

A PENSIONER'S PLIGHT

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, CURATURE OF SPINE.

What Pink Pills Did in the Way of Cure. From the Times, Kansas City, Mo. Robert H. Hunter is an old veteran of Arlington, in the territory of Oklahoma, who, after 33 years of helpless suffering is now so far rejuvenated that he has taken up a quarter section of land "to grow up with the country," as he says.

In 1863 Mr. Hunter was serving at the front in Co. G., 1st Mo. Cavalry, and while on a long forced march was 10 days and nights in the saddle during very rainy weather. He was, shortly after getting into camp, from the exposure he had gone through taken with severe crampings and swelling of the limbs, that it was at first surmised that he had been bitten by a rattler or a copperhead. The regimental surgeon was not of that opinion. He diagnosed it as a case of dysentery and acute rheumatism of a severe type. Here is the old soldier's own story:

"The regimental surgeon informed my captain that I would not be able for some time, if ever, to ride my horse, so I was appointed commissary sergeant of the company, in which capacity I served until September, 1864, when from lack of exercise, owing to my crippled condition, I was taken with chronic diarrhœa, neuralgia, dyspepsia and curature of spine soon after their presence to my weight of woe, and at my discharge I was a pretty badly used man. Of course I was obliged to undergo medical treatment, and had numerous physicians who attempted to give me relief without success. One day I saw rolled on the grey dawn until I saw nothing that would assuage my suffering but the grave.

"Thus I dragged on a miserable existence until 1890, when to add to my misery I caught a gripper, and when I left me, all my diseases were emphasized, and my lungs became affected. I was not able to walk any distance, and when I came to Oklahoma in 1893, was too ill and weak and helpless to look at the quarter section I had taken up.

"In August, 1893, I read in a newspaper that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had cured the effects of a gripper in a great many cases, so I thought it could do me no harm to try them, and I did.

"Before I had finished the first box my cough was cured, and all pulmonary symptoms had disappeared, and my general health became better, especially my appetite and digestion. My heart, which had been irregular, missing about every third beat, resumed normal action, and my liver and kidneys began once more to do the labors for which they were intended. Continued to take the pills, and soon my right arm, which had grown useless, and my hand so nerveless that I could not grasp a pen, became much better, and eventually well. I can now use my right arm, hand and shoulder as well as ever. I can chop wood, and often walk 10 or 20 miles and can plough a whole day.

"Life looks altogether different to me; thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with my pension, I hope to be able to make a living by my own hands. As I had entirely given up all hope of health, it may be imagined how happy I feel and how changed the world looks. I have offered to pay for Pink Pills for others who cannot afford to buy them, as a debt of gratitude that I can thus partially pay; and I try to let everybody know what the remedy has done for me.

"I am not able to express my changed feelings, nor could I give a higher command of language than I now have. I hope that this testimonial may be the means of others knowing that there is relief for them in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

(Signed) ROBERT H. HUNTER.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

La Bruyere thus wrote regarding a common experience of mankind: "Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise. One glance from the lady fair fixes and determines us."

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

If the oyster is to be abandoned because certain scientific men have discovered that it feeds on the offal of the ocean and that it is fit food only for cormorants, fishawks and turkey buzzards, what is to be done with the American hog?

MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.

Where Are You Going This Summer?

Now that summer is here, and warm weather is near at hand, the great number of people who have acquired the habit of spending the "hot spell" in some cooler place than home, are beginning to plan as to where they will go. It has been demonstrated that people living in high altitudes should go to the seashore, and people living in low altitudes should go to the mountains; and "the mountains" has come to mean Colorado, because there is found more in the way of recreation and pleasure than in any other locality. It would fill much space to name the many places which possess attractions, but any of the many points on the Denver & Rio Grande railway will be found pleasing to tourists. Trout fishing is probably the most enjoyable sport to be pursued, because it can be had with less trouble, annoyance and expense than any other, but the sportsman who is willing to undertake the extra hardships of going after bear, deer, elk and other wild animals that abound, can satisfy his ambition to the fullest extent. Those who prefer less laborious amusement for the summer, as a visit to the springs, resorts, etc., can be equally well pleased at the numerous places of the kind. For those who wish to unite business with pleasure, is open the opportunity of prospecting or investing in Colorado mines, and in this direction no place promises such flattering returns. The mining interests, while having already yielded enormous wealth, are only in their infancy, and every day shows the discovery of rich values never before suspected, and it is becoming proverbial that the "tenderfoot" "strikes it" as frequently as the practical miner. The latter looks only for the particular rock that he knows bears fruit, while the former tests everything he finds and often discovers the mineral where the "old timer" has run over it. You will make no mistake in going to Colorado for your summer outing.

