

The Naughty Little Milliner

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Col. H. C. Whitley, Former Chief United States Secret Service



HE sympathy of the public is usually bestowed upon the weaker sex, although Heaven knows it is a mistake to suppose that the weakness of humanity is confined to woman alone. Certainly in matters of love and sacrifice she often proves herself the stronger, and in criminal ways her powers of invention have many times reached the acme of perfection. The subtle devices resorted to by women for pulling the wool over the eyes of the officers of the law are frequently more misleading and difficult to penetrate than the most scientific rogery planned by men.

The several novel expedients resorted to by the Widow Wood, better known in police circles as "The Naughty Little Milliner," for throwing dust into the eyes of the detectives, is indeed a marvelous exemplification of female ingenuity.

It was along in the early seventies when it became known that there was circulating about New Orleans a dangerous counterfeit five dollar treasury note, likewise a pretty good imitation of silver half dollars. A number of these had five dollar bills were received at the banks and might have passed along undetected had not one of the bankers, more discerning than the others, made the discovery that these notes were counterfeit, though they were well calculated to deceive the average tradesman. The bogus half dollars had been coined with steel dies and were exact facsimiles of the genuine in all except the metal they contained. They passed readily among the foreigners, especially about the French market.

Operator James Fitzpatrick, who was at that time in charge of government secret service affairs in New Orleans, began an investigation for the purpose of ferreting out the source of this bad money. After weeks of anxious watching it was learned that a young girl who daily visited the French market for the purpose of buying family provisions had, as regularly as she came, left a bogus half dollar. She wore a tattered dress and there was a sorrowful expression settled about her pallid yet interesting features. It was the gentle and dejected expression of her countenance that first attracted the attention of Officer Fitzpatrick. The Gascons and Italian dealers about the market had never made a complaint in regard to the bad money, as they could readily pass it off on one another or at the coffee houses along the river front.

Following the girl one day the officer traced her to a little variety store on St. Joseph street, near the corner of Tchoupitoulas street. After a short time had elapsed the girl came out of the shop. She was now attired in somewhat above the common garb. Unobserved by her, the officer watched her movements until she finally went into a small grocery store. When she came out she carried a package. It was plain that she had made a purchase. When the girl was well out of sight the detective stepped into the little store and requested the Creole boy in attendance to let him see the money that he had received from the girl that had just left the place. It was a new five-dollar note that the boy handed out. Looking it over carefully it was found to be one of the bogus kind.

The officer made a plausible explanation that he thought sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the boy, and was now quite certain that he was on the track of the source of the counterfeit bills and that the occupants of the little variety store were the distributors of the bogus stuff.

Opposite the variety store across the street was the sign "Furnished Rooms to Rent," and Fitzpatrick was fortunate enough to be able to hire a front room where he could sit at the window and watch the suspected place. In the course of time he learned that the occupants were mother and daughter. The mother was a widow, quite pretty, about thirty years of age, her daughter was not more than twelve or fourteen. As the wheels of time rolled on it was learned further that the husband had died but a short time before and that the family had entombed in New Orleans. It was likewise discovered that the little store was a resort for persons who would bear watching. The officer noticed that the woman who was the occupant occasionally left this place of business carrying a basket on her arm and that she was always looking over her shoulder and peering about as if she suspected she was being watched. Tracking her one day, she led the way to the St. Louis cemetery on Basin street. Approaching a tomb, she knelt down before it and bowed her head as if engaged in prayer. Leaning against a tomb nearby was a well-dressed man apparently waiting for some one. As the detective carelessly sauntered along he drew near the stranger, and as he did

so he saw a signal of recognition between the man and the woman. The latter, having completed her seeming errand of love, peered cautiously around for a moment and retired from the cemetery. The detective thought she might have come there to meet this man, but had been foiled in her intentions by the appearance of a third person.

It was Sunday that the occurrence described took place. On the same day of the week following the detective, disguised as a decrepit old man apparently almost blind, went into the cemetery early and took a seat beside a tomb not far from the one upon which the woman had placed the flowers the Sunday before. It was nearly noon-day when the suspected woman with her basket upon her arm came in. The basket was filled with flowers as before. She was dressed in deep mourning and seemingly bent on a sorrowful errand. This time she did not kneel, but sat down beside the tomb and bowed her head as if in contemplation. After a short time the stranger of the week previous entered the cemetery and approached the sorrowing woman by a circuitous route.

