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A new and complete treatment consisting of suppositories, capsules of ointment and two boxes of ointment. A never-failing cure for piles of every nature and degree. It is also an excellent remedy for Female Weakness and Nervous Debility and is always a benefit to the general health. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and expensive, and seldom a permanent cure and sometimes resulting in death, unnecessary hereafter. Why suffer from this terrible disease when you can guarantee 6 boxes to cure any case? You only pay for the benefits you receive. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Guarantee issued through our agents.

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EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

GREAT FALLS AND JUMPS.

The Sensations of Rapid Descent From High Places.

How far can a man fall and live? In other words, suppose he could alight on a softly yielding substance and not be broken up, how far would he have to fall before the friction of the air would kill him?

There is no knowing to a certainty, but several desperate attempts have been made to find out, and the late jumpers from the Brooklyn bridge tell us some queer things about their sensations "on the way down."

John J. Haggerty jumped in a few days ago and fell 130 feet to the water. He swam ashore on the New York side, shook himself, called for a drink and offered to buy "any man in the Fourt' ward." But he was drunk and limber. Only the day before another man jumped in nearly the same place, struck on a pier and was broken all to pieces. He was sober and intended to kill himself. Steve Brodie's case is familiar.

Early in this century a British soldier fell from Cape Diamond, Quebec, went down 235 feet and escaped with but slight injuries. But he fell into the water, and so that does not count. About 15 years ago David M. Morrison of Yonkers, N. Y., was driving a frantic team along the road, which at one place runs dangerously near the Palisades. The team took fright and backed him over the cliff. He fell 200 feet and struck in a soft place. His fall was further broken by his striking the branches of trees on his way down. He had some bones broken, but made a good recovery, and at last accounts was able to describe his sensations as he went down. A remarkable feature of this case was that after the wagon had tilted up enough to throw him out the horses pulled it back and escaped going over.

On Dec. 16, 1883, Mrs. T. J. Townsley of Chicago was thrown from a coach in Inde-

pendence pass, Colorado, went down 40 feet, struck in a snowbank and escaped without a scratch. Indeed the whole load went over with the coach, but she was fortunately thrown out as it turned and thrown forward with such force that she cleared the ledge 180 feet below. On that, or rather in the scrubby timber growing on it, the coach lodged, and all the passengers were either killed or frightfully injured, while, singularly to relate, the only injury Mrs. Townsley received was from a spade in the hands of one of the party digging her out.

The coach, with every wheel deadlocked, was sliding down the narrow "gully," or "gullyway," like a sleigh, as the track was icy, when the driver saw an immense boulder roll down some rods in front and fill the road. He shouted, "Jump for your life!" but had not finished the sentence when the

coach struck. It broke up, and the box went over. The coach just behind plunged into a notch, and the passengers climbed down at once to assist the unfortunate. Mrs. Townsley, who was dressed heavily, went into the snow head foremost, cutting like a cork, and was taken out insensible and apparently dead, but revived in a few minutes.

Aeronauts have fallen into lake or ocean from great heights, but nobody can tell just what the height was in any case. Green, the famous English balloonist who made 1,380 ascents, fell into the ocean twice, and it is claimed that one of these falls was over 1,000 feet, but that cannot be proved. Carlo Brisochi, the Italian scientist, was at a height of 19,000 feet when his balloon burst, and he fell nearly to the earth before his parachute expanded and saved him. Some think he fell 10,000 feet without a check, but this seems incredible. It is certain that men can think a great deal in such a situation, for acrobats calculate their flight and turn in the air at just the right time. On the other hand, most of those who have fallen great distances say that between the start and the stop all was a blank.

All this has little to do with John J. Haggerty, who was very drunk when he jumped from Brooklyn bridge, as he always is when he can get the whisky. Robert T. Odium, professional swimmer and jumper, was sober when he jumped (the first jump from Brooklyn bridge), and he was killed. "Brodie, B. J." as he calls himself, was sober, but escaped. Brodie and Haggerty were typical Boverly toughs and rivals from boyhood. Of course there is a law against jumping from the bridge, but the act is only a misdemeanor, and so the fine is but nominal. It is the people who fall a long way without intending to whose cases are interesting, and of all such cases that of Mrs. Townsley is probably the most miraculous.