F. P. Baker.

AN ISLAND PEARL

BY B. L. FARJEON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"A hundred, if you'll pay for them. There's as thick as sprats here and there in places."

He gave me a sour look, and turned it off to a laugh almost as sour. "You sailor fellows like to lend your joke. Look here, now, I lend you money, and am fond of a bargain. You're a bold, strong man. Get some of them pearls and feathers, or anything foreign and curious, and bring them home to me, and I'll pay you handsomely for them."

"I tell you I've enough else to do. They don't come in my way." And I turned and opened the gate, for there was something in the man made me dislike him—something that seemed to say, "I'd buy your blood if I could make money out of it."

"Think it over," said he, detaining me. "All right; I'll think it over. And that's all I will do," said I to myself. "There's money in it, I tell you—money. You're not rich enough to turn your nose up at that. We'll talk about it again. I see you're in a hurry now. Good evening, Mr. Becroft."

He held out his hand. "Good evening, Mr. ——" "Druce," said he; "that's my name." His hand lay in mine like a parcel of bones. I dropped it quickly, and spit into my palm and rubbed it on my trousers. He looked at me angrily, and I saw in his face, which had grown white and livid at my action, the likeness to that white and livid face which formed part of my childish remembrance. The face of the other man, too, the man who had been wronged, with the blood trickling down it, came before me again.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "This," I answered, hotly; "that I want no more of your words or your company. I know you, Mr. Druce, and what stuff you're made of."

I am aware that it was most unreasonable in me to speak to him in this way. If his father had done a wrong, what kind of justice was it to make the son accountable for it? But the name and all that belonged to it were detestable to me, and what was in me was bound to come out.

He seemed as though he were about to speak passionately in reply, but he altered his mind, with a shrug of his shoulders. He walked away, and I was glad to be rid of him.

CHAPTER III.

WELL, then, I followed the sea, as it was my fate and my pleasure to do; and the usual experiences of a sailor's life were mine. What portion of my pay I could afford to allow my mother was not quite sufficient for her wants. She eked it out by earning some small sum herself—never mind in what way; sufficient that it was in an honest way.

Jack ashore, in the person of Amos Becroft, was a home-bird, believe me. It was one of my great pleasures when I returned home from a voyage to walk from the docks to the little house of shells in Brixton, and to peep through the window at my mother, bustling about, making preparation for me, or, all the preparation being made, and there being nothing else for me to do, to see her sitting in her chair, pretending to work, while all the while her heart was in her ears, as she listened for my step. I never told her the exact day I was coming, and indeed I never knew, for the elements baffle man's judgment, but what I mean is, if I had known, I should not have told her. It pleased me to give her a surprise. Therefore, if, as I turned the corner of the street, I saw her standing at the little cottage door, or by the little garden gate, with her hand to her eyes looking out for me, I would dodge about, and wait till she was inside. When all was safe, I would walk gently to the house, and would look up above the little low window to see that there wasn't a shell missing in "Becroft, Mariner," and would creep to the window and peep through. Then I would softly turn the handle of the door, and cry out in my heartiest tone, "Yo, heave, ho!" as was my father's custom before me when he returned home; and the next moment, or the same moment, or the moment before—for I never knew exactly how it came about—her arms would be round my neck, and she would be crying over me, while I, with something in my eyes, too, that made them dim, would fondle and pat her shoulder to soothe and calm the good old soul.

