Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

In the merry days of boyhood when we
never knew a care
Greater than the mumps or measles or a
mother's cut of hair,
When a sore toe was a treasure and a
stonebruise on the heel
Filled the other boys with envy which
they tried not to conceal.
There were many treasured objects on
the farm we held most dear,
Orchard, fields, the creek we swam in,
and the old spring, cold and clear;
Over there the woods of hick'ry and of
oak so deep and dense,
Looming up behind the outlines of the
old
rail
fence.

On its rails the quail would whistle in the
early summer morn,
Calling to their hiding fellows in the field
of waving corn,
And the meadow larks and robins on the
stakes would sit and sing
Till the forest shades behind them with
their melody would ring.
There the catbird and the jaybird sat and
called each other names,
And the squirrels and chipmunks played
the chase-and-catch-me games,
And the garter snake was often in unpleasant evidence
In the grasses in the corners of the
old
rail
fence.

As we grew to early manhood, when we
thought the country girls
In the diadem of beauty were the very
fairest pearls,
Oft from spellin' school or meetin' of the
jolly shuckin' bee
Down the old lane we would wander with
a merry little "she."
On the plea of being tired (just the country lover lie),
On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moonlight, she and I,
And we'd paint a future picture touched
with colors most intense
As we sat there in the corner of the
old
rail
fence.

There one night in happy dreaming we
were sitting hand in hand,
Up so near the gates of heaven we could
almost hear the band,
When she heard a declaration whispered
in her lis'ning ear—
One she often since has told me she was
mighty glad to hear.
On my head there's now a desert fringed
with foliage of gray,
And there's many a thread of silver in
her dear old head to-day.
Yet the flame of love is burning in our
bosoms as intense
As it burned in the corner of that old
rail fence.
—Denver Post.

An Adaptation of Exodus.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

TO a certain sort of mind a saint is only to be known as a saint by the halo above his brow, and the Prince of Darkness himself would be devoid of identity without a pitchfork and a cloven hoof. To such as these the knight-errantry of Drayton and Bartlett may seem problematical; but a knight-errant is one who succors beauty in distress, and who rides abroad redressing human wrongs. Whether he employs an obnoxious insect rather than a sword, as Drayton did, or whether he rides an S. C. government mule, as Bartlett was wont to do, is neither here nor there.

Bartlett was riding the aforesaid mule shortly after the time my story begins. He rode it up the line, its long gray ears waggling evenly and restfully, and came to a halt in front of the set of quarters where Drayton and he roomed. Drayton was sitting on the porch, his feet on the railing, his chair tipped back, and the visor of his cap pulled down on his nose. He pushed the cap to the back of his head as Bartlett came slowly up the steps.

"I wish you would get a horse," he complained. "If you could just realize the figure you cut on that old elephant!"

"That's a mule," corrected Bartlett, his arm around a pillar and letting his heels dangle, as he perched on the railing. "It's also a very nice mule. It is no longer a shave-tail, but has reached years of discretion. The moment man or animal does that, his appreciative country straightway has him inspected and condemned. Horses may do for some, but not for one who has the duties of post quartermaster to perform. And, besides, I believe in the infantry and scorn a horse."

"The scorn," observed Drayton, "of the fox for the grapes."

"Don't rub it in," said Bartlett, dejectedly; "I'm miserable enough as it is."

"Thought you looked rather triste. I'm all sympathy. Go on."

Bartlett released his hold upon the pillar and folded his arm on his breast in an attitude combining stern endurance and precarious balance. "The Collinses are going to route the Lawrences out."

Now, the Collinses were the family of Capt. Collins—wife, mother-in-law on both sides, and three small children. They had that morning arrived in the post. Collins was in command of troop L, which had been moved on some weeks before. If he had been well-disposed his entry should not have put the whole garrison, below his rank, in the throes of fear of a progressive "turning-out." For there were empty quarters into which he might have moved exactly as well as not, and no one have been any the worse off.

"But Collins won't see it that way," Bartlett went on. "He ranks Lawrence, and his wife ranks him, you bet; and it's the wife and the mother-in-law who are going to have the Lawrences' set or bust."

