

WINE OF CARDUI

Nature's Way.

ROCKY COMFORT, Ark.,
Oct. 29.

I have been troubled with delayed and insufficient menses, with rush of blood to my head, causing falling sickness and great pain afterward. Wine of Cardui cured me.

Mrs. W. H. GOLDEN.

Wine of Cardui

Men and women make mistakes, but Nature never does. Her laws are as fixed as the stars. Her danger signals are always right. Nature's way is for women to menstruate every 28 days. If there is any impediment—if the flow is scanty—her signs of danger take the shape of dizziness, rush of blood to the head, fainting spells, cold feet and hands, pains under the shoulder blades and in the sides. There is much pain and suffering ahead for the woman who neglects Nature's cries of warning. Postponing things is almost suicidal. Wine of Cardui is the assistance that Nature requires in her work of cleansing the system. It is a medicine from the fields and the woods—a vegetable compound of roots and herbs, that acts altogether upon the organs of womanhood alone. It is good for all "female troubles". Its action is quick, and its benefits are permanent.

Druggists Sell Large Bottles for \$1.00.

WINE OF CARDUI

Recalled to Life.

He is at Dr. Caffyn's office. There are only three persons before him—an elderly lady, with a small boy, who wriggles uneasily in his chair, and a young girl, who sits alone at the table, turning over a volume of John Leech's drawings. Burton seats himself by one of the heavily curtained windows and falls into a reverie.

After awhile the opening of a door in the hall, a faint murmur and a light footfall warn the last victim that his hour has come. He rises and follows the servant.

"Quite so," remarks Dr. Caffyn, a thin, weasel faced man, after examining his patient. "Quite so. You are—er—er—vainly hunting for your card."

"Burton is my name—barrister and journalist."

"Quite so," repeats the physician, with the air of one arriving with some difficulty at the truth. "Hard worked in your profession, Mr.—er—Burton?"

"No; not very much. I have not been able for much lately, owing to that faintness I told you of. Would it not be better for a change of air to brace me up a little, Dr. Caffyn?"

"The fact is," says the physician, leaning back in his chair and surveying his eyes—the fact is, my dear sir, I can give you only a poor report of your health. Nothing that I—or any one else—can give you will do you much good."

"Plainly speaking, Dr. Caffyn," he says, raising himself at last, "how long have I to live?"

"Not more than a few months, I fear," returns the doctor, feebly. "Five or six at most. But you may find some temporary relief from this," handing the prescription and rising. "Come and see me, Mr. Burton, when you like. Avoid worry, excitement, late hours and—er—good morning."

He passes through the still hall into the blazing sunlight once more—the life giving sunshine which will never again minister health and strength to him.

A letter awaits him at his chambers. Mechanically he opens it. What does it matter? What does anything matter now?

It is from Kite & Prabble, the publishers, to the effect that the first edition of Mr. Burton's novel, "Thothmes," having been exhausted in three weeks, they proposed going to press for a second edition in view of the unprecedented demand. Meanwhile they enclosed a check for \$2,500, in terms of contract and remained his obediently.

"Too late!" he exclaims bitterly. "Too late!"

"So you really like the book?"

"Yes, very much," he replies. "I have never read anything which touched me so deeply."

"They were walking in a Devonshire lane, the niece of the rector of Dallington and Burton. The people at the rectory were old friends of his family, and it was there that he had met Emilie Conyers."

The book they had just been discussing was "Thothmes," his own anonymous novel, but he had not told her he was the author. Not worth while now, he thought to himself.

"Tell me something you like in 'Thothmes,'" Miss Conyers, I—I read it lately."

"Oh, well, there is that fine passage about recognition—no, recollection, rather."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Indigestion, Dropsical, Cold Chills, Flashes of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Constipation, Bloating of the Stomach, Nervousness, Trembling Sensations, etc. These ailments arise from a disordered or obstructed condition of the stomach and liver.

Beecham's Pills will gently restore Females to complete health, by clearing the system. For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, Bloating, Liver, etc.

They act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System, restoring the long lost Appetite, bringing back the worn edge of Appetite, and promoting the whole physical energy.

Health is the whole physical energy of the human frame. For throwing thousands of lives into the world, these are "Beecham's Pills," the best guarantee to the human race, and one of the best of the world. This is the largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. This has been achieved.

The publication of testimonials.

Beecham's Pills have for many years been the popular family medicine wherever the English language is spoken, and they now stand without a rival.

