# THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL N. HARBEN

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantini, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantini. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks calls for a crematory employe, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Gielow in his own handwriting, postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight. Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Sergt. Denham detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Gielow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined. Going to Gielow's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Henri tells of strange influence Bantini had over Gielow. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantini was the murderer, and through hypnotism made Gielow confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others.

CHAPTER XIV.

At half after seven o'clock that evening Dr. Lampkin was waiting for Hendricks at the latter's office. Promptly at the time set by the detective he hurried into the room out of breath. At a glance it was plain to Lampkin that he had met with no success.

"It's no good," said Hendricks, fuming. "I can't get the slightest hint as to his whereabouts. They say he has left the city, and there it ends."

"What are you going to do next?" questioned Lampkin. "This case is fretting the life out of me. I never felt so much concern over anything in my life."

Hendricks' brows ran together and, without making a reply, he went into the adjoining room and Lampkin heard him ring the telephone. There was a pause; then he heard the voice of the detective calmly asking for the connection. Then tensely:

"Is that Miss Huntington?"

Pause of a moment. Then Hendricks' voice:

"But you ought not to sit up there like that. I want to say that Dr. Lampkin and I are going out into the country, and that you need not expect to hear from me again to-night."

Another pause, then the voice of the detective broke the silence:

"Yes, really, I can tell you nothing to-night. I am sorry to say that so far I have been unsuccessful, but while there is life, you know, there is hope."

Then there was silence for a moment and Hendricks rang off. When he entered the room he was white in the face, and his fat hands—the hands which had tightened about the throats and wrists of a hundred criminals—were trembling.

"Old man," he said, "I heard her fall to the floor just now. I heard her aunt scream and run to her." Hendricks sat down and leaned on his desk. There was something in his eyes that Lampkin had never seen in the eyes of any human being.

"Doctor," Hendricks added, "if I do run across that dirty scamp, I—I am afraid I never can wait for justice to take its course. I am satisfied that he is not only Gielow's abductor, but that he is the man who has tried twice to do me up in such a cowardly fashion."

Then Hendricks shook himself, as if ashamed of his outburst, and leaned back in the light of the green-shaded lamp.

"I heard you telephone Miss Huntington that you and I were going out into the country," said Lampkin. "Was that only a pretext?"

"No, I am going out to have a talk with Kola, and as you said you'd like to see his big rambling den, I want to take you along for company."

"Nothing could please me more."

"I have ordered a carriage to meet us at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street elevated station. Come on, I'm ready."

As the carriage, after having passed through a rather dense wood for about half a mile, drew up at the old brick mansion with its three and a half stories and massive fluted columns reaching from the ground to the rather flat roof, Lampkin remarked:

"Rather an isolated place. No bad place for the gang of robbers of which you spoke."

"It just suits Kola, as I said once before," answered Hendricks. "By the time his hoodwinked customers get here they are prepared for anything imaginative."

Telling the driver to wait for them at the door they alighted. There was but one light in sight and that was a dismal red one which could be seen through the old-fashioned side lights of the big door on the stone veranda. There was no bell on the door, but simply a quaint old knocker.

"I wish," observed Hendricks, "that it were day instead of night. You can form no idea of the picturesque ruggedness of the scenery. You see we came by the old road through the woods, but just behind the house there is a new drive. At this point it has been cut through solid stone, and there is a cliff, within 400 feet of us, over a hundred feet in height. In blasting the stone away, it was thought that the old mansion became unsafe, especially as it is believed that there are caverns under the hill."

Hendricks mounted the steps and used the knocker vigorously. The clatter had scarcely died out when the tones of a bell as soft and mellow as cathedral chimes in the distance came from the house.

"Kola knows my rap and the bell is a signal to his attendant to admit me," said Hendricks. "If I make no mistake you are going to be repaid for your ride out here. In psychic tom-foolery and mysticism you are a schoolboy compared to Kola. He imbibed it at the dusky breast of an eastern mother, and his very life is steeped in it."

The door was opened by an Indian in the costume of his country. He placed his finger on his lip to indicate that they were to remain silent, and then gave a salaam that brought his turban almost into contact with the floor.