Neither of these persons seemed to take any notice of the old man leaning upon the nearby tomb. The stranger and woman met and engaged in conversation. They were partially concealed from the view of the old man, who now straightened up and hobbled toward them, upon which the stranger suddenly bolted over an adjoining tomb and took to his heels. The disguised officer rushed up to the widow and demanded to see what she carried in her basket. Upon an examination it was found to contain a set of dies for coining imitation silver half dollars.

The woman was arrested. Her little store was searched, but nothing of an incriminating nature was found there. The woman said her name was Wood, and that her husband had died but a short time before. She had since his death regularly visited the street broker as he visited the purpose of decorating his tomb. She had a young daughter to support and had been sorely pressed for money. The dies which she carried in her basket had been left with her by a man who asked her to sell them for him. On second thought she had resolved not to comply with his request as she feared such an act might be wrong. She had gone to the cemetery that day for the purpose of returning them.

Her explanation was not altogether satisfactory to the mind of Fitzpatrick. The Widow Wood, notwithstanding her protestations of innocence, was placed upon trial charged with having counterfeit dies in her possession. There was no question in regard to the possession of these dies—but did she have knowledge of their nature, or was she a victim of a cunningly devised scheme of a person who was seeking to dispose of them.

There were at that time existing in New Orleans as in other cities at least two classes of persons subject to sit on juries. On the one hand there was the fellow with the dark brow, who thought there was no great harm in passing counterfeit money. On the other, there was the man who would scorn to commit a crime himself or engage a neighborly feeling for any person engaged in swindling the public, yet whose sympathy might get the best of him when called upon to sit upon a jury and try a woman for an offense.

The Widow Wood told a lame story in regard to the counterfeit dies, but the tale of her struggles to maintain herself and keep her head above water was touching in the extreme. It brought sympathetic tears to the eyes of the warm-hearted and chivalrous southerners. They could not think of convicting her.

One evening a few months subsequent to the widow's honorable exonerated, a good-natured gentleman, a member of the jury that had acquitted her, was on his way to his home from his office on Carondelet street. He suddenly felt his coat skirt pulled. Turning around he was not a little astonished to find himself confronted by a prepossessing woman whom he could not remember ever having seen before.

"Are you Mr. Chappela?" she asked in a sweet voice.

Without further ceremony she introduced herself as Mrs. Wood, the lady who had been falsely accused by a United States detective. She said she had approached him because she had learned that he was a benefactor to the worthy poor and that she now stood sadly in need of assistance. Her story was that she and her daughter of tender age had been keeping a small variety store and had become heavily involved in debt. Through humiliation and want she had managed to struggle along and eke out an existence, but an attachment had now been issued and a keeper put in her little store. Tears glistened in her beautiful brown eyes as she narrated her pitiful tale. She had \$10,000,000 that would soon come to her from her father's estate and if she could

only stave off the trouble for a short time—

The good hearted southerner's sympathy was not confined to words alone. He went at once to her little store and paid the \$300 demanded by the keeper and left her \$100 besides to relieve her immediate wants.

It was only a few days following this when Detective Fitzpatrick concluded to enter the Widow Wood's place of business and make a thorough search. He had obtained some new evidence in regard to her dealing with "queer" money.

When he entered the suspected place he discovered that it was nearly empty. Everything of value had been removed. A number of cheap artificial flowers, bits of worn ribbon and lace and empty boxes constituted the stock. It was all appearance and no value. The little room in the rear of the place had been the Madam's living quarters; it also was empty except a few tattered garments strewn about.

What puzzled the detective most was to account for the removal of the goods without attracting his attention. The movements of the woman had been carefully watched and the detective had recognized the Carrondolette street broker as he visited the widow's store, and the exit shortly after of a man very much resembling the stranger who had met the Widow Wood in the cemetery on the occasion of her arrest. It finally came to light



that the broker had been done out of four hundred dollars by the widow who had planned the "keeper" scheme with a confederate.

