoulders he glanced pityingly at his quaking captive.

"To Pawnee—half way over the range," was the shivering answer. "I've got a sick wife there and was beating my way as well as I could"—But the poor fellow gave it up. Cold and misery and hunger were too much for him. The train was slowing up again—another prairie station. They had them every ten or dozen miles. The brakeman shook himself, picked up his lantern and went out in front. The party in tweeds shoved his new acquaintance into the first vacant seat, swung himself to the ground the moment the train stopped, ran back and tapped under a rear window of the sleeper, and the sash was raised and the porter's head popped out.

"Let men in at the rear door, porter," said Tweeds. "I locked myself out."

The negro recognized the voice of his well dressed passenger, sniffed a double fee and jumped for the door.

"Eg pardon, suh. Sorry, suh, but we has to lock these doors at night out hyuh. Tamps come in most any time if we dont."

But the young man smiled carelessly, hastened through the car, got his flask, set the latch so that he could re-enter, and the next minute was administering a stiff drink to the rag heap on the rear seat. One more the man essayed to tell his story. He was peniless, he hadn't even anything left to sell, but out from an inner pocket he took an old worn card photograph and showed it to his new found friend. "My wife and baby," said he, with a choke, "but the baby's gone, thank God."

"Here, take another drink," said Tweeds. Then back to the smoker he went and reappeared with some sandwiches. The train again moved on. The brakeman returned, became aware of the newcomers and came down and curiously inspected them. The liquor, the warmth, the food and human sympathy were restoring courage to the abject object of a few minutes before. He looked up without a quaver at the brakeman's hail, but Tweeds spoke for him. "I found this poor fellow back here a few miles half frozen and hauled him in. He only wants to go on to Pawnee. It's all right. He can pay his fare when the conductor comes."

(To be Continued.)

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Dr. Chase's Ointment is recognized by physicians, druggists, and the public in general as the only absolute cure for piles; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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