

### A MOTHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS COMES AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-Known Official's Wife—A Story That Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Chattanooga, Tenn., Press.

No county official in East Tennessee is better known and more highly esteemed than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit Court Clerk of Rhea County, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartfelt congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovely traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has attracted widespread attention.

As the Press was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mrs. Wilson. In order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her condition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady with becoming reluctance gave the history of her affliction and the manner in which she was relieved.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for 8 years an invalid with one of the most distressing afflictions woman can suffer. For 8 years I moped around, dragging myself with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little even-tempered and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheerless prospect before me and at them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groin. I suffered agony sleeping or awake. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced.

"I was treated for my trouble by several local physicians, but were unable to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when I saw an account in the Press of a cure which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cured and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in October, 1898, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects or weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. Hitherto, I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, and with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I assure you the cure has brought a great change in our home. I can now rejoice in my husband's success, for I feel that I have something to live for. Who has a better right to feel this than a mother? One thing more, I have recommended these pills to others, and many of the women of Dayton have taken them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are concentrated from all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for troubles such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic cystitis, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppurations, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 200 North Second St., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape 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.

**etching.** When etching is done by the aid of electricity a wire is soldered to the plate to be etched, by means of which an electric current is passed through the etching solution, which is made much more dilute than in the case of ordinary etching. This action is much increased in intensity, and in many cases, acids, which under ordinary circumstances are inert, can be used, as, for instance, copper and weak sulphuric acid.

**Karl's Clover Root,** the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts. per bottle.

**The True Laxative Principle** Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

A main farmer has received an order for 25,000 barrels of cider.

**Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root** cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Nutmeg hickory is the strongest wood grown in the United States.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-alkaline cocoa and chocolate in this country, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, state that "One hundred points entitles the exhibitor to a special award, or Diploma of Honor. The scale, however, is placed so high, they say that it will be awarded only in most exceptional cases." All of Walter Baker & Co.'s products received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.

**A Good Appetite** is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone, strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature, Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures quickly tones the stomach and makes one "feel hungry." Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

### "FAILED."

Failed of the goal which once had been my aim,  
The distant port which I once had sailed,  
I think the craven words above my name  
Must be "He failed."

Failed to achieve the vision and the quest,  
The self-forgetting and self-sacrifice;  
Failed to attain the heritage of rest  
Beyond all price.

Failed to retain the biethright, having sold  
For passing pleasure and from fear of pain;  
Paying the wage of God's eternal gold  
For timely gain.

Failed of the purity that purges sight,  
The faith that nourishes with daily bread;  
Failed of the hand that reaches through the night  
To guide our tread.

Failed, having laid his hand upon the plow,  
So soon to falter and so soon to tire;  
Failed, though the God of life may even now  
Save as by fire.

However bright life's after-glow may flame,  
It storms retreat that have so long assailed.  
I think the craven words above my name  
Must be "He failed."

—Arthur L. Salmon, in The Academy.

### THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

JUST hate it!" said Julia Ives, not violently, but plaintively. "What?" her mother questioned, in anxiety. And her father looked up in startled apprehension.

Not that they were astonished at Julia's having found something new to despise. She was their only child, and perhaps a little spoiled and capricious. "Oh, Pelham Heights and everything in it!" said Julia. She had on her gray riding-habit, with a rosebud on her lapel. "I'm sick of Pelham Heights! Let's move! Isn't two years of it enough for you? Such a place—such restrictions! You can't build a house under four thousand dollars; you can't keep a cow; you can't, Julia, satirically, "wear a silk hat with a sack coat, or eat your salad without oil. I want to move out in the woods and live in a shanty and keep pigs!"

"Julia!" her mother gasped. And she added with as much severity as she was able to master, "You to be tired of Pelham Heights! When you have had such a magnificent time here, so much attention from all the gentlemen, and—"

"The gentlemen!" Julia murmured, pulling on her gauntlets. "It is the gentlemen that I want to get away from. You meet one Pelham Heights man, and you know all the rest. They're precisely alike. They're just like the place itself—perfectly correct, and polite, and swell, and monotonous and tame, and—and wearing! I'm deathly tired of them! If I could meet a—farmer or something," said Julia. "That didn't know anything about clothes or the opera, or the books that you have to read if you're proper, and that wore a slouch hat and tucked his trousers in his boots, and said, 'ain't' and 'de tell'—if I could meet him I'd marry him!" Miss Ives informed her staring parents.

And then she went out and mounted her horse, changed her mind about having the groom accompany her, and rode off alone.

"I don't know what to make of her," said her mother, despairingly. "She isn't like my family. She's an Orent. She has your Aunt Felicia Orent's nose, and she's like her. I hope she won't do anything peculiar. I couldn't live through it. If she only would take a liking to some nice fellow here in town and settle near us! But how she talks!"

