Shorter Hours for Women

A Modern

Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

Pete's Babette.

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

There had always been Pete. At least so the people down at St. Michel said when a stranger would ask where he had come from. Even before the government had built the lighthouse on Presque Isle Pete's fishing hut had been there, and every night he had hung out his lantern on the end of a pole so that the boats rounding the point a mile or two below would see its flicker and steer clear of the long sand bar that ran out like an ant eater's nose from the northern corner of Presque Isle.

Everybody along the strait knew the quaint old figure, but no one knew of Babette until they saw her one morning fluttering along behind Pete, her red calico dress the one bright spot of color among the grays and browns of Presque Isle. The day before Pete had been seen rowing over to the Mackinac shore, but no one knew of his return except Mere M'rie, and she was so old and deaf that all she could do was cook Pete's fish and sit out in the sunshine all day smoking in the kitchen doorway.

When Landry Dubois, from Algonac island, asked the question direct Pete smiled and shook his head, his dark eyes, deep set in the small brown face, watching Babette build houses with the red bark chips around the lighthouse steps.

"She has no one but me," he said, with a dubious shrug of his thin, stooped shoulders. "Babette, who art thou, petite?"

Babette stopped playing long enough to flash a merry glance at him under the shelter of her thick brown hair.

"Pete's Babette," she laughed.

And so, all through the isles of the strait, as far as St. Ignace and even down to Mackinac, she was known as Pete's Babette. Pete taught her all manner of wonderful things in fish lore and ship craft, and before long she knew all the boats that passed by Presque Isle, from the great iron kings and grain boats bound for Buffalo to the gay little yachts that fluttered like white butterflies here and there. But, best of all, she loved the schooners, the old monarchs of the lake, when they came sailing up the strait on a still summer's eve, like wondrous phantom ships, with the glory of the sunset behind, and she called them Babette's birds.

And the years passed by, ten of them, slow and sure and steady, one by one, as the wild geese fly to the southland, and each one left Pete browner and more wrinkled and smaller, while Babette grew up tall and slender and strong as a young pine tree, with hair and eyes brown as dry oak leaves. Then came the terrible winter of 1894, when boat after boat went out on the lakes and no more was heard from them until spring waves brought in the wreckage. It was cold at the little, low house back of the lighthouse on Presque Isle, colder than even Pete could remember, and every week it was harder for him to row down to St. Michel for provisions.

One night he came home half frozen and with a dreadful cough. Babette sent him to bed and said he should go no more. They must make what food they had last until warmer weather. But instead of sunshine and fair seas the clouds swept low and gray like gulls before a storm, and the waves came rolling in, with a deep, heavy swell that sent a dull, threatening roar, as they broke, up to the lighthouse. And here and there in the dark green waters could be seen something else, a clumsy, swaying mass that gliated blue white.

"The ice has come," Babette thought when she saw it from the lighthouse window one morning after she had trimmed the lamp, and there was a queer ache in her heart as she looked off down the strait and thought of how her birds would have to battle with it, but she did not tell Pete.

It was three days later when Mere M'rie showed her the empty meal bag She smiled. There were still bacon and rice and dried fish. They were rich. At the end of the week there was no bacon, and they had saved the last of the rice for Pete, who lay on the old lounge near the stove coughing, coughing all the time.

The following day Pete was delirious. Babette stood in the old kitchen, looking from the flushed, wrinkled face on the pillow to where Mere M'rie knelt over by the stove praying. The provisions were gone. There was no medicine.

Babette took the fur jacket from its nail. Before she went out of the kitchen she leaned over the old half breed woman's bent form. "To St. Michel," she said slowly, pointing eastward and then at the empty meal sack and flour bag thrown in a corner. Mere M'rie understood and stopped her praying long enough to watch the strong, erect young figure pass down to the shore, the wind blowing the ends of her scarf backward over her shoulders like red wings.

Her hands worked quickly over the lines of the boat, and, taking advantage of a momentary lull, she pushed away from the small, tumbled down pier and struck out bravely for St. Michel. She had often been out with Pete when the waves were as high as now, and she loved the excitement of it all. The low, flat shore of Presque Isle vanished entirely behind the wall of waters, but she could catch a glimpse of the dear old lighthouse and its round top above the tallest wave, and the sight strengthened and nerved her for the five mile journey to St. Michel.

