The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

It would have been impossible for him to believe that she was not speaking to him as she would have spoken to an old friend, and this drew him to her. The irritation of a short while before was swept away. He found himself telling her that he had feared she would never remember him, and that she had made him very happy by coming back to speak to him.

"As if I could forget the first time I ever saw you!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands over her knee and looking out over the stream. "I had actually given myself up for lost, Mr. Fanshaw. Being a man, it may not seem that you did much for me, that day, but I have seen that frightful bull in my dreams and heard his awful bellowing a thousand times. I remembered that he had gored a little boy almost to death the spring before and when I saw him coming I simply could not run. Then I saw you rush into the very arms of death and catch it by the horns. Ah, I have seen that awful struggle in my dreams, too! You don't know how terrible it was; the veins of your face and neck stood up like cords under the skin and your eyes nearly left their sockets. Once your foot slipped and I screamed as you went down. I thought it was all over then, but you held onto his horns and when he flung up his head he raised you. Then I saw the gleam of a set purpose in your eye as you slowly backed him to the big stick near by and then I saw you grasp it and beat him off."

She paused out of breath, she had spoken so rapidly.

"I see you have not forgotten," he laughed, modestly. "My arms ached for a week after that. I don't think I ever gave my muscles a greater test."

She gazed at him admiringly.

"I think a strong, manly man is God's best creation"—her tone was almost reverent. "No, I have not forgot—I never shall forget that you offered your life as readily as Capt. Winkle" (she sneered slightly) "would hand me a glass of wine. You were so exhausted afterwards that you could not speak and yet you helped me over that high fence; I know you were exhausted, for you sank down and could not rise."

Ronald flushed slightly. "I hoped you would forget that," he said.

"It is what I want to remember most," the girl declared, "because it proves how very much you did for me."

Her voice was low, and it quivered as if strong emotions were working in her breast. The branches of the trees were moving overhead, and a shaft of shifting sunlight fell on her glorious, golden brown hair. The breeze coming from the east brought the strain of a plantation melody sung by the negroes working in one of her father's cotton fields. For one instant the eyes of these two met, and then, like a man in a blissful dream, he turned and picked up his rod. His cork was under water and he could see the slack line being drawn here and there. It was a fine trout and he laughed merrily as he drew it out of the water. She sprang up and stood by him as he took it from his hook and put it into his basket.

"I am afraid I am disturbing your sport," she said, tentatively.

"You see you have given me good luck," he made answer.

"I have wanted another talk with you for a long time." She cast a glance in the direction of her party. "I presume I ought to join them, but I have really not said all I wished. It seems half a lifetime since we met."

Later that day he actually shuddered over the boldness of his reply to this, and yet I am convinced that it was one of his remarks which she remembered in its entirety.

"The meeting in itself seemed a whole lifetime to me," he said, in a full, tense voice—"the beginning, the end—a short, beautiful life, for I thought I might never, perhaps never, see you again."

"You thought we should never meet again!" she spoke in slow surprise, as the import of his words dawned on her, and then he saw her eyes go down, and a fresh shaft of bitterness pierced his heart. He knew she was thinking of the gulf which lay between them. The look of pain which crossed her face almost distorted it. Still it was only to add new character to her beauty.

"I want to tell you more than all," she shrugged her shoulders, as if to shake off the unpleasant thought he had just read, "how very much good your example has done me. You remember you told me how you had learned French by studying it at night, and by hiring a man to work for you who spoke the language to you as you worked in the field together, and that you used to walk three miles after supper to an old German, who spoke his tongue to you and lent you the German classics? Well, when I got back to school and was tempted to neglect my studies I recalled the efforts you were making to educate yourself and I became ashamed of myself and really I profited by your example. I took two medals. I should never have won them but for you."

Her companion laughed softly.

"I did not have such good fortune in adding a teacher of Italian to my faculty," he told her. "He was making his way over the mountain with a hand-organ and a monkey and told me he was out of money. My answer to him was that I needed a man to pick cotton and that I would pay him the wages of an experienced hand if he would stay with me through the season. He readily consented and everything might have worked out to the glory of my perseverance, but he insisted on working with the monkey on his shoulder, and the two together proved such an attraction that all the negroes in my field gathered around him. I gave them the first day off, but when the next came and the pickers came in holiday attire accompanied by hosts of neighboring negroes I called a halt. I paid the stroller for the day he had not worked and dismissed him. This infuriated him, and I received my first gratuitous lesson in Italian—a beautiful string of oaths which may never be worth what I paid for them."

