the defendant, was not present, but no one thought anything about it especially, until Mr. Erwin arose and said:

"I think it is due to counsel to make a statement in relation to the absence of our client. We are perfectly surprised at this. The facts are these: Last night when I left the courthouse here at the adjournment of court he went down to headquarters with the intention of getting some fees and bringing them to my office. I went to my office and was delayed to 6 o'clock waiting for him. I then went home to my supper and came back to my office at a quarter to eight, and in about a quarter of an hour I received a telephone message from him, Norbeck, in which he stated that he was going to St. Paul to meet a man at the Sterling hotel at half past eight.

"Before I went to supper a man by the name of Charles Olson had come to the office and said that an arrangement had been made to meet some gentleman at half-past 8, and did not want Norbeck to disappoint him,—so that I understood it was necessary to go there. Norbeck, in his telephone message, assured me that he would call at my house on his return if it was not inconvenient for me, but that it might be late. I told him I seldom retired until 12 o'clock and that I would wait for him. I did wait until 12 o'clock, but he did not appear. This morning I was astonished that he was not at the office. I did not get down to the office until half-past 8; Mr. Mead had been there since half-past 7; and we came down to the courthouse, and I haven't seen him."

The Bail Forfeited.

"Has there been any word from him at all?" inquired Judge Harrison.

"Since I came to the court house, Mr. Carroll, an officer, he said he was," replied Erwin, "Mr. Carroll came to us and said that Norbeck was seen last night at a quarter past eleven o'clock in the city. Now, we don't know anything about his absence."

Here was a sensation of the most startling nature, and the big crowd sat in wide-eyed wonder, too surprised for the time being to think. The court and the officers thereof maintained their composure, which was a simple matter to do, as Mr. Erwin had previously communicated his apprehension to the court.

Judge Harrison immediately sent Clerk Ryberg for Norbeck's bond, and the clerk like a winged Mercury hastened to do his bidding.

"Call the name of Christopher C. Norbeck," ordered the court when the clerk returned.

The name was called twice in Bailiff Clausen's most stentorian tones. There was no response.

"Call Richard J. Hill," next commanded Judge Harrison. Again the voice of the bailiff resounded through the room.

"Call Brando Sodini," was the next command.

And Clausen raised his voice the third time, but again without result.

The bond, which is for $5,000, was thereupon declared forfeited and a bench warrant was issued for Chris Norbeck. A recess was then taken.

The jury has not been discharged and will be kept together until the court is satisfied that Norbeck will not return. The bond has already been declared forfeited, and Norbeck's bondsmen will be compelled to pay unless they can show that Norbeck was dead at the time the forfeiture was entered. If, however, it is learned that Norbeck killed himself, as many believe, some time last night, then the sureties will not be obliged to pay.

NORBECK'S MOVEMENTS

'Twas No Secret That He Would "Do Something."

Norbeck went all to pieces yesterday morning when Al J. Smith in his dramatic manner called upon Peter Burg to stand up and the notorious detective saw one of the "suckers" he had assisted in getting out of the way. Then he saw as plain as day that a cheerless steel cell was already prepared for him in Stillwater and that the road was straight, with not a single avenue of escape in any direction. One chance, and one alone, he had, and that was to flee, with the hope that he would evade relentless justice. With the evidence piling in on him from all sides, his once powerful friends, backed by able legal talent, as impotent as infants, he was, as he expressed it, "up against it, good and hard."

All yesterday afternoon while he sat behind his attorneys so quiet and apparently so resigned to his fate, he was planning to leave every one who had the least interest in him in the lurch and find what safety he could in flight.

Even before, he had meditated something rash. When in his cups he talked lugubriously of suicide, but when sober he simply said that he would end all before he was convicted. Last Sunday night he went into a store kept by a friend. He was somewhat intoxicated, and talked freely of his hard lot. As he became more and more interested in his story he wept.

"I am up against it," he said. "If I am convicted I'll never go to Stillwater," he declared with some show of determination.

"If you are convicted you will surely go to Stillwater," replied the man he had chosen for his confidant.

"I won't go to Stillwater and they'll never get me up in the jail alive," he declared, with vehemence.

"What will you do? Skip out?"

"No, I won't, but I'll jump in the river."

