



Literature and Literary Workers.

William Dean Howells does not believe that he was born with literary talent. "I came," he says, "of a reading race, which has always loved literature in a way. My inclination was to read, rather than to write."

Lady Louise Tjhe is the only survivor of those present at the Duke of Richmond's famous ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. She was a child at the time, but distinctly remembers the whole scene described in Byron's "Childe Harold."

Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the Constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "republican hat."

A set of maps of the time of Ptolemy, the geographer, has been found in some eleventh century manuscripts in the Vatican library, according to the "Tablet."

Israel Zangwill, the author of "The Children of the Ghetto," is on his way to New York to attend the rehearsals of the play, which begin August 21st.

President Tucker of Dartmouth is a believer in newspapers. "I do not," he says, "accept the idea of persons having Lord Rosebery, who would eliminate the editorial page from the newspaper. When the journalist has the truth of the fact in his possession and has given it to us his professional work has just begun. He is to interpret and apply the current fact."

The most popular novelist in England appears to be Silas Hocking. His publishers aver that for the twenty-one years during which he has been writing the sale of his novels has averaged one thousand copies a week. Mr. Hocking is a minister of the Methodist Free Church, and it is the great public of dissenting England which reads his works.

The charge of plagiarism preferred against Hall Caine in the matter of a paragraph in "The Christian" which closely resembles a paragraph of Dean Swift, has been answered by a friend of the novelist, who admits Mr. Caine's indebtedness to Swift, but claims that the previous to the publication of "The Christian" Mr. Caine had freely mentioned in the course of an interview designed for publication that he had in several instances incorporated in his book the thoughts of other men.

The most beautiful copy of Rubaiyat is said to be the illuminated manuscript executed by William Morris for Lady Burne-Jones. It is an Roman iambic pentameter, twenty-three pages, measuring six by three and one-half inches. On eighteen of the pages the illumination is confined to central space, three by two inches, and consists of beautifully drawn and colored flowers and leaves. The other five pages the margins are completely filled with floriated designs, among which are very small but beautifully drawn and colored figures.

Dr. Conan Doyle got his first idea of his famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, says the "New England Home Magazine," from an old Professor of medicine at the Edinburgh University. This man would sit in the patients' waiting-room with a face like a red Indian and diagnose the people as they came in, even before they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms and he would give them details of their lives. "Gentlemen," he would say to the student standing by, "I'm not quite certain whether this man is a cork cutter or a slater. I observe a slight callous or hardening on one side of his forehead and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb. That is a sure sign that he is either one or the other." His deductions were dramatic. "Ah!" he would say to another man, "you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, gentlemen, how did I know that?" He came into the room without taking off his hat, and as he would go into an ordinary room. He was a soldier. A slight authoritative air, combined with his age, shows that he was a non-commissioned officer. A rash on his forehead tells me that he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain rash known only there."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that when he brought home his first report from the famous Boston Latin School it showed that he stood only nine in a class of fifteen. "Probably the other boys are brighter than you," said his mother. "God made them so, and you cannot help that. But the report says you are among the boys who behave well. That you can see, too, and that is all I care about."

Pall Mall Gazette: Here is a true story of a poet. The poet was traveling and had lost his luggage, which is a natural thing to happen to a poet. Ultimately, though a poet, he found it, and then the trouble began. The authorities, since it was within the British Isles, could not do by him as they did in Italy for another poet of my acquaintance - arrest him for having more money about him than his appearance warranted. What they could do they did; they refused to allow that the baggage belonged to him. Naturally, it was not labeled; naturally, also, he had got no keys to any of his portmanteaus. However, he insisted, and at last offered to give an inventory of the contents. "At the top," he said, "you will find a manuscript poem, and I will tell you what it is in the poem." The station master took him at his word; and so Limerick Junction saw the sight of a station master holding a poet's manuscript and the poet endeavoring to recite it. The script was crumpled and full of alterations, the poet's memory was deficient, and a considerable period of time was consumed before the station master was convinced that he had before him not only a poet, but a poet's portmanteau.

Kipling, senior, like most dotting parents, is fond of repeating some of the smart things the precocious Rudyard gave voice to when he was a small boy in the Bombay home. Here is one of John Kipling's anecdotes renarrated by a member of the Kipling family. A particularly ferocious and unattractive dog bothered young Rudyard a good deal by following him about the streets and even to his door. The dog was one of the million homeless curs that were

the land of the Rajahs. On more than one occasion the canine tramp had snarled and bit at young Rudyard's sturdy legs, and a well founded fear was entertained by the boy for his four-footed Nemesis. The elder Kipling, thinking to dispel the little fellow's alarm by putting him to shame, one day said: "Why, Ruddle, you're a regular coward. Don't you know the barking dog never bites?" "Yes, dad," replied Rudyard tearfully, "I know the barking dog never bites, but how do I know the dog knows it?"