"Throw them a few buckets of paint and calcimine, by way of sop," Drayton ventured to suggest.

"Did," said Bartlett, briefly. "Offered them half the quartermaster's department, and a carpenter, and a blacksmith, and a farrier, too, if they happened to need one. Told them they could have any or all of the colors of paint in the rainbow, if they'd just be good—but those three graces are going to have the Lawrences' house."

Drayton opined, with a little of the placidity, nevertheless, with which we all bear one another's burdens, that it was a very great and very profane shame. "There's that poor little woman with those two little bits of kids, and just moved into those quarters, and got them all fixed up so prettily, and her garden started, too. Then, those Collinses! They're a mean lot of cattle, anyway." He made a gesture of disgust, which turned the visor around over his left ear, and was silent for a minute through sheer wrath.

"I told Mrs. Lawrence they would be serpents-on-the wood-cutters-hearth—"

"Serpents, now?" asked Bartlett; "they were cattle before; and you called that"—he pointed over his shoulder—"an elephant, whereas, in point of fact, it's a mule."

"I told her," continued Drayton, unmoved, "that it wouldn't pay. I know all about the Collinses—served with them in Texas. I was sitting on Mrs. Lawrence's steps—I know that I usually am, so you can save yourself—I was sitting on her steps when the Collins outfit drove up. The ambulance stopped in front of the C. O.'s house, next door, and Collins jumped out and went in. The rest of them just waited. All would have been well if Mrs. Lawrence hadn't become tender-hearted in a most unnecessary way, and hadn't chosen to disregard any advice." He assumed the look of prophecy fulfilled. "I told her to sit still and not get excited and do something rash; gave her the benefit of my knowledge and experience. But it wasn't any use. She made me dry up and hang on to the kids, while she ran down to the ambulance and invited the whole caboodle to come in and rest and refresh themselves. They came. You can bet your life they came—or they wouldn't have been the Collinses. I saw Dame C.'s weather eye taking in the house. I could see she liked it, and I knew there'd be trouble. Mrs. Lawrence kept them to luncheon—the whole seven of them. Asked me, too; but the kids were raising Cain, and the abode of peace was transformed, so I lit out."

"Well, I guess she's sorry now—if that's any comfort to you. For the Collinses are not only going to have those quarters, but they're going to have them quick. Even the C. O. got at Collins. But it wasn't any use. 'My wife likes the quarters,' says he. And that's all."

They sat in meditation for some time. Then Drayton spoke.

"I like those quarters, too. I'm going to have some of them myself," he said.

Bartlett did not understand, and Drayton undertook to explain.

"Well—see here." He took his feet down from the rail, in his earnestness, and straightened his cap. "It's like this. You and I have got one room each in this house, haven't we, same as the most of the other bachelors?" Such was the case. "And we're entitled to two rooms each, aren't we?" Bartlett agreed that they were. "And we've been keeping these ones because we've been too lazy and too good-natured to ask for more, haven't we? Well, we won't be lazy and good-natured any more. If the Collinses move into the Lawrences' set, I'll vacate my room—turn it over to you—and I'll apply for the upstairs floor of the Lawrence house. Oh! I'm entitled to it, all right," he chuckled. "I know my rights as a citizen of these United States and as a first lieutenant of cavalry. The Collinses, the whole sweet seven of 'em, may have the lower floor. It's all they can claim under the law. That's four rooms, including the kitchen. I dare say they won't mind living like that any way. They're pigs."

"Pigs, too?" asked Bartlett.

Drayton went on unfolding his plan. "Once I have that top floor, you watch the interest in life I'll provide for them. I'll make their days pleasant and their nights—particularly their nights—beautiful. I'll have suppers up there every evening, and do songs and dances until reveille, if I have to hypothecate to pay my commissary bill, and if my health breaks down. You watch!" He stood up and began to button his blouse. "So you are warned. If the Collinses move in, such is my devotion to them that I'll move in, too. And I'll put in my formal application for those two rooms. No other two in the post will suit, either, you understand."