After diligent search about the city the detectives were unable to learn the whereabouts of the widow, who had disappeared for parts unknown. Detective Fitzpatrick was fortunate enough to secure a photograph of her, and a number of copies of it were made and forwarded to the branches of the secret service in the various cities of the country.

She was first recognized in Cincinnati where she had offered a five-dollar counterfeit bill. When arrested and searched, no other bad money was found upon her person, and she was released for the want of sufficient evidence.

A secret service officer carrying the widow's photograph was sure he had met her while on his way from Washington to New York. He was not quite certain, but was sure enough to attempt to follow her for the purpose of learning her location. She probably "tumbled" to the detective while he was eyeing her intently. She did not affect to notice him, but managed, however, to give him the slip.

Just before the train arrived at Jersey City, the suspected woman got up from her seat and stepped into the ladies retiring room at the front end. The detective was keeping his eagle eye on this place when the passenger in front of him arose to leave the car. He worked his way as rapidly as possible towards the front exit, and rushing to the ferry landing, he took a position where he could carefully view the face of every woman entering the ferry boat. Not seeing the suspected woman he was the first to spring ashore on the New York side where he again scanned the faces of the women as they passed. He was disappointed and ready to kick himself when he realized how neatly he had been done for.

New York city affords one of the best covers for all classes of criminals. Here the thief mixes with the throng and passes along unnoticed. It was a

year or more after the occurrence of the incident just related, when the same detective while rambling about the city chanced to meet a well dressed woman who bore a marked resemblance to the little milliner. She turned her head and gave him a side glance as he passed. He kept along at a considerable distance and turned just in time to catch sight of her as she stepped into Johnson's millinery establishment. Taking up a position at a point diagonally across the street, and sheltering himself a little in a doorway, he was enabled to distinguish persons as they passed in and out of the shop. While he stood watching, a bright looking boy came along with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. The detective called him up and bargained with him to do a little "piping" for him. When the suspected woman came out of the millinery store she was pointed out to the boy who was told to follow her and, if possible, trace her to her home. The boy was promised \$5 for the job if his information proved to be correct, and he was to meet the officer later and report. When the boy came back to the officer he had followed the woman to a little shop on Ninth avenue. He said she went in and took off her bonnet as though she belonged there.

The detective reported meeting the woman who had so nicely escaped him and had located her in a small store on Ninth avenue where there hung over the door a sign that read "Fine Millinery Shop Done Here." It was quite reasonable to believe that the woman was none other than the naughty little milliner from New Orleans and that she was then doing business in New York. Officer Fitzpatrick of New Orleans was the only detective on the force that could positively identify her, but it wouldn't do to bring him for that purpose as she would be sure to see him first, and having been put upon her guard she might fly away.

The idea was to plan a ruse for the purpose of capturing her with evidence to convict. For this purpose

"My name is David Kirkbride," naming a well-known counterfeiter.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the woman, "why didn't you say so? I have never met you before, but I have often heard my friend Eva Cole talk about you. What were you thinking about when you came in here?"

"Oh, just about what I told you; besides I thought it was a good chance to show my talents." "Why," said she, "I buy these bonnets at Johnson's and keep them for a stall. If you really want this one, you are welcome to it."

As she became more confidential she said, putting on a peculiar smile, "Suppose I had given you your change in a bill like this one," as she produced a five dollar bill.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, "it would have been all right with me. But I am keeping pretty shady at this time; I carry my stuff concealed in my tobacco pouch and only keep a little on hand at a time."

"Oh," said she, "you men think you are smart at doing things, but you're slow. I was arrested in Cincinnati by the city detective because I offered a counterfeit bill in payment for a pair of gloves, but they searched me at the police station and couldn't find any of the 'queer' about me. I put up a nice spiel and was very indignant, and Jim Ruffin, the chief of police, got scared and turned me loose."

"What do you think I had more than a thousand dollars of those five dollar bills with me at the time, but they couldn't begin to find them. Just look here," she said, and reaching her hand into an opening in her dress she pulled a string and drew her bustle to the front.