The first number of Lady Randolph Churchill's new quarterly, "The Anglo-Saxon," has received much praise both in this country and in England. The best critics say of it that, ambitious though the venture is, it more than justifies its existence. Its contents are pronounced to be literature of high excellence and the artistic character of the press work is such as to make it worthy of preservation.

The Burton Society, which has its headquarters at Denver, has begun the reproduction of Sir Richard Burton's translation of "The Arabian Nights." It is to be published in ten volumes and will contain reproductions of the 100 illustrations by Stanley L. Wood, which were printed with the original edition. This new issue, which is to be a faithful copy of the original edition, is to be limited to 1,000 copies, and will be sold at \$100 per set, purchased by the membership in the Burton Society.

It has been reported in New York that the Harper-McClure syndicate will soon start a new magazine similar to the "Review of Reviews." It is also said that Dr. John H. Finlay, until recently editor of the Knox College at Galesburg, Ill., who has recently been added to the office force of the McClure Publishing Company, is to be the editor of the new magazine. The report recently got abroad that Dr. Finlay would be made editor of McClure's magazine, but was immediately denied by both the Harper and the McClure houses.

Seumas MacManus is now at his home in Ireland, where he is writing a novel dealing with contemporary Irish life and character. The novel is to be published in London by the "Chimney Corners," with some remarkable pictures in color by Pamela Edwin Smith, is announced for fall publication by the Doubleday & McClure Company. MacManus is evidently one of the rising young writers, and his name is likely to be heard again in the next few years. His first volume published in this country, "Through the Turf Smoke," was reviewed in these columns a few months ago. He is an Irishman, just passed 30, and has lived most of his life in the village of Mount Charles, in County Donegal, where he was born. He made a short visit to New York last winter and succeeded in selling and contracting for a large amount of literary work.

"Hall Caine's eccentricities in this city were not of a kind to make him very popular," says the "New York Sun," and despite the fact that he acted as his own press agent, one incident of his stay here did not become public, though it would have been interesting to publish. It was said of Mr. Caine when he was here, that he had a young woman whose work had aided him, and learning that she was going to celebrate a birthday the following week, he said to her brother: "I am anxious to get a birthday present for your sister which will suit her. Won't you please sound her and find out what she really wants?" This brother was a shrewd young man, and on the day before his sister's birthday invited Mr. Caine to walk up town a few blocks and inspect the one thing that would please his sister above all others. Mr. Caine thought of gold hair-pins and jewelry like that. "The brother, however, assured clear of jewelry stores and guided Mr. Caine into a sales stable. A smart cob with a new trap stood ready for inspection. "This is what will please her," said the brother. "She has seen this outfit and it suits her in every particular." The man who ran the place told me afterward that Mr. Caine looked as if a great misfortune had befallen him. It was reported that his profits had been large in New York and there was no escape for him. He bought the horse and trap and the girl's brother has employed it quite as much as she has."

A Mr. Osiris, who has offered a prize of 100,000 francs for the most meritorious work to be shown at the Paris Exposition of 1900, has arranged that the award shall be made by the syndicate of the press of Paris. The successful work may be judged from either an artistic, industrial, or humanitarian standpoint.

The twelfth annual exhibition of American oil paintings and sculpture at the Art Institute will open with a reception November 7th. Juries of se-



Frederic Remington, whose accurate pictures of the West and of Western life are known the world round, has been spending several weeks in Yellowstone Park sketching the glorious scenery there. While in the national pleasure ground he thought he would paint in colors a picture of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. So he told his men to pick up his paints and brushes and drive over to Artists' Pass, where Thomas Moran, eighteen years ago, painted the celebrated picture now hanging in the National Capitol. After the easel had been adjusted, the canvas stretched, and all the tools and colors made ready, Remington sat down and for a half hour or more silently gazed at that awful abyss of transitional splendors. Then he shook his head and slowly arose, reluctantly abandoning the task of reproducing those miles upon miles of delicately variegated coloring. The surprised helper exclaimed: "Why, aren't you going to paint a picture, Mr. Remington?"

"No," replied the big artist, "a man's a fool who would try to paint that picture. It would look like an exploded paint shop."