Suddenly, when scarcely half a mile out, the boat seemed to strike a new current. Babette caught her breath sharply as she felt the strong, resistless power sweep her from her course, and she bent over the oars with set, close lips and tense muscles, but it was useless. The deep, swelling rush of waters carried her northward, straight on to the middle channel of the strait. The wind had come up again and raged over the lake like a wild beast. Then, without warning, there rose before her the jagged, cruel line of the ice floe, and the next moment the waves had thrown the boat as if it had been a leaf full upon it. Instinctively Babette had risen at that last awful instant. As the boat crashed into the ice with a shock that made it leap and tremble she sprang forward and gained a footing on the ice floe, a slight, perilous one, to be sure, but one that meant safety, for the moment at least.

Already the little boat had disappeared in the whirlpool of dashing waters, and Babette's heart beat fast as she looked about her on her new craft. It was large. It seemed as large as Presque Isle itself, and at first it appeared stationary. But when she had reached its center she could feel the slow, steady motion as it swept on toward Lake Huron.

And now came the division of the channel, and Babette's heart almost stopped its frightened beating as she thought of what would happen if the floe drifted north of Algonac island and out on the great, pitless waters of the lake.

With hushed breath she waited. The floe was heaving so that she could hardly retain her place, but at last the pine crests of Algonac showed on her left, and she knew she would pass St Michel. With fingers stiffened by the cold, she untied the red scarf from about her head and let the wind blow it like a danger signal above her as she caught a glimpse of the lighthouse on the west pier. So near it seemed she placed her hand to her mouth and shouted, but her voice sounded like a reedbird's pipe in the noise of the rushing waters.

She was opposite the town now. She could see the waves break on the pier, and yet there was no sign of help. With a fearlessness born of desperation she struggled to her feet and waved the scarf wildly, and suddenly a figure appeared on the lighthouse ladder. Again she waved and tried to call. The figure signaled back and ran along the pier toward town.

It was Landry Dubois. He burst into the warm back room of old Mme. Porteau's breathless and hatless.

"It is Pete's Babette!" he cried to the crowd of fishermen and sailors huddled about the big wood stove. "She is on the ice, drifting out to the lake!"

In five minutes the news had spread, and the shore was crowded, while the strongest boat in the place was manned, with Landry at the rudder, and stout arms pulled away to the rescue of Pete's Babette. And when they brought her back half frozen and half dead and gave her into Mme. Porteau's care she told her errand in the warm back room—told how Pete lay dying without food or medicine and how unless help was sent there would be no light shining from Presque Isle that night.

"The light shall shine," promised Landry, and the waves that had laughed at Babette's little boat bowed before the masterful stroke of ten pairs of St. Michel's strongest arms as they manned the boat that bore Babette and provisions and medicine back to Presque Isle.

"Thou hast saved his life, little one," said Landry when they stood in the kitchen where Mere M'rie still prayed. But Babette only smiled and nodded her head, and she went on to the lighthouse.

The winter twilight was falling swiftly, and the wind had gone down like one tired with its mad play. Far to the west she could see a boat struggling slowly up the strait, its lights gleaming now and then like jewels. She lit the lamp with fingers that trembled, and the broad path of light streamed out over the point. Babette's birds could fly in safety tonight, and below Landry Dubois held aloft a red scarf and told its story, even as it is told today around the islands of the strait—the story of Pete's Babette.

DUMB MEETINGS.

Curious Method by Which Poles in Germany Evade the Law.

The curious method adopted by the oppressed Poles in Germany to evade the provisions of the new law relating to public meetings was revealed in the trial of three Polish residents of Ruhrort, in Westphalia, who had convened a political meeting.

Paragraph 19 of the new law relating to public meetings compels every speaker to use the German language. The Poles circumvent this enactment by holding "dumb" meetings, at which no word whatever is spoken.

At the beginning of this particular meeting the chairman wrote on a large blackboard on the platform an announcement that no speeches could be delivered owing to the prohibition of the use of the Polish language. The contents of the lecture which would otherwise have been delivered would be distributed among the audience in the form of a pamphlet.

This pamphlet was read by the whole audience in perfect silence. The resolutions to be submitted to the meeting were then written on the blackboard and adopted unanimously by a show of hands, still without a single word being spoken.

The public prosecutor took action against the conveners of the meeting for violating paragraph 19 of the new law, but the district court acquitted them. The public prosecutor lodged an appeal, but the higher court at Cologne upheld the judgment of the district court and confirmed the acquittal.

In consequence of this precedent Polish "dumb" meetings, which are already extremely popular in all those parts of Germany where the Poles feel the need of congregating to demonstrate their grievances, can now be held without hindrance.—London Express.

Machine Made Window Glass.

It was long believed to be impossible to make window glass by a mechanical process, but American ingenuity has overcome the obstacles, and this glass is now made in all sizes and thicknesses by the Colburn process. Such glass cannot be made by pressure, because the surfaces thus produced are imperfectly transparent. The method of allowing the molten glass to fall through a narrow slit was also tried without success, for the surfaces became striated. The process of drawing, by lifting the molten glass in sheets, was finally adopted. But this required many ingenious devices to prevent the glass from contracting into columnar or cylindrical forms. All these difficulties have been overcome, so that it is no longer necessary to produce transparent sheets of glass solely by the old blowing methods.—Youth's Companion.

Bullfighting in Spain.

It was thought that bullfights were gradually losing their popularity in Spain. The reports for the year 1907 seemed indeed to indicate a distinct tendency in that direction. Those for 1908, however, do not confirm this view. In the course of last year 745 bullfights took place in Spain, and 3,838 bulls were killed in the arena. Before dying some of these bulls managed to leave behind something more than the mere record of death, for it is announced that in the contests four of their human opponents were killed and 181 injured.—London Post.

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe Easy to take as candy.

SHE IS TIRED OF STAGE LIFE

That's Why Margaret Illington Wants Divorce

FROM DANIEL FROHMAN

She Does Not Deny That She Will Marry Edward J. Bowers as Soon as She Has Secured Her Frohman Separation.

San Francisco, Feb. 16.—Because she craved home life with the children and even the darning of socks that go with it, is the chief reason why Margaret Illington is seeking a legal separation from her husband, Daniel Frohman, according to an interview which she gave out at the Clarabon hospital in this city, where she is taking the rest cure.

The actress does not deny that she will marry Edward J. Bowes when she has secured a divorce from Mr. Frohman.

Miss Illington made the following statement of her reasons for seeking a separation from her husband:

"I am to get a divorce from Mr. Frohman and would love to tell you that I am to marry Mr. Bowes when I am free, but I can't say that now, you know. But I did not leave Mr. Frohman to marry Mr. Bowes or anyone. I left him because I could not be happy on the stage. The life of an actress is abnormal; I crave domesticity, home life, children. I want to darn socks. From the first I told Mr. Frohman that I wanted a home, a domestic life, but he wanted to make a great star out of me.

An Abnormal Life.

"I wanted to stay at home and darn his socks. Mr. Frohman is 30 years older than I am. I lived in New York with his three sisters, who are maiden ladies from 25 to 35 years old. I used to envy them as I would go to the theatre every night and leave them to do housework or darn socks. Always I wanted domestic life and children. I wanted to lead the life of a normal woman. The stage life might be well enough for the woman born to it, but you know, it is abnormal.

Played "The Thief" Fourteen Months.

"Think of it: I played 'The Thief' for 14 months. My life was on railroads, in trunks, cabs and hotels. When I found that Mr. Frohman preferred to have me on the stage always, my love died. I saw then no chance of the domestic life I craved. So we parted.

"Yes, Mr. Frohman knows Mr. Bowes and admires him highly."

BERESFORD MUM ON RETIREMENT

Ministers to Be Questioned in Parliament About Shelving of Naval Commander.

London, Feb. 16.—Admiral Lord Beresford, who it was announced Sunday night will vacate the post of commander in chief of the Channel fleet on March 24, was questioned yesterday regarding the statement, but declined to discuss the action of the admiralty.

"I can say nothing beyond this," he said: "that it is my business to obey my orders, and I will haul down my flag at the time the admiralty has ordered me to do so. Any further information on this subject must come from the admiralty."

The service members of parliament have decided to take an early opportunity of questioning the ministers on this matter. Lord Beresford's friends believe he has been forced out of the navy by the faction that follows Sir John Fisher, first lord of the admiralty, with whom he has been in constant strife recently. If this turns out to be the case, the discussion of naval matters in parliament is likely to be renewed in an even more heated manner than heretofore.

The press is showing much interest in the question whether Lord Beresford will stand for parliament, as he has done before, and debate naval policies.

You'll enjoy "Salada" Tea. It is the most delicious and refreshing tea in the world, besides being absolutely pure. At all grocers. Trial packet 10c.

ITALIANS PREPARING FOR ROOSEVELT'S VISIT

Arrangements Are Now Being Made for Him to See the Earthquake Zone.

Rome, Feb. 16.—The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt will arrive in Naples the end of March on his way to east Africa and will remain in Italy eleven days has been received here with great satisfaction.

Although it is reported that Mr. Roosevelt will travel as quietly as possible, it is expected that he will visit Rome, both the king and the pope having expressed the desire to meet him.

Arrangements also are being made for Mr. Roosevelt to visit the earthquake zone.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

PUTS UP IN THREE SHADES: White, Flesh, Brunette. The only cosmetic that will not injure the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gourand's Cream" as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of glycerine with a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight whiskey. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Force of Habit

"Habits are hard to break," said Walter Prichard Eaton the other day, "Perhaps you've heard of the automobile enthusiast who bought a motor boat?"

"He took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order, and then started out on his first trip alone. It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His cloths were wet and his hair was hanging over his eyes in strings.

"'John!' exclaimed his wife 'What on earth——?'

"'Its all right Mary,' he hastened to assure her. 'No, I didn't upset. Everything's all right. But when I had been out on the water a couple hours something went wrong with the motor and——'

"'Yes—— '

"'Well, before I-er-realized it I was over the side and trying to get under the blame thing to fix it.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

Are You a Long-Haired Goat.

Let us put a stop to margin gambling. What can you do? Talk about it. Read the story again and talk about it to any one who will listen. Ask your preacher to preach about it. Get your storekeeper to read it and talk about it. Get the editor of your paper to join the crusade against it. He can do a heap. Tell him he may print the entire story and give Everybody's credit or not as he likes; we don't care for credit if we can help stop this gambling in margins.

We are not especially sorry for the men who lose their money gambling in margins—and they all lose; we don't know a man who has quit the Street a winner, not one—they are greedy and vain, they want to make more than a legitimate profit, and they like to feel that they are coming financiers. It is pathetic to hear them talk knowingly of Steel and U. P. and Smelters when you and I know, and they ought to, that they are long-haired goats and don't know anything about the worth of these stocks. From the "Publishers' Column," in the February Everybody's.

A Woman's Answer.

The February American Magazine publishes a letter written by a woman who answers, championing her sex. The assertions of Professor W. I. Thomas, of the Faculty of the University of Chicago, whose recent articles on "Woman" in the same magazine created such widespread comment. The letter reads:

"The injustice of Professor Thomas' article in your December number certainly moved me strongly. In face of the fact that the very magazine in which his dissertation appeared is adorned by the writings of Miss Tarbell, he has the temerity to talk of the 'mental inferiority of woman.'

"There are so many subjects upon which Professor Thomas could dilate that would be instructive as well as entertaining, that it strikes me as a waste of time and ink to expatiate at such length upon a theme which most of the male sex, for whose delectation it was no doubt penned, think they are quite as able to descant as he, from the time they discover that a girl seems to be physically unable to throw a ball with the same dexterity as her brothers. That seems to be the peg on which they hang all their future knowledge of the 'mentality of woman,' for getting or ignoring, the fact that it does not require brains for the performance of that particular feat, but probably a certain bodily conformation.

"The fact that an elephant can't climb a tree does not argue that he is of less service to mankind than a monkey, for we have data to the contrary, so neither does it indicate a lower grade of intelligence that while she can fasten sixteen buttons up the back of her dress without half trying, which would stump any man outside a professional contortionist, she falls short the masculine genius for ball-throwing.

"Unless Professor Thomas can prove it otherwise, he had better be content to 'blush unseen' in the capacity of teaching the 'young (male) idea how to shoot,' and not 'rush in (print) where angels fears to tread'—and others don't get the chance."

A Mere Woman.

LIBEL TRIAL FEB. 23.

The New York American Pleads Not Guilty.

New York, Feb. 16.—Counsel for the Star company, publishers of the New York American yesterday entered a plea of not guilty to the charge of criminal libel preferred against the company by John D. Rockefeller, jr., because of an article published in the American about him. The trial was set for Feb. 23.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in $1.00 as 50c. size. Is Not a Dye.

$1 and 50c. bottles, at druggists

Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Hair." Phila Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

Hay's Barlina Soap cures Pimples, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft. 25c. druggists. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Skin."

RED CROSS PHARMACY.

FIRE CHIEF WAS KILLED

He and Four Firemen Were Buried in Wall

WHICH TOPPLED ON THEM

Astral Oil Works of Williamsburg Destroyed by Fire Yesterday—Michael Graham Died in the Hospital.

New York, Feb. 16.—The canning shed of the Astral Oil Works of the Standard Oil company, on a pier between North Twelfth and North Thirteenth streets, Williamsburg, burned for the third time yesterday, and while flaming oil spread about the river, endangering ships and docks and warehouses, a brick wall fell on the fire fighters, burying fire of them in the ruins.

One of them, Michael Graham, deputy fire chief, who had led his men for an hour beneath the wall, was so badly hurt that he died shortly before 10 o'clock yesterday in the Eastern District hospital. Both legs were broken, his back was injured, and it was thought that his skull was fractured. The four other men were hurt, but they were sent to their homes, and none of them are in danger.

The fire in the canning shed started at 10 o'clock Sunday night. With oil cans popping and throwing their burning contents over the surface of the water, the blaze made a brilliant spectacle. As the flaming oil spread over the water and was carried off by the tide, the fireboats David A. Boody and William L. Strong hurried about, throwing heavy streams on them to put out the fire.

The canning shed was a part of the Pratt Oil Works, sold many years ago to the trust when the Pratt family entered the combine. The name of the company and the Astral oil, which had made it famous, have been continued for years and years. As the business has grown, the area covered by the shed had been enlarged till it covered the entire block of the water front and ran back a couple of hundred feet. It has been used entirely for the work of filling the large tin cans in which the oil is sold.

Three years ago the oil in the shed, which was built of corrugated iron, caught fire, and the property was ruined. A year ago the same thing happened, and there was a similar spectacular fire. The shed had been built again with a wall about ten feet high at the land end for the purpose of keeping out fires that might start from the land side.

Graham, the deputy fire chief, had collected his men beneath this wall, for it enabled them to get near the blazing oil by keeping off the heat. He had been in the smoke for an hour or more, while other firemen worked in relays, so difficult was it for them to breathe in the smoke. He had watched the wall, but it seemed secure.

The wall was loosened at the bottom by the flames, and while thousands watched the work of the men, it toppled and fell toward them. Five were buried in the ruins. A dozen streams were concentrated on the spot, and soon they were hauled out and hurried to the Eastern District hospital. There it was found that Graham was fatally injured.

The fireboats and fire engines from the sides threw streams of water on the flames so that theywere kept within bounds until they had burned out. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning some streams were still played on the ruins, and the fire had been practically put out. The shed was a wrecked, and most of the oil that had been under it was consumed.

HARRIMAN TO LIVE IN TENT

But It Will Have Hardwood Floor, Electric Lights, and Other Trifles.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 16.—In anticipation of the coming of E. H. Harriman and party, who will spend several months in the vicinity of San Antonio hunting and fishing, a snug little tented city has sprung up at the Hot Well, near this city where the headquarters of the party will be established. The party will consist of Mr. Harriman, his daughter, Miss Mary Hartiman; R. W. Gillette, and J. L. Harahan, president of the Illinois Central railroad.

While life in tents will be a novel departure of Mr. Harriman and his guests ample provision has been made for their convenience. The floors of the large tents are hard woods, the sides are of an extra thickness, and the furnishings complete.

The tented village will be lighted by electricity, and both telegraph and telephone wires have been run. Two automobiles have also been placed at the disposal of the party, who should arrive tonight or tomorrow.

ACTOR BANKRUPT.

Raymond Hitchcock Has Only $16 Left.