"I want to see your master," whispered Hendricks, handing him his card.

Again the man bowed silently, closed the great door, and left them in the spacious hall. With many and profuse draperies, Kola had hung the walls and ceiling so that the effect was distinctly oriental. The ornaments, scrolls, paintings and statues were all eastern, but what struck Lampkin most forcibly, perhaps because it was so ill suited to its environment, was a dragon of carved walnut, which stood at the foot of the wide curving stairway.

"That belongs to the house," explained Hendricks in a whisper. "It is a genuine curiosity. The carving is excellent. One would think it of Japanese origin, but if you will notice, it is of the same material as the balustrade, and that must have been made in this country."

Just then the attendant glided from between two heavy silken curtains, and with another salaam, invited them to pass before him. Doing so, they found themselves in Kola's big reception-room. Here their vision was given a rare treat. The lessee of the old ruin had removed the two floors above the one on which they stood, giving a becoming altitude to the walls, which were gracefully draped with long flowing hangings of different blending cloths. The ceiling was disguised by a filmy mass of white material, as gauzy as cobwebs, behind which shone red and yellow lights, like signal fires in a mist.

Lampkin almost uttered an exclamation of delight, but the impressive manner of the attendant and Hendricks' unwonted silence checked the impulse. The servant gave them seats with their backs to the door through which they had entered, and then he stood still in the center of the room, his head bowed, his turban held in front of him.

After a moment the mellow-toned bell, which they had heard before, and which was suspended somewhere among the lights overhead, struck three times slowly. Then a white light blazed up and Kola was seen in a hitherto dark alcove. He wore his gray gown and

KOLA TURNED FURIOUSLY.

close-fitting cowl, and was seen to be pacing back and forth. Without seeming conscious of their presence so near him, he picked up an unlighted electric bulb and turned the button. Then holding the light in his right hand, he approached a black tripod over which lay a red cloth. He lifted the cloth, and a big polished crystal sphere was exposed to view. It was about ten inches in diameter and as clear as a diamond. Reflecting the dull, sensuous lights overhead, and the bright rays of the electric bulb, it was certainly a marvelous sight.

Still Kola seemed unconscious of their proximity. From the walls near him the smoke of incense began to rise, a rosy light pervaded the room, and soft, seductive music was heard somewhere above.

Kola held the electric bulb over the crystal and began to gaze into its depths, uttering in sing-song tones words of a strange tongue.

Lampkin heard the detective take a deep, impatient breath, and then his voice jarred harshly through the room.

"Oh, I say, Kola!" he remonstrated. "I came out here the other day and had to sit and watch you go through this sort of thing till I was obliged to leave. For the sake of—"

Kola turned furiously, his features working wildly. Holding up his hand, he said:

"You must be patient, Mr. Hendricks. You are as ignorant as an infant of the importance of what I am doing. You laugh at what you don't understand, but you don't know all that there is to be known. Right this minute I am reading for you, and seeing what your untutored eyes will never see. I knew you were coming. I saw it here," touching the crystal. "I know what you don't know about the case you are working on. If your eye were only trained you could see it now in the crystal."

"Pardon me," said Hendricks, "that is what I come to see you about. I am about to the end of my resources, and something must be done."

"Wait!" Kola turned to the crystal. The music changed to a weird air like a Chinese funeral chant. After a pause of several minutes he looked up.

"The other night I was reading the crystal. I saw a big hotel. A man was murdered; his body was shipped off somewhere in a trunk; its ashes were returned by express and placed in an urn together with a severed hand. The young man, who had murdered his rival, went to his rooms—his studio; there he remained a week and then he fled—south? yes, it was south. I went into a trance and my astral body—my spirit — followed him. I saw him aboard a ship, bound for Liverpool. I was near him on deck one dark night, and saw him hurl himself into the water. He is dead."

"Rot! Rubbish!" exclaimed Hendricks. "You have been reading the newspapers, Kola."

The face of the Indian darkened; it was terrible to behold. Turning off the electric light, and covering up the crystal as if to protect it from the profane gaze of an unbeliever, he strode from the alcove and stood before Hendricks. When next he spoke his voice was husky, tremulous, almost threatening.