When I was a man full grown, having passed through thirty changes of the seasons, I came home—from India this time—and, peeping through the window of our cottage, I saw that my mother was not alone. A little girl was with her, seven or eight years old maybe, and my mother was talking to her, pointing with her finger, and nodding her head gently, after the fashion of elderly women when they are interested in what they are saying. The child sat, open-eyed and still, listening to the old woman's gossip. I doubted not that it was of me

she was speaking, for when I gave out my lusty, "Yo, heave, ho!" she started to her feet, crying, "And here he is!" and before we knew where we were, we were kissing and crying over each other. When she recovered herself a little, she turned to the child, and said, as she wiped her eyes: "This is my son—my Amos!"

The little maid nodded, and stared at me solemnly. I drew her to me, and she stood at my side with her hand in mine; a pretty little fairy she was, with her blue eyes and fair face and light auburn hair which hung in wavy curls to her shoulders. Her name was Mabel. She was the child of a neighbor, and between her and my mother quite a fond friendship had been struck up. The old mother lived all alone, and I was glad to think that she had obtained such a pretty little companion to spend an hour with now and again.

"I shall call you mother's fairy," said I, smoothing her hair. Her eyes sparkled. "Have you seen any?" "Fairies, my dear? No. But I've seen what's almost as good."

We soon became friends, and I did not quarrel with the little maid because she was inclined to place a higher value upon me than such a common fellow as I deserved. It was not her fault; she looked at me through my mother's spectacles, which the old woman had placed on her eyes. It did neither of us any great harm. She, child-like, was very curious about the shells, regarding them as the most precious possessions; and I told her a great deal about them, and about the coats on which they were gathered, never suspecting until now that I had so much to tell worth listening to. I would pause sometimes, doubtful whether it was worth listening to, but she invariably would me up again by crying, softly and eagerly, "Go on; go on!" and on I would go, as well pleased as she was herself.

At sea again, I thought much of her and of her fairy ways, which were a new and delightful experience in my rough life. On my return, I found her as before in my mother's cottage, and I made a kind of castle with the shells, with windows and turrets in it, and a place inside for candles; and if I had not already won her heart, I won it on the presentation of this toy. But a child's heart is not hard to win.

So the years went by, and I reached the age of forty. I had been on my longest voyage, and had gone through some dangers unnecessary to relate, and it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that I walked with a light step to the cottage of Becroft, Mariner. My heart glowed as I drew near to the old familiar spot, noting little signs by the way which, insignificant though they might be, were to me engineering landmarks. Nothing was changed; not even my old mother, who pressed me once more to her faithful heart, with tears and words of joy.

"And Mabel?" I asked. "My little maid!"

My mother looked with a smile across my shoulder, and I turned and saw her. But it seemed to me that I was gazing on a fairy vision in a cloud, and for a moment or two I was spell-bound. Was this fair and beautiful creature the Mabel I had left behind? Was this lovely vision my little maid? Yes, it was she, and no vision that would vanish at a good rub of the eyes. She came toward me with smiles and outstretched hands. I took them and held them in mine, and we stood gazing at each other. I in wonder, she with smiles upon her face. Hitherto I had always kissed her, and she had kissed me, but either my wonder, or the new light in which she appeared to me now, caused me to hold back. And after the first moment or two, the opportunity was gone. I can't tell you how badly I felt over it. Something sweet seemed to have gone out of my life, leaving behind an aching feeling in my breast. She did not appear to feel as I felt, for she was full of eager words, while mine came slowly and awkwardly. Perhaps to all but myself the change was natural, meeting now, as we did, as man and woman; but to me it was an unexpected and uncomfortable experience. Mabel could not stay with us long, having home duties to attend to.

"I saw you coming down the street," she said, "and threw on my hat and ran after you to shake hands with you."

"That was good of you, Mabel," said I. "Good!" she exclaimed. "See what a time you have been away—so long—so long! I have been looking every day for your return."

"And if I had never come back, Mabel?" "Indeed I have," "And thought of me?" "Indeed I have. And spoken to you, and seen you."

"Why, Mabel!" I cried, in surprise, not understanding her.

Her hand was lying lightly on my arm, for these words interchanged between us as I walked with her to the end of our street. "You forget," she said, "that the shells you gave me have voices, and that when you put them to your ears and close your eyes, you can see and hear things."