"Let her alone," Julia's father responded, with a coolness which was exasperating. "She's a little romantic just now, but she'll come out just as she ought to go. She's a level-headed girl. I'm not worrying about her."

"Do you ever worry about anything?" said his harassed wife. "If she could like Horace Upham or Spencer Prescott—both eligible. But she won't."

"She'll like somebody just as good," Julia's trustful father retorted.

Miss Ives chirruped to her horse till he struck into a hard trot. People bowed and smiled from haunches and porches; hats flew off at her approach.

She saw Spencer Prescott on his bicycle and Mr. Upham in his road cart, and she smiled in weariness. Perhaps her father and mother had considered it nonsense, but she was tired of Pelham Heights. She did pine for something new and interesting.

She did abominate the Pelham Heights society men, and she did feel a gloomy despair of ever knowing anybody any better, or stronger-minded, or livelier. It was all perfectly true.

It was a beautiful day, and she wanted to get as far away from town as she could.

Bingo enjoyed the outing as keenly as his mistress. He trotted smoothly and swiftly. At turning of a new road, Julia reined him at last, hesitatingly, then sent him on.

The road looked smooth. It was inviting, at any rate; there was a shady thicket on either side.

rather young and sometimes heedless without a strong guiding hand, and Julia had forgotten everything but her triumphant enjoyment of being five miles away from Pelham Heights. At an unlooked-for unevenness in the newly-made road, Bingo stumbled, could not recover himself and came down on his knees, with a frightened whinney, and his mistress was thrown to the ground.

She was on her feet the next instant. Had anybody seen her—her, that was rated the best horse woman in the region? She felt a dreadful, creeping certainty that somebody had; and she was right.

Out from the tangle of young trees on the left came stalking a young man with a gun and a dog. "Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "I'm just in time. Are you hurt?"

"Not in the least," said Julia. Her nose—the nose which partook of the qualities of her father's Aunt Felicia—went up a haughty three inches. Bingo got on his feet and looked crestfallen.

"Well, your habit is torn a little," the young man observed, eying the tear with a twinkling expression. Julia could have boxed his ears. "I presume I should have discovered it," she retorted, stroking Bingo's nose.

"No doubt. And your pony came off," said the stranger, picking up the fallen rosebud. "A Jack, isn't it?" Julia fixed him with a severe look; but that look revealed to her some interesting facts—interesting and amusing.

He was a tall fellow, blonde-haired and blue-eyed and darkly sunburned; his eyes were really fine, and he wore a faded coat and disreputable looking old soft hat. He looked a good deal like a tramp, but there were the gun and dog.

"An American Beauty, since you are particular about knowing," said Julia, frigidly. "I am particular about everything; it's my nature," said the young man, in a tone of mild apology. "And you'll excuse me, but it disturbs me to see your hat on one side—fearfully on one side."

Julia's frowning eyes met his. She could not hold out against his mischievous, gay impertinence. She laughed. "I did look absurd, I suppose, and Bingo, too. We never made such a break before, did we, Bingo? Is my hat straight now, please?"

"Perfectly, geometrically. Seriously, I was frightened when I saw you go over. Are you certain you're not hurt?"

"Not a bit." She blushed a little under his look of concern. "But you are shaken up a little bit. Let me tell you!" he said, almost shyly, his strong, brown hand on Bingo's shoulder. "There is a farmhouse only a quarter of a mile up the road, and I know the people well. If you will ride up there with me, I will give you some milk, or buttermilk, whichever you like best. I happen to know the quality of it. I've had many a meal there."

"Is buttermilk the best thing to take when you've fallen off your horse?" said Julia. "Always. You know those little books about first aid to the injured? Buttermilk is always recommended in a case like this."

"You are ridiculous," Julia said, laughing. "It isn't buttermilk alone, you know. Mrs. McIntyre makes splendid gingerbread, and she's been making to-day. It melts in your mouth."

The buttons were off his coat—most of them. He was peculiarly graceful; every move was easy. What was he? who was he? "I don't know," Julia murmured. "Is it too unconventional?" said her new acquaintance. "Don't say so. You don't know Mrs. McIntyre's ginger-cake—you don't, indeed!"

"Unconventional?" Miss Ives echoed. "I hate conventionality!" The young man cast a look at her faultless attire. "So do I," he responded, quite solemnly. "Do come, then. I can smell that ginger-cake 'way here."

"You are an incorrigible joker," said Julia, biting her lips as she laughed. "I will go," she added, with a pretty graciousness quite her own; and he helped her to mount.

She rode back past the scene of the accident seventeen short minutes later. She looked at the spot where he had stood and laughed at her, and felt such a sharp regret that she should see him no more, that she would not admit it even to herself.

She had left him at Mr. McIntyre's; she looked back impulsively; but the house was out of sight. She had not the faintest notion as to who he was. For all she knew he was a farm-hand. But he was a strangely clever and well-bred and handsome farm-hand, and—and fascinating.