Those who have viewed the resplendent beauty of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone will not be surprised at this story; rather they will think more of the renowned artist for his candid admission. It is worthy of note that more Americans are each season coming to appreciate the wonderful scenery and the natural curiosities of the vast playground set aside by Congress for their enjoyment.

Max Seeliger, one of the instructors in mural paintings in the Imperial Berlin Art School, is the artist who has been selected to execute the new copy of Raphael's "School of Athens," which the University of Virginia owes to the generosity of a liberal but as yet unnamed friend. Mr. Seeliger was selected as the united choice of Professor Ludwig Karans, Dr. Ewald, the great authority on mural decoration, and Professor Andrews, Director of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. The whole of the summer will be devoted to the execution of the work, which will be carried on in Rome from special copies made directly from the original in the Vatican.

Mr. Orchardson, R. A., is painting the portraits of four generations of the English royal family and has made considerable progress with the work. The portraits of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and little Prince Edward are practically finished, and that of the Queen has been roughly sketched in and needs only a few sittings to be completed.

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A new music comedy by Stanislaus Stange and Reginald De Koven, entitled "The Five Little Sisters Barret," will be seen next season.

John Philip Sousa owns a more or less good-sized example of the musical manuscript of every great composer since the time of Bach.

At a certain charity concert in aid of church funds a woman singer was down to sing "Ora Pro Nobis," but at the last moment she changed her mind, and said she would sing "The Song That Reached My Heart" instead. The dignified elder who was acting as chairman read the note containing the information and finally at last said: "Miss Blank will now sing 'Ora Pro Nobis,' which, being translated, means 'The Song that Reached My Heart.'"

Another American singer who has been taken up by musical people, but this time in Berlin, is Mme. Dorre, who was accepted as the first American to sing "Carmen" and "Santuzza" in the German capital. Mme. Dorre has taken her name after her mother, who was a noted singer. She has spent much of her time abroad, singing at Covent Garden in London, then in Milan and finally at Bayreuth. Her reappearance in America has been delayed until the season after next, when she will be a member of Maurice Grau's company.

Daniel D. Emmett, the author of "Dixie," is living, at the age of 85, the life of a hermit. He spends most of his time within doors, and is seen on the street only when taking his Sunday afternoon drive.

The wonderful dance music that gave Johann Strauss the title of "Waltz King" was written in a very impulsive way that is strangely in contrast to the pulse-like rhythm and continuity of the "Blue Danube Waltzes."

Musical impressions, themes, combinations in harmony, came into the musician's head at the most unexpected time and place. And Johann never let them escape. No matter where he was or what he was doing, the inspiration of the moment was obeyed and the melody was written down almost as soon as conceived by the brain, on whatever material was at hand. This happened oftentimes to be the composer's cuffs and when they were scattered in his shirt bosom. Often and often after his linen had gone into the wash, Mme. Strauss would be startled by a frantic appeal for a shirt or a pair of cuffs that held some musical fragment jotted down in a moment of inspiration and now lost to the despairing composer who had forgotten to save it. The most famous of all the themes he wrote, "The Blue Danube," was first jotted down on his cuff with a pencil, and might have shared the fate of other inspirations had it not been for the sympathetic care and devotion of his wife, Mrs. Strauss, entered into her husband's errand moods with infinite tact and care. Instead of being irritated at his uncertain and inconvenient methods of composing, she did everything to help him. He wrote on anything, books, papers, pictures, in whatever room he happened to be. His wife had pens and pencils scattered all over the house so that wherever he went he should find them. She had a piano in every room that her husband used, and never let a bit of his linen go to the laundress unless it were perfectly clean, as far as musical scores were concerned. It is owing to her wise sympathy that many of the composer's best loved dances are known to-day. In common with most great men, Strauss loved a garden, and often worked in his. Nothing seemed to stimulate his musical ideas like weeding or hoeing.

He would often drop his hoe in the middle of a row of turnips or jump up from the absorbed weeding of a carrot patch, rush into the house, seize the first sheet of paper he saw and dash off a bar or two of melody to be afterward elaborated into a tone-poem. This impulsive quality is probably what gives the dance music of Strauss its vibrant, and living quality. It sweeps the dancers along like a river and appeals to emotions as old as human nature. Strauss belongs to no

OTT Either Phone No. 10. WHAT A SNAP

Drug fakirs would have had if they had met Ponce de Leon when he was searching for the spring of youth. He would have been offered guaranteed cures at the rate of \$100 a box for \$2. To-day hundreds of people are seeking for remedies that do not exist. Thousands of dollars are spent in drug stores for remedies that are merely bunions. In many instances they pay store expenses to those whose conscience is elastic enough to sell them.

