

**RELIEVED WOMEN**  
WINE OF CARDUI

has brought permanent relief to a million suffering women who were on their way to premature graves. Mrs. Mitchell was fast declining in health when Wine of Cardui performed a "wonderful" cure in her case. She suffered with the agonies of falling of the womb, leucorrhoea and profuse menstruation. The weekly appearance of the menses for two months stopped her vitality until she was a physical wreck. Her nervous system gave way. Then came the trial of Wine of Cardui and the cure. Mrs. Mitchell's experience ought to commend Wine of Cardui to suffering women in words of burning eloquence.

**WINE OF CARDUI**

is within the reach of all. Women who try it are relieved. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of Wine of Cardui, and do not take a substitute if tendered you.

Mrs. Willie Mitchell, South Gaston, N. C.: "Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Drainage have performed a miraculous cure in my case. I had been a great sufferer with falling of the womb and leucorrhoea, and my menses came every week for two months and were very painful. My husband induced me to try Wine of Cardui and Black-Drainage, and now the leucorrhoea has disappeared, and I am restored to perfect health."

In case requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

**THE YELLOW MAN.**  
(Continued from Sixth Page.)

velop any immediate affection. His manner reminded me too forcibly of that awful, mysterious movements of society. There were a cunning and shrewdness in him which, though extremely valuable, were not pleasant. When Kung made an enemy of him, he committed a fatal mistake and one which I believed would cost him dear. It was not without reason my father had said, "Find Koon-Si."

Had we searched the whole of China I doubt if we could have discovered a man more fitted for our purpose. The Chungking was not a nice steamship and her captain was not a nice captain, but she plodded her way up the river with commendable dignity. One afternoon the gallant skipper informed us that we should be in Hankow early the next morning. We asked him. It was a piece of information supplied gratuitously, even asked at us, but we thanked him. It was extremely pleasant to meet an able fellow countryman in a foreign land.

ward dusk, as we rounded a long point of the river, an island opened out the distance, and by the time we were abreast of it the day had apparently darkened. As Jim and I stood the side watching the narrow strip of land, upon a slight eminence of which we could just distinguish the line of a dilapidated pagoda, a voice uttered from behind, "Ching-hi."

turning sharply, we encountered the man of Mr. Koon-Si. The beggar gave us a start. The quiet, crawling, mysterious movements of these yellow men got upon my nerves. Out of the shadows they came like ghosts or ghouls, and into them they vanished: silent, mysterious, leaving no impression behind save a chill round heart.

Ching-hi," repeated Jim indifferently though I knew that the carpenter had also given him a start. "So he is here?"

"Was there, excellency. Where he is who shall say? Kung is like the dark shadows which the clouds fling before the moon—a moment here, a moment there, in one place never."

"Then," said Jim, "you seem to have us on a pretty wild goose chase. How we must see."

We shall see, excellency, and if, as I believe, the virtuous are rewarded upon this earth as well as in heaven the man of Kung is close at hand. From birth to the death of an old man is a long journey; but, excellency, it ends last. So is it with the evildoer. He lives his way and wounds and riots and makes terror throughout the land, but one day dawns and his sun sets, and he is no more. There is nothing for him but weakness evermore! So shall it be with Kung. His foot shall grow weak, his eyes shall fail him, and he who has made many tremble shall tremble himself at last. Like a cold north wind he shall come swift upon him, and the great river shall carry his death all down to the great ocean."

He stopped and with a horribly familiar movement laid his hand upon my shoulder, and I felt a cold shudder

**Its Hand Made**

**Wash Quik**

**Washing Powder**

is positively the King of Malaria. It drives the malaria from the system, it stimulates the appetite, it drives away the languor, by its strengthening and invigorating qualities. If you want the best take the King of Malaria. Wight & Bro.

sweep me from head to foot. indeed I almost fancied I could hear the wailing of ghosts in the mists of the river. With an exclamation of anger I shook the cold claw from me and drew back a pace. Mr. Koon-Si smiled, and I was fearful lest he should understand the movement. What's to become of the white man's dignity if he allows a heathen to frighten him in this fashion?