And it all came about exactly as he had said. There was a hegira of Lawrences and an ingress of Collinses, and great was the latters' wrath when they found Drayton taking possession of the upper floor. They protested to everybody in general, and to the commandant and the quartermaster in particular. And the commandant and the quartermaster said they were sorry, but that Drayton was certainly within his rights. He had applied for the quarters in virtue of the general turning-out that D troop was causing in the post, and he was entitled to occupy them. There was nothing more to be said.

"I can't pretend I'm sorry for them, exactly," Mrs. Lawrence confided to Drayton, when he advised her not to try to settle in her new quarters very elaborately; "I'm only human, after all, and my house did look so sweet, and my garden— But I'm sorry for you. I think those children are the very imps of evil."

Drayton nodded. "There are others," he said.

It was enigmatical, but Mrs. Lawrence looked doubtful, and ready to be hurt. "You don't mean mine?" she said.

"No, my dear lady," Bartlett reassured her, "he doesn't mean yours. He thinks yours are all that tender infancy should be. I don't know what he does mean, however. And probably he doesn't know himself."

"Don't I?" queried Drayton, enigmatical still. "Don't I just?"

"Perhaps," said Bartlett, "you mean Jimmy O'Brien. I saw you hobnobbing with him to-day. Would it be Jimmy now?"

Drayton would not commit himself. But it was Jimmy and none other, nevertheless. Drayton had come upon him when he was playing duck-on-a-rock all by himself, near the sutler's store. The duck was a beer bottle, and Jimmy was pitching stones at it, with indifferent aim. The father of Jimmy was first sergeant of Drayton's troop, and so the lieutenant felt they had enough in common to warrant a conversation.

It began by a suggestion as to a better way to throw a stone, and it ended with a bargain struck. "Then," said Drayton, "if I promise to pay you two bits for every centipede, four bits for every tarantula, ten cents for every lizard, a nickel for every toad, and a cent for every big spider, you will catch all you can and bottle them for me?"

Jimmy nodded, solemnly.

"And you won't say anything about it to anyone?" A quarter was pressed into a chapped and grimy hand.

"Nit," said Jimmy, the instinct of a political race to the fore. There was another race instinct strong in Jimmy, too. It was that of the contractor.

The very next morning, before guard-mounting, he clambered up the stairway to Drayton's rooms. Drayton was only just dressing. He had kept late hours. Bartlett had helped him, and until two o'clock they had alternated pacing heavily to and fro with dropping weighty bodies on the floor. The Collinses were kept awake.

"It's a question of endurance, because we are two," said Drayton; "but I expect we can hold out."

He inspected Jimmy's first catch. There was a centipede, two lizards and three toads. Jimmy's pockets bulged with bottles. There were also five large and unpleasant spiders.

"Good boy," said Drayton, and paid as per schedule.

Mrs. Collins and the mother-in-law's nerves were not calmed, any way, by the wakeful night. It was the harder for them when they came upon three large toads in their rooms that day. To have a toad hop out at you from a dark corner is not nice. It is still less to step on one and crush it. It gives a peculiar sensation. Mrs. Collins found it so. There was a lizard in the milk bottle, and another on the back of a chair, from where it climbed into a mother-in-law's hair. Big spiders infested the place.

Toward noon Drayton came downstairs carrying on the end of a pin, and examining it critically, a centipede. "Large, isn't it?" he asked, with some pride: "I killed it myself at the top of the stairs. They always come in families of three. The other two will be along pretty soon, I suppose."

The mother-in-law shuddered. "You and Mr. Bartlett made a great deal of noise last night, Mr. Drayton," she reproached.

Drayton looked concerned. These government quarters were so thin-floored, he explained.

"Did he always stay up until two o'clock?"

He admitted being of a restless disposition, and given to insomnia.

* * * * * * *

"All right," he reported to Mrs. Lawrence, shortly after. "You just rest on your oars. We'll have you back in those quarters before the kids have had time to do much damage to the place. I should say that a fortnight, at the very outside, should see Mrs. Collins suing for another set—any other old set. Bartlett will let her have them. He's an exceptionally obliging Q. M., as Q. M.'s go. That's his reputation."