Such methods are one way of doing business. But not our way. We need people every day who formerly dreaded visits to a drug store, as they knew full well they were imposed on at every turn—here they can buy any article at a small advance over cost, whether you buy it or not. We are prepared otherwise. We do not follow the custom of making you pay a fancy price because you don't know what you are buying. And when your physician prescribes an article you are sure to get the genuine and not some imitation, substitute or make-shift.

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time, place or nation. He is universal and immortal, and while girls and boys live they will dance to the music of the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

The rights and privileges of playgoers have found a staunch defender in a Belgian gentleman, who, having purchased a book of "Das Rheingold" at the well-known theatre in La Monnaie, in Brussels, was annoyed to find that he could rarely refer to it during the performance of the opera owing to the practice of turning down the lights in the auditorium. According to the Bayreuth tradition, the theater was now and again plunged in obscurity, and it is on this ground that the irascible playgoer has entered a formal action against the management. The particulars of claims state that whereas, owing to the darkness, it was impossible for the plaintiff to follow the action of Wagner's work, with the aid of the attendant book, for which he paid the attendant one franc, and whereas the performers at that house sing in a way which renders it impossible to understand a word that they are supposed to be uttering, he prays that the court will order the management to refund the price of his stall, and to allow him damages. It is said that the complainant is supported by a number of subscribers, and that the case will be seriously argued in the Brussels court. Meanwhile, a great number of persons have planned themselves to attend the next representation of "Das Rheingold" with pocket-lanterns, which they will take out the moment that the electric lights are extinguished.

At the competition of the German Choral Societies, in Cassel, Germany, the Imperial Prize was won by the Cologne Choral Society.

Kaiser William has ordered the production of Glinka's "Life for the Czar" at the Berlin Opera early next season, and diplomatists are drawing many conclusions from this fact. It is the distinctive Russian opera.

A well-known gentleman recently calculated why Patti and Paderewski tickets are so very expensive. Here is the result of his figuring: "A hundred thousand people every year," he says, "begin the study of music; their tuition expenses aggregate \$1,000,000. At the end of the first year these 100,000 people have, perhaps, developed 1,000 musicians of more than ordinary ability. At the end of the second year, this number has dropped to 500. At the end of the third year, this number has dropped to 100. At the end of the fourth year, this number has dropped to fifty. At the end of the fifth year, it is reduced to five. At the end of the sixth year, there may be one out of this entire number whose name has a national significance. If all goes well, in ten years, this one person may become famous. In the meantime, the original 100,000 are digging away trying to get a foothold on the ladder of fame. Now, let us figure up what it has cost to develop and discover one really famous musician. One million dollars per year, for years, amounts to a total of \$12,000,000, and this is what one really famous musician has cost. I may be accused of putting this on a basis that is altogether too practical and savors too much of the dollar-mark and the commercial spirit, but our critics must bear in mind that I am trying to answer the question why Patti's and Paderewski's come so high. Take, for example, the cut-glass industry. Suppose the entire work for one year of a factory produced only five perfect specimens. It does not take a shrewd mathematician to show us that the cost of these specimens would be very large."

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler will not play in this country during the coming season.

Paderewski, it is said in London, will receive for his two performances at Mr. Astor's house this summer \$10,000.

Emil Paur will conduct the New York Philharmonic Orchestra this coming season, and it is part of the program to make a western trip, beginning about the middle of October.

There is trouble over the proposed monument to Schumann, to be erected in his natal city of Zwickau, in Saxony. A suitable design cannot be found. None of the plans offered are received with favor.

Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, who recently returned from abroad, has decided to introduce her music method in the West, and will travel to form summer classes, probably as far as California, says an exchange.

Beethoven's ancestry has been traced back to 1713, when a tailor named Heinrich received Van Beethoven bought a house in Antwerp. He had twelve children; one of these, named Ludwig, became a conductor, and was the grandfather of the composer.

In France a royalty has to be paid every time a registered song is sung in public. The Societe Souchon collects them and hands them over to the composers. The late Debussy earned in this way nearly \$10,000 a year with his music hall songs, says an exchange.

A new Melba has been discovered in Australia, Miss Amy Castles, who hails from the Bendigo gold field. She recently made her debut at the annual meeting of the Australasian Club, a woman's literary club in Melbourne, where she caused much enthusiasm by her singing.

The autograph score of Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann" was recently, and by chance, discovered among the opera archives at Agram (Croatia). The manuscript bears an autograph dedication, also the composer's signature and seal, with the date Leipzig, October 18, 1839.