"You doubt it?" he said, his accent for the first time showing a slight foreign touch.

"I do, my boy, most thoroughly, and I really did think you would have more respect for me than to make such absurd statements to my face."

Kola twisted his long hands together in the folds of his gown.

"As to the crystal," he began, "it is of inestimable value. It was cut from the most perfectly translucent rock crystal on earth, and it took a man's lifetime to polish it. I inherited it. It is reverenced by the ancient Society of Rosicrucians, and the Society of the Illuminati. You, whose mind is schooled to know only the signification of fallen straws and chips of material events, can know nothing of what is revealed to a life-long student of the occult."

"I was not ridiculing the powers of your glass globe," said Hendricks, blending a sneer and a smile; "but when you said you had gone out of your body and roamed all round over sea and land, well, you know that is a little too much."

Kola's face darkened again. For a moment he bent over the back of one of the carved chairs.

"Hendricks," he began with tight lips. "You are a sensible man in most things and I want your good opinion. Now, I am willing for you to put me to any sort of test you or Dr. Lampkin may suggest to prove the truth of my claims."

"Oh, I haven't time just now for that sort of thing," answered Hendricks. "I came out here to have a talk with you about—"

"I know that very well," broke in the adept, "but it does not suit me to discuss anything with you till you acknowledge that I can do everything I claim. After you are convinced, and you will be, my dear sir, then you will value the information I gave you just now, and it may mean much to you. It will not take five minutes for the test I propose."

"Well, what is it?" asked Hendricks, who had noted Dr. Lampkin's look of intense interest in Kola's remarks.

"It is this," said Kola, impressively. "I will give you the opportunity to name any article at any distance from us that you wish. Then I will recline on that couch there, and after five minutes has passed, I will allow Dr. Lampkin to examine my body to see if it is not absolutely at the very lowest possible stage of vitality. As a signal, to show when the spirit has left my body, I will cause the bell overhead to strike once. Then, within five minutes from that time, I will bring to you here whatever article you have decided on."

"You can do that?" exclaimed Lampkin, impulsively.

"Try me," answered the Indian. "Think of anything, Mr. Hendricks—any important paper in your office or book or article in your house."

Kola was bending towards Hendricks and gazing fixedly into his eyes. Lampkin, who was a member of the Psychical Research society of London, was taken almost out of himself by the Indian's earnestness and his novel proposition.

Hendricks laughed.

"Bring me my Bible," he said lightly. "It is a beautiful book bound in gold and pearls, which was presented to me by a good old bishop for whom I once did a favor."

"The idea of your having a Bible," jested Kola, his eyes falling to the floor. "Now, quick! think of something—anything in your office or Dr. Lampkin's."

Hendricks glanced at the doctor with a smile which seemed to say: "I have him there; watch me make him squirm out of his own proposition."

"The Bible or nothing," he said to Kola. "Get into your trance and bring me my Bible from home. I want to read a chapter on my way back. You can't mistake it. It is bound in Russian leather and has gold and pearl trimmings."

For a moment Kola stood as if undecided; then he went to the lounge and threw himself on it.

"You will have to tell me where it is," he said. "I confess that I know little more when out of my body about material things than I do now. People, like that fleeing artist, sometimes draw me to them magnetically, but any inanimate thing is different. Where is the book?"

Hendricks laughed.

"It is on the center table in the library, directly under the chandelier; you can't miss it."

"Thanks," said the Indian. "Now, Dr. Lampkin, when you hear the bell strike, make an examination of my body. Then when the bell strikes, five minutes later, sit quiet and—and Mr. Hendricks shall have his proof."

"If you do what you propose," said Hendricks, still tauntingly, "you will make a convert of me, but mind, Kola, I don't want any explanations about unfavorable conditions preventing the performance, or anything of that kind. It won't go down."