Evelyn laughed long and heartily.

"You are the most original man I ever met," she declared. "What funny experiences you do have. And did your Italian master forsake you?"

Ronald laughed drily.

"After he had got his organ out of the barn, he began to play it in the main road, and it wasn't twenty minutes till every negro, young and old, for a mile around was dropping his money into the monkey's cap. The trouble is the farmers in the neighborhood blamed me with the commotion and called me a greater crank than ever."

There was a sound of some one coming through the woods, and David Fanshaw, barefooted and coatless, emerged carrying a gun and a bag of game. Seeing them together he stared in astonishment, and shifting his gun awkwardly from one hand to the other he blurted out: "I didn't know anybody was heer; I was after a flyin' squirrel in that tree thar."

"I wouldn't shoot here," his brother admonished. "There is a party fishing a little way down the stream."

Without saying more the great ill-clothed fellow shouldered his gun and plunged again into the wood; this time headed for the main road.

"It is my brother David," explained Ronald to Evelyn.

"I thought he was," she said, looking down, "but I don't think he is at all like you," and then it seemed to strike her that the comparison was too great a reflection on David to be quite polite, for she reddened.

"No, we are decidedly unlike," he came to her relief. "In fact, people are constantly remarking that I am unlike my whole family."

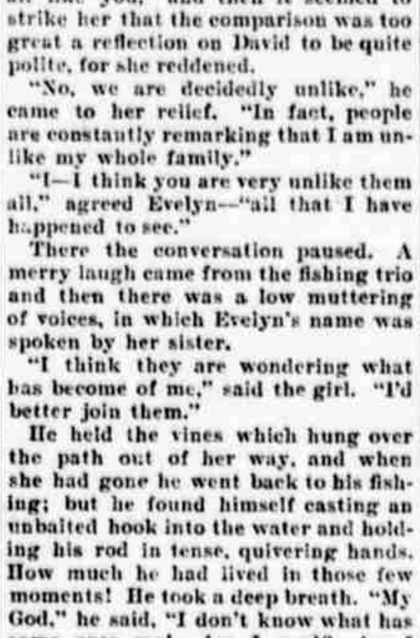
"I—I think you are very unlike them all," agreed Evelyn—"all that I have happened to see."

There the conversation paused. A merry laugh came from the fishing trio and then there was a low muttering of voices, in which Evelyn's name was spoken by her sister.

"I think they are wondering what has become of me," said the girl. "I'd better join them."

He held the vines which hung over the path out of her way, and when she had gone he went back to his fishing; but he found himself casting an unbaited hook into the water and holding his rod in tense, quivering hands. How much he had lived in those few moments! He took a deep breath. "My God," he said, "I don't know what has come over me! Am I mad? Am I fool enough to think—to hope—?"

He checked himself, and opened the law book he had brought with him. But



"I DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY WAS HERE."

though his eyes rested on the page for twenty minutes, he read not a word. The sun went down slowly; he saw its light on the brown side of a distant cliff creeping upward; he heard the distant crack of his brother's gun, and, picking up his things, he started homeward.

CHAPTER III.

Out in the open he saw David standing before the horses and trap of the fishing party, holding his gun across the back of his brawny neck, like the yoke of a water-carrier.

"Well, I'll be dumswiveled," he said, as Ronald approached, "an' may I make the biggest cracklin' in eternal fire, ef ever I'd a believed a brother o' mine could be seen in confidential confab with a daughter of old Hasbrooke. If I'd a-had a bottle along, I'd a-swore it was a delusion, but I hain't tetched a drop sence ten o'clock this mornin'."

Ronald hated himself for being obliged to make excuses for her.

"She simply happened along where I was fishing, Dave. I hope you won't talk about it, and cause any misconstruction to be put on it."

"You don't mean you an' her could git acquainted like that, in sech a short time," remarked David, as they walked along the sandy road side by side.