10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

ROBBERY AND ROMANCE

How Tiburcio Palma Stole the Belle of Tecate.

WEIRD STORY OF OLD MEXICO.

Mounted on a Stolen Horse, the Bold-est of the Bandits Abducted the Daughter of Don Emilio—Wild and Fearless Chase.

Tiburcio Palma, a notorious but gallant Mexican bandit, recently abducted Tonia Castaneda, the beautiful daughter of Don Emilio Castaneda and belle of all the countryside in and around Tecate.

Tiburcio, with a price on his head, rode into Tecate, up even into the dooryard of the Castaneda ranch, and stole away this beauty or whom all the men of the border have been sighing in vain. Upon his saddle he whisked her, and away they flew on a single pony so swift and sure that no trace of them has been found to this day.

It was a stolen pony that Tiburcio Palma was about with his boys, says the San Francisco Chronicle, rounding up a drove of steers, and nobody but aged Donna Maxima and a young cousin named Cruz was there to guard the flower of the ranch. Donna Maxima was roaring like a lion in the garden like two fairies, stealing forth, when nobody was about, to see the flowers bloom. Up rode a lone horseman.

"What is that man, Tiburcio?" asked Cruz, withdrawing to the shelter of the piazza. Tonia did not move. Perhaps she recognized the tall, lithe figure under its beaming, bushy eyebrows—perhaps she was merely curious.

When he had thrown himself from his pony and strode into the garden and up to the beautiful Tonia, Cruz gave an exclamation of amazement and terror.

"Go away, thief of horses and killer of men," she cried (she had heard of a fight between Tiburcio and Thomas Valverde at Jacumba a few weeks before, in which poor Valverde had been foolish enough to let Tiburcio get the first shot; "go away, for your life!" Don Emilio, my uncle, with 20 men, is upon your track even now for stealing your pinto gelding. Tiburcio, however, into the house and let the lad had no time to say a word.

Thus cried Cruz, but Tonia only staid and smiled back into the smiling face so close to her own; nor did she think to resist.

er. I liked that—about remembering what is happening now as having occurred at some far back date of one's life. By the by—this with a vivid flash of memory. "You remember, do you know, Mr. Burton, I am quite sure that I have seen you somewhere before we met here? I can't remember where, but I have tried—somewhere, not long ago."

"I am sure I can't say," he says quietly, looking down into her frank brown eyes. "I don't think we have met before, in which case, Tiburcio, perhaps it is foolish enough to let Tiburcio get the first shot; "go away, for your life!" Don Emilio, my uncle, with 20 men, is upon your track even now for stealing your pinto gelding. Tiburcio, however, into the house and let the lad had no time to say a word.

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HAVE YOU EVER USED A POROUS PLASTER?

Perhaps you have and it hasn't benefited you—or perhaps it has spread on your skin and stuck to your underclothing and made itself generally nasty.

Alcock's POROUS PLASTERS

never do this, but imitations generally do.

Insist upon having Alcock's and you will get the best and original and the one on the reputation of which others trade.

Don't be fooled. Alcock's always give satisfaction and none of the imitations do.

AN UNBURIED SKULL.

The Weird Story of the Ghost of Boynton Acres Hall.

Boynton Acres Hall, the country seat of Sir Henry Somerville Boynton, who has so recently died, has one of the most extraordinary ghost stories attached to it. The house, which was designed by Inigo Jones, is a large and picturesque red brick building, partly in the Tudor and partly in the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles. The interior, which was decorated by Rubens, contains some magnificent apartments, including a grand hall, with a finely carved screen, behind which is a splendid staircase. Over the mantelpiece in the hall there was a curious representation of the "Empire of Death." In the time of Elizabeth the hall and estates were vested in the three sisters, coheiresses, who determined to have erected for themselves and their descendants in the present mansion, instead of the older building.

The youngest of the three sisters, who had taken a special interest in the erection of the new house, was brutally murdered by some ruffians when paying a visit to Harpham Hall, the residence of Lady St. Quentin, and died very shortly after. Before her death she made her sisters promise that her head should be removed from her body and preserved within the hall, to remain there forever. She also left a weird message to future owners of the house that if they disobeyed these injunctions she would render the place uninhabitable.

Her sisters, who had only made the promise to pacify her, had the coffin brought up from the vault, and, on opening it, found the head severed from the body and rapidly assuming the appearance of a fleshless skull. The skull was only brought to the house and placed on a table in the hall, where, with the exception of very short periods, it has remained ever since.