This on being opened at the end contained a pocket. The widow, by pulling the string, could move the bustle around her waist at will.

"What is this contrivance for?" Kirkbride inquired.

"You can put your hand into it and see—"

He pulled out a handful of clear five dollar counterfeit notes. As he did so he expressed great amazement at the ingenuity of her plan.

"I have carried 'phony' with me for years," she said, "but no one has ever discovered or even suspected it."

At this moment the Jersey farmer reached out and grabbed the widow's bustle. Unbuckling the belt that held it, he pulled it from her person. She was greatly surprised when she realized that she was at last fairly caught red-handed.

This charming little widow was now escorted to my branch office of Bleeker street. After a long and arduous questioning and convincing argument on my part, she so far relented as to turn "squealer" and assist the government.

This little woman with the sparkling brown eyes was a fair sample of exquisite female shrewdness. The lithe dodge she played upon the detective who in parlance was "gunning" her in the car, was this. She stepped into the "retiring" room, let down her hair and braided it. Throwing her bonnet out of the window, she put a small worsted cap on her head. Turning her dress (that had been specially made for the purpose and artistically arranged so as to make it long or short) inside out, she showed the appearance of a school girl. As she came to meet the gaze of the officer and pass along without discovery.

She was now the entering wedge to the arrest of a number of persons connected with the Miner gang of counterfeiters, and the government was amply compensated for the money expended in running her down through the information she gave.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

we will remain. As to boundaries the Great Spirit above knows no boundaries, nor will his red people acknowledge any."—Drake's "Life of Tecumseh."

Painted.

Mrs. Styles—See that hand-painted hats are a millinery novelty for women who are opposed to the destruction of birds for their adornment.

Mr. Styles—Well, they ought to go with some faces, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

ing lady came in here one day and tried on my bonnets; she wanted a nice one but I could not fit her. She said she lived somewhere in the suburbs and bore a marked resemblance to the little milliner. She turned her head and gave him a side glance as he passed. He kept along at a considerable distance and turned just in time to catch sight of her as she stepped into Johnson's millinery establishment. Taking up a position at a point diagonally across the street, and sheltering himself a little in a doorway, he was enabled to distinguish persons as they passed in and out of the shop. While he stood watching, a bright looking boy came along with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. The detective called him up and bargained with him to do a little "piping" for him. When the suspected woman came out of the millinery store she was pointed out to the boy who was told to follow her and, if possible, trace her to her home. The boy was promised \$5 for the job if his information proved to be correct, and he was to meet the officer later and report. When the boy came back to the officer he had followed the woman to a little shop on Ninth avenue. He said she went in and took off her bonnet as though she belonged there.

"Well, I declare," said the old gentleman; "that is about the kind of a bonnet I want."

"I thought you would fall in love with it," said the little milliner, "as it is beautiful. The woman hasn't called for it, yet even if I thought she would, I will sell it inasmuch as it is going out of town and I can make her another just like it."

After haggling about the price for a time the old gentleman concluded to buy it.

"I will take it along with me," said he, as he laid down a twenty dollar bill of the National Shoe & Leather bank to pay for it.

The milliner picked up the note and looking it over for a moment, her face lit up with a smile of pleasant sarcasm, as she said, "Look here, old fellow, this bill won't do."

The curious expression upon her face was certainly amusing, and the countryman thought he noticed a lurking smile upon her countenance that betokened sympathy and indicated that she was posted on that kind of money.

"Look here, I know that stuff as well as you do, so you just keep it and give me something else."

They stood and looked each other in the face. There was a mutual sympathy—two souls with but a single thought.

"My name is David Kirkbride," naming a well-known counterfeiter.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the woman, "why didn't you say so? I have never met you before, but I have often heard my friend Eva Cole talk about you. What were you thinking about when you came in here?"

"Oh, just about what I told you; besides I thought it was a good chance to show my talents." "Why," said she, "I buy these bonnets at Johnson's and keep them for a stall. If you really want this one, you are welcome to it."