Then he began to bewail his lack of sense in not making a clean breast, when he had a chance to turn state's evidence. "I could make it hot for Mayor Ames, Chief Ames, Captain Hill and a lot more if I wanted to," he said, "but I hadn't the heart to do it, and, besides, I didn't think that the cases would go this way."

Yesterday morning, however, his courage was a little stronger and he appeared in court, looking much the same—downcast and disconsolate, but making a fairly good appearance.

Burg Incident Settled It.

The sudden appearance of his victim, Peter Burg, and the sensational arrest of Inspector George Harvey banished in a twinkling all the presence of mind and false courage the detective had been able to muster. The more he pondered, the blacker grew the shadows about him. Wherever he looked there was nothing but prison bars and felon's stripes.

He left the courthouse a little after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, telling his counsel that he would go down to the city hall and get some money and return with it to Mr. Erwin's office as soon as possible. Mr. Erwin waited until 6:30, but saw no more of his client.

At police headquarters Norbeck complained about his fate. He told "Billy" Clarke, the janitor, that he would "finish all" that very night. Clarke urged the detective, who was thoroughly cowed and utterly broken in spirit, to make a full confession and not to think of suicide, as it was a cowardly deed. He pointed out that there was a family dependent upon him and he owed a duty there. Norbeck insisted that he would finish all that very night. To others he admitted that the appearance of Peter Burg simply settled the state's case, so that no jury could ever do aught else than convict. He scored Captain Harvey as a "dirty coward" and was in a most deplorable mental condition.

Was Home in the Evening.

From police headquarters he went to his home, 329 Plymouth avenue, where a faithful, hard working woman is occupying the same rooms that she lived in nine years ago, when Norbeck was only a common laborer. When her husband, to whom she had been married eighteen years, was drawing $100 a month as an inspector of police, she never asked for anything better. By strict economy she kept the living expenses down to less than $25 per week in order to save money for their old age.

To the poor, meagerly furnished rooms over a Plymouth avenue saloon Norbeck went for his last meal in Minneapolis. He had no stomach for food, however. His manner was preoccupied and nervous and he gave but scant attention to his wife. He talked somewhat unintelligibly about his trial, complained because he had not accepted a chance to make a confession when he had the opportunity, muttered something about there being $2,500 in the bank in case anything should happen to him.

When he left home, about 8 o'clock, however, he told his wife that he would be back again before long. This was a strange announcement, for he was rarely at home day or night, sometimes coming only twice a week and then only to change his clothing or for some such purpose.

Since assuming his relations with Carrie Emerson, he has neglected his family. Mrs. Norbeck suspected that he was untrue, but woman-like feared and hesitated to make inquiries.

Showed His Wife Money.

When Norbeck left he had a big roll of money. His wife has no idea of how much but says that it was a big roll. Others say he had $3,000 at least. It startled her as much as it did anyone when she learned that he had fled. The poor woman is sadly distraught. If he has taken all the money she is left without a cent and must accept the charity of her brother-in-law, a farmer near Albertsville, Wis. She says that they had $2,500 in the Farmers and Mechanics bank. He took all but $4.

There is no affection in her heart for Norbeck for he has quite ignored her since he became a trusted lieutenant of the Ames administration. Mrs. Norbeck shows all the signs that hard work, privation and sorrow with the absence of pleasant surroundings leave on a woman. When Norbeck took the gold cure nine or ten years ago she was the one who kept the family together by her sacrifices and her hard work.

Norbeck was steadfast in his good resolution and saved money until shortly after he became identified with the administration. Then he began to stay away from home and she suspected that he had again taken to drink. He was careful to conceal this from his wife on the fe woccasions that he came home, and, fearful of knowing the worst, the woman did not dare to learn for herself.

From home Norbeck went down town. Shortly after 8 o'clock he telephoned to W. W. Erwin, his counsel, that he was compelled to go to St. Paul to the Sterling hotel, but would call on Mr. Erwin later in the evening.

Last Seen at "Dick's Place."

About 8:30 Norbeck was seen in "Dick" Hill's saloon at 250 First avenue S. Hill, by the way, is one of Norbeck's bondsmen and he naturally inquired about the events of the trial. Norbeck put on a bold front and said that he would fight to the bitter end.

The detective announced that he was on his way to St. Paul to summon Former Mayor Kiefer and Detective Wade as witnesses and that he would show up the Edwards gang. When drinks were ordered, Norbeck, to the surprise of all, took buttermilk, as he has been drinking heavily of late. But there was method in this, for Norbeck had evidently planned escape and in any event wanted a clear hmead.