It did not run as smoothly as Drayton might have wished. The women of the Collins family did not surrender without giving fight. They attacked Drayton himself first, but were met with an urbanity which parried every thrust. It was the thinness of the walls and floors, and that was manifestedly the government's fault. As for his insomnia, the blame of that lay with the doctor, he should think. He did not like staying broad awake until nearly dawn any better than they did. Of course, however, he would try to control his restlessness. The attempt met with failure, though, and the women appealed to the commandant. The commandant was urbane, too, but the insomnia of his officers was evidently not a matter to be reached officially.

It was plain that the insomnia aroused the suspicions of the Collinses. But the insects did not. They had never—not even in Texas itself—seen a house so overrun with reptiles. There were lizards in everything. There were frogs and toads in dark nooks. They hopped into your lap when you were least expecting it. They were always getting under your feet and—squashing. Spiders spun webs and dropped from the ceiling and the walls. And as for more venomous things! A day hardly passed that Drayton did not kill a tarantula or a centipede somewhere around.

Jimmy had that morning produced a newspaper package. "Here's a dead rattler," he had said. "I didn't know as you could use him. But I found him, and you can have him for a dime."

And the rattler had proved the best investment of all, as well as the last straw. Captain Collins had carried him on a stick out into the road. Then he had gone to the commandant and Bartlett. He was heavy-eyed for want of sleep. The whole family was that way; and Drayton was, too. In all humility he asked the favor of being allowed to change his quarters. Any other quarters would do, provided there were fewer insects. He was not particular at all. He asked so little, in fact, that Bartlett took pity on him. He renewed his offer of paint.

"Now," he said to Mrs. Lawrence, "you can come back to your own. They'll move out to-morrow. I've just been inspecting the premises, and there hasn't been much harm done. They are still the best quarters in the post. The kids have knocked a few holes in the walls and the woodwork's a little scratched. But I'll give you some paint, too."

The Collinses moved next day. Drayton waited until the last load of furniture was gone, and the three women were taking their final look around. Then he came down the stairs holding out, at the length of his arms two centipedes on the point of two large pins. He exhibited them.

"These quarters are too much for me," he said, "I'd rather have a corner of a housetop alone, than a wide upper floor with crawling things. I'm going to go back to my own room."

A fierce light of suspicion broke in on Mrs. Collins' mind then. "I believe," she said sternly and accusingly, "I believe, Mr. Drayton, that the whole thing was a put up job."

"Do you? Do you really?" asked Drayton, smilingly, deprecatingly. "But consider, my dear lady, consider the centipedes."—San Francisco Argonaut.

MODELED FRIGATE OF BONE.

Sailor in Debtor's Prison Reproduced Old Essex After Twenty Years' Work.

Unique among the countless boat models is that of the United States frigate Essex, now at the United States naval home. It is constructed entirely of bones, excepting the hulk, and represents 20 years' work of a sailor convict in the old Walnut street debtors' prison.

The name of the constructor is not known, but it has an interesting history. A sailor who had proved himself valiant in many naval battles was reduced to penury. Unable to pay his debts he was thrown into prison. Though incarcerated in body, his spirit longed for the freedom of the sea again. Then he conceived the idea of constructing a model of the old frigate on which he had served with so much distinction and which was associated with his dearest memories.

No materials were at hand to make the model except the bones which he might save from his meat and soup, says the Philadelphia Press. With these he set to work and with the most painstaking care fashioned in the model every detail of the boat he knew so well. Masts, crosstrees, yards, gaffs and lift blocks, all had to be whittled, carved and polished to their proportionate size and arranged in true shipshape. Even the chain plates, pulleys, dead eyes and minutest parts of the boat's paraphernalia were made by him out of common beef or fish bones. The hatchways and steering gear were also constructed with great ingenuity.

The vessel has two gun decks. Each of her broadside batteries has 32 guns, making a total of 64. These are models of the Dahlgren guns, which were nine-inch and smooth bores.

