

The Donaldsonville Chief

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DONALSONVILLE, LOUISIANA.
PEACE.

Not rest we ask, where efforts cease.
We long for peace, deep-hearted peace;
That inner fortress, where the soul
Serenely sits, and views the whole.

Peace is the crown to conquerors given.
The last best guarder dropped from heaven.
Peace that hath fed all ill, and knows
The cyclone's center of repose.

Not to be taken from the strife—
We seek not to be freed from life;
But 'mid the smoke and battle-
Peace, the unshaken peace, to win.

The toll, the struggle, 'ne'er is done.
Each day the crown is lost or won.
But this we count life's perfect best—
Still while we fight, to be at rest.

The peace that holds the spirit still,
Let shoot and hum, and page at will—
This is the wreath that victors wear,
Light resting on their shining hair.
—Elizabeth French, in Springfield (Mass.)
Republican.

A Bachelor's Romance.

By J. LINCOLN RANDALL.

MR. HILTON HEY was "eligible." Every one knows what that means. He had lately taken an old-fashioned house near the village of Paxton. Also the office of church warden at the village church.

Now, within the borders of Paxton lived six single women more or less on the after side of 40. Hilton Hey was on the after side of 40, too, pleasant to look upon, and blessed with a considerable portion of this world's goods. Coincidentally he had dined with Mrs. Smurthwaite, widow, "high tea" with Miss Heeley, golfed with Miss Evans, audited charity accounts for Mrs. Stansfeld—likewise visited—lunched with Miss Flint and her small nephew, and practiced duets for a village concert with Miss Lord.

Then arose a cloud a trifle bigger than a man's hand—a girl with red gold hair and blue eyes, the new lady organist of Paxton church.

The six went in for the unity which is strength, and reported individually on the situation as soldiers who mark the movements of the enemy.

"He saw her home from the choir practice last night," said Miss Heeley, who had dropped in to tea with Mrs. Stansfeld.

"So Miss Evans told me," returned Mrs. Stansfeld. "I'll be bound she kept him talking at the gate for long enough. With no one to fetch her in and shake her!"

Miss Heeley rose to go. As she hurried down the lane she met Miss Flint, who burst into a communication without preliminary.

"They're both in the church now! She's practicing, and he's sitting in the front pew. Miss Lord peeped in and saw them!"

"And Miss Evans told Mrs. Stansfeld that they stood at Bridge's gate last night talking for long enough with their heads together!" gasped Miss Heeley.

"I shall speak to the vicar," said Miss Flint, decidedly. "I'm going to Mrs. Smurthwaite's and I shall ask her whether she doesn't consider it our duty."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Smurthwaite, on hearing the news. "I had no idea—"

"Nor had any of us," interrupted Miss Flint, "until we saw for ourselves. It shows how easy it is to warm a viper in your bosom without knowing it!"

Mrs. Smurthwaite informed Miss Lord the same evening that she was no pride, but that when it came to surreptitious kissing at dusk beneath a laurel-bush tree the situation passed beyond her comprehension and experience. Which was certainly correct.

The vicar had a sudden attack of pleurisy, and the six took it as a personal insult. Miss Flint suggested that the quiet of a sick room would be conducive to a consideration of affairs, and wished to write instead of waiting for an interview. Then Miss Evans said: "Why not write to the vicar?" And the idea "took."

It was not a nice letter. It conveyed scathing disapproval of what the writers termed "shameless conduct," and demanded that it should be discontinued, if only for the sake of the villagers, who were as yet happily ignorant of the ways of adultery.

Its one redeeming feature was that it bore the signature of all the six. They addressed it to "Miss Joyce Chiltern, Laburnum cottage," posted it and went their ways.

Joyce Chiltern was singing a little French song from sheer light heartedness when the postman arrived next morning.

The song ceased abruptly as Bridge's soapy hand came round the parlor door.

"A letter, my dear!"

"O, you dear!" cried Joyce, snatching it eagerly.

But her face fell when she saw the handwriting. She tore open the envelope and read.

A sudden wave of color rushed to her cheeks; then she turned white, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"The pigs!" she said—"the horrid, hateful pigs!"

Hilton Hey was standing before a pier glass in his dining room.

"Not bad, I fancy," he said, surveying his reflection critically. "Lots of fellows younger than I am have gray hair. I don't suppose she's more than 24, though. What would that matter if she is—? That's where I'm such a fool! I daren't show her the least little bit that I care for fear she'd snub me. Who the deities is coming at this hour?"

"Miss Chiltern to see you, sir."

"Goodness!" muttered Hilton Hey. "Joyce looked round nervously as she entered the room, and Hilton Hey marked her agitation."

"Good morning!" he said, brightly, holding out his hand. "What a lovely

morning! I think this is the most comfortable chair."

"Mr. Hey," began Joyce breathlessly, taking the proffered chair. "I'm afraid I'm doing an awfully unconventional thing; but I'm worried, and you have been kind since I came here. The vicar is ill, and I've no one to consult, so I've come to you as I used to go to my own father."

Hilton Hey flushed slightly.

"I take it as an honor, Miss Chiltern. I shall be proud to help you in any way I can."

"Well, then," said Joyce, "I received this letter this morning, and I want to know what I ought to do."

Hilton Hey took the letter and read it through. His brow grew dark, and the veins in his forehead stood out in little knots. Then he swore and apologized in the same breath.

"The brute!" he said.

"Aren't they pigs?" said Joyce, a twinkle of amusement for the moment in her eyes.

Hilton Hey turned to her suddenly.

"Do you know I'm rather grateful to the old cats, because it gives me—"

"You know," interrupted Joyce, with a laugh that was suspiciously like a sob, "it's the more absurd because of Cecil. I suppose he's the person I should have shown the letter to, but he'd have been so furious that I daren't. He'd have come down by the first train and set fire to the village or something."

The letter had dropped from Hilton Hey's hand and fluttered to the floor. He picked it up deliberately. Then he said in his ordinary voice:

"Who is Cecil?"

"How stupid of me!" Joyce blushed hotly. "He's the man I'm going to marry. He's in an office in town, and he doesn't get a big salary, poor darling, so we have to wait. You see, I have no one else since my aunt died, and I'm poor, too, so I determined to get this post, if possible, to help things on a bit."

"He is fortunate," said Hilton Hey. "You are worth waiting for, Miss Chiltern."

It was his first compliment to her. Joyce blushed again.

"Cecil is," she said. "Now, or can I answer that letter, Mr. Hey, or can I ignore it?"

"Would you leave it in my hands?" Joyce looked up in surprise.

"Of course I would! Only I don't want you to have any trouble about it."

"I—I shan't. Of course, I needn't tell you that you can afford to ignore it, but a lesson would do these—these individuals good."

"What shall you do?" queried Joyce, with interest.

"I don't know yet. But you can trust me to do nothing of which you or your—Mr.—"

"Clint," supplied Joyce.

"Mr. Clint would disapprove."

"O, yes," Joyce rose to her feet. "I won't tell him about it just yet. I'm awfully obliged to you."

"The obligation and honor are on my side," said Hilton Hey, as he opened the door for her. As he came back into the room he caught sight of himself again in the tall pier glass and stood a moment.

"You old fool!" he said, huskily.

A little twisted note slid into Miss Heeley's letter box that evening with a soft, small thud, which was the only intimation of its presence. Miss Heeley, passing through her hall, heard, investigated, unfolded, and read:

"Meet me in Primrose grove to-morrow at 3:30.—H. H."

"Good gracious!" she said.

Then she slipped it into her pocket.

"There is only one 'H. H.' in Paxton who could send this," she whispered excitedly. "He is going to appeal to me to save him from that designing girl!"

Primrose grove was a wooded dell a mile out of Paxton, where the little yellow blossoms clustered in sweet profusion.

Miss Heeley spent the hour following her dinner next day in arraying herself in the village dressmaker's latest creation, and a black straw hat, in which wallflowers waved unhappily. And at three o'clock she sallied forth.

It was unfortunate that Mrs. Smurthwaite should be passing the gate at that moment, gorgeously attired. She explained a little incoherently that she was going to visit a friend and was late, so Miss Heeley fell back willingly until the good lady had disappeared. Then she started at the sound of rapid footsteps behind her.

Miss Evans also seemed hurried. She passed at a quick, swarming pace with a "Good afternoon!" and vanished in apparent pursuit of Mrs. Stansfeld. Miss Heeley's backward glance, however, had revealed to her the presence of a distant but advancing form which each moment was shaping into Miss Flint.

"One can't take a quiet walk," she gasped indignantly, "but the whole village must needs turn out to spy! It's abominable!"

She slipped into a chemist's shop and purchased unnecessary lozenges until the unconscious Miss Flint ambled by. Then, finding the coast clear, she started once more.

Primrose grove was reached by a footpath breaking away from the high road and terminating in an awkward stile, which acted as entrance—or barrier—to the dell.

"Think goodness! I've escaped them!" gasped Miss Heeley, as she picked her way along the muddy path-way. "I almost feared—why—"

There was a sudden sound of high and annoyed voices as a turn in the path brought the tumbledown stile into view.

Mrs. Stansfeld was guarding it, while Mrs. Smurthwaite, Miss Evans and Miss Flint stood facing her.

It appeared that Mrs. Smurthwaite had found Mrs. Stansfeld there on her arrival, and asked the reason of her presence. Whereupon Mrs. Stansfeld inquired at what date Mrs. Smurthwaite had purchased the right of way to Primrose grove. Out of which had grown an unpleasant discussion, Miss Evans and Miss Flint joining with fervor on their respective appearances.

Miss Heeley turned to fly—almost into the arms of Miss Lord, who was hurrying along the slippery path.

"O!" panted Miss Lord. "What are you doing here?"

Miss Heeley drew herself up.

"Really, Miss Lord, I don't know who authorized you to—"

"I've come to—to gather primroses," said Miss Lord nervously. "Is—is there any harm in getting primroses?"

"You'll have company!" said Miss Heeley wittingly, waving her hand towards the stile.

"O—o—o!" gasped Miss Lord.

"Why don't you climb over and begin, then?" rose Mrs. Smurthwaite's voice, loud and angry.

"Why don't you?" retorted Mrs. Stansfeld.

"She can't!" giggled Miss Evans.

"If these impertinent questions—"

began Miss Flint. "Why, here are Miss Heeley and Miss Lord! W—e—t—s—"

Miss Evans rapped the stile sharply for attention.

"We've been done!" she said.

"What's the good of concealing it? It's that deceitful girl! I said no good would come of writing to her!"

"Why, you proposed it!" cried Miss Flint.

Miss Evans looked pained.

"Of course," she said, "if you'll say that you'll say anything!"

"I've had enough!" said Mrs. Smurthwaite furiously. "I'm going!"

"One moment, ladies, please!"

Hilton Hey was walking leisurely towards them, driving Miss Heeley and Miss Lord before him like refractory sheep.

A sudden embarrassed feeling fell upon the group. The newcomer alone was calm.

"You're all a little early," he said pleasantly, consulting his watch. "I could hardly have believed that the experiment of six initialed notes would prove so successful. I just wish to speak about a letter from you to Miss Joyce Chiltern which has happened to fall into my hands. Will some one be good enough to tell me what is the 'shameless conduct' to which it refers?"

"We decline to be questioned!" gasped Miss Flint in astonishment.

But Miss Evans grew bold.

"It was an iniquitous flirtation on the part of a designing girl, from whose clutches we wish to save you."

"Can you deny," cried Mrs. Smurthwaite, taking her, "that she kissed you last Friday night under Bridge's laburnum tree?"

"What?" thundered Hilton Hey.

Mrs. Smurthwaite jumped.

"Miss Flint told me—"

"I!" interrupted Miss Flint. "It was Miss Heeley!"

"I?" exclaimed Miss Heeley.

Hilton Hey cleared his throat and began.

"Really," he said dryly, "you have excited yourselves unnecessarily. Miss Chiltern hasn't even granted me what she supposed was a clandestine meeting, requested by an initialed note, of which the source was doubtful."

The six stood silent and self-complacent.

"You may not know," pursued Hilton Hey unabashedly, "that I come on behalf of Miss Chiltern's fiancé, Mr. Cecil Clint, for whom I have the highest regard. He is, unfortunately, unable to be present, but he will naturally wish to bring action for libel against you."

Miss Lord began to cry.

"There is one condition upon which I feel justified in saying that he might let the matter drop—and Hilton Hey drew a sheet of note paper from his pocket. "I have drawn up a statement: 'We humbly apologize to Miss Joyce Chiltern for the absurd charges brought against her in our letter of the 28th ult. We retract the same, and confess that they are entirely without foundation.'"

"Are we to sign that?" inquired Miss Heeley feebly.

"I would not coerce you for worlds. Possibly, if Miss Chiltern receives this letter with your six signatures attached, Mr. Clint may consent to ignore the whole absurd occurrence. Shall I leave it with you, Mrs. Smurthwaite?"

Mrs. Smurthwaite took the paper mechanically.

"I need detain you no longer, ladies. Good afternoon."

And Hilton Hey strode away with a grim smile on his face.

The postman brought Joyce Chiltern two letters next morning.

While she was laughing and crying over the apology from the six it occurred to her to break the seal of the second, which lay on her knee. It was from Hilton Hey.

"My Dear: If I may call you so, as your father would have done. If I am any index of human nature, this morning's post has brought your persecutors and slanders to their senses, for I suggested to them that a humble apology and retraction might induce your fiancé to let the matter drop.

I did not tell you that I am going abroad almost immediately for a year, so no doubt your wedding will take place before I return. You will not be offended if I ask you to divide the inclosed wedding gift with Mr. Clint and keep a corner in your memory for your true friend.

HILTON HEY.

"Closely following the 'S' which guarded the lower left hand corner of the wedding gift there were four figures.—Chicago Tribune.

Oldest Known Tree.

The town of Kos, the capital of the small Turkish island of that name lying off the coast of Asia Minor, possesses the oldest tree in the world. Under its shade Hippocrates instructed his disciples in his methods and views concerning the healing art 2,900 years ago. Tradition carries the age of the tree back to the time of Assaphus of whom Hippocrates was a lineal descendant, which would add some 400 years to its age. A great part of the trunk is built around, and there is a fountain known as Hippocrates' fountain. The circumference of the trunk is 30 feet, and there are two main lower branches, which are supported by masonry columns.

Shakespeare and Dogs.

We have been convinced by letters sent to us that there are in Shakespeare's plays plenty of references to dogs and their ways, but we believe that the criticism is well founded which notes that in most cases where dogs are named, except in a general way, they are not spoken of with any particular affection. But may that not be because upon the stage in the Elizabethan days it would not have been desirable to direct the attention of the audience strongly to anything that would distract them from the motives that inspired the actors? To treat dogs sympathetically would bring them, in a sense, into competition with the human actors.—St. Nicholas.

REVELATIONS BY AN EX-MAYOR

MAYOR AS AN "EMPLOYMENT AGENT."

Clever Work by Campaign Secretary—Politics a Business Which Deals in Public Jobs and Contracts—Political Feudalism—City Hall as Asylum for Incompetents.

BY AN EX-MAYOR OF ONE OF THE LARGEST AMERICAN CITIES.

BEFORE I had been the chief executive of my city half a dozen weeks I was strongly tempted to rub out the sign "Office of the Mayor," which glittered in gold letters on my door, and substitute for it "Employment Agency." Apparently all the expended money, time and energy, all the bitterness of a fierce political fight, all of the excitement, worry and fatigue caused by a mayoralty campaign, and all of the skill, cunning and craftiness incident to an election had been so many factors in the proposition, not to make me a mayor, but to enable me to distribute jobs to several hundred partisans.

The day after I was nominated my modest mail suddenly expanded to fearsome proportions. Letters literally flowed into home and office. They were heaped in mounds and hillocks, and these swelled to mountains the day after my election.

With rare exceptions every letter began with a congratulation and ended with an application for a public position. Most of them were reinforced by endorsements, recommendations from men of whose existence I was densely ignorant.

In the beginning I made some futile attempts to classify and group the letters, but a few days demonstrated my inability to keep the head of my system above the deluge of applications, so I called on my campaign manager for help. He promptly said I needed a "campaign secretary," and in a few hours had installed a brisk young man with a corps of typewriters, and I saw no more applications. But when that energetic campaign secretary took hold he started the major part of the troubles which beset me after I became mayor.

Every letter represented a possible vote and a probably enthusiastic partisan. My campaign secretary wrote a reply to each application, so cleverly worded that while it did not contain the definite statement that I would, if elected, give the applicant a city hall position, it was "warm" enough to justify thousands of the petitioners in the belief that they certainly would be "taken care of."

The answers dictated by my campaign secretary were said to be exceedingly fetching campaign literature. As a matter of fact, they were so many petty swindles designed to obtain goods under false pretenses. I did not see these trouble-breeders until I became mayor. Then they fell on me from all sides at once. They heaved filled the halls and corridors of the city hall. They mobbed my home every morning and stormed my office every hour. I could not repudiate the implied promises, for each bore my rubber stamped signature. I simply was compelled to list to every man who came with one of those typewritten curses, and wrote down his name, address and "job wanted" for future consideration.

Valuable hours, which should have been used in the conduct of the city's business, were given up entirely to this employment agency work. And I marvelled at the eager desire for public positions displayed by men who wasted weeks seeking "city hall jobs." Some of them held good positions which paid them higher salaries than they ever could hope to get from the city. Yet they were willing and anxious to give up substantial situations in honorable business houses for insecure, small-salaried clerkships in the public service.

While I was struggling against this invasion of job hunters I was told by my political friends that in dividing the plums I must constantly keep in mind, not the good of our party, but the welfare of our organization. I have told how the peculiar political conditions which obtained at that time led me to organize what my opponents were pleased to call my "personal machine." I supposed that in building up an organization to strengthen my administration I ought to be doing my party good at the same time. But soon learned that successful politicians place organization first and party second. It was a friendly adviser who laid down this rule of conduct for me: "Give your fellows the jobs and they'll make the party keep you in your job."

He had called to get one of his "fellows" on the payroll.

"He isn't much on figures, but he's a hustler at the primaries, and I need him. He's one of the best canvassers I've got, and I want you to take care of him. There's a good job in the health office which doesn't take up more than one day a week, and the rest of the time I can use him. He's a pretty wily lad. I could get the street car company to take him, but he'd have to work there."

The chat which followed led me to the conclusion that in the game of practical politics the successful man is he who proves to be the best job getter.

"You can't stay in politics unless you put your constituents on some payroll," said the alderman. "Most of my time is spent in getting work for my people, and this is true of every alderman in the city. I don't know how many men I have got into the street car company, the gas company and the other companies which have come to us for favors. Just now my best hold is the railroad which cuts through the west end of my ward. The railroad people want to run a long switch down a street and it comes in mighty handy to me just now, for the other crowd has got the breweries and the lumber yards, and I'm going to have a hard fight on my hands. I sent 49 men over to the railroad yesterday, and they are all working to-day."

The city hall seems to be regarded by many citizens as an asylum for their drunken, incompetent, worthless rela-

Misguided Ambition

By REV. WILLIAM P. MERRILL, Presbyterian Pastor of Chicago.

There are two important questions about possessions. They are: Why do you want them? How do you get them? We are always being exhorted to seek something great. "Aim high; if you shoot low." "Hitch your wagon to a star," are samples of the proverbs urged upon us from our boyhood. Our very atmosphere in this land tends to foster ambition, desire to do and get something great.

It is well that it does. Next to selfishness laziness is probably the most universal vice. Yet there is a danger in pushing too far this tendency to seek something great. There are two questions we should always keep in mind in seeking any good thing. They are: Why do you want it? And how do you seek it? The worth of any possession is largely determined by our answers to them.

A man once asked for the finest and freest gift in the world, the gift of the Holy Spirit. And the apostle answered: "Thy money perish with thee." Why was such a request rejected with such scorn? Looking into the story in the eighth chapter of Acts we see that it was because of why he wanted it and how he tried to get it. His purpose and method were unworthy. He wanted it for selfish ends; he sought it in a law way.

There are many applications of this principle. Obviously it applies to the pursuit of wealth. Money—business success—is good. A man ought to seek it. But let him remember that the value of it will be largely determined by those two questions: Why does he want it? And how does he get it? Among the wealthy men and women in this country are some unhappy and mean specimens. For all their wealth we would not be like them. It is just because of their motive.

There are fortunes in this country smirched and stained till they are a shame, not an honor, by the answer to the question: How do they get them?

So it is with knowledge and power. The greatest contrast in history is that between the hero of France and the hero of America. Both sought power and influence. Washington wanted to be made commander-in-chief, and came to the session of congress in uniform as an intimation that he expected the appointment. Napoleon also wanted position and influence. See what came to the two men from that search. See what is made of their respective nations.

Jesus sought power and influence that he might serve and save men, and he refused to worship the evil one as the price of success. Which will you follow?

I recall one instance. A successful and worthy business man came to me with the request that I place his brother in one of the departments. He mentioned a position which paid a fair salary. I knew the man's brother to be a worthless drunkard, and with some heat I said:

"In your big store you've got almost as many men as are employed in this city hall. Why can't you find a place for your brother there?"

"Well, Mr. Mayor," he replied, "he's not very strong and you know there's a wide difference between private business and the public service. You don't demand so much of a man in the city hall as you do in our shop."

Now this man, but a short time before, had strenuously objected to the amount of personal tax assessed against his establishment, and in his argument had injected the statement that if the public service were managed more economically there would be no need for such large taxes. I did not give his brother the wanted position, and that business man became my personal and political enemy.

His was a typical case; one of many such. Had I acceded to all of like requests made during my term of office the city payroll would have read like the columns of those directories which contain only the names of the fashionable. Men representing the richest and best people of my city begged me daily to find some place in some department where the family cast-off could be "employed." I soon discovered that the salary had nothing to do with the case; the family wanted to be able to refer to the "n'er-do-well" as a "public official" or as one of the "mayor's friends"—and the public service was so elastic.

It never seemed to have occurred to them that a mayor might have some personal pride in his administration. Their selfish thoughtlessness blinded their civic patriotism, and so they trooped to the mayor's office, exhibited their family skeletons and brazenly attempted to place their black sheep as charges upon the public.

There was a marked difference between such men and those presented by the politicians. The latter were inveterate petitioners, but the majority of the men they wanted to "line up" in front of the public crib were wide-awake, active, brainy fellows. They had in them many qualities which characterize men of success. Most of them were young and ambitious and looked upon a public job not only as a reward for services rendered their political superiors but as a means to advance them in politics and the world in general.

To be sure they regarded a desk in the city hall or the foremanship of a street gang as a sinecure, and this idea of public service grew out of their political creed, which was that the chief end of a "ward worker" is to keep himself and his friends in power.

These men were by nature not lazy or given to shirking their duties, although their city hall lives might indicate they were. They were ceaseless workers for the man whom they recognized as their chief and sponsor. The time and energy they consumed in his service would rapidly advance them to responsible high-salaried positions should they put as much vigor and enthusiasm in a private business. Some of them were fanatically loyal to their ward bosses, and all of them were ready to fight at the drop of a hat for their political masters.

This condition of what I might call political feudalism was one of the most embarrassing problems which I was called upon to solve. It seemed to me that if I gave a public position to a young man he ought to be my "fellow," my partisan. But I soon learned that after all I was only the employment agent—the principals were the local leaders, who took care of their followers through me.

This humiliating truth was driven home to me several times, and as often was I on the point of asserting myself by summarily discharging scores of employes who had been put on the payroll at the request of their ward leaders. But I could not afford to lose the political influence of men who in their own communities were stronger than I. Nor could I hope to upset a deep-rooted condition, which, after all, was entirely in harmony with our representative form of government. So I swallowed my pride and did just what

DERANGED NERVES

DISTRESSING TROUBLES LEFT BY ST. VITUS AND GRIP.

Woman Afflicted for Years by Strange Spells of Stammering and Weakness Recovered Perfect Health.

When she was fourteen years old, Mrs. Ida L. Brown had St. Vitus' dance. She finally got over the most noticeable features of the strange ailment, but was still troubled by very uncomfortable sensations, which she recently described as follows:

"One hand, half of my face, and half of my tongue would get cold and numb. These feelings would come on, last for about ten minutes, and then go away, several times a day. Besides I would have palpitation of the heart, and my strength would get so low that I could hardly breathe. As time went on these spells kept coming oftener and growing worse. The numbness would sometimes extend over half my body."

"How did you get rid of them?"

"It seemed for a long time as if I never could get rid of them. It was not until about six years ago that I found a remedy that had virtue enough in it to reach my case. That was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they have since entirely cured me."

"Did it take long to effect a cure?"

"No! I hadn't taken the whole of the first box before I saw a great improvement. So I kept on using them, growing better all the time, until I had taken eight boxes and then I was perfectly well, and I have remained in good health ever since with one exception."

"What was that?"

"Oh! that was when I had the grip. I was in bed, under the doctor's care, for two weeks. When I got up I had dreadful attacks of dizziness. I had to grasp hold of something or I would fall right down. I was just miserable, and when I saw the doctor was not helping me, I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. In a short time they cured me of that trouble too, and I have never had any dizzy spells since."

Mrs. Brown lives at No. 1705 DeWitt street, Mattoon, Illinois. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are without an equal for the rapid and thorough cure of nervous prostration. They expel the poison left in the system by such diseases as grip and are the best of tonics in all cases of weakness. They are sold by every druggist.

RAILWAY RUMOR.

The German government railways employed 559,451 persons in 1903; the number of locomotives in use was 20,845.

The total length of the Russian railway system on January 14, 1904, was 37,571 1/2 miles. In 1904 there were thrown open to traffic 675 miles.

The final spike in the railroad from Canton to Samshui was driven the other day. But before it had been driven down 24 hours it was stolen by the Chinese.

English railroad directors give prizes to station masters who keep the best cultivated flower beds at their respective stations. Some of the gardens thus maintained are beautiful.

In 1898 the butter hauled over the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad was 400,000 pounds. Last year it was nearly 14,000,000, the gain coming wholly from developments of creameries along the railroad.

A report from Teheran, the capital of the shah's empire, is to the effect that the Persian government is negotiating with Russia for the purpose of building a railroad from the Russian frontier to the capital of Persia.

Traffic through the railway tunnel at Fort Huron, Mich., will soon be handled by six electric locomotives. The third rail system will be used, with the rail placed at the side of the tunnel to avoid accidents to workmen.

Thomas Fitzgerald, who has been appointed general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, entered the service of that corporation as water boy in 1857 and has never left it. He was born of Irish parents in Fairmont, W. Va.

THE TRICKS

Coffee Plays on Some.

It hardly pays to laugh before you are certain of facts, for it is sometimes humiliating to think of afterwards.

"When I was a young girl I was a lover of coffee, but was sick so much the doctor told me to quit and I did, but after my marriage my husband begged me to drink it again as he did not think it was the coffee caused the troubles."

"So I commenced it again and continued about 6 months until my stomach commenced acting bad and choking as if I had swallowed something the size of an egg. One doctor said it was neuralgia and indigestion.

"One day I took a drive with my husband three miles in the country and I drank a cup of coffee for dinner. I thought sure I would die before I got back to town to a doctor. I was drawn double in the buggy and when my husband hitched the horse to get me out into the doctor's office, misery came up in my throat and seemed to shut my breath off entirely, then left all in a flash and went to my heart. The doctor pronounced it nervous heart trouble and when I got home I was so weak I could not sit up."

"My husband brought my supper to my bedside with a nice cup of hot coffee, but I said: 'Take that back, dear, I will never drink another cup of coffee if you gave me everything you are worth, for it is just killing me.' He and the others laughed at me and said:

"The idea of coffee killing anybody."

"Well, I said, 'it is nothing else but coffee that is doing it.'"

"In the grocery one day my husband was persuaded to buy a box of Postum which he brought home and I made it for dinner and we both thought how good it was, but he said nothing to the hired man and they thought they had drunk coffee until we both told them. Well we kept on with Postum and it was not long before the color came back to my cheeks and I got stout and felt as good as I ever did in my life. I have no more stomach trouble and I know I owe it all to Postum in place of coffee."

"My husband has gained good health on Postum, as well as baby and I, and we all think nothing is too good to say about it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.