



The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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AND
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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a student of Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries a girl of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He loses his job and falls. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his early days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astoria. Howard decides to ask Underwood for a loan which comes. Underwood, taking advantage of the intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, becomes a sort of social highwayman. Dismissing his true character she draws him to the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make a cent. Underwood calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and by the letter that he is in debt up to his eyes. He drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep in a caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to her if she were to refuse to promise unless she will renew her love. Underwood agrees. This she refuses to do. The pistol awakens Howard. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood, seeing his predicament he attempts to flee and is not by the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his mistreatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Annie sat timidly on a chair in the background and the captain turned again to the doctor.

"What's that you were saying, doctor?"

"You tell me the man confessed?"

Crossing the room to where Howard sat, Dr. Bernstein looked closely at him. Apparently the prisoner was asleep. His eyes were closed and his head drooped forward on his chest. He was ghastly pale.

The captain grinned.

"Yes, sir, confessed—in the presence of three witnesses. Eh, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," replied Maloney.

"You heard him, too, didn't you, Delaney?"

"Yes, captain."

Squaring his huge shoulders, the captain said with a self-satisfied chuckle:

"It took us five hours to get him to open up, but we got it out of him at last."

The doctor was still busy with his examination.

"He seems to be asleep. Worn out, I guess. Five hours, yes—that's your method, captain. Shaking his head, he went on: 'I don't believe in any of these all-night examinations and your 'third degree' mental torture. It is barbarous. When a man is nervous and frightened his brain gets so benumbed at the end of two or three hours questioning on the subject that he's unable to say anything, or even believe anything. Of course, you know, captain, that after a certain time the law of suggestion commences to operate and—"

The captain turned to his sergeant and laughed:

"The law of suggestion? Ha, ha! That's a good one! You know, doctor, theories of yours make a hit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us. You can't make a man say 'yes' when he wants to say 'no.'"

Dr. Bernstein smiled.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "You can make him say anything, or believe anything, or do anything if he is unable to resist your will."

The captain burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha! What's the use of chinin'?"

"We've got him to rights, I say, you doctor. You can't make a man say that my precinct ain't cleaned up. My record is a hundred convictions to one acquittal. I catch 'em with the goods when I go after 'em!"

A faint smile hovered about the doctor's face.

"I know your reputation," he said sarcastically.

The captain thought the doctor was flattering him, so he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he replied:

"That's right, in after results. None of them Psyche themes for mine." Striding over to the armchair where sat Howard, he laid a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Jeffries, wake up!"

Howard opened his eyes and stared stupidly about him. The captain took him by the collar of his coat.

"Come—stand up! Brace up now!"

Turning to Sergeant Maloney, he said: "Take him over to the station. Write out a report on each of them. Let him sign it before breakfast. I'll be right over."

Howard struggled to his feet and Maloney helped him arrange his collar and tie. Officer Delaney clapped his hat on his head. Dr. Bernstein turned to go.

"Good-morning, captain. I'll make out my report."

"Good morning, doctor."

Dr. Bernstein disappeared and Capt. Clinton turned to look at Annie, who had been waiting patiently in the background. Her anguish on seeing Howard's condition was unspeakable. It was only with difficulty that she restrained herself from crying out and rushing to his side. But these stern, uniformed men intimidated her. It seemed to her that Howard was on trial—a prisoner—perhaps his life was in danger. What could he have done? Of course, he was innocent, whatever the charge was. He wouldn't harm a fly. She was sure of that. But every one looked so grave, and there was a big crowd gathered in front of the hotel when she came up. She thought

"Sitting There Crying Your Eyes Out Won't Do Him Any Good."

she had heard the terrible word "murder," but surely there was some mistake. Seeing Capt. Clinton turn in her direction, she darted eagerly forward.

"May I speak to him, sir? He is my husband."

"Not just now," replied the captain, not unkindly. "It's against the rules. You'll see him to the Tombs. You can see him all you want there."

Annie's heart sank. Could she have heard aright?

"The Tombs!" she faltered. "Is the charge so serious?"