As she became more confidential she said, putting on a peculiar smile, "Suppose I had given you your change in a bill like this one," as she produced a five dollar bill.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, "it would have been all right with me. But I am keeping pretty shady at this time; I carry my stuff concealed in my tobacco pouch and only keep a little on hand at a time."

"Oh," said she, "you men think you are smart at doing things, but you're slow. I was arrested in Cincinnati by the city detective because I offered a counterfeit bill in payment for a pair of gloves, but they searched me at the police station and couldn't find any of the 'queer' about me. I put up a nice spiel and was very indignant, and Jim Ruffin, the chief of police, got scared and turned me loose."

"What do you think I had more than a thousand dollars of those five dollar bills with me at the time, but they couldn't begin to find them. Just look here," she said, and reaching her hand into an opening in her dress she pulled a string and drew her bustle to the front.

This on being opened at the end contained a pocket. The widow, by pulling the string, could move the bustle around her waist at will.

"What is this contrivance for?" Kirkbride inquired.

"You can put your hand into it and see—"

He pulled out a handful of clear five dollar counterfeit notes. As he did so he expressed great amazement at the ingenuity of her plan.

"I have carried 'phony' with me for years," she said, "but no one has ever discovered or even suspected it."

At this moment the Jersey farmer reached out and grabbed the widow's bustle. Unbuckling the belt that held it, he pulled it from her person. She was greatly surprised when she realized that she was at last fairly caught red-handed.

This charming little widow was now escorted to my branch office of Bleeker street. After a long and arduous questioning and convincing argument on my part, she so far relented as to turn "squealer" and assist the government.

This little woman with the sparkling brown eyes was a fair sample of exquisite female shrewdness. The lithe dodge she played upon the detective who in parlance was "gunning" her in the car, was this. She stepped into the "retiring" room, let down her hair and braided it. Throwing her bonnet out of the window, she put a small worsted cap on her head. Turning her dress (that had been specially made for the purpose and artistically arranged so as to make it long or short) inside out, she showed the appearance of a school girl. As she came to meet the gaze of the officer and pass along without discovery.

She was now the entering wedge to the arrest of a number of persons connected with the Miner gang of counterfeiters, and the government was amply compensated for the money expended in running her down through the information she gave.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals. If these danger signals are unheeded more serious results follow: Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back. Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

Inability to hold urine, smarting in passing, uric acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease. Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is a gentle healing herbal compound.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in this paper. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

WHY MEN DRINK AND USE DRUGS, AND HOW TO CURE THEM

OUR NEW BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT IT. SENT SEALED, FREE, ADDRESS: THE KEELY INSTITUTE, 702 PARK AVENUE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

Absent-Minded.

The professor had just sneezed for the thirtieth time, and it naturally attracted some attention.

"What's the matter with the professor?" asked the visitor. "He appears to have a bad cold."

"Oh, no," said Madame la Professoresse. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning, and when he cried he gave him the pepper-pot to play with instead of his rattle."—Harper's Weekly.

STUBBORN ECZEMA ON HANDS

"Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was a very bad case of eczema. Well, I just kept on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications and by bandaging my hands well up that the burning sensations were disappearing. I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap for a wash for them, and I think by using the Soap and Ointment I was much benefited. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, I thought it deserved a fair trial with a severe and stubborn case. I used the Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone."

"It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me and I will give them the name of my physician, also the hospital I was treated at." (Signed) Miss Mary A. Bentley, 23 University St., Montreal, Que., Sept. 14, 1910.

A Settler.

Maud—Jack said when he proposed that he could give me only the necessities of life.

Ethel—And what did you say?

Maud—I told him that one of the necessities of my life was a husband who could supply me with the luxuries.

Burning Money.

Blobbs—How did he make his money?

Slobbs—In smoking tobacco.

Blobbs—Is that so? I've been smoking tobacco nearly all my life, but I never made any money at it.—Denver Times.

Not Serious.

"I hear there are grave charges against Senator Jinks."

"What are they?"

"The sexton's bills."—Baltimore American.

Malady Worth Having.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor. I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are the symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."—Stray Stories.

In Different Parts of the House.

Caller (to little daughter of the house)—Hullo, dear? Where are you off to?