It is not known that Norbeck was seen in the city later than 8:30. Detective Carroll informed the attorneys that some one had seen Norbeck here as late as 11:15, but this has not been substantiated. A report that Norbeck and Carrie Emerson were seen together in St. Paul last evening about 10 o'clock may and may not be true. Carrie Emerson has not been in the city for several days. The woman in her cigar stores at 220 Second street and on Third avenue S, do not know where she has gone, but think to La Crosse.

Bondsmen Offer Reward.

Norbeck's bondsmen, Richard J. Hill and Brando Sodini, have no idea where their man is, but they will gladly pay anyone $250 for any information which will lead to his apprehension. This reward has been officially announced.

There are all sorts of speculation regarding the direction taken by Norbeck. The accepted one is that he took the late train for Duluth last evening and this morning made for Port Arthur in Canada. He may have gone just the other way and it is just as likely that he is heading for Mexico. Again it is fully as probable that he may attempt some disguise and seek to conceal himself.

Mayor Ames, after his arraignment, this afternoon announced that upon his return to his office he would discharge Norbeck from the police force and issue an order to the head of the police department to use every effort to find the missing officer.

TAKES A WEEK'S REST

Grand Jury Will Then Get After Other Officials.

The grand jury adjourned yesterday for one week. Its work is by no means finished. Several more officials close to the administration are under fierce fire and together the necessary evidence. It is understood that several persons now out of town will be brought to the city and chain and make at least three more indictments certain. It is given out authoratively that the grand jury will not quit until this is acomplished.

Captain Henry Krumweide was not summoned yesterday as planned. The grand jury decided on a change of program. Krumweide may not now be summoned at all, but may be placed in a more trying position than that of a witness.

A NEW STAR WITNESS

Cheerful Charley Howard Tells of Norbeck's Good Offices.

One of the witnesses yesterday afternoon in the Norbeck case was Theresa Hoag, who keeps a "boarding" house at 1125 Second street S. She saw "Billy" Edwards and Detective Norbeck in her house one evening last November. They were there only once. Several bottles of beer were opened but the witness did not know who paid for them. Peter Anderson, an employe of Wilson & Nordlander, ticket agents, followed the Hoag woman on the stand. He was called to testify regarding Roman Miex and the loss by him of a draft for $775.

Orin Crossman, a brother of Lincoln G. Crossman, the "big mitt' chief was the next witness. He saw Peter Burg in the "mitt" joint at 32 Sixth street S. It was Orin Crossman who took Burg's check to St. Paul to have it cashed, but was informed that payment had been stopped. The check was returned to either "Link" Crossman or "Billy" Edwards. The witness was the "still" hand in the joints once a day and sometimes twice.

An Amateur Steerer.

On inquiry from the defense the witness said that he was 53 years old and was a married man with a family.

"How long have you been a confidence man?" asked Mr. Erwin.

"This was my first and last time."

"You never knew that there was any protection for confidence men?"

"Only through my brother and Mr. Edwards."

"You never heard of it from any officer connected with the administration?"

"No, sir."

He said that he had seen Edwards give Norbeck an envelop containing money at 242 Fourth avenue S.

Crossman is a carpenter and has been working at his trade with the exception of three weeks last November and December.

"Cheerful Charley's" Talk.

Charles E. Howard, "Cheerful Charley," as he is called, was next asked to take the stand.

He had known Norbeck about four years. He saw $50 paid to Norbeck at 327 Second avenue S.

Howard's testimony was particularly interesting when he spoke of the close relations existing between the confidence gang and their willing tool, Christopher C. Norbeck. According to Howard, Norbeck's chief duty when a man "kicked and hollered" was to take care of him and put him out of the way.

Norbeck was not always to be relied on, however. After the first two or three weeks he wasn't attending to business as his employers thought that he should.

"What did he do, or what didn't he do?" asked Prosecutor Smith.

"Well, he wasn't around when we wanted him. We couldn't find him any place."

"What did you want him for?"

"To handle kicks. We had to tell him that he would have to be around attending to business a little better—that we could not pay him $50 a week and not have him around when we needed him."