"'Tis all very well," said Jim, who, however much the carpenter may have impressed him, showed no sign of it, "but we haven't heard his death wail yet, and I should like to know how you intend that we shall hear it."

"Excellency, the future is in the hands of the gods, and who am I that I should say them yea or nay?"

"My worthy Koon-Si, the future is also somewhat in our hands. How know you that the gods have not chosen us as instruments of their pleasure?"

"Nay, excellency, I know not. It may be even as you say; the gods move mysteriously. If I could only think so, I would spit in the face of Kung."

"First meet him, my illustrious carpenter. Tell me, what are your plans?"

"Tomorrow we shall be in Hankow, in the country of Kung, one might say. The utmost vigilance will be necessary if we wish to escape detection."

"Well?"

"I have arranged all that. We shall land early tomorrow morning, when I hope few people will be about. Your excellencies will follow me from the ship, but without speaking. You may bring your servant with you, as he may be useful. I have a cousin in Hankow, a worthy tailor, who has suffered somewhat through Kung. He will give us a hearty welcome."

"And then?"

"Once I have your excellencies safe in the house of my illustrious cousin we shall soon devise a plan of reaching the island of Ching-hi. It is even possible that my distinguished relative may know something of the movements of Kung. Your excellency understands?"

"Quite."

"He strikes twice who strikes first."

The gaunt figure of the carpenter slipped from our side and disappeared in the gloom, and friend as he was, and avenger, too, I was glad that he had gone. But I felt to the full our impotence and the horror of being dependent upon this ghoulish creature. He was like a bad exhalation of the night, and I almost wished that he would dissolve into the bosom of his mother.

At daybreak of the following morning we arrived at Hankow, and in accordance with our prearranged plan followed the worthy carpenter from the ship, our invaluable Ah Yon bringing up the rear with our few worldly possessions in a valise. Fortunately there were not many people about, and such as were belonged so obviously to the coolly class that we surveyed them with little apprehension. They merely honored us with the usual stolid stare of the oriental, made some remarks unintelligible to us, but in no way evinced a flattering curiosity.

Koon-Si in the meantime marched steadily ahead, turning to the right upon leaving the landing stage, and after pursuing his way for some distance through a long, shambling street he suddenly branched off to the left, and presently we found ourselves before a house, upon the door of which the carpenter knocked somewhat anxiously, and I saw our guide give two or three uneasy glances over his shoulder as though he feared the neighbors in the street. Then there was an unbending of bars, and presently a yellow, sleepy face appeared in the aperture caused by the gradual opening of the door. It was not a pretty face, and it might easily have been cleaner, but that was nothing. As soon as it saw Koon-Si it

beckoned to him and said something in Chinese, something sharp, I fancied, judging from the tone and the look which accompanied the words. Ah Yon turned to my uncle, I thought, almost appealingly, but Koon-Si stepped between them.

"I will take this fellow with me," he said. "He is shrewd and may be of use. I will explain to him and test his courage."

Then he spoke again in his native tongue, more sharply still, I thought, and Yon bowed humbly. The carpenter was a man who meant to be obeyed, and he spoke and moved like one who had been accustomed to rule men. Truth to tell, I had long marveled at the depths to which my father must have sunk before he had taken as a colleague this degraded looking creature, but something in that momentary flash of authority revealed another Koon-Si, one who had not always been a sawyer of wood. It was a strange country we were in, and the people about us were worthy to inhabit it. It might even have been interesting to know what Koon-Si originally was.

At all events, despite his evident unwillingness to go, Ah Yon marched off, Koon-Si promising to be back in a few minutes. Jim looked at me and I at him, and some commonplace remarks passed between us, neither giving utterance to the thought which was uppermost in his mind. An unaccountable

depression seized me, and I'm afraid my face showed it. Nothing was clear. We were like children groping in the dark. We were too much in the hands of this carpenter.