JOHN J. HAGGERTY.

He doubtless added something more, but his words, like the cattle, went to the southward. We overtook Bilkins in 50 yards and in 50 more ended a wild race to a miserable shanty which the sharp eyes of the soldier had seen.

Before we could dismount half a dozen men came out, and the cheery voice of Captain Hall was heard: "Just in time, lieutenant! Boys, help the gentlemen with their horses."

Five minutes later the animals were safe in a corral near the shanty, from which they could not escape during the storm, and we were in the house, where Captain Hall and a detail of state rangers had taken refuge. A fire was soon roaring in the old fireplace, for the fierce wind without caused a magnificent draft.

Darkness and the storm. Men rolled in saddle blankets and sleeping on the dirt floor. The dreary drip of drops which came through the leaking roof. And the roar added to the blast, and the ground trembles as a herd of bellowing cattle thunders past.

"What a night and what a storm!" said Captain Hall. "I pity any cowboy who is caught out tonight. No man could live through such a norther unless he was muffled like an Eskimo."

"We didn't know it then, but later we learned that all alone a woman was riding through the night, while we huddled in the shanty. The bitter wind, rain which froze where it fell, even death in the darkness, were defied by a love which bore a woman to warn as worthless a scoundrel as lived in Texas.

A long time Captain Hall gazed at the fire, his big eyes looking bigger in the blaze. Very innocent eyes were his, mild and liquid like a maiden's. He unconsciously used the local vernacular:

"You all better see this thing out. We are after a man who is wanted for some score of crimes, big and little. Life at Fort Concho must be rather dreary. Get up, guard, mount, drill, the sunset gun, taps, go to bed. Let that about the routine? Come with us in the morning and see us catch Jack Brown. He's at a ranch some four miles from Johnson station and about eight miles from here. We'll surround the ranchhouse as soon as it's light, and if there's any shooting you can watch it from the timber. Then we'll all go back to the fort together. We'll have breakfast at the ranch, and that will be worth staying over for. See us capture Brown and get your breakfast."

"You forget I am a soldier," replied Lieutenant Ward, somewhat nettled, "and would hardly hide behind a tree while a dozen men captured a single outlaw."

"Pshaw," said Captain Hall. "It isn't in the line of your duty to expose yourself to the bullets of any cattle thief the rangers may arrest. I don't suppose there will be any resistance, but I never could forgive myself if any of you gentlemen came to harm. I reckon I was thinking as much of your breakfast as of our own mission. It's a long ride to the fort on an empty stomach."

I remembered this, Jack Brown as a long haired, ignorant product of the mesquite; a drunken loafer, a cheap gambler and a swaggering bully, but really dangerous; a man who was ready to shoot on small provocation and proud of his reputation as a second class desperado. While Captain Hall was talking I had a vision of a swarthy, black haired man dressed like a cowboy, who

A TEXAS NORTHER.

We were riding along the middle fork of the Concho, Lieutenant Ward of the Tenth cavalry, Caswell, chief clerk at the post sutler's, and myself. We had been out after antelope without success and late in the afternoon found ourselves some 20 miles from Fort Concho, men and mounts tired with a day's pounding over the plains. Private Bilkins, whom the lieutenant had taken along to spread our noontime lunch and load the pack horse, rode at the rear, his big gray following with the faithfulness of a troop horse, while the pack animal bore no heavier a burden than a pair of jack rabbits which Caswell had ignominiously potted.

A blast of air, so cold that it seemed to almost freeze one's blood, rushed over us just as the sun was hidden on the horizon by the advancing cloud. A band of cattle, 200 or more in compact mass, plunged madly past, their heads near the ground and their long horns shining in the glow of the false twilight. Crash, through the underbrush, splash, through the stream, and then wildly on toward the southward tore the cattle.

Over a swell of the plains came other herds all running like race horses. Antelope, whose fleet feet and far-reaching vision had been their own protection and the cause of our failure all the day, skimmed the ground, their white tails bobbing with their nimble bounds. To the southward, always to the southward fled the creatures of the plains as if in flight lay safety from the blast, as if flesh and blood could outspeed the ice wind.