"Ah, that's like my little Mabel, like my little maid that I have always loved. Look at me, Mabel, am I changed?" "Not a bit. I should have known you anywhere. Am I?"

She put the question laughingly, and with the prettiest little toss of her beautiful head. I gazed at her in full-esteem admiration. "It's well I met you here instead of in foreign lands; for then I should have wondered, 'Can this be the little Mabel I left behind me?' I should have doubted until you spoke to me. For your voice is not altered."

"Nor my heart," she said, softly. A sweet and sudden joy stirred within me at these simple words. In the endeavor to set down my feelings here, I am not sure that I shall succeed in making myself understood, especially when I remember that Mabel was a girl of seventeen, and I a man of forty. I had never given much thought to women; I had been satisfied with my old mother's love, and for the last ten years with the love of a child. They were enough for my thoughts to turn to during my voyages, and they formed, as it might be, a star which shone brightly for me during the darkest night and through the fiercest storm. But now that I came home, and, without forewarning or thought of it, found in the place of the child a woman, with all a woman's soul shining out of her eyes, and proclaiming itself—at least to my fancy—in every graceful action of her beautiful form—now it was different, and it opened new channels for my thoughts to wander in. Why, when I caressed the child Mabel, and played with her fingers, I had no other idea but that we two were good friends, and would forever remain so, she always a child, and I always a rough man. Now the pressure of her soft fingers remained upon my hand for hours, the light of her beautiful eyes was ever before me, the sound of her sweet voice lingered in my ears like the faint music of a harp which needs but the whisper of a summer's breeze to awaken its sweetest melody. How often during my next two voyages these new impressions came upon me I cannot say.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE BOUGHT FIVERS.

But It Took Him a Good While to Say So.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Loveydovey, looking up from the woman's page, says the New York Journal, "I have just read an account of a man who gave up smoking 25-cent cigars and was able, in consequence, to buy his wife the handsomest sealskin to be had. It was frightfully interesting."

"Was it?" inquired Mr. Loveydovey lazily, opening one eye. "In what way was it interesting?" "Oh (peevishly) don't be so stupid! It was interesting because she—er—got the sealskin."

"Was it?" inquired Mr. Loveydovey. And he closed the eye again. "Dearie!" ejaculated Mrs. Loveydovey blithely, "if you gave up smoking them you could buy me a sealskin."

"I'm afraid not, my dear."

"Oh, nonsense. How many do you smoke a day?" "Sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three, sometimes four. It depends."

"Four a day," said Mrs. Loveydovey conclusively. "Think of that. That is \$1 a day. Why, in less than a year you would have saved over \$300. That would buy me a beauty. Now, dearie, I want you to start in right away and—"

"The fact is, my dear," interrupted Mr. Loveydovey, opening both his eyes this time, "I—"

"You can't argue it out with me, Mr. L."

"Perhaps not. But as I was going to say, the only time I ever smoke 25-cent cigars is—"

He bit off the end of a choice perfect as he spoke. "—when they are given to me."

SUNDAY BAD HABITS.

To replace our three regular meals at morning, noon and night, by late rising and abstinence, followed by gluttony on Sunday, is declared to be a "vicious system." The gastric secretions, according to a medical authority, know nothing of a seventh day of rest. They are prepared for the usual weekday breakfast hour, but no food comes to them and they are consequently absorbed.

Later in the day the process is repeated, and then insult is added to the stomach's injury by loading it unusually full of food, when the secretion is no longer there in sufficient quantity to digest it. The regular Sunday afternoon discomfort follows, with a disinclination for the evening meal, and—all the horrors of "Blue Monday."

The dyspeptic is advised by his physician to take his meals at absolutely regular intervals, and frequently follows the instructions six days of the week, only to disregard them entirely on the seventh. Nine out of ten American families "issue an invitation to dyspepsia every seventh day," regardless of the fact that a normal stomach is almost unknown in this country.

Man's digestive organs resemble those of the carnivora more than of the herbivora.

A church supper was served to 200 people in Kansas City one night last week by two brethren of the congregation. At the way things are going men may as well get their hand in on this sort of thing.