On one occasion a midsummer squally shower from a window on to a wagon, which remained immovable until, terror-stricken with what she had done, the girl confessed, and the skull was restored to its place. At another time the Boynton of the day, ignoring or disbelieving his ancestors' power, caused the skull to be buried in the garden. The result was that dreadful wailing and unexplained crashings were heard about the hall, and the skull had to be again reinstated.—London Mail.

What Waked Them.

Bill Jackson, the hero of Willimantic, has a new story of El. Carey. It is about the Twelfth regular, of which

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over 4¢ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

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PORTO RICO'S SHRINE

STORY OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MONTEARRATE.

Many Pilgrims Said to Have Been Miraculously Cured of Bodily Infirmities at the Lourdes of the Antilles—A Historic Spot.

[Special Correspondence.]

MATAGUA, Porto Rico, June 1.—This progressive city of 30,000 inhabitants, the third in importance and population in our new insular possession in the Antilles, seems to be growing and prospering under the beneficent rule of the United States, and the people seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the existing conditions. It is decidedly a modern city, with clean streets, good drainage, pure and abundant water, street railways, newspapers, schools and savings banks. There is a large export trade in sugar, molasses, coffee, hides and fruits.

In striking contrast with this bustling up to date city is the tiny rock of Montearrate, about four miles southeast of Mataguez. It is a spot of both historic and devotional interest. The village, which is made up of a few straggling, ancient and weather stained houses, is situated on a rough, rocky, barren mountain side of blackened volcanic formation.

Oddly enough, it was here two decisive events occurred which had a most important bearing on the future of Porto Rico. It was the scene of the last of the deadly struggles between the armed hosts of the Castilian kings and the sullen, retreating and defeated aborigines, which completed Spanish domination of the island. Almost upon the same spot in the end of this nineteenth century the Spanish army made its last defiant, though ineffective, stand in the western hemisphere.

Overlooking the straggling village of Hornigueros and at the end of the roadway leading through it stands Montearrate, a lofty mass of rock, up which ascends a stairway of a hundred steps hewn from the solid rock. These steps lead to a small platform formed by cutting away the apex of a mountain peak. This level place is surrounded by a low stone wall, within which enclosure stands the venerated Santuario de Nuestra Señora de Montearrate, the Church of Our Lady of Montearrate. It is the Lourdes of the Antilles, and to its shrine have flocked the faithful for 300 years, seeking healing for their bodily infirmities. The story of its founding is told in the old records:

"Shortly after settlement of Porto Rico by the Spaniards a husbandman was clearing the forest ground from his crown grant in the wild Hornigueros mountains and breaking the soil with a rude wooden plow drawn by a bull, when the intense rays of a midday sun having made toil painful to both man and beast, he released the bull from the plow, in order that the animal might seek food and water. As soon as he obtained his freedom the bull turned upon his master and attempted to gore him to death. Vainly did the man endeavor to avoid the attacks of the infuriated animal. Finding

For goodness sake, boys, wake up!" cried the captain, and then, with a sudden inspiration, he shouted, "Company F, play him!"

That settled it. The men were wide awake in an instant, and led by their captain, every man dashed for the trenches to the relief of the detail already there. "We are attacked! Rally at the trenches!" he shouted.

But still the weary, fagged out men were slow. They roused, but seemed unable to shake off the meshes of slumber, which clogged their brains.

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Colonel San Martin's Unhappy End.

The Literary Digest prints the following, concerning Colonel San Martin's unhappy ending to what promised to be a glorious military career.

Colonel San Martin of the Spanish army has indeed come to an unhappy end. General Miles arrived at Ponce, Porto Rico, San Martin commanded a force of 1,000 men in the town, but was so surprised that he made no attempt at resistance and fell back through the island to San Juan. When he reached the Porto Rican capital, he was court-martialed, by order of Captain General Macias, and condemned to be shot. The unfortunate colonel begged that he might die in Spain. This request, in view of the fact that he had won six medals for bravery in battle, was granted. Meanwhile General Brooke and other Americans who had been engaged in the campaign petitioned for clemency, showing the Spanish authorities that Colonel San Martin could not possibly have done otherwise than retire. Despite the fact that he did the best he could under the circumstances, the Spanish war department had sentenced him for life to a penal settlement.

Heartless.

Props—You've got to cut out that great scene when you light your cigarette with a \$1,000 note.

David Garrick Keen Macready—And why?