"I have met her once before—a year ago. She was in Regan's meadow, and got frightened at his bull. I drove the bull away, and she—she stopped to speak to me again to-day. That was all."

But David's fancy for the novelty of the situation from his standpoint was not easily cooled. It was plain to Ronald that he was still turning it over in his mind by the low grunts and exclamations of wonder that seemed jolted from his lips by his heavy strides.

"Well, I'm shore glad of one thing," he said, finally, "and that is that the colonel didn't happen along just like I did."

His brother knew what was coming, and yet he asked: "Why, Dave?"

"Because the old codger'd 'a' raised more sand 'n a Texas tornado, that's all. Why, Ron, are you a blamed fool, with no more sense than a last yeer's bird nest? Don't you know nobody by the name o' Fanshaw never stood on a level with them sort o' folks? Ef I went up thar on business, or ma, or pa or either of the gals went to sell 'em eggs or socks, wouldn't we go to the back door, like all the rest of our sort? Why, Ron, jest now you was a settin' cross-legged on the colonel's piazza a-smokin' one of his seegars like a privileged character. Ha, ha, don't know how it knocked the wind out of me!"

Ronald, his face dark and his brow lowering, found himself reduced to saying:

"I hope you won't mention it at home, Dave."

His brother stared at him curiously.

"You know I can hold my tongue," he said. "I wouldn't go round shootin' off my mouth about a thing like that for anything. The colonel would shoot the top o' my head off; he's a wheel hoss, I tell you."

Ronald brought him to a stop in the center of the road.

"Dave, do you really think we are so degraded as that?"

The burly fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"We are as good, I reckon, as the general run of our own sort," was his answer, and he smiled so broadly that a brown tobacco quid showed between his big yellow teeth, "but, as the fellow said: 'Dang the sort.' I reckon the Almighty made us out o' scraps when He was too tired to watch what He was doin'. I reckon we are some better'n a cornfield nigger, but we'd jest be blind to our own imperfections ef we didn't admit that thar is folks as much higher'n us as we are higher'n tadpoles."

"That is a dangerous philosophy, David," protested Ronald, deeply stung by his brother's words. "If you ever expect to rise in the world, you must remember—keep the idea always before you—that a man is what he makes himself."

"Shucks, thar hain't a word o' that so," grunted David. "Col. Hasbrooke is our big man, an' he hain't what he made hisse'f. His father owned 600 slaves, an' land enough to start a republic on, an' government bonds, an' storehouses in Atlanta, an' what not. No, the colonel is a sample o' what his daddy done fur 'im; you can bet yore sweet life on that! An' as fur that matter, me'n you is jest what Jade Fanshaw has made out'n us. I tell you, blood has got a lots to do with it. Col. Hasbrooke's father fit in the Mexican war, an' the colonel stuck hisse'f up to be shot at in defense o' his niggers in the civil war, but Jade Fanshaw's daddy before 'im was sent up fur housebreakin, an' instead o' shoulderin' his musket to drive the yelpin' Yanks out o' the south Jade hid in the mountains up in Tennessee, an' turned bushwhacker, an' lived on what he could rob from helpless women an' childern. I hope nobody round heer won't find all that out. We've got black eye enough, as it is."

"I always try to forget that," sighed Ronald.

"Ah, my honey!" ejaculated the uncouth philosopher, in a triumphant tone, "but Col. Hasbrooke don't try to forget nothin' his daddy did. Not on yore tin type! I've heerd he has his pa's uniform in a big glass case, an' a picture of 'im on a hoss in full tilt after the enemy. They say the old feller fit like a tiger cub with one yeer shot off as clean as a baby's belly, an' a piece of cannon-ball as big as a saucer in his shoulder; they say jest as he was expirin' a feller bent over 'im an' his last kick landed in his bread-basket, an' doubled 'im up like a razor. Ah, come off, you needn't argue with me, Ron!"

The listener to this frowned, as he swung his basket to and fro, but he did not want to be misunderstood by his brother.

"What I mean, David, is that if a young man really has it in him, and will study hard enough, he can climb to the highest rung of the ladder of success."