Norbeck promised to obey orders, and for some time was very attentive to his duties as "chief bouncer for the big mitt gang."

How Norbeck Helped.

Fully as interesting was Howard's story of how Norbeck assisted the confidence men in "throwing the scare" into the "suckers," that is frightening them away so that they would not dare complain to the police. He told of one particular case in which a victim had lost $110.

"There had been considerable talk between Edwards and Norbeck about him not tending to business," continued Howard, "and he says to me and Norbeck, he says, 'next time Charlie has a sucker,' he says, 'I will have him look you up, and I don't want to show you how to throw the scare,' he says, 'you have been hanging around here long enough to—' And about the same day, it was in the afternoon, I believe, I had a fellow and he lost $120, and the man hollered in the joint. Edwards said, 'Norbeck is outside there, go out and hand him over to him.' I stepped outside and there was a couple of other officers out there at the time, but I don't remember now just who they were; and I walked up to Norbeck and asked him if he could tell me where I could find a policeman; and he says, 'I am a policeman,' and he showed me his star."

"You had the sucker with you?" queried Mr. Smith.

"Yes, sir. And we told him that we had been robbed in there; we always made it appear to the sucker that we had been skinned ourselves. He talked with Norbeck, and he stepped back in the joint. Of course, we all began to holler about being robbed, and he, Edwards, spoke up and he says, 'Have you fellows got a license to gamble?' I says, 'No, I haven't got any license to gamble.' And he says, 'Don't you know it is against the law?' 'Well,' I says, 'Is it?' With that I went out of the door, and as I was going out, I heard him say to Norbeck, he says, 'Officer, do your duty,' and he pointed to him, and Norbeck took him."

"You went around the block?"

"No, I ducked out and went in the alley and watched him."

This story of "throwing the scare' into the suckers was one of the features of the afternoon and every one listened with open mouths. When the recital was completed, the audience would have applauded had not Judge Harrison been on the bench.

Howard had seen money paid to Norbeck by "Billy" Edwards at the latter's home.

Following Howard came Lincoln G. Crossman of the big mitt firm of Edwards & Crossman. He said that the relations with Norbeck were very close and he was supposed to be within reach all the time.

"How did you reach him?"

"Norbeck's telephone calls were 337, police headquarters, and 2712, Carrie Emerson's place."

"How often did you see Norbeck at the mitt joints?"

"Oh, nearly every day."

Holmberg and the witness were at 32 Sixth street S when Detectives Norbeck and Harvey called to see regarding the $275 check lost by Peter Burg. He didn't recall that Norbeck said anything as to the whereabouts of the victim, Peter Burg.

The cross-examination by Mr. Erwin did not result in much. Crossman was asked if he had not taken breakfast at the Grill restaurant on the same morning that he appeared before the grand jury and if he had not talked with Billy Weisman. Crossman did not recall the circumstances.

DISCRIMINATION.

Young America to Little Cuba—Don't you wish you were an infant industry?

NO CHANCE OF BAIL NOW

Continued From First Page.

all right. Harvey is inclined to hold the administration responsible for his predicament and insists that it ought to stand by him to the extent of securing his bonds.

Gardner, Sr., Feels Vindictive.

Gardner, Sr., was closeted with his son in his cell for a long time this morning. He declares that he is worrying not a bit over the situation. He believes that what is to be must come to pass and that things will work out all right in the end. "I am a fatalist in religion," said he this morning, "and I do not worry myself over matters that can't be helped.

"It was written down in the beginning that this was to come to pass and I take it that this experience was intended to serve some useful purpose in the boy's life.

"But I tell you the republican party will suffer for this."

"NORM" KING IS NOW NEXT

Continued From First Page.

Tenth street S. Adams was indicted with John Reid for stealing a diamond pin valued at $100 from John I. Hooper at the Great Western station, March 1, 1901. Herman Miller, who assisted in the robbery, escaped.

Reid was convicted of grand larceny in the first degree and was sent to Stillwater penitentiary for ten years. The case against Adams never went to trial, a circumstance said to be largely due to King's cunning. The detective is reported to have persuaded Adams to return the pin on condition that he should be immune from prosecution. King obtained the pin through a third party and then negotiated with Hooper to secure Adams' freedom.