That venerable species of fancy work known as "tattooing" has been resurrected in certain remote communities in New England. It is probably not worth while to worry about its appearance in Kansas City.

Physicians Wise in their Generation. The above class of scientists recognize and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infra conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the benighted now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.

Hated is the madness of the heart. Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh. Never wear a shoe or boot tight anywhere. He that studies his content, wants it.

A package of PERUVIANA, the best kidney cure on earth, sent FREE to any sufferer if written for promptly. Peruvian Remedy Co., 280 Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Some people give so much good advice to others, that they have none left for their own use.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smokes Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Opinions are like anything else, never interesting when too free. GET STRENGTH AND APPETITE. Use Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic. Your druggist will refund money if not satisfactory.

When cream cannot be procured for coffee, the yolk of a soft-boiled egg is a very good substitute. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Don't use silver knives for scraping kettles nor silver spoons about the cooking. FITS Permanently Cured. Soft or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

To prevent the juice of fruit from soaking into the bottom crust, wash the crust over with a beaten egg before putting in the fruit. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Whites or yolks of eggs may be used with any whole eggs in any cake or other recipe calling for eggs, counting two yolks or two whites as one egg. Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Sort out the little eggs and keep them for settling coffee, using the larger ones for cake. Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet. Cold Sores, etc. U. S. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A young father with a new baby is usually impressed with the idea that his is the first case of the kind on record. No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Never wear leather sole linings to stand upon. White cotton drilling or linen is much better and more healthful. THE MAIN MUSCULAR SUPPORTS OF THE BODY WEAKEN AND LET GO UNDER

BACKACHE

OR LUMBAGO, TO RESTORE, STRENGTHEN, AND STRAIGHTEN UP, USE

ALABASTINE. IT WON'T RUB OFF. Wall Paper is Unsanitary. KALSOMINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere. FREE A Tint Card showing 19 desirable tints, also Alabastine Souvenir Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper.

THE DOCTOR—"One layer of paper is bad enough, you have three here. They may recover, but cannot thrive." ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

When I Saw

—your advertisement

I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—big blow and little show; but I'm ready to surrender go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right; I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it. This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator. The claims made for McCormick Machines are



Choosing a Husband.

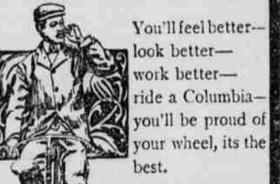
George Eliot says in one of her novels, that almost any woman can marry any man she makes up her mind to. Whether this is truth or fiction, certainly a woman chooses her husband oftener than he knows it. But she must play the negative part. She can only make herself as attractive as possible in a modest, womanly way and rely upon human nature and manly instinct.

A sensible man naturally seeks a wholesome-looking, healthy, capable companion. Men are not unselfish enough to willingly assume the care of a weak, nervous, debilitated wife. Men are not attracted by a sallow, pimply complexion, foul breath, or thin, emaciated form, because these symptoms are the sure index of poor digestion and impoverished blood.

A woman afflicted by these mortifying miseries should seek the powerful, purifying and nutritional influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which completely dispels all unwholesome appearances by clearing and renovating the organic sources of healthful vitality. It helps the liver to filter all bilious impurities from the blood. It gives the digestive organs power to extract nourishment from the food. It rounds out thin forms; swipes away wrinkles, and gives to the complexion its natural clearness and bloom.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Selia Ricca, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "Bills one after another would break out on my arms, and were very painful. I have tried the loudly praised Sarsaparilla without any benefit whatever, and not until I took your 'Discovery' did I get well. That was two years ago, and I have not had a bill or sore of any kind since."

Ride a Bicycle.



You'll feel better—look better—work better—ride a Columbia—you'll be proud of your wheel, its the best.

Columbia Bicycles Standard of the World.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE. Hartford Bicycles, Next Best.

\$60, \$85, \$50, \$45. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.



MCCORMICK

Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more; that's all—there's no other reason—and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because there's nothing cheaper than the best. McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago, The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester, The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower, The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and The Light-Running McCormick Dairy Reaper, for sale everywhere.