"Murder—that's all!" replied the captain laconically. "That's the way to talk. I like your spunk, but before you go I'd like to ask you a few questions. Sit down."

He waved her to a chair and he sat opposite her.

"Now, Mrs. Jeffries," he began encouragingly, "tell me—did you ever hear your husband threaten Howard Underwood?"

By this time Annie had recovered her self-possession. She knew that the best way to help Howard was to keep cool and to say nothing which was likely to injure his cause. Boldly, therefore, she answered:

"You've no right to ask me that question."

The captain shifted uneasily in his seat. He knew she was within her legal right. He couldn't bully her into saying anything that would incriminate her husband.

"I merely thought you would like to assist the authorities, to—"

"To convict my husband," she said calmly. "Thank you, I understand my position."

"You can't do him very much harm, you know," said the captain with affected jocularity. "He has confessed to the shooting."

"I don't believe it," she said emphatically.

"Trying a different tack, he asked her to buy a horse and a cow, and said: 'Did you know Mr. Underwood?'"

Annie looked staggered for a moment, but her faith in her husband was unshakable. Almost hysterically she cried:

"No, believe it. I don't believe it. You may have tortured him into signing something. Everybody knows your methods, Capt. Clinton. But thank God there is a law in the United States which protects the innocent as well as punishes the guilty. I shall get the most able lawyers to defend him even if I have to sell my self into slavery for the rest of my life."

"Bravo, little woman!" said the captain mockingly. "That's the way to talk. I like your spunk, but before you go I'd like to ask you a few questions. Sit down."

He waved her to a chair and he sat opposite her.

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CHAPTER XI.

Unable to control herself any longer, Annie broke down completely and burst into tears. When the door opened and she saw her husband led away, pale and trembling, between those two burly policemen, it was as if all she cared for on earth had gone out of her life forever. Capt. Clinton laid his hand gently on her shoulder. With more sympathy in his face than was his custom to display, he said:

"Now, little woman—'tain't no kind of use carrying on like that. If you want to help your husband and get him out of his trouble you want to get busy. Sitting there crying your eyes out won't do him any good."

Annie threw up her head. Her eyes were red, but they were dry now. Her face was set and determined. The captain was right. Only foolish women weep and wail when misfortune knocks at their door. The right sort of women go bravely out and make a fight for liberty and honor. Howard was no exception. She was convinced of that, no matter how black things looked against him. She would not leave a stone unturned till she had regained for him his liberty. With renewed hope in her heart and resolution in her face, she turned to confront the captain.

"What has he done?" she demanded.

"Killed his friend, Robert Underwood," watched her face closely to see what effect his words would have on her.

"Robert Underwood dead?" he exclaimed Annie with more surprise than emotion.

"Yes," said the captain sternly, "and your husband, Howard Jeffries, killed him."

"That's not true! I'd never believe that," said Annie promptly.

"He's made a full confession," went on the captain.

"A confession!" she echoed uneasily. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Your husband has made a full confession in the presence of witnesses, that he came here to Underwood's rooms to ask for money. They quarreled. Your husband drew a pistol and shot him. He has signed a confession which will be presented to the magistrate this morning."

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a student of Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries a girl of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He loses his job and falls. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his early days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astoria. Howard decides to ask Underwood for a loan which comes. Underwood, taking advantage of the intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, becomes a sort of social highwayman. Dismissing his true character she draws him to the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make a cent. Underwood calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and by the letter that he is in debt up to his eyes. He drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep in a caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to her if she were to refuse to promise unless she will renew her love. Underwood agrees. This she refuses to do. The pistol awakens Howard. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood, seeing his predicament he attempts to flee and is not by the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his mistreatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree.

Stand up for Convictions

The World Has Little Respect for the Man Who Seemingly Has No Mind of His Own.

There are many men who seem to have no convictions on any subject. If they only give no sign. They only smile and are silent. That is probably better than to be verbose and violent. Vanity of opinion is as bad as to have none at all. In a real sense, pure conviction, there an modest and courage both. Truth is in the quiet voice, since it does not depend on vainglory or rant.

But a real man will say his say for when the time comes, not for controversy—for that is not profitable, but to show his hand and what he is. A man's personal influence is stronger than his argument, and he is false to the truth that is in him if he does not show that.

We have great issues before us—moral, political, social—which every man should think about and stand up for. He is ready to take a stand upon, and take it. But there are many who don't do this, who are negative or cowardly and only smile or grin when one of these subjects is mentioned. They seem to think that to disagree with another is a great offense. It is an offense not to disagree if one really does, for if an error goes unchallenged, it is strengthened. When a man says such a thing is right and you think it isn't, say so, quietly and earnestly, and let it go at that.

The worst mollycoddle is the man who believes a thing to be true and neglects to say so, when it is called in question. The world would go backward if all were like him.—Columbus Journal.

A Free Translation.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the earnest young lawyer, "the case before you hangs upon that old Latin maxim—'Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.' Now, gentlemen, what does that mean? It means, gentlemen, that if a man will tell one lie, he'll tell a whole omnibus of lies."

Why He Hurried.

First Boy—Where yer goin' in such a rush?

Second Boy (on the run)—Fire alarm!

F. B.—Where?

S. F.—How said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from dis errand in ten minutes.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"A good many people hev the courage uv their convictions, while a good many more hev the courage of their assumptions."

Alec, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Forvans are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

Bill Jones Had Prize Story

Evidently "the Boys" Knew St. Perkins and They Couldn't Swallow Bill's Yarn.

It was at the cross roads grocery, and the boys were trying to outdo each other in swapping fish stories. The big fish that swallowed the little fish on the hook, the lost watch found in a picker's stomach; the fish that got a job; the misnow that swam



She hesitated before replying, then indifferently she said:

"Yes, I knew him at one time. He introduced me to my husband."

"Where was that?"

"In New Haven, Conn."

"Up at the college, eh? How long have you known Mr. Underwood?"

Annie looked at her inquisitor and said nothing. She wondered what he was driving at, and the importance of the question had to the case. Finally she said:

"I met him once or twice up at New Haven, but I've never seen him since my marriage to Mr. Jeffries. My husband and he were not very good friends. That is—"

She stopped, realizing that she had made a mistake. How foolish she had been! The police, of course, were anxious to show that there was ill feeling between the two men. Her heart misgave her as she saw the look of satisfaction in the captain's face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Not very good friends, eh? In fact, your husband didn't like him, did he?"

"He did it, but he was enough to run after him."

The captain now started off in another direction.

"Was your husband ever jealous of Underwood?"

By this time Annie had grown suspicious of every question. She was on her guard.

"Jealous? What do you mean? No, he was not jealous. There was never any jealousy. I refuse to answer any more questions."

The captain rose and began to pace the floor.

"There's one little thing more, Mrs. Jeffries, and then you can go. You can help your husband by helping us. I want to put one more question to you and be careful to answer truthfully. Did you call at these rooms last night to see Mr. Underwood?"

"I!" exclaimed Annie with mingled astonishment and indignation. "Of course not."

"Sure?" demanded the captain, eyeing her narrowly.

"Positive," said Annie firmly.

The captain looked puzzled.

"A woman called here last night to see him," he said thoughtfully, "and I thought that perhaps—"

Interrupting himself, he went quickly to the door of the apartment and called to some one who was waiting in the corridor outside. A boy about 15 years of age, in the livery of an elevator attendant, entered the room. The captain pointed to Annie.

"Is that the lady?"

The boy looked carefully, and then shook his head.

"Don't think so—no, sir. The other lady was a great swell."

"You're sure, eh?" said the captain.

"I think so," answered the boy.

"Do you remember the name she gave?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "Ever since you asked me."

Annie arose and moved toward the door. She had no time to waste there. Every moment now was precious. She must get legal assistance at once. Turning to Capt. Clinton she said:

"If you've no further use for me, captain, I think I'll go."

"Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries," he said.

The face of the elevator boy suddenly brightened up.

"That's it," he said eagerly. "That's it—Jeffries. I think that was the name she gave, sir."

"Who?" demanded the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE TALES of the HOUSE of a THOUSAND LIVES!

NEW YORK—Tommy on the third express elevator—Tommy with the Arcanum button in his coat lapel—whispered out of the corner of his mouth: "That clerk on the eighteenth floor has cut out the young lawyer on the twenty-third and he's going to marry the black-eyed typewriter on the eleventh just after Easter. She's the second one in her family to make a match in the building—Fifteenth? Yes, sir—and her sister is going to step into her shoes—Twenty-five. All Skyscraper gossip at the rate of 500 feet a minute as the elevator runs. And in a social settlement of 7,000. A thousand typewriters under one roof—thousand, so they say. Who could count them? A battalion of cashiers, secretaries, clerks, telephone operators, manicures. A hive in which there are more women and girls than there are in Vassar or Barnard college, for the average of four women to six men holds good in all the big office buildings. An establishment where ambition and romance and integrity and cunning have office and brains look out across the long corridors, where trickery is ever-haunt for the nimble dollar may be dodging shadows—a business community screened behind its own individual doors and with its name in the directory in a way suggesting the towering hotels with their rooms, en suite and single, peopled by those whose names appear on the register. Several regiments of alert human beings matching wits for money—big

by the number of stories, the doors are opened. Straightway, and strangely, too, without creating a gas anywhere in the city, a multi-commercial, financial, legal and what-not, etc., family moves in with thousands of business children, and they call it "our building."

As many people under one roof as there are in some cities, more than there are in some townships, as many as there are in some counties, living along miles of walled-in streets and avenues. At eight in the morning they are avenues of silence and there are 2,222 unlocked doors. At 8:45 the family comes marching in, a hundred to the minute, and the elevators, forty horsepower to the car, are running a floor a second. Elevator men ride further every day than motor men on trolleys. They beat the guards in the elevated. The total daily runs of all the elevators in New York exceeds a transatlantic trip. There may be some return in the business man who knows what it is to have covered ten times the distance around the globe in a car.

A wholesome sisterhood of woman here, but scarcely a brotherhood of men. Sisters in a family of thousands chat and whisper and babble and drop off into rival establishments. At lunch hour they leave a thousand desks, meet again and babble and whisper and chat, and again when the roll of authority is slammed down and the typewriter batteries have become silent. They chat, but never about business, for which quality the woman who sits at a man's business desk is commended more than she will ever know. The gossip of fiction, the sphinx of business. One never goes shopping for legal advice, for bonds, for architecture or civil engineering. There are no popu-



With a roof promenade and dancing there is a setting as romantic as a beach or a moonlit park.

lar shades in real estate or spring styles in stocks. So along these indoor avenues, business is largely confined to the stenographic, telephonic and geographic agencies are forever kept busy. The streets of Canandaigua or Port Jervis or Stamford do not ring with the hellos that go over the building wires. Seventy-seven, on the seventh, talk to Philadelphia, while eighty-eight, on the eighth, hold the Boston wire. Washington and Albany whisper without interfering with Baltimore and New Haven.

And letters! Twenty-three times a day bushel bags are filled at the small boxes—two bushels of letters an hour, forty-six a day, and never any let up. Except for an occasional club note or a post-card with a sentimental picture and vague intimation, all strictly business—letters for money.

You can't measure prosperity under these conditions. With a barroom or a barber shop or vaudeville house in the neighborhood, you can see the customers go. Who knows how many patrons, clients, accounts or whatever they may be, opened the second door from the elevator on the seventeenth floor? How much did they add to the bank account of the man whose name is in light on the glass? No one knows. No one can know. It would be easier to estimate the catch of a Gloucester mackerel sloop riding in the off-shore fog. Men go in with money and come

MEETING PLACE OF DANDIES

Among all the notabilities who made Pall Mall their home Nell Gwynne will always assert her own place in the imagination of the romantic. Tradition has not always spoken accurately as to the precise locality of the mansion which was the royal favorite inhabited, but it is now pretty well accepted that the house occupied the site on which now stands a part of the Army and Navy club. The residence sometimes erroneously attributed to her was actually inhabited by another notable personage, Moll Davis, a young actress whose professional career, we are told, presented certain features similar to those of Nell herself. But this house on the north side of Pall Mall was not the only one which Nell Gwynne tenanted in the thoroughfare. In 1671, as we are told, she crossed to the park side of the street. Who can doubt that in the days before the club became an institution the Old Bell Tavern, standing at the corner of what used to be called John street, but which is now practically included in St. James' Square, adjoining, is doomed to go the way of many another building which, while it survived in that region, formed an interesting link between the past and the present. After having served the agreeable purpose of a house of refreshment for centuries the tavern is to be removed and in its place in due course will arise an automobile show room quite in the modern style.

out without it; others come out with an idea and return with a check. Except in a general way there is no great concern among those whose names are not on the books. Books are kept for failure as well as for success. A stenographer's notebook may suggest increased revenue or it may not.

Business is not always pressing. Men find time to fall in love between 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. just as they do elsewhere between seven and eleven in the evening.

With a roof promenade and forists' booths and candy shops and the latest waits on tulle strings in the restaurant, and forty women—mostly under twenty-five—to every sixty men, including slim youth in gay haberdashery and tired business persons, and corridors which if placed end to end would stretch along Fifth avenue from Madison Square to Forty-second street, with the combination one can see that there is something in the romantic as good, perhaps, as a beach or a moonlit park or a lake with lily-pads and canoes.

Even now they are arranging for the early spring hops and dances. These hops are naturally informal, but every little movement has a meaning of its own. When from an adjoining roof one sees a youth and a white shirtwaist leaning on the parapet it is evidence that a combination of fancy has turned to the thought long associated happily with the vernal season.

The candyman is the first aid to skyscraper Cupid. A small package of cream peppermints first; later chocolates; then a pink or a rosebud from the florist near the door, and in order the large box of choice sweets, ribbon-tied. The elevator man—Tommy or any one of the others—whispers of the engagement. All very pretty and proper.

Four girls in one suite of offices were married within two years. Twenty and odd floors produced thirty brides between Maytimes, and of course there were presents from the man in the private office and mantel ornaments of silver, and a subscription list all along the line down to the office boy. It has come to pass with our changed metropolitan conditions that the sofa by the parlor window and the gas a faint blue check are no longer so essential. Lovemaking thrives among ledgers and law books and ticker tape, and Cupid has a seat at the typewriter and loops a telephone receiver over his curly head.

Many of us are becoming unfamiliar with the beauties of our fast city. Living, for example, on the ninth floor and working on the fourteenth, a New Yorker cannot be said to be directly in touch with Manhattan Island. One comes down from the upper realms of an apartment house, disappears in the subway and emerges therefrom only to return to the familiar upper atmosphere of the office building. The daily routine is describing a letter "U," the connecting link corresponding to the subway.

EFFECTS OF INTENSE LIGHT

Fatigue of the Retina Depends Mostly on the Amount Received by That Organ.

It is not so much the intensity of the light focused on the retina as it is the quantity received by that sensitive organ that causes retinal fatigue or blindness. In the great snow fields of the arctic regions the natives protect their eyes from the glare of the snow by goggles made of hollowed pieces of wood in which they have made small holes to look through. This, says the Optical Review, reduces the quantity of the light which passes into their eyes with consequent relief from the glare.

So, too, if we look through a minute pinhole disc at the sun we can see the sun's rays much longer than when we look with the naked eyes. If we look at a distant electric arc light there is no retinal fatigue, while if we look at the same light from a short distance there is great discomfort, and yet the two retinal images are of equal brilliancy, only in the first case this image is very much smaller than in the second case; that is the quantity of light is very much different.

Thus there is the flaming electric light which is now to be found in all of the large cities of the country. This light is much less brilliant than that of the arc light, and yet its size is so great that this more than makes up for its difference, and in the former very glaring and uncomfortable to look at in skyscrapers it is possible to use a very intense light if it is made small in area, and for the reasons above stated.

Preachers Free on This Boat.

Preachers will be carried free on the Mississippi river steamer G. W. Hill owing to a request made by the late Capt. G. W. Hill, who died several weeks ago at his home in Alton. He was one of the owners of the steamer and said that it had always been his custom to carry preachers free on any steamer of which he was the individual owner, and he wanted his boat to accord the same privileges to clergymen as long as it bore his name.

Captain Hill said that he began that custom on the first steamer he owned, the Des Moines, which was the Des Moines river in Iowa in the early '60s. While on a trip down the river from Fort Des Moines, now Des Moines, he found that one of his most prosperous looking passengers was a preacher. He once refunded the fare, which was \$10, and ever afterward he made it a rule to carry preachers on the complimentary list.—St. Louis Republic.

reputations to tatters. A school for gossip the place doubtless was just as much as a shrine of Bacchus—a haven of good cheer in daylight and dark. One can picture the company that was accustomed to gather under the oaken beams of its low pitched roof—the men who could quaff their wine and retail their story "with an air." So too can one bring to mind the changing clientele of the tavern as fashions altered and society migrated further westward and northward, until a time was reached when "gentlemen's gentlemen" furnished no inconsiderable proportion of its daily or nightly customers.—London Telegraph.

Passing of Applejack.

Applejack is a back number in Pennsylvania. There was a time when the good old Presbyterian deacons and elders of York county made enough of applejack—as they said—to supply themselves and the rest of the congregation, but that time is gone. It is now gone in New Jersey also. The last of the applejack producing states

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the change from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forgot to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



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PATENTS

How He Averted a Duel.

The following is told of former Senator Jos Blackburn of Kentucky: In the days of his youth the Kentuckian was asked by a friend to second him in a duel. He consented, and at sunrise the parties met at the appointed place. Now, it was this Kentuckian's duty to say the last words touched by the terms of the duel. But, although he faithfully performed this duty, the duel never took place. A murmur of "Why not?" invariably goes around whenever this story is told, whereupon the answer is as follows:

"For the very simple reason. When Joe finished speaking it was too dark for a duel!"—Harper's Magazine.

Egg-sucking.

Dr. J. S. Slack, the English food expert, said in a recent lecture in Duluth:

"The secret of health is two meals a day with an occasional fast. But people won't avail themselves of this superb secret. It is too unpleasant—like the fresh egg."

"A gentleman, after cutting the top of a soft-boiled egg, summoned the waiter and said:

"'Waiter, take this egg back to the kitchen, wring its neck, and grill it for me.'"

Saving Trouble.

The husband of a fashionable woman, whose gowns are at once the admiration and despair of her feminine acquaintances, was discussing the cost of living with a friend at the Union League the other night.

"By the way," ventured the friend, "—don't you have a good deal of trouble keeping your wife dressed in the height of style?"

The woman's husband smiled and then shook his head, emphatically.

"Oh, no," he said, "nothing to speak of. Nothing—nothing to the trouble I'd have if I didn't."

COFFEE HEART

Very Plain in Some People.

A great many people go on suffering from annoying ailments for a long time before they can get their own consent to give up the indulgence from which their trouble arises.

A gentleman in Brooklyn describes his experience, as follows:

"I became satisfied some months ago that I owed the palpitation of the heart from which I suffered almost daily, to the use of coffee. (I had been a coffee drinker for 30 years) but I found it very hard to give up the beverage."

"One day I ran across a very sensible and straightforward presentation of the claims of Postum, and was so impressed thereby that I concluded to give it a trial.

"My experience with it was unsatisfactory till I learned how it ought to be prepared—by thorough boiling for not less than 15 or 20 minutes. After I learned that lesson there was no trouble.

"Postum proved to be a most palatable and satisfactory hot beverage, and I have used it ever since. The effect on my health has been most salutary. The heart palpitation from which I used to suffer so much, particularly after breakfast, has disappeared and I never have a return of it except when I dine or lunch away from home and drink the old kind of coffee because Postum is not served. I find that Postum cheers and invigorates while it produces no harmful stimulation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial proves an eye opener to many.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

For more information, send for a new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.