Dave laughed loudly for fully a minute, then he said:

"Your ladder would have to be stout enough to hold up all creation, fur the minute you begun to mount all four of them overweights at our house would start after you, an' they'd stick to you, ef they saw you on the climb—they would ef they fell an' smashed the'rsels into a jelly. Huh! I'd 'a' run for president myself long ago, but I don't like the idea o' them three in low-neck an' short sleeves helpin' me'n my wife shake hands in the white house with the whole shootin'-match o' big Ikes."

Ronald gave up the discussion. His brother's coarse allusion to his mother and sisters failed to appeal to his sense of humor. He was thinking of Evelyn Hasbrooke's patrician features and lithe form—of her exquisite refinement and delicate sympathy. By this time the two brothers had almost reached their home; they could see the sagging roof of their father's house. Half a mile further on in the gathering dusk loomed the white walls and lighted windows of Carnleigh. At this point the dull, steady beat of horses' hoofs fell on their ears.

"It's the Hasbrooke gang," announced David.

Ronald's heart sank like a plummet. He had hoped to reach home before the party overtook him. He reproached himself for the feeling, but he shrank from being seen by Evelyn and her friends in company with one as ill-clothed as his brother. David stepped to the side of the road and stood open-mouthed, to see the trap and horses pass, but Ronald, without looking back, simply kept on his way. He had made up his mind that he should not doff his hat, as he knew David would, like the peasant he was. He heard a woman's voice singing a plantation melody, accompanied by a mellow bass. He decided that the woman's voice had a harsh quality which could not have belonged to Evelyn's, although he had never heard her sing. The vehicle was just behind him. He heard his brother shouting out a shrill warning, and was turning to see what had occasioned it, when the horses brushed by him, the front wheel of the trap striking the hand which held the basket, dashing it to the ground and scattering its contents over the sand. He heard Evelyn scream out in terror from her seat beside Capt. Winkle, who was driving, and saw her desperately pulling on his arm.

The vehicle drew up a few yards away, and it looked as if the driver was going to offer some apology, but seeing that Ronald was still on his feet, Winkle vigorously applied the whip to the horses and drove on rapidly. David ran up and began to pick up the fallen articles.

"By Joe, you had a close shave," he grunted. "I 'lowed once you was a dead goner.'

[To Be Continued.]

Contrary Effects.

"The sermons of that young minister who has the room next to mine are truly wonderful," said the young man boarder.

"Indeed?" said the landlady.

"Yes; whenever I hear him rehearsing them in his room they keep me awake, but if I happen to be in church when he's preaching, they invariably put me to sleep."—Yonkers Statesman.

YIELD HEAVY TAX.

Deaths of Many Millionaires in New York State Bring Gold into the Treasury.

Returns of the death tax in New York to tate Controller Gillman show that 1900 was a "hoodoo" year for millionaires. To the state from New York county alone for inheritance taxes will be paid over $4,000,000. Already $3,200,000 has been collected. There was never such a profitable year since the transfer law went into effect. Every month has recorded the death of a millionaire, and the reports to Controller Gillman show a large number of estates valued form $300,000 to $800,000.

This has meant a rich harvest for referees, who have collecteu over $1,000,000 in fees from the state.

The passage of the New York millionaires means also a snug pickup for City Controller Coler. He will receive this year about $40,000 for his part of the death tax. He gets one per cent. of all collections and the state receives 2½ per cent. The controller's annual salary from the city is $10,000.

Here is the tax roll of the 12 months, returnable to Controller Gillman, from estates of millionaires:

Name.	Estate.	Tax.
Cornelius Vanderbilt	$50,000,000	$500,000
Henry Smith	40,731,000	2,369,582
Collis P. Huntington	45,000,000	600,000
Henrietta Martin	479,000	27,000
George M. Pullman	475,000	5,400
Henry M. Taber	407,000	4,600
Henry L. A. Herbert	914,000	9,200
Joseph J. O'Donohue	884,000	10,458
James Pyle	884,000	10,450
Herman Fleitman	511,000	5,100
Mrs. Flower Schley	900,000	9,000

LOVE STORY WELL TOLD.

A Young Man's Clever Method of Winning a Confession from His Adored One.