"She's coming!" exclaimed the lieutenant. Inevitably, perhaps, but save in its unwarranted designation of a meteorological gender entirely truthful. Turning our horses sharply to the right and restraining at the beginning their symptoms of a desire to bolt, we rode into the thickest of the timber and then eastward at a gallop which lacked little of a lively run. Colder blew the north wind. Blast driven drops of rain began to slap our cheeks with their stinging picket warnings that the storm was nearly upon us, and we were anxiously looking for some embankment along the stream which would partially shelter us under its lee when Bilkins wantonly broke the rules and regulations of the service by treating his superior officer in a most flippant and unmilitary manner. His big gray bounded by, the packhorse keeping noble time to giant leaps. "Come on," yelled Bilkins. There's a horse!

He doubtless added something more, but his words, like the cattle, went to the southward. We overtook Bilkins in 50 yards and in 50 more ended a wild race to a miserable shanty which the sharp eyes of the soldier had seen.

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was slapping the face of a Mexican girl. The girl was crouching against the wall of Morris' dance hall at San Angelo and offering no resistance to his blows, but only cried, "Oh, Jack! Jack!" A dozen men stood near, but none offered to interfere. I remembered that I actually started for the pair, intending in some vague way to protest, but ere I reached them the man entered the dance hall. Five minutes afterward the girl was paying for his liquor at the bar, and I was congratulating myself that I had escaped from perpetrating one of the most foolish acts of my life.

The girl was known as "Press," a half caste Mexican creature, who gave Brown the larger share of her earnings, bore his blows with meekness and would have driven a stiletto into the man who conquered him in an encounter. But Hall was saying:

"We learned at San Angelo yesterday that Brown was at the cattle ranch. Sergeant Watson got quite thick with the girl Press, but she knew nothing about Brown or pretended ignorance. We intended to reach the ranch at sunset, but the norther stopped us.

"That girl Press is devoted to Brown and would raise money some way to bribe a Mexican to warn him, but money would not hire a Mexican, or any other man, to face this norther, so there is no danger that he will be on guard. He cannot escape unless he was caught out on the range in the storm and is now at some other ranch."

There was only a faint glow in the east when we mounted our horses next morning. The norther had spent its fury, and the promise of a pleasant day was borne on the soft winds of the south. Only a faint tremor, a lingering chill in the early air, as if the trees and grass were shaking off the coldness of the night. A sharp ride to the westward, and just as the scarlet banners of the sun were seen in the horizon we drew rein in the wood some hundred yards from the house where Jack Brown was supposed to be hiding. The ranchhouse was a wretched thing constructed of upright poles, the cracks being filled with mud. At the rear a shed with a sloping roof. The house had been built within a few feet of the stream where the bank was some 12 feet high. A door in the front room opened to the southward; one in the shed to the north.

Like Indians surrounding the cabin of the settler, the rangers stationed themselves in the form of a horseshoe around the house, the "points," or "heels" of the shoe resting on the bank of the stream when the rear door could be commanded by a cross fire. I confess I felt, as I watched these preparations, very much as I imagine a robber must feel while he reconnoiters a dwelling when intent upon some unlawful undertaking. Everything was ready. Captain Hall, Lieutenant Ward, Caswell and four rangers rode to the front of the house and stopped some hundred feet from the door. Then, for the first time, we saw a horse tied to a post near the doorway. Steam was rising from its sides; low drooping head and hollow flanks showed that the brute had been ridden long and hard.

"One of the men has just got home," whispered Captain Hall as he dismounted. Accompanied by three of the rangers, while the fourth held the horses, he walked to the door.

"Hello!" was the response to his knock. A short parley, a demand for admittance, a profane reply and then the sharp report of a rifle. One of the rangers turned his back toward the house, took one step and fell heavily on his face. Crash! A dozen Winchester sent a dozen bullets into the house. Some struck the poles, but a few found their way through the mud mended cracks. No order to seek shelter of a tree was needed now. In two minutes Lieutenant Ward and Caswell had added their rifles to the fire, and after it was all over I found that the magazine of my own Winchester was empty.

The passion of a man hunt conquers, as it always will until in the evolution of time the intoxication of battle is outbred from human nature. I don't know how long we fired or how long the answering shots came from the shanty, but suddenly the door was flung inward, and a man stepped boldly out.