Props—Because the tobacco snuff you have selected his bill of 4 shillings 6 pence.—Tit-Bits.

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PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

A New Game Which Flourishes in the Schools of Japan.

An ingenious schoolteacher in Japan recently conceived the idea of having his pupils hold sessions similar to those of the Japanese parliament, and so successful has this noble idea proved that it is now being generally adopted through the schools of the country. It has also attracted the attention of many Europeans and certain leading journals in Germany and France claim that schoolteachers are to be congratulated on having followed the example of the Japanese professor.

In his school the principal plays the part of the prime minister, and three teachers represent respectively the ministers of public instruction, of war and of the navy. Three of the senior scholars take the part of privy councilors, and the oldest professor acts as president of the parliament, the place of vice president being taken by the professor of history. Other professors and pupils act the parts of speaker, secretary of state and the other official personages attached to the parliament.

At the opening session, which was held in the large schoolroom of the high school at Sendai, a city in the north of Japan, an embryo member of parliament presented for discussion a bill for the abolition of all examinations. The principal champion of the bill was a young student named Kato. He spoke for two hours in his favor, paying not the slightest attention to the many interruptions which were made by the deputies on the crowded benches. The newspapers next day gave a long account of his speech and predicted for him a brilliant parliamentary career if he decided to enter public life.

The speakers who followed him were not so fortunate. One of them indeed was so embarrassed by the interruptions which were made by the deputies that he completely and was fain to turn aside and swallow a cup of tea, after which he hastily left the platform. A curious feature of the session was the gaudy attire of all those who took part in it. Students, as well as professors, did not hesitate to lay stress on the weak points of the grave dignitaries whom they represented. In this way, the session was marked by the skillful manner in which they portrayed the leading legislators of their country. This first session lasted for seven hours, and it might not have ended then if the prime minister had not remarked that it was time for dinner.

Evidently there will be no lack of candidates for parliamentary honors in Japan, at least during the present generation.—New York Herald.

To Cure by Dreams.

A Doctor's Device for Making the Patient's Sleep Pleasant.

An English physician claims to have discovered a new and efficacious cure for persons afflicted with nervous or mental maladies. If such persons, he says, can only procure pleasant dreams, they will soon regain their health, and his aim is therefore to furnish them with delightful dreams.

For this purpose he uses a soft leather cap, which covers the patient's head and ears and leaves only the face uncovered. Beside the ears are placed two metal plates, which are joined by a rubber tube to a phonograph. The patient rests on a divan in a dark room, and in front of him is a sort of magic lantern, from which are projected at brief intervals various enjoyable pictures. In this way, it is claimed, the eyes of the sick person are delighted, while at the same time his ears are soothed by the vibrations of the phonograph.

As a result weariness comes upon him and is soon followed by slumber, and it is while he is dozing in this manner that happy dreams are evoked, thanks to the phonograph and stereopticon. After this light slumber comes a deep sleep, which, we are assured, is always most beneficial.

Several tests of this kind have been made with success, and it is said that not only are tired nerves refreshed by this method, but that the patient's body also rapidly increases in weight. The patient, however, and sights are soothing to the nerves we have all known for a long time, but that pleasant dreams have a tendency to make persons fat will certainly be news to the general public.—Philadelphia Times.

A Wild Guess.

"The pillows in this boarding house are the hardest I ever struck," complained the new boarder at the breakfast table. "I wonder what they are made of?"

"Perhaps," said the star boarder, "of feathers from a tailor's goose."—Detroit Free Press.

"Oh, Harry, listen to this—In Siberia they chain convicts to their wheelbarrows!"

"Well, Harry, you know very well you'd chain me to the lawn mower if you weren't afraid the neighbors would blow about it."—Chicago Record.

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Headache, Migraine, Dizziness, and Vertigo, and all the ailments of the Brain, such as Trembling Sensations, etc. They clear the brain, strengthen the nerves, and impart a healthy glow to the face. All ailments of the brain and nerves are checked and cured. All ailments of the brain and nerves are checked and cured. All ailments of the brain and nerves are checked and cured.

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They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Headache, Migraine, Dizziness, and Vertigo, and all the ailments of the Brain, such as Trembling Sensations, etc. They clear the brain, strengthen the nerves, and impart a healthy glow to the face. All ailments of the brain and nerves are checked and cured. All ailments of the brain and nerves are checked and cured. All ailments of the brain and nerves are checked and cured.

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THE EASY FOOD

Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest.