

A Woman's Story.

A NARRATIVE OF WOMAN'S ILLS.

Eight Lacking and Lack of Out-Door Exercise Bring Much Woe.

(From the Detroit Sun.) The large, pretentious brick residence at 36 Miami avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story.

She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

Miss Stenbaugh is a pretty girl of about 20 years and is today the true picture of the ideal, healthy, robust and jovial American girl.

She was not always so, as is proven by the accompanying statement made by her.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die.

The local practitioner, whose name was Dr. Glassford, (I was at that time living at Scotland, Ont.) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the churchyard.

"I could not walk, I became so weak, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I can distinctly remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him.

"At this time, I read, or was told by somebody, of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from W. Wallace, I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, but very shortly I noticed a great change.

They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six weeks I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now.

I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and the balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, relation, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 750 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Magnetism in a Tack Hammer. An ingenious application of the horse-shoe magnet is found in a tack hammer recently invented.

The head of the hammer is of the ordinary shape, but the pointed end is divided into two prongs nearly touching each other, and flattened at the tip.

These prongs are magnetized like the poles of an ordinary horse-shoe magnet, and when the hammer is introduced into a box or paper of tacks it picks up one and holds it with the head against the flattened tip, the point of the tack directed outward.

A light blow fixes the tack in the wall, and it may then be driven in with the other end of the hammer. This does away with holding the tack at the risk of hammering one's fingers.

Two Wonderful Growths. A farmer of Albany, Ore., is exhibiting a bunch of 42 stalks of wheat, with 924 meshes and about 3,500 grains, which grew from a single kernel.

A farmer in Cedar Rapids, Neb., has a cucumber five feet long.

Cotton States Exposition. Atlanta, Ga. Sept. 18 to Dec. 31, 1895.

The schedule printed below is a comprehensive guide to the best and most desirable route to Atlanta from the North and Northwest, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Terre Haute and Evansville.

Palace day coaches and Pullman sleeping cars are attached to all trains shown in this schedule.

Extremely low rates have been made to Atlanta and return, via the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway.

All trains run solid between Nashville and Atlanta, except train in last column. The train in third column which leaves Cincinnati at 4:30 p. m., runs solid to Atlanta.

This is the route of the famous "Dixie Flyer," through "all the year round" sleeping car line between Nashville, Tenn., and Jacksonville Florida.

For further information, address BRAD F. HILL, Northern Passenger Agent, 238 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; R. C. COWDRY, Western Passenger Agent, 405 Ky. Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.; or D. W. DANLEY, Eastern Passenger Agent, W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

W. L. DANLEY, G. P. & T. A., Nashville, Tenn.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.



HE was seated on the grass with her shoulder propped against a stump stool; there were two or three garden benches standing about, but she said she preferred to sit on the grass—it made her feel more "country."

To intensify this feeling she had clothed her fresh young beauty in a marvelous organdy, so sheer that her arms gleamed through it like alabaster, and had pinned on her bright head a great hat drooping with roses.

By her side leaned a white parasol edged with lace. Her companion, a young man in tennis flannels, who was stretched at her feet, had commented sarcastically upon her "rustic attire," and a hot discussion had ensued; a discussion happily interrupted by the arrival of a servant with a tray of iced lemonade.

"Ah," said Miss Gresham, helping herself to one of the frosted glasses, "if there is one person for whom I entertain an undying affection, it is Betty! I know we are indebted to her for this. She is one of those rare people who always do the correct thing."

"Betty?" repeated Markland, lazily sipping his lemonade; "and who is Betty?"

"He has forgotten Betty," cried the girl; "and he has no more shame than to confess it! Betty, who was always his sworn champion, and who has helped him out of I know not how many scrapes. This is the effect, I suppose, of college and travel and society."

"Betty!" again repeated Markland. "Ah!"—a sudden light springing to his eyes—"your old nurse, of course. Why, certainly, I remember her; dear companion of my giddy youth! But I did not recognize her by so commonplace a title. To me she always seemed a beneficent genius, a good angel, rather than an ordinary mortal!"

He lifted his glass—"To Betty," he said; "may her shadow never grow less."

"Betty was asking me about you the other day," said the girl; "she wanted to know if you still rode and swam and boated like you used to do. I told her you had given up dancing because of the exertion"—she looked at him innocently.

"Did she ask you anything about your own life?" said Markland, sitting up—"a resume of how you put in your time during the winter season in town might be interesting to her, and certainly profitable."

"Anything I do is interesting to her," she responded, coolly.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been marveling over you ever since I came. I cannot quite realize that you have been ten days in the country without being bored. How have you accomplished it? I thought that the day of miracles was past."

"My good Tony," remarked Miss Gresham, patronizingly, "you must not judge other people by yourself; it is a very foolish and narrow-minded way of doing. Because you cannot exist happily without your clubs and your theaters is no reason why I can't."

"I never knew you belonged to a club," observed Markland, mildly. "Have you developed into that modern wonder, a new woman?"

"Oh, nonsense! You know I was speaking figuratively! I mean that I am not wedded to any particular state of things—that I can adapt myself to circumstances and enjoy whatever comes."

"Can you? How delightful! But, jesting aside, has it not been rather slow for you here, without any girls for you to see through and scorn and be amused by—nor men to analyze and draw out and get interested in?"

"How do you know there have been no men?"

"I have your own word for it. I heard you refuse four of your best friends permission to visit you down here, and I inferred that the common herd had been no better treated."

"Yes," she said, "you were right. My solitude has been uninvaded. I have been resting and enjoying myself thoroughly. By the way,"—suddenly—"who told you that you could come?"

"No one; but I had to run down to my place on business and I thought it would look unneighborly not to drop in and find out how you were getting on."

"Very thoughtful, indeed! So you have remembered your old home at last! How long has it been since you were here?"

"Five years"—pondering—"five years this June."

"Is it much changed?"

"A good deal; the old willow by the pond is down; fell in the August storm, Gaston tells me."

"Oh, I am so sorry! We used to—she paused, blushing.

"Yes," he responded, "so we did." And he glanced at her laughingly.

"And the house?" she hurried on—"how does it look?"

"Awfully—everything gone to pieces; dust, cobwebs and mold everywhere; the family portraits white with mildew."

"Oh, Tony," she cried; "how dreadful! You really ought to do something about them."

"I shall," he said. "I was fond of the place as a lad, and this trip down here has awakened all the old feeling. I am tired to death of society, the exertion of jangling—smiling—and the bother of being agreeable to people that one doesn't care a rap about, so I have made up my mind to marry and settle down in the country; that is—slowly—if I can persuade the girl I love to consent to bury herself for my sake."

Miss Gresham looked down; her face had lost a little of its bright color; but the pallor was in no way unbecoming.

"I thought the best thing to do was to come and talk over the matter with you," he said, after a somewhat awkward pause; "you always help a fellow so with your advice."

"I imagine," she replied, "that if a woman cared for a man she would go with him anywhere."

"Exactly, but that is the question—does she care for me? You see"—gazing at her steadily—"she is a society girl; used to a good deal of gayety and movement and excitement, and it doesn't seem quite fair to ask her to come down here, does it? It looks conceited and selfish, as if one thought a good deal of one's self, don't you know?"

She looked at him gravely. "Do I know her?" she asked. "Is she some one you have known a long time?"

"Oh, yes; since I was quite a boy."

"Is she pretty?"

"Of course; you ought to know that?"

"And clever?"

"Very."

"I suppose"—slowly—"she never says unkind things or sees through people, as—as—some of your other friends do?"

"Unkind things? No. But as to seeing through people"—breaking into a laugh—"I am obliged to admit that she



"SUPPOSE WE GET MARRIED THE SAME DAY."

does. You see, she has been out a lot, and the rosy bandage is a bit out of place; natural enough, don't you think?"

"I suppose so"—doubtfully—"one can't go through life with one's eyes shut—that is, if one has any brains, and yet, somehow or other, I don't quite like the description. You are such a good fellow, Tony, for all your affectation, that you ought to marry some body very much above the average."

"And so I shall."

"You always said," she went on, "that I might choose a wife for you. Don't you remember, just before you went to college, that last ride we took?"

"Assuredly."

"How we agreed to ask each other's advice about the people we should marry, and how we promised that neither of us would get engaged without the other's consent?"

"Of course I remember, and I am quite willing to abide by the old contract. I shall never marry without your permission."

"Oh, Tony, really?"

"Really?"

She gazed at him with parted lips and shining eyes.

"You are very trusting—how do you know that I shall not take a base advantage of your confidence and refuse my consent altogether? You don't know how lonely it will be going out next winter without you. I have got so used to having you around that I don't believe I'll enjoy myself in the least unless you are there."

She pondered a moment.

"Come," she said, "I will compromise. I won't forbid the banns altogether, but you must not think of marrying, until I'm tired of society and ready to take the fatal step myself. How will that suit you?"

"Perfectly, if you won't put it off too long."

"Oh, well, that I don't know. I have about decided to be a spinster."

"Come, now, that isn't fair. Suppose we agree to be married the same day? That meets with your approval? Well, to keep that promise fresh in your memory," reaching over and taking her hand, "wear this for my sake."

He drew her glove off very gently and slipped a hoop of diamonds on her finger.

The blood flashed to her cheeks.

"Tony," she cried, the full meaning of her action breaking over her, "Tony, I don't understand! I—"

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O V Time Table. TRAINS GOING SOUTH. No. 1 Daily Mail Express. No. 2 Daily Mail Express.

v. Evansville 6:30 a. m. 4:30 p. m. Henderson 7:15 a. m. 5:15 p. m. Corydon 7:40 a. m. 5:13 p. m.

Morganfield 8:30 a. m. 5:45 p. m. DeKoven 8:50 a. m. 6:22 p. m. Sturgis 9:04 a. m. 6:37 p. m.

Marion 9:40 a. m. 7:25 p. m. Princeton 10:35 a. m. 8:20 p. m. Canton Springs 11:30 a. m. 9:15 p. m.

Grassy 11:46 a. m. 9:20 p. m. Hopkinsville 12:05 p. m. 9:40 p. m.

NORTH BOUND. No. 3 Daily Mail Express. No. 4 Daily Mail Express.

v. Hopkinsville 6:40 a. m. 2:50 p. m. Princeton 6:55 a. m. 4:45 p. m. Marion 7:35 a. m. 5:45 p. m.

DeKoven 8:00 a. m. 6:30 p. m. Morganfield 9:00 a. m. 7:35 p. m. Corydon 10:08 a. m. 7:57 p. m.

Henderson 10:25 a. m. 8:20 p. m. Evansville 11:15 a. m. 9:10 p. m.

LOCAL FREIGHT. Lv. Princeton 7:15 a. m. Daily. At. Hopkinsville 10:30 a. m. Lv. " 4:30 p. m. At. Princeton 7:30 p. m.

Local freight will carry passengers between Hopkinsville and Princeton. UNIONTOWN BRANCH. South Bound—Daily.

v. Uniontown 7:40 a. m. 5:35 p. m. Morganfield 8:35 a. m. 6:30 p. m.

North Bound—Daily. Morganfield 9:35 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Uniontown 10:40 a. m. 7:55 p. m.

M. SHERWOOD, AGT. S. F. MITCHELL, Hopkinsville, Ky.

UISVILLE, ST. LOUIS & TEXAS RAILWAY. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 1, 1895.

WEST BOUND. No. 52. No. 51. Daily. Daily.

Lv. Louisville 6:30 p. m. 7:45 a. m. West Point 7:25 p. m. 8:40 a. m. Brandenburg 8:04 p. m. 9:17 a. m.

Irrington 8:20 p. m. 9:43 a. m. Stephensport 9:06 p. m. 10:28 a. m. Cloverport 9:26 p. m. 10:50 a. m.

Hawesville 9:44 p. m. 11:16 a. m. Lewistown 10:18 p. m. 11:40 a. m. Owensboro 10:59 p. m. 12:22 a. m.

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