And she was going back to Pelham Heights—back to Spencer Prescott and Horace Upham. Her head drooped; her eyes dwelt on the dusty road somberly.

"Bingo," she said, "I'm sorry you came out this way. Yes, I am."

### THEY MISSED £300,000

How the British Government Let That Sum Slip Thro' Their Fingers. All England is deeply interested in a new mystery—what became of King Theobaw's crown jewels and other wealth when the British occupied the palace in Mandalay, Burmah, after the campaign of 1885.

This question has come up through the death-bed confession of a private in the West Surrey Regiment, who declares that he and a companion, Private William White, secured all or a portion of these treasures and hid them in a boat in the vicinity. This statement has been made public, and Private White has been sent to Burmah to help recover the treasure.

At the time of the British occupation orders were given by the Government that the annexation of Burmah should be carried out peacefully and without bloodshed, and every endeavor was made to obtain King Theobaw's submission. But he refused to comply with the British demands, and the troops were marched from the fort to the palace walls. An assault was then made, and the palace was occupied. Shortly after Theobaw abdicated, and he and his two wives were sent off by steamer.

As soon as the King had given his submission guards were hurriedly placed in the royal rooms to protect the jewels of countless worth which were known to be there. And great was the British disappointment when it was discovered that the treasures had disappeared. Among these missing treasures was a gold calf weighing several hundred weight, as well as a portion of the regalia and quantities of precious stones. The crown is studded with rubies and diamonds and is surrounded by a peacock.

At the time suspicion rested on the Burmah Ministers and the maids of honor, and every effort was made to trace the treasure, but without avail. Now, after nine years, the whole subject comes up on this confession of a private soldier who was present at the attack on the palace, and who declared that he and a companion buried the stolen plunder beneath a sentry-box.

Theobaw's kingly wealth was indisputable. He had accumulated from his ruby mines a most valuable collection of stones, and his insignia were set with diamonds of the rarest size. What was known as his betel-box was of pure gold, and the cover was ornamented with rows of rubies and diamonds, the center ruby alone weighing thirty-nine and one-half carats. There was also in this collection a golden ewer, made as a receptacle for sacred water to be used at the coronation. It was done in the shape of a caryllid, of pure gold and studded with jewels.

The crown is also of gold and covered with pearls and diamonds. These articles, together with the royal peacock and the Henza, were present at all royal audiences and were their more familiar to the many agents and officers of the British Government who had been admitted to Theobaw's presence. They were, in fact, carried about with him.

Through all this picturesqueness one can perceive an earnest piety that Great Britain somehow failed to gobble that thirty-nine carat ruby.

It Killed the Cure. "Johnnie Smith! You whispering again?" demanded an Oakland teacher of a particularly mischievous boy.

"Yessum!" "Well, come up here and get the mousetraps on!" She stood the boy in one corner with a heavy mouse-trap dangling from each ear. They pinched and pulled, and Johnnie winced, twisted, and then commenced to howl.

"What's the matter now?" asked the teacher. "Those don't hurt much." "That ain't it," whispered the boy. "Well, what is it?" "It's a shame. That's what it is," he sobbed.

"What a shame? To punish you for whispering?" "No, but I was born with big ears that stuck out like a barn door open, and I've had to sleep with 'em tied back to my head ever since. Now my step-father pulls 'em and you put mouse traps on 'em till this young lark don't do any good, and I'll have ears like a real cutlet."

The teacher removed the mouse-traps from his ears and inverted the empty waterbucket over his head as a substitute.—San Francisco Post.

Groswome Name for a Doctor. Greene Graves is the name of a new doctor who has located in Kansas. With the aid of the watermelon season he ought to be able to keep up the reputation of the family name.—Kansas City Times.

SOME men would never marry if they could not marry a grass widow.

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### His Purpose.

A certain justice of the peace from the State of Iowa, having arrived, previous to a trial, at a conclusion upon a question of law highly satisfactory to himself, refused to entertain an argument by the opposing counsel. "If your honor please," counsel pleaded, "I should like to cite a few authorities upon the point." Here he was sharply interrupted by the justice, who stated: "The court knows the law, and is thoroughly advised in the premises, and has given his opinion, and that settles it." "It was not," continued counsel, "with an idea of convincing your honor that you are wrong, but I should like to show you what a d—n fool Blackstone was."—Argument.

### BEAN'S PERFECTION FEED BAG.

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Price, \$1.00.

fool, and positively cures the habit of throwing the head.

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We guarantee if the only bag ever offered for sale with these merits. Send for circulars.

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What They Are For

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sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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NO SQUEAKING. 65 C. CORDOVAN. FRENCH ENAMELED CALF. \$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE. 3 SOLES. \$2.50 2 WORKINGMEN. EXTRA FINE. \$2.17 2 BOY'S SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.50 2 21.25. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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