Mr. J. W. Patterson, night police at Nashua, Ia., says: "In January I had a very bad cold on my lungs, and used half dozen different cough medicines and prescriptions from two doctors, but grew worse all the time. I finally bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and after using two-thirds of it, I was entirely cured." Wight & Bro.

"I agree with you," said Jim, to whom I had expressed these doubts, "but it is fairly evident that without him we should be more in the dark than ever. I admit that I don't like the fellow, but what of that? He is in the same boat with us, and I believe him to be a shrewd and a masterful man, and he is absolutely necessary to us. Beyond that I do not trust him. When the pinch comes, you may be sure that he will fight only for his own hand. Well, we can't expect more. Walk with your hand on your revolver."

The entrance of Koon-Si, a bundle under his arm, here cut short any further conversation. He was smiling pleasantly and seemed in the best of spirits.

"I have spoken to my illustrious cousin," he said, "and he is hopeful. But we must move with caution. The eyes of Kung are everywhere."

"You have news?"

"Nothing definite. But we have hopes that Kung is still on his island."

"If that is so," said I, reverting to a former idea, "why does your cousin not denounce him?"

"To whom?" asked the carpenter, turning upon me with an amused smile.

"Why, to the authorities, of course. You say they would give much to secure him."

"True. But you must not forget that Kung is the head of a society which embraces all ranks. The very official to whom you confided your secret would probably be in the employ of the very man you wished to denounce. Then for you the end is not far off. It is not in that way that Kung shall be brought to book. We must strike with our own hands. You are prepared?"

"Always," answered Jim grimly.

"You carry?"

"That which will send Kung hurriedly to join his ancestors."

"Good. You are brave men. Brave



men are dangerous. You have come far to kill."

This was rather an unhappy remark and one I am sure which neither Jim nor I appreciated. And yet that's what it looked like. For what other reason had we come? I had no wish personally to kill Kung, and yet I knew rather than let him escape I would bring him down. But I always had the vague sort of hope that something would intervene and that the law would ultimately punish him for his many crimes.

Jim, however, evinced no squeamishness. The deadly determination of the man was shown in every look and word.

"Have we not good cause?" he said.

"Aye, many of us have good cause," repeated the carpenter. "The sins of Kung must be paid for."

"Mark you, Koon-Si," said Jim. "It is written in our good book that there shall be blood for blood, and so it has been, and so it shall be. And now, tell us your plan."

Koon-Si looked steadily at Jim, and I knew that the subtle brain of the Chippaman was beating fast behind those inscrutable eyes, but he said:

"My plan is this: This evening we descend by boat to the island of Ching-hi. We shall run down in half the time it took the steamer to come up. But it will be necessary for you to dress in the native fashion, so that you may pass through the streets unobserved. I have the clothes here," and he touched the aforementioned bundle. "You can easily slip them over your own things."

"And who goes with us?"

"Your boy, Ah Yon, and perhaps two boatmen. Friends, you understand, who will wait for us in case we have to retreat suddenly." He turned to go and then came back with a cautious finger uplifted. "I am sorry to add that your excellencies had better remain within doors today. The eyes of Kung are everywhere. It would not do for him to gain an inkling of your esteemed presence in Hankow—would not do, that is, for your excellencies."

You carried our things below, welcomed him with a smile, and while he spoke it opened wide the door.

**No crop can be grown without Potash**

Supplies enough Potash and your profits will be large; without Potash your crop will be "scrubby."

Our books, telling about composition of fertilizers best adapted for all crops, are free to all farmers.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

FRANCE THE TEUTONIC.

Parts of the Republic Are as Much German as the Fatherland.

The northern third of France and half of Belgium are today more Teutonic than the south of Germany. This should not occasion surprise when we remember the incessant downpour of Teutonic tribes during the whole historic period. It was a constant procession of Goths from all points of the compass—Franks, Burgundians and others.