Models of two dispatch boats were also made by the old sailor and these have always accompanied the frigate. When the naval veteran died the boat model was bought at auction by Sampson Perot, who lived at 59 South Seventh street. Perot died December 20, 1840, and his effects were sold. Washington Keith purchased the boat. In 1843 Robert Adams heard its history and with much persuasion and money obtained possession of it. In 1843 he presented it to the naval home, where it has since remained. It is preserved in a glass case in the chapel and is guarded with jealous care by the old sailors. The bone model of the Essex will probably never be duplicated and its historic associations make it many times more valuable than its intrinsic value.

IDENTIFYING PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Habit Common to Tourists That Makes Business for an All-Around Artist.

"Each season's exodus to Europe means an increase in my business, in the fall," said the all-around artist, according to the New York Sun. "Scores of tourists come back with a trunkful of photographs that are not marked of whose originals they have no more idea than a cat.

"It seems queer that a person could visit the most famous spots in Europe and not be able to identify one of the photographs, but I find that this is frequently the case. There are several causes for this ignorance. For one thing, they rush through so hurriedly that they haven't the time to do more than look sideways at things they pass by, and they buy the pictures just to remind them that they were in that cathedral and climbed that staircase and drank from such a fountain.

"Then again, many people return with photographs of places that they didn't pretend to visit while abroad. The pretense begins when they get home, and they have brought the photographs along to back them up in their assertion.

"These pictures have all been bought by the wholesale, and are jumbled together without the slightest regard for the unities, and the first thing necessary is to turn the chaos into some kind of order. I have one girl in my employ who does nothing but sort, arrange and catalogue pictures. Her task is not always a light one. Of course, there are regulation pictures of regblation sights that are recognizable at a glance, but tourists have a habit of falling into out-of-the-way places and picking up out-of-the-way pictures, and we are often led quite a chase before we can place all of them.

"Our most difficult task is to straighten out the work of amateur photographers, many of whom cannot name their own pictures. A large percentage of these photographs are very crude, and the point of observation is so unusual that the most experienced globe trotter would not recognize the scene. By tireless investigation we have always been able to get these luckless tourists right, however, and have thus added to their happiness and our own income."

Teaching the Indians Politeness.

A teacher in an Indian school in Michigan writes as follows: "It is especially interesting to study these children, especilly as we have them from four different tribes, and I should very much like to write up my impressions, only that I can scarcely keep up with my work as it is. These boys have a sense of humor. In my flag drill last Friday the partners were a boy and girl, and where the lines interesect to form the cross I taught the boys to let their partners go first, and hard trouble I had to do it, too. After the exercises Isaac Crane came up to me, and, in his solemn way, said: 'Miss B——, in letting the girls pass in front of the boys, you have struck at the root of an Indian national custom.' I said: 'How so, Isaas?' and he answered: 'It is the custom for the man to go first, carrying his dignity, and for the woman to follow, carrying everything else.' "—Washington Star.

Regard of Chinese for the Lion.

Among the various superstitions of the Chinese, and there are many, is that which regards the lion as an emblem of good fortune. Any hill of prominence or rock that can in its structure be thought to bear the reblance to the king of beasts, has always been attractive to the Chinese—Chicago Chronicle.

PITH AND POINT.

If you bestow a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.—Chicago Daily News.

Every owner of a dog says it won't bite, except at night, when it is very fierce.—Atchison Globe.

"Prof. Thompson says that electric cars will travel at the rate of 100 miles an hour." "By gum, it's hard enough to get 'em to stop for a fellow now."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That friend of yours must spend his whole salary for the clothes on his back." "Oh, I don't know! I have heard that he gets most of his clothes on his face."—Indianapolis News.

The Absent Friend.—"How well Mrs. Gillwazzle holds her age!" "Isn't it wonderful? You would not think that she was a day over 30, if she didn't try to act as if she were 20!"—Indianapolis Press.

"No, I won't give you a piece of my apple," snapped his sister. "And who was it," the boy inquired, reproachfully, "that spoiled the piano so you didn't have to practice for a week?"—Philadelphia Times.