An instant the rifles cooled. I saw Jack Brown's gaudy sombrero, its wide rim and massive crown glistening with silver ornaments. Black hair hanging to the shoulders, the leather "chaps" of a cowboy, and then—straight outward shot two arms, gleaming black eyes sighted two heavy coils, and at their report a ranger dropped his rifle because a bullet had shattered an arm. Then a volley.

The broad hat slipped downward over the black eyes, straight up in the air two pistols sent their harmless lead and to the ground in a heap sank the body.

The rangers on guard at the rear ran toward the front when their ears told them the outlaw had braved his fate. We gathered around the fallen man, all honoring in our hearts the hopeless darling of his death, and Captain Hall lifted the sombrero from his face.

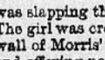
"The devil!" he yelled. "Run to the rear, boys!"

Too late! Idle to beat the bush. Useless a hasty hunt through the timber. Long afterward we knew that from the limb of an oak, around which a wild grapevine had woven its dense foliage, Jack Brown saw a sight which would have redeemed a being worth, in the broad economy of eternal time, the trouble of redemption.

Love had faced that awful storm. Love had done its best to bring a warning. Love laid down its life that a miserable and worse than worthless man might spring out of a door, plunge over an embankment and hide in a tree.

As tenderly as if her life had been all purity and her soul all untouched by sin we bore her body to the fort, and the next day, decently dressed in the garments of her sex, the body of Press was consigned to an unmarked grave on a barren hill not many yards from the spot where Brown used to beat her.

And no larger funeral had been seen on the frontier.—C. W. Hunter in Short Stories.



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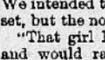
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Prevent Constipation and Piles, cure Sick Headache, indigestion, neuralgia, easy to take, one Pill a dose. 50 Pills 25c.

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The Celebrated French Cure,

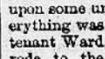
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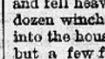
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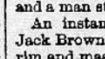
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Sent by mail sealed for \$2. Address

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Dr. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment is a powerful restorative, curing all nervous diseases, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, memory decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Lencorrhea, and all Female Weakness, Involution and Loss of Seminal Fluid, caused by over-exertion of the brain, Self-Abuse, Over Indulgence. A month's treatment, \$1.00 for \$5, by mail. Guarantees issued every \$5.00 order received. Refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by M. E. Doe & Co., Sole Agents, Philipsburg, Mont.

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THIS PASSES BELIEF.

How an Alligator Furnished Motive Power For a Scoop.

Helen Granbery, whose postoffice address is Irvington-on-the-Hudson, writes for the New York Tribune a story so remarkable that if any one else had told it one would be justified in downright unbelief. She says that her party in Florida last winter were crossing a bayou in a flat bottomed boat when they ran over what they took to be a log, but found to be a huge alligator. All were paralyzed with fear but one, and he promptly began driving big nails through the bottom of the boat.

"You'll have to help, we must be quick. Take off your shoes and use the heels as hammers!" he cried, and realizing the necessity for blind obedience we began driving nails too. His intention dawned on the girls by the time it had become a finished action, and they complimented him on his idea of pinning the alligator to the boat with nails. But the prisoner was not pleased and began thrashing the water violently. Again the clever chap came to the rescue.

"Does either of you girls wear black stockings?" said he. One of them did. "Then sit up in the end of the boat and dangle your feet in the water. No, don't put your shoes out! Now swing your feet to the right!" The young woman followed his directions, and, wonderful to relate, the boat slowly moved to the right. Oars were useless. The alligator bore the boat home on his back.

The explanation is simple. The alligator brought the black stockings were his favorite dainties—nigger legs. He moved toward them, and so moved the boat and moved them on, just as the horse in the m. M. of the old story followed the bag of ore around as it kept just beyond his nose.

I those who really need vacations will not get them, and those who do not will soon t. sojourn by the sea or mountain. The Bible idea still exists: "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

When New York hears that Chicago is the greatest diamond market in the world, it will feel worse than ever.

If you don't see what you are looking for at the World's fair, ask for it. It is probably there somewhere.