With the understanding that he also must play a part in order to secure his lost property, Hooper, when taken to the jail by King to identify Reid and Adams as the men who had held him up, swore positively that Reid was one of the guilty parties, but, in accordance with an agreement with King, failed to furnish the identification without which Adams could not be detained. Adams was set at liberty and King is also said to have circumvented further attempts to arrest him. The pin was never returned to the owner, and it is broadly hinted that King still knows its whereabouts.

"Norm" King is a well known character about town. His connection with the Minneapolis police department dates back to his appointment as detective by Mayor Ames, May 7, 1886.

In 1888 he was convicted of compounding a felony, for attempting to extort $100 from Gottlieb Beiswinger, of Chanhassen. He promised to prevent Beiswinger's trial on the charge of selling liquor without a license, King and a private detective having been employed by the county commissioners to secure evidence against county "blind pigs." The case was appealed to the supreme court, but for some reason never satisfactorily explained, it never reached the higher body, and King was able to pull such political wires as prevented the execution of punishment.

He was discharged from the force for the part which he played in this affair. He secured another appointment under Mayor Babb in 1888 and remained in the harness until July 15, 1889, when he was again dismissed for "violation of rules and neglect of duty." Two dismissals from the department did not discourage him and he was again identified with the plain clothes detail under Mayor Winston. He did not agree with the chief of police, who accused him of stirring up strife in the department. When King engaged in a drunken brawl in the rear of a First street saloon he was again officially decapitated. That was in 1891. After that he was alternatively private detective and gambler until he once more entered the public service as a detective under Mayor Gray May 1, 1899. He held over until the present administration took the reins of government, and Mayor Ames then showed his appreciation of his old favorite's services by making him chief of detectives, an office which had been vacant since the days of the old police commission. So many complaints were registered against King in this capacity, both within and without the department, that the mayor finally yielded to pressure and reduced King to a mere captaincy.

Those who know King best say that he is a "good fellow" when sober, but "always looking for trouble" when under the influence. While he has the reputation of being able to "lick his weight in wild cats," it is admitted that most of his exploits in that line have been the result of drinking bouts. He has mixed matters with other well-known characters ever since he first came into notoriety, and it would require a good-sized book to tell of the knock-down fights in which he has participated.

Incidentally he has enjoyed the reputation of being "handy with his gun," a fact which has always inspired his bitterest enemies with a wholesome respect for him when trouble was brewing.

It is recorded that he used his gun but twice when not acting in his official capacity. His most notable play was that which cost Joe Jepson his right eye about ten years ago. This affray took place in Sawyer's saloon, now known as the Merchants, on Nicollet avenue. Jepson, who was perniciously active in municipal politics at that time, encountered King in the saloon, when both had been drinking. Jepson made some remark about the chief of police, to which King objected. In the fracas which resulted, King thrust the muzzle of a revolver into Jepson's eye with such force as to gouge the member from its socket, and Jepson has worn a patch ever since. Jepson left Minneapolis several years ago. King claimed that Jepson pulled a revolver first and that the weapon was turned on its owner.

The next time King used his revolver without authority was about six years ago in Charlie Loomis' saloon, known as the Zephyr, on Nicollet avenue. This incident nearly cost Loomis his life. Loomis was tending bar when King entered late in the evening. They engaged in a dispute. King pulled his revolver and fired point blank at the bartender's head. Loomis saw the flash and dodged just in time to escape the bullet, which shattered the large plate glass back of the bar.

King made a threatening demonstration with his revolver last Saturday night in a down-town saloon. With his hand on the weapon he declared that before his case was over he would "croak" some one instrumental in securing his indictment and that he might not stop short of the court.

King was at the head of a gambling establishment at 251 Hennepin avenue for several years until reappointed in 1899. He came originally from Detroit, Mich., and was of "musk-rat" French Canadian origin, his father being captain of a lake vessel. King owns the house and lot where his family now resides at 2032 Clinton avenue.

KING MUST STAND TRIAL

Demurrers to His Indictments Are Argued and Overruled.

A demurrer interposed to the indictment against Detective "Norm" King was argued to-day before Judge Simpson. It was overruled.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

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Home of Swamp-Root.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

MRS. TANKE ON STAND

THE WOMAN IS A GOOD WITNESS

Defense Trying to Prove an Alibi for Frank Tanke, Alleged Murderer.

Special to The Journal.