"Your town," said the Chicagoan, "is called the 'City of the Straits,' I believe?" "Yes," replied the Detroiter; "and yours, I suppose, might be known as the 'City of the Crooks.' "—Philadelphia Record.

A Methodist critic, wishing to put his bishop "in a hole," or, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit him in a cavity," asked in open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car. "Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied; "do you know any easier way?"—Boston Christian Register.

Johnny (to the minister on a visit)—"My father says he never heard such a stupid sermon as you delivered last Sunday. He told mother so." The Minister—"Did he? And what did mother say?" Johnny—"She said it didn't begin to be as stupid as your talk when you came here on a visit."—Boston Transcript.

THE GALLIERA FORTUNE.

Romantic History of Inherited Riches Now Possessed by the Empress Frederick.

German papers state that one of the chief motives of the king's recent visit to Empress Frederick is connected with some alteration she is making in her will, especially with regard to the disposal of the handsome fortune she inherited from Duchess de Galliera, an eccentric but colossally rich Genoese lady. The duchess was the coheiress with her sister, Duchess Melzi, of the ancient house of Brignole Sale, so intimately associated with the Italian career of Van Dyke, says the London Chronicle. She married early in life Duke Ferrari di Galliera, whose father was a rich banker and miser, who was one day found dead in his secret cellar surrounded by his enormous accumulation of gold and silver. The subsequent mysterious murder of a valet attached to the service of the duke rendered Genoa insupportable to the young couple, and they left it for good and proceeded to Paris, carrying with them the greater part of their fortune.

In those days South Africa and Mexico were the "Africa" of the financial world, and the Gallieras speculated largely and soon amassed an incredibly large fortune, which they spent royally and with a benevolence only too rarely found in millionaires In 1880 £1,000,000 was presented by them to the city of Genoa for the enlargement of the port; every relation and old friend was handsomely pensioned, and later another £1,000,000 was spent in the erection of a magnificent hospital, a monastery for the benevolent Capuchin monks, an orphanage and a retreat for old priests Then the ancestral palace, the superb Palazzo Rosso, with its wonderful collection of pictures, especially of Van Dyke, and its library were presented to the city.

Equally fortunate was the city of Paris, where the name of Galliera is still synonymous with magnificence. Empress Frederick was one of the duchess' most intimate friends, and when her death occurred she left her majesty nearly a quarter of a million of money. The only son of this benevolent couple refused to assume his title, and became a Christian socialist and known as plain Sig. Ferrari; a granddaughter, however, is the present Princess Borghese. The munificence of the Gallieras was not confined to public charities, but their private benevolence exceeded that which has made their name justly famous and revered.

Heard Them, Anyhow.

A musician and his wife were on their way home from a concert, and were overheard discussing the merits of the entertainment.

"It set my teeth on edge," the husband said, "to hear the orchestra playing 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie' at the same time. The idea is all right, of course, and even commendable from a sentimental point of view, but the two pieces, when played together, are full of discords."

"But didn't you notice," said his wife, who is something of a musician herself, "that where certain notes or passages would have been discordant they were omitted from one air or the other, and left to the drums?"

"Of course I noticed it," he testily rejoined, "but I could hear the discords in my mind just the same! Ach!"—Youth's Companion.

Maundy, or Shere, Thursday.

Some doubt seems to still exist about the derivation of the word "Maundy," which gives its name to the day before Good Friday. Maund was the word used in allusion to the basket which at one time formed a feature of the English ceremonial. But the word is certainly derived from the first word of the antiphon sung at the mass in Roman churches to-day—"Mandatum norvum," the "new commandment." Shere Thursday was the other name by which the day was known, for on that day "people would shear their hair, and clip their beards, and cleanse their bodies, and so make them honest against Easter day."—London Chronicle.

The Man of Little Business.

The man who has but little business never has many enemies.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

"Dont Speak to me."

All manner of extravagant expressions are possible when a woman's nerves are overwrought.

The spasm at the top of the wind pipe or bronchial tubes, "ball rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart, laughing and crying by turns, muscular spasms (throwing the arms about), frightened by the most insignificant occurrences—are all symptoms of a hysterical condition and serious derangement of the female organs.

Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be regarded as a symptom only. The cause, however, yields quickly to **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** which acts at once upon the organ afflicted and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms.

Mrs. Lewis Says: "I Feel Like a New Person, Physically and Mentally."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to speak a good word for **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** For years I had ovarian trouble and suffered everything from nervousness, severe headache, and pain in back and abdomen. I had consulted different physicians, but decided to try your medicine, and I soon found it was giving me much relief. I continued its use and now am feeling like a new person, physically and mentally, and am glad to add one more testimonial to the value of your remedy."—MRS. M. H. LEWIS, 2108 Valentine Ave., Tremont, New York, N. Y.

Writing to Mrs. Pinkham is the quickest and surest way to get the right advice about all female troubles. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She advises women free. Following is an instance:

Mrs. Haven's First Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I would like your advice in regard to my troubles. I suffer every month at time of menstruation, and flow so much and for so long that I become very weak, also get very dizzy. I am troubled with a discharge before and after menses, have pains in ovaries so bad sometimes that I can hardly get around, have sore feeling in lower part of bowels, pain in back, bearing-down feeling, a desire to pass urine frequently, with pains in passing it; have leucorrhœa, headache, fainting spells, and sometimes have hysteria. My blood is not in good condition. Hoping to hear from you, I am," MRS. EMMA HAVEN, 2508 South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (June 3, 1899.)

Mrs. Haven's Second Letter.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for what your medicine has done for me. I suffered for four years with womb trouble. Every month I flowed very badly. I got so bad that I could hardly do my work. Was obliged to sit or lie down the most of the time. I doctored for a long time, but obtained no relief. I began using your remedies—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills—and now feel like a new woman."—MRS. EMMA HAVEN, 2508 South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (Feb. 1, 1900.)

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

The real worth of my $3.00 and $3.50 shoes compared with other makes is $4.00 to $5.00. My $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Best in the world for men.

I make and sell more men's fine shoes, Goodyear Welt (Hand-Sewed Process), than any other manufacturer in the world. I will pay $1,000 to any one who can prove that my statement is not true. (Signed) W. L. Douglas.

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INTERESTING ODDS AND ENDS.

Dandelion farms near Pottsville, Pa., are very profitable.

Inoculation has lowered fatal cases in cholera from ten to two per cent.

The number of epileptics in Illinois is estimated at not less than 5,000.

Two hundred canals have been charted on the surface of Mars. The narrowest are 30 miles wide.

About a dozen hospitals in Massachusetts have both allopathic and homoeopathic physicians on the staff.

The Scriptures make frequent mention of the practice of irrigation in the arid Holy Lands and from Persian, Greek and Roman writers we learn that in all the Mediterranean countries of old the people were more or less familiar with the art.

A DOCTOR THIS TIME.

Portland, May 6.—Dr. E. A. Rose, a practicing physician, formerly of Yates Center, Kan., was on what everyone supposed was his death bed. He had Diabetes, and six of his brother doctors were in attendance and consultation at his bedside. They had done everything that medical skill could suggest to save his life, but they were at last reluctantly forced to tell him that he must prepare for death.

His aunt had been summoned to his dying bedside. After the doctors had given her nephew up, she insisted that as a last resort, he be given a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

From the very first dose, the tide turned in his favor. His life was saved, and he is hale and hearty to-day.

This case and its cure has amazed the physicians, and is the sensation of the hour. It is interesting to note that while many others are being cured by this great discovery in medicine, the physicians themselves are among the first to benefit, and that while the simpler and more prevalent forms, such as Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bladder and Urinary Trouble and Female Weakness disappear before it, the more malignant forms, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy, which have always been regarded as incurable, are yielding just as easily.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fast superseding all other treatments for Kidney Disease, and as nearly all human sickness and suffering has its origin in the Kidneys, the use of this wonderful medicine is becoming almost universal.

Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln.

An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

If a home is well regulated every girl has her beat the same as a policeman.—Atchison Globe.

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