She was pouring at a tea that afternoon and she looked unusually bewitching, says the Smart Set. He was sitting at her left, in a bower of palms that almost concealed him. He was holding one of her hands under cover of the tablecloth, while she tried to pour with the other. She did not look at him as he talked, but he knew by her color and the little quiver of the hand he was holding that she heard everything he said. "Dearest," he murmured, as she sent one cup off without a spoon and another filled only with whipped cream, "dearest, if you don't mind my saying all this to you, just drop a spoon. Couldn't you manage it?" A clatter of silver and more color in the girl's face, as in stooping to pick up the spoon he kissed her hand. Spurred by this success, he went on: "Dearest, if—if you return it—that is, if you love me, you know—just put three lumps of sugar into the next cup you pour—'Y-e-s.' Or, if you don't, two, to spell 'N-o.'" One, two, three! The tiny cup was almost full, and in her haste to hide her confession she covered the three lumps hastily with chocolate and cream and sent them off. He asked his mother as they drove home if she had enjoyed herself. "Ugh, no!" was her disgusted reply. "Such horrible stuff to drink as they gave one. Why, my cup was half full of sugar!"

HE WAS DULY REGISTERED.

Had a "Spiel" That Entitled Him to the Fullest Consideration.

One of the registration places in the West side lodging house district was crowded when a seedy-looking individual took his place and gazed at the notices displayed on the walls. It was evident that he had not been shaved for several weeks, and the back of his tattered coat bore evidence of having come in contact with a quantity of whitewash and sawdust. Still, the seedy individual appeared happy and hummed softly to himself as he awaited his turn at the table, relates the Chicago Chronicle.

"What's your name?" demanded the gentleman with the registration blank, in a wearied tone.

"Cornelius Walker Dimpsey," replied the seedy individual, gazing into vacancy.

"How long have you been in the precinct?"

"Thirty days, to the minute," came the reply.

"Where do you reside?"

"In the Bumalorum house, entresol floor, apartment de luxe, front."

It is needless to say that the seedy individual was duly registered and went on his way rejoicing.

Tackleton—"I'm glad your yacht beat Bragman's. He was blowing so much before the race. It's your turn now. 'He laughs best who laughs last.'" Mainsel—"Yes, but say, rather: 'He laughs best who luffs first.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Fireworks give a very appropriate reception to a firebrand.—Town Topics.

Nowadays the office, bowing gracefully to the inevitable, seeks the boss.—Puck.

"How do you know he is a great pianist?" "I have talked with him."—Town Topics.

A great many people "make fun of you." Don't give them any more occasion than you can help.—Atchison Globe.

Kissing was tabooed by the Essenees. The latter are all dead now, but we understand that the former is still in fashion.—Star of Hope.

Do you whine? Do you make others miserable, as well as yourself? If you must whine, do it in the seclusion of your own room. You have no right to be a public pest.—Atchison Globe.

His Meaning.—"What do you mean when you say she lampooned her husband?" asked the magistrate of the witness. "I mean she threw a lighted lamp at him," the witness explained.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Don't you find that Mr. Aster's poems," said that young poet's misguided admirer, "are full of words that burn?" "Well, no," replied the editor, "I never put them to that test; I merely drop them in the waste basket."—Philadelphia Press.

If you have been smashing around with a club, you must have remarked that that way of acting has its drawbacks. Try the other plan; say kind things occasionally; do kind things occasionally. Be considerate of others, and people will like you better; you will suit yourself better. — Atchison Globe.

A little wealth has little wings, and large wealth has large wings. The humming-bird and the albatross or the condor, and all between, can fly. An improvident person who has but small means is necessarily improvident in a small way, but give him wealth and he would be improvident in a large way. Wealth has never yet been tethered for a long period. It finally breaks its gyves and is gone.—Chicago Interior.

The Chinese Situation.

The cause for the present Chinese entanglements is not religious differences, but the abuse of the Chinese immigrants by the foreign powers. Another great revolution comes from the abuse of the stomach. Overtaxed digestion produces constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and flatulency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best medicine to take. It will restore a healthy tone to the entire system, and thus prevent nervousness, sleeplessness or despondency. Don't fail to give it a trial.

True to His Promise.

Mrs. Synnex—When Tom asked me to have him he promised me that my lightest wish would always be law with him.

Mrs. Sauer—And, of course, that was all the promise amounted to—mere empty words.