In an Attic. City roofs give no hint of spring. Though it whistles from the sky, So over the paper the ink I fling. And the old street I ply. When suddenly up from the street some where Comes the lilt of a dance's mazy. And life moves on to a gayer air. When the organ grinder plays!

I can see pink blossoms floating down From the slant of an apple bough. Where a bluebird, perky and prim and brown, Is making a ragtime row. And something stirs in my heart—a thrill. And over my eyes a haze. And I know it's spring by the bluebird's trill. When the organ grinder plays!

Up in the sky there are clouds a-bloom In a glory of drifting blue. When the organ grinder plays! And here's where the end of the rainbow is at. And dallying primrose ways: Oh, it's good to live and to feel like that When the organ grinder plays! —Kate Masterson in the Critic.

Russian soldiers are supplied with handkerchiefs at the expense of the Government.

lection have been appointed for the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati and Chicago, and Miss Sarah Hallowell, the agent of the Art Institute in Paris, will send a large number of works by Americans which have been shown in European exhibitions.

E. A. Burbank, who has been painting Sioux Indians at Pine Ridge, has come from that place a distance of 1,000 miles to the agency near Barry, Wash., in order to paint Chief Joseph and others of his tribe before they begin picking hops, an occupation in which they annually engage. Mr. Burbank has painted Chief Little Wound, who has the largest following of any of the Sioux chiefs, and later will return to paint Red Cloud and other Indians who are now in the show business at the Omaha Exposition.

The American Bronze Foundry is casting at Grand Crossing a bronze shield for the battleship Wisconsin, designed by Paul Kupper of Milwaukee. The shield is to be placed on the turret of the vessel, between two of its largest guns, and consists of the arms of the State of Wisconsin, with a figure of a badger on its crest.

Ah! for the good old times when artists—real artists—could be persuaded to design a costume. One of the principal items of expense to a lady of old Italy used to be the "retainer" she paid to a Da Vinci, a Bramante, or some other artist of note to furnish her with designs for her court and other dresses of ceremony. To-day some one who can draw is given an idea by a customer—that is, by some one who has made or cut dresses under some other custom—into thousands and thousands of dollars, and the other superlatives; they are customers, what have they to do with such details? A wonderful assemblage of ideas is the result, a "confection" in silks, satins, chiffons and laces. These ideas and materials are beautifully and painfully drawn upon paper, and draped upon an alleged female figure at least seven feet tall, with head slightly turned, auburn hair, sylph-like waist, a large stage smile, and a background of palms and ferns. This drawing being reproduced upon thousands and thousands of sheets, lot a fashion-plate is born, with the name of the great designer in the left hand corner—the pass word, the hall-mark. Every woman (or rather, nearly every woman) studies it, admires it—and, she lean or fat, tall or short, her next dress must be like that. Perchance her dressmaker has not signed her soul away entirely, and protests feebly that that special style is not adapted to her patron's particular figure; but for her eponymy she may lose a customer. That dress has to be made in that way and in none other—Self Culture.

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models and sent them to North Carolina, and then after some delay they were informed by letter that the job had been given to Mr. Endicott of Washington. The sculptors are naturally indignant at this treatment, and have prepared a vigorous protest, which not only sets forth their own damages in the loss of time, money and labor, but points out the wrong that is done to the country. One of these sculptors declares publicly that men of his profession suffer from political favoritism, and whenever they do the country suffers from crimes in bronze. We have spent an enormous amount of money to perpetuate hideousness and celebrate incompetency because some politician has a pull and some third rate stone carver is his friend.

Miss Adelaide Everhardt, who was commissioned by the Georgia Legislature to paint a picture of the late Charles F. Crisp, at one time Speaker of the National House of Representatives, has completed her work and the portrait has been accepted. The figure is life-size, and Mr. Crisp is painted standing at the Speaker's desk with gavel in hand. The work will be hung in the State Capitol.

Miss Grant, the sculptor, whose bust of Gladstone is attracting so much attention in England, is a niece of Sir Francis Grant, former President of the Royal Academy. Her mother was a daughter of the Lord Elgin who saved the Parthenon marbles from vandalism at the hands of the Turks and brought them to England, where they are known by his title.

The Yale School of Fine Arts, under the direction of Yale University, New Haven, offers a fellowship prize of \$1,500, which will be awarded every two years. This fellowship is intended to enable the successful competitor to pass two years of study abroad. A degree of bachelor of arts also is conferred upon students of marked ability.

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