Kola made no answer. The music overhead had ceased. The clouds of incense had risen and hovered about the red and yellow lights above. The Indian's breast heaved, as he took a deep breath, and then he lay still. Gradually he grew paler and paler, till he looked like a corpse. His features and limbs were rigid. Hendricks up to this moment had been smiling at the absurdity of Kola's proposal, but the earnestness depicted on Dr. Lampkin's face finally influenced him, and he grew strangely quiet.

In about five minutes the bell overhead struck. There was a fragmentary wave of soft music, and it died away in the distance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Strikingly Effective.**

"I saw one of those idiots who rock the boat cured once by homeopathic treatment."

"How was that?"

"Fellow hit him with a stone."—Chicago Tribune.

**Limitations of Thought.**

"Look out, Maude. He is said to be a mind reader."

"Oh! I shall be very careful to think only in French."—Detroit Journal.

## HIS OLD YELLOW ALMANAC.

I left the farm when mother died, and
changed my place of dwellin'
To daughter Susie's stylish house, right
in the city street,
And there was them, before I came, that
sort of scared me tellin'
How I would find the town-folks' ways so
difficult to meet.
They said I'd have no comfort in the
rustlin' fixed-up throng,
And I'd have to wear stiff collars every
weekday right along.

I find I take to city ways just like a duck
to water,
I like the racket and the noise, and never
tire of shows;
And there's no end of comfort in the man-
sion of my daughter,
And everything is right at hand, and
money freely flows;
And hired help is all about, just listenin'
for my call,
But I miss the yellow almanac off my
kitchen wall.

The house is full of calendars from attic to
the cellar;
They're painted in all colors, and are
fancy-like to see.
But just in this particular I'm not a mod-
ern feller,
And the yellow-covered almanac is good
enough for me;
I'm used to it, I've seen it round from boy-
hood to old age,
And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom
of each page.

I like the way the "S" stood out to show
the week's beginnin'
(In these new-fangled calendars the days
seemed sort of mixed),
And the man upon the cover, though he
wasn't exactly winnin'
With lungs and liver all exposed, still
showing how we are fixed;
And the letters, credentials that was writ
to Mr. Ayer,
I've often, on a rainy day, found readin'
very fair.

I tried to find one recently; there wa'n't one
in the city.
They toted out great calendars in every
sort of style;
I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and an-
swered 'em in pity:
"I'd rather have my almanac than all
that costly pile."
And, though I take to city life, I'm lone-
some, after all,
For that old yellow almanac upon my
kitchen wall.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Century.

**The Way of the World.**

"So you went into the stock market yesterday, and made several thousand dollars!" said the young man's uncle.

"Yes, sir."

"That shows how one may, with proper pluck and promptness, succeed if he will only take advantage of his opportunities."

"But I lost that and several thousand more to-day."

"Young man, how often have I told you that such transactions are merely gambling, and that you are bound to come to grief, sooner or later, if you dabble in them?"—Washington Star.

**Wonderful Evangelist.**

"Biggest revival preacher we ever had here," said the country grocer, "was old Brother Jarvis. Actually, when that man got through with 'em, the whole blame community turned in an' paid all its debts!"—Indianapolis Journal.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '04.

## THE MARKETS.

New York, April 17.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| FLOUR | $2 50 | @ | 4 25 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 82 | @ | 82¾ |
| CORN—No. 2 | 42¾ | @ | 43⅝ |
| OATS—No. 3 | 32⅝ | @ | 32⅞ |
| RYE—No. 2 western | 66¾ | @ | 68⅛ |
| BEEF—Extra mess | 8 75 | @ | 9 00 |
| PORK—Family | 10 50 | @ | 11 00 |
| LARD—Western | 5 50 | @ | 5 55 |
| BUTTER—Western creamery | 16 | @ | 20 |
| CHEESE—Large white | 12 | @ | 12¼ |
| EGGS—Western | 13¾ | @ | 14 |
| WOOL—Domestic fleece | 17 | @ | 22 |
| Texas | 11 | @ | 14 |
| CATTLE—Medium steers | 4 65 | @ | 5 35 |
| SHEEP—Unshorn | 4 25 | @ | 5 50 |
| HOGS | 4 00 | @ | 4 25 |
| CLEVELAND. | | | |
| FLOUR—Winter wheat pat's | 4 10 | @ | 4 35 |
| Minnesota patents | 3 85 | @ | 4 05 |
| Minnesota bakers | 3 10 | @ | 3 15 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 73¾ | @ | 74 |
| CORN—No. 3 yellow on track | 37⅝ | @ | 38 |
| OATS—No. 2 white | 33¾ | @ | 34 |
| BUTTER—Creamery, firsts | 20 | @ | 21 |
| CHEESE—York state, cream | 13 | @ | 14 |
| Ohio state | 11½ | @ | 12 |
| EGGS—Fresh laid | 13 | @ | 13½ |
| POTATOES—Per bushel | 60 | @ | 65 |
| SEEDS—Prime timothy | 1 15 | @ | 1 35 |
| Clover | 3 65 | @ | 3 90 |
| HAY—Timothy | 8 00 | @ | 11 50 |
| Bulk on market | 10 00 | @ | 13 00 |
| CATTLE Steers, choice | 4 65 | @ | 4 85 |
| SHEEP—Fair to good clipped | 3 00 | @ | 3 75 |
| HOGS—Yorkers | 3 85 | @ | 3 90 |
| CINCINNATI. | | | |
| FLOUR—Family | 2 45 | @ | 2 65 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 73¾ | @ | 74 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 36½ | @ | 37 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | 30⅝ | @ | 30¾ |
| RYE—No. 2 | 61½ | @ | 62 |
| HOGS | 3 25 | @ | 3 85 |
| TOLEDO. | | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 cash | 74⅝ | @ | 74⅞ |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 35⅝ | @ | 36 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | 28⅝ | @ | 28⅞ |
| BUFFALO. | | | |
| BEEVES—Good steers | 5 00 | @ | 5 25 |
| Fair | 4 45 | @ | 4 50 |
| SHEEP—Mixed | 4 50 | @ | 4 75 |
| Choice lambs | 5 15 | @ | 5 20 |
| HOGS—Yorkers | 3 90 | @ | 3 95 |
| Pigs | 3 75 | @ | 3 80 |
| PITTSBURG. | | | |
| BEEVES—Extras | 5 40 | @ | 5 60 |
| Fair | 4 60 | @ | 4 60 |
| SHEEP—Good wethers | 3 75 | @ | 4 40 |
| Lambs | 4 25 | @ | 5 40 |
| HOGS—Best Yorkers | 3 90 | @ | 3 95 |

## PLEASED WITH ALBERTA.

**An Excellent Report from Wisconsin and Minnesota Delegates.**

The opinion of five delegates from Minnesota and Wisconsin, published by the Edmonton Bulletin, are very complimentary to Northern Alberta. The report says:

"We must say with all sincerity that, driving all over the country for six days, we have not found one settler who was not more than pleased with the country and its productions, and will not return to the land he left. We have seen people here from all parts of the states and all doing well. We met a Dakota farmer by the name of McLean, who has informed us that he has raised more grain here in three years than he did in 13 where he came from, on half as much ground. We have seen a number of others, both men and women, and all speak in the same strain about Alberta. They all look well and contented; even the children are happy. In our drives over the country, in passing the countless schoolhouses, we could only see happiness in the faces of the little ones. We noticed them all well dressed, equal if not better than the same class of children in the State of Minnesota.

The wheat that is raised here is just beautiful, the kernel full and plump and may well be termed golden grain, yielding 30 to 55 bushels to the acre. This statement is not from one farmer, but from hundreds, who tell the same tale. Oats yield from 70 to 100 bushels to the acre, barley from 40 to 60 bushels and potatoes from 300 to 400 bushels to the acre.

We have taken particular notice of the climate in regard to the difference between this country and our own. When we left Ada, Minnesota, we were in the midst of a real Dakota blizzard. When we arrived at Edmonton we found the people on the streets still wearing summer clothing, no mittens on their hands and far less use for them. The country is simply more than we ever dreamed of. The printed matter sent out by the Government does not half tell of the grand country in Alberta, open for millions of people to make beautiful homes for themselves. Too much cannot be said in praise. It is all and more than the greatest eulogist ever thought of giving to the public.

We saw cattle and horses in herds grazing on the prairie like in summer time, all sleek and fat. We were informed by several farmers that most of the stock run out all winter. We also found the market extra good here for beef and pork. Hogs fetch 4½c live weight. Three-year-old steers will bring from $40 to $45 right from the prairie. Coal and wood are here in abundance. Coal is sold in the town of Edmonton for $2 per ton and farmers can secure coal at the mines themselves for 75c per load.

Before closing we say to you one and all, come to Alberta, where there are homes for millions and a promise for something to lay by for an old age. We are well satisfied with this country, and as evidence have each bought a half section of C. P. R. land in township 55, range 21, west of the 4th initial meridian, and will return next spring to reside.

Hoping this may be of some benefit to the overburdened farmers of the United States.

Sent by Floyd Dean, son of E. S. Dean, of Beanville, Mich., who is now in Alberta, and has taken up 160 acres there.

## MILLION-DOLLAR MANSION.

**Magnificent Residence to Be Erected by Andrew Carnegie in New York City.**

Upper Fifth avenue, New York City, is to be beautified by the erection of a magnificent residence and the establishment of handsome pleasure grounds by Andrew Carnegie. As was reported several days ago, Mr. Carnegie was in negotiation for a plat of land on Fifth avenue, between Ninetieth and Ninety-first streets. This arrangement has now been completed, and plans have been formulated for the erection of a $1,000,000 residence. The style of the mansion is expected to be a modified form of French Renaissance, finished off with the utmost regard for details. An innovation in the arrangement of this mansion will be that at least half of the plot will be given up to a splendid ornamental garden, with fountains, pavilions and terraces on the avenue side laid out in the most approved Italian style. The residence itself will be four stories high, with marble and limestone front, and elaborate carvings.

The greatest trouble in everyone's life is something he never had.—Atchison Globe.


ONE reason Mrs. Pinkham's treatment helps women so promptly is that they have confidence in her.

Through some of the many thousands of Mrs. Pinkham's friends an ailing woman will be led to write to Mrs. Pinkham at her home in Lynn, Mass., and will tell her symptoms. The reply, made without charge of any kind, will bear such evidence of knowledge of the trouble that belief in her advice at once inspires hope.

**CONFIDENCE HELPS TO CURE**

This of itself is a great help. Then the knowledge that women only see the letters asking for advice and women only assist Mrs. Pinkham in replying makes it easy to be explicit about the little things that define the disease.

MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, of 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I began the use of your remedies. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I suffered something terrible, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief. To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain. I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot thank you enough for the good it did me."

MRS. M. STODDARD, Box 268, Springfield, Minn., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For about four years I was a great sufferer from female troubles. I had backache all of the time, no appetite, pains in stomach, fainting spells, was weak and my system was completely run down. I also had falling of womb so bad that I could scarcely walk across the floor. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound and one box of Lozengers, can say I am cured."



# The "White"

RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none. Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.

| | |
|---|---|
| Models A and B | $50.00 |
| Model G (30-in. wheel) | 60.00 |
| "Special Racer" | 65.00 |
| Models E and F (chainless) | 75.00 |

**White Sewing Machine Company,**
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

For Sale by **WEBSTER & CO.**
WELLINGTON, OHIO.



**SEND US ONE DOLLAR** Cut this ad. out and send to us with $1.00, and we will send you this NEW IMPROVED ACME QUEEN PARLOR ORGAN, by freight; C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if you find it exactly as represented, equal to organs that retail at $75.00 to $100.00, the greatest value you ever saw and far better than organs advertised by others at more money, pay the freight agent our special 90 days' offer price, $31.75, less the $1.00, or $30.75, and freight charges.

**$31.75 IS OUR SPECIAL 90 DAYS' PRICE** Less than one-half the price charged by others. Such an offer was never made before.

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**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.**

I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. MRS. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. MRS. J. BROOKMYRE.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 226 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results. MISS ROSSER WIRDMAN.

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Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules. ANTON H. BLAUKER.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. E. W. PRICE.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading one of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. E. W. PRICE.

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