Henderson, Minn., June 17.—The testimony of Mrs. Amelia Tanke, continued from yesterday, discloses that she had offered a reward of $300 for the apprehension of the party or parties who killed John Wellner, also that she and her husband had had no trouble in married life.

C. R. Davis, for the state, then put her to a severe cross examination which carefully went over the alleged circumstances attending the murder of her husband, as related by her on the stand. She thought that the two men came and tied her hands before midnight, and that she sat on the lounge until after 2 a. m., when Rose, her daughter, cut the twine. The state endeavored to show that some of her testimony yesterday was at variance with statements made to Sheriff Block during former examinations. When pressed as to answers made then she either made flat denials or stated she could not remember what she said on these occasions.

In cross-examination as to Tanke's carrying a goose home she said that she didn't say anything about it until asked. The goose in the case is likely to play a prominent part, the defense purposing to show that it was delivered at the home of Tanke's parents by Tanke himself. Mrs. Tanke made a good witness and three hours of cross-examination did not succeed in breaking down her story or in forcing from her any incriminating admissions. She spoke without aid of an interpreter this morning expressing herself in fairly good English.

Yesterday Afternoon.

After Attorney Leeman had finished his opening address yesterday afternoon he requested the court to permit the presence of Mrs. Tanke in the court room during the taking of the evidence of all the witnesses. The request was granted. J. K. Morrison, a conductor on the Minneapolis & St. Louis railway, was sworn, and testified he had charge of the passenger train which arrived at New Ulm on the night of Dec. 31, 1898. He produced records showing that the train was on schedule time that evening, leaving Winthrop at 8:08, Lafayette at 3:24, Klossner at 8:39, arriving at New Ulm at 8:55. He did not remember any passengers getting on at Klossner as state alleges Tanke did on that night.

Francis Leavenworth, professor of astronomy at the state university, was put on the stand to contradict one of the state witnesses who stated that the moon was above the horizon, when he saw Tanke go by on horseback. According to Professor Leavenworth's calculations the moon did not rise at New Ulm on the evening of Dec. 31, 1898, until 8:43. The testimony of Mrs. Reuter and Peter Ulrich was contradictory of that of W. W. Wilmerts, who swore he had been at the home of the latter between 5 and 8 p. m. that night. Both witnesses denied knowledge of his being there.

Mrs. Tanke's Story.

Mrs. Tanke was then placed on the stand, and testified that she had dressed a goose, which Tanke had purchased from Wellner, and that Tanke left the house at about 5:15 p. m. that evening for New Ulm, not returning until Monday afternoon following. She testified that on the night of the murder she and her husband and two children were home alone and slept in one room, each parent sleeping with a child.

They retired at the usual hour, 9 o'clock, and some time in the night were awakened by a noise in the yard. Wellner went out and then Mrs. Tanke heard a shot. As she started for the door to investigate she was stopped by a man in the center of the room and told to sit on a lounge if she knew what was good for her. Then another man entered and they tied her with ropes. They took Wellner's watch, found the purse and departed. Mrs. Wellner then aroused one of her children, who released her, and she went to her father's home and gave the alarm.

The state's testimony alleging unlawful relations between Tanke and Mrs. Wellner, and the alleged confession overheard by Detectives Coleman and Whitney, as well as other alleged incriminating actions, were denied by Mrs. Tanke.

LIGHT AND DARK,

Day and night, sunshine and shadow are not more different from each other than a healthful from a sickly woman. The healthful woman carries light and sunshine with her wherever she goes.

The woman who suffers from ill-health casts a shadow on her own happiness and the happiness of others. She cannot help it. Those who suffer cannot smile and sing.

Ill-health in woman is generally traceable to disease of the delicate womanly organism. Many women have been restored to happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"I feel it my duty to inform you that I had been a sufferer for many years from nervousness with all its symptoms and complications," writes Mrs. O. N. Fisher, of 1861 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. "I was constantly going to see a physician or purchasing medicine for this or that complaint as my troubles became unbearable. In the spring of 1897 my husband induced me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking one bottle and following your advice I was so encouraged that I took five more bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and then I did not take any more for several weeks as I felt so much better, but still I was not *completely cured*. I commenced taking it again and felt that I was improving faster than at first. I am not now cross and irritable, and I have a good color in my face; have also gained about ten pounds in weight and *one thousand of comfort*, for I am a new woman once more."

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss, therefore accept no substitute.

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