"No; I won't say that. Tom always respects my lightest wishes. It is in matters of importance where he is bound to have his own way.—Boston Transcript.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases of of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Seminary Kind.

Johnson—Does your wife speak French?

Thompson—She thinks she does.

"You don't speak it, do you?"

"No."

"Then how do you know she doesn't?"

"I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and I'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache."—Detroit Free Press.

A Trial Bottle Free.

Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia withstand every other medicine, but yield on the instant to "5 Drops." To enable all sufferers to test this wonderful remedy, we will send free a trial bottle on receipt of two 2-cent stamps to pay for mailing. Large bottles of 300 doses $1.00, sent prepaid by mail or express. "5 Drops" is a preventive as well as a curative for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Gout, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, La Grippe, Malaria, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, and a long list of other ills. Write us in haste and stop your suffering. Agents wanted. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 160 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Evidence of Progress.

"Are you still resolute in your idea of being a singer?"

"I am," answered the young man.

"Are you attracting any attention?"

"Some. While I was practicing yesterday two of the neighbors stopped at the door to ask me what was the matter with me, and to inquire if they could be of any assistance."—Stray Stories.

Girlish Insight.

Little Bess—Cousin Lisbeth, what is stupidity?

Cousin Lisbeth—Oh, little Bess, stupidity is a state of mind other people think we are in when they can't understand what we say. —Indianapolis Journal.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Made Her Hair Curl.

"Since marriage I have had no need of curling irons," said Mrs. De Tanques.

"But still your hair is perfectly dressed. What's the reason?"

"Well, when you've got a husband you'll find that he can come home at any old hour in the morning with an excuse that would make your hair curl."—Kansas City Star.

Uncle Allen's Advice.

"My boy," counseled Uncle Allen Sparks, "always strive to be at the top of the heap. Especially if you are in a game of football."—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Prescription for Chills

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Tramp (caught stealing a ride)—"Mr. Brakeman, if you force me to leave this train I'll boycott this road and never ride over it again."—Indianapolis News.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

It is said that an ordinary brick weighs about four pounds. Nevertheless, the man who gets hit with one imagines it to weigh about four tons.—Norristown Herald.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

When a man climbs up in his family tree and looks down upon the passing throng he has outlived his usefulness.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Qualified Praise.—Brown—"Do you believe in sea bathing?" Robinson—"Oh, yes, I think so. Many people have been known to survive it."—Town Topics.

Ask your Grocer for Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2oz. package five cents.

An Atchison young man is called "Lily" by his acquaintances, because he toils not. —Atchison Globe.

The Mexicans allay their thirst by chewing Chicle, which is the main ingredient of White's "Yucatan" Gum.

You can't judge a horse by the harness. —Chicago Daily News.

When you go to buy bluing, ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Large package 5 cents.

All men are born ignorant—and some never outgrow it.—Chicago Daily News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Motherhood

$5,000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000 which will be paid to any person who will show that the following testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission. —LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

How shall a mother who is weak and sick with some female trouble bear healthy children?

How anxious women ought to be to give their children the blessing of a good constitution!

Many women long for a child to bless their home, but because of some debility or displacement of the female organs, they are barren.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound more successfully than by any other medicine, because it gives tone and strength to the parts, curing all displacements and inflammation.

Actual sterility in women is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all expectant or would-be mothers.

Mrs. A. D. Jarret, Belmont, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. Before taking your medicine I was unable to carry babe to maturity, having lost two—one at six months and one at seven. The doctor said next time I would die, but thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I did not die, but am the proud mother of a six months old girl baby. She weighs nineteen pounds and has never seen a sick day in her life. She is the delight of our home."

Mrs. Whitney's Gratitude.

"DEAR MR. PINKHAM:—From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try your Vegetable Compound, and was soon relieved. The doctor said I never would be able to go my full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and half. The next time I continued to take your Compound: and I said then, if I went my full time and my baby lived to be three months old, I should send a letter to you. My baby is now seven months old, and is as healthy and hearty as any one could wish. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I was so bad that I did not dare to go away from home to stay any length of time. Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief. Wishing you success in the future as in the past, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."—MRS. L. Z. WHITNEY, 4 Flint St., Somerville, Mass."

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