New York, Feb. 16.—A voluntary petition in bankruptcy was filed yesterday in the United States district court by Raymond Hitchcock, the actor. He gives his address as 241 West Forty-second street. The liabilities are given as $28,294 unsecured and the only assets are said to be $16 on deposit in the Mutual bank. Among the creditors are the Johnson Service company of Milwaukee, Wis., $4,294 judgment on note given for an automobile which was returned as unsatisfactory, and for parts of an automobile; Herman Fromme of Cranford, N. J., $6,000 on a note given for legal services; Thomas Mott Osborne of Auburn, N. Y., $10,900 for money loaned; Dr. Max Lautermann, Montreal, Canada, $1,500 for attendance at the trial of the People vs Hitchcock; Carl Fischer-Hansen, $3,000 on a note given for legal services, and Flora Zabelle Hitchcock $2,000 money loaned.

When to Use Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

These pills were originally a prescription used in the doctor's private practice and their benefit to mankind has been increased many thousand fold by their being placed on general sale with the doctor's own directions for use. They are entirely safe and contain no opiates or other habit-forming drugs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remedy to use when the blood is thin as in anæmia; or impure, as in rheumatism; or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless, as in partial paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill nourished, as in general debility They build up the blood, strengthen the nerves and have cured troubles of women and growing girls and many forms of weakness. That hundreds of people have tried the treatment with good results is shown by the increasing number of cures reported.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price 50 cents per box six boxes, $2.50 by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company Schenectady, N. Y.

HARVARD CREW CAPTAIN ADMITS HE HAS RESIGNED

Severance Gives Up Rowing Because of Ill Health.

New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 16.—William Rotch Severance, captain of the Harvard 'varsity boat crew, admitted today that he had resigned the captaincy of the crew. Severance is staying at his home in this city.

It has been known that he has been suffering from rheumatic affection of the heart, but a few days ago he made the statement that he had not withdrawn from rowing.

Cambridge, Feb. 16.—Capt. William Rotch Severance of the Harvard 'varsity crew, whose resignation was announced here yesterday, pulled No. 3 in the victorious crew at New London last June and No. 5 in the 1907 'varsity crew. He was considered one of the strongest oars in the boat and his loss will be severely felt.

As soon as the resignation had been made public yesterday it was also announced that all the men who rowed in the 'varsity and the substitute four-oared race last year at New London had been called to a meeting at the 'varsity boat house to select a new captain. The leading candidates are R. M. Faulker and L. K. Lunt.

CHARGED WITH FAURE'S MURDER

Dreyfus' Assault Accuses Mme. Steinheil.

Paris, Feb. 16.—Louis Anthelme Gregori, the French military writer, who made an attempt on the life of Major Dreyfus at the canonization of Emile Zola at the Pantheon in this city last June, has filed a complaint against Mme. Adolphe Steinheil, the woman charged with the sensational murder of her husband in Paris, May 31 of last year, in connection with the death of Felix Faure, who was president of France when he died in 1899. The anti-Dreyfusards always have claimed that M. Faure was assassinated at the instigation of the Dreyfusards. As the legal time for an investigation into the death of M. Faure expires by limitation tomorrow, the object of this manoeuvre is to keep the charges in connection with his death alive. Gregori, in his complaint declares that if Mme. Steinheil was not responsible for the death of M. Faure, she at least was the only person with him when he died.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Paris Is Full of Them, and Nearly All Use Parisian Sage.

In the beauty show three years ago, gold medals were awarded to five different women:

To the most beautiful woman between 20 and 25; between 25 and 30; between 30 and 35; between 35 and 40, and between 40 and 45.

A society reporter who interviewed all five women in the interest of his paper, reported that all of them had beautiful hair, and that each of the five enthusiastically attributed her luxuriant hair to Parisian Sage.

Parisian Sage is a discovery of a celebrated scientist, who spent the best years of his life to perfecting this great hair tonic.

In giving his recipe to the people he said: "Parisian Sage is the most delightful hair dressing in the world, but it is more than a hair dressing. It cures dandruff by killing the germs that infest the roots of the hair; it stops falling hair; it gives vigor and strength to the hair roots; it prevents the hair from turning gray."

The Red Cross Pharmacy sells Parisian Sage at 50 cents a large bottle, and guarantees it to do all that is claimed for it or money refunded. If you do not reside near a druggist who sells Parisian Sage, send 50 cents to Giroux Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and a bottle will be sent you by express, all charges prepaid.