Daughter of the House—I'm just going up to watch Marie do mother's hair.

Caller—Oh, dear! Then I'm afraid we shan't be able to see your mother.

Daughter of the House—Oh, yes; you'll find her down there in the drawing room.

Companions in Misery.

Ella—For all sad words of tongue or pen—

Stella—Forget it; I'm an old maid myself.

There's one little satisfaction when a man falls sick, it makes his wife repeat of her ill treatment of him. Don't work the game too often, however.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAKETTE. Cures Colds, Throat, Bronchitis, and all ailments of the throat and chest. It is safe for all ages. E. W. GIBSON'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Free lunch is sometimes pretty expensive food.

Sore Throat and Chest

I am so enthusiastic concerning the virtues of HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL that I always keep a bottle of it in the house, and to my particular friends I give a bottle unless they live so near that I can pour out from my own supply to tide them over any trouble. I use this treatment for colds, rubbing it on my throat and chest as a counter irritant. I won't say any more but you see how enthusiastic I am.

Mrs. Ida B. Judd,
1 West 87th Street,
New York City

All Drug Stores 50c and 25c bottles. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Tex.

WANTED

To buy timber and farm lands for cash. R. B. THALHORN, Clarksville, Tenn.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

CANNING FACTORIES FOR SALE

For Sale—Canning Factories—Cincinnati or Tenn. 15 acres. Prices \$25 to \$500. Capacity as high as 5,000 cans tomatoes or 10,000 cans fruits in 10 hours. TEXAS: A few sets of pack, or 5 or 7 days' materials, or for sale. Write for Booklet. THALHORN, Clarksville, Tenn.

Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, their heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakness from fever; or to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which contains no dangerous narcotics or alcohol.

The ingredients, as situated under oath, are Stone root (Collinsonia Canadensis), Bloodroot (Sanguinaria Canadensis), Golden Seal root (Hydrastis Canadensis), Queen's root (Squilla Myrica), Black Cherry bark (Prunus Virginiana), Mandrake root (Podophyllum Peltatum), with triple refined glycerine, prepared in a scientific laboratory in a way that no druggist could imitate.

This tonic contains no alcohol to shrink up the red blood corpuscles; but, on the other hand, it increases their number and they become round and healthy. It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fever; or for the run-down, anemic, thin-blooded, and "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing. Stick to this safe and sane remedy, and use all "just as good" medicines offered by the druggist who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do you half as much good.



Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

found—a physician's prescription for special diseases. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in this paper. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

WHY MEN DRINK AND USE DRUGS, AND HOW TO CURE THEM

OUR NEW BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT IT. SENT SEALED, FREE, ADDRESS: THE KEELY INSTITUTE, 702 PARK AVENUE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

Absent-Minded.

The professor had just sneezed for the thirtieth time, and it naturally attracted some attention.

"What's the matter with the professor?" asked the visitor. "He appears to have a bad cold."

"Oh, no," said Madame la Professoresse. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning, and when he cried he gave him the pepper-pot to play with instead of his rattle."—Harper's Weekly.

STUBBORN ECZEMA ON HANDS

"Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was a very bad case of eczema. Well, I just kept on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications and by bandaging my hands well up that the burning sensations were disappearing. I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap for a wash for them, and I think by using the Soap and Ointment I was much benefited. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, I thought it deserved a fair trial with a severe and stubborn case. I used the Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone."

"It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me and I will give them the name of my physician, also the hospital I was treated at." (Signed) Miss Mary A. Bentley, 23 University St., Montreal, Que., Sept. 14, 1910.

A Settler.

Maud—Jack said when he proposed that he could give me only the necessities of life.

Ethel—And what did you say?

Maud—I told him that one of the necessities of my life was a husband who could supply me with the luxuries.

Burning Money.

Blobbs—How did he make his money?

Slobbs—In smoking tobacco.

Blobbs—Is that so? I've been smoking tobacco nearly all my life, but I never made any money at it.—Denver Times.

Not Serious.

"I hear there are grave charges against Senator Jinks."

"What are they?"

"The sexton's bills."—Baltimore American.

Malady Worth Having.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor. I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are the symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't