France was entirely overrun by the Franks, with the exception of Brittany, by the middle of the sixth century. All through the middle ages this part of France was German in language and customs as well. The very name of the country is Teutonic. It has the same origin as Franconia, in southern Germany. In 812 the council of Tours, away down south, ordained that every bishop should preach both in the Romanic and the Teutonic languages.

The Franks reserved their German speech 400 years after the conquest. Charlemagne was a German. His courtiers were all Germans. He lived and governed from outside the limits of modern France. The Abbe Sieyes uttered an ethnological truism when, in the course of the French revolution, he cried out against the French aristocracy, "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came!"—London Express.



As soon as it saw Koon-Si it welcomed him with a smile.

What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.

"I was just looking at the money market," he answered.

"Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?"—Indiana.

A Curious Receipt.

Hanover's registrar discovered a very curious document some time ago as he was looking through a bundle of papers that date back to the eighteenth century. The document is a receipt—probably the only one of its kind in existence—which was given to a Hanoverian captain by a canon of Dulsburg during the Seven Years' war.

"I, the undersigned," it reads, "hereby acknowledge that I have received 50 blows of a stick, which were inflicted upon me by a lieutenant of Captain B.'s regiment as a punishment for the stupid and frivolous calumnies which I have uttered in regard to the regiment of chasseurs. For my imprudent words I now admit that I am profoundly sorry. I received my punishment lying on a heap of straw and held by two men, and I bear testimony to the fact that the officer struck me as vigorously as he could with a stick that was as thick as my finger."

"In proper form and with due gratitude, I sign this receipt and avow that therein is true."

**Found**

The most thorough and effective house cleaner ever invented.

**GOLD DUST**  
Washing Powder

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

"New Rival," "Leader," and "Repeater"

assist upon having them, take no others and you will get the best shells that money can buy.

ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

**Reliable Garden** — ESPECIALLY SELECTED ADAPTED FOR SOUTHERN PLANTING.

and Field Seed

Complete Stock of Fresh Field and Garden Seed Always on Hand.

ONLY CAREFULLY TESTED SEED SENT OUT.

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**CATARRH CAN BE CURED**

**MURDOCK'S CATARRH CURE.**

It Goes to Every Part, Sure, Safe and Pleasant.

For years the medical fraternity sought a reliable and sure cure for Catarrh. In the endeavor many hundreds of nostrums have been offered to a suffering public, and the health of thousands have been completely ruined by taking them. These various compounds causing the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Sprays and ointments are also worthless, as it is impossible to reach the affected parts in this manner.

**MURDOCK'S CATARRH CURE** is a new and scientific preparation and is to be smoked in a pipe, thereby the fumes and smoke going over the entire system affected by the disease, relieves instantly the worst forms of asthma, bronchitis, hay fever, colds in the head and all forms of catarrh, no matter what shape, and cures where treatment is continued for reasonable time. No matter how little you are affected, don't delay treatment. Catarrh comes of a from simple colds. Like all new and valuable preparations you will find others saying things are just as good. Beware of imitations, as they are worthless.

We only ask a trial to convince. Mailed to any address, prepaid, on receipt of price. Send two cents for free sample.

Put up in tin box, \$1.00 per box; treatment for 30 days.

**Murdock Cure Co., Atlanta, Ga.**

**SPOILED BY WEALTH.**

I've giv'ed 'em dis workin'; I've worked two weeks days.

An I've giv'ed 'em de balance of de week.

I've done up my money; dis here savin' sholy pay;

I kin stand in now an paint a crimson streak.

I've done my bones' duty foh dese nickels an dese dime;

An now I've giv'ed 'em scatter 'em life chaff.

To keep yo' eyes wide open, an yo'll see some high end times,

Yo' uncles got a dollar an a half.

I've feelin' 'em as haughty as a Vanderbilt dis day,

An he 'eep' 'em have to worry 'bout no rents;

He neber does no notice, as he steps along his way;

Dem common spoils wit ten or fifteen cents.

He's de pride of Foggy Bottom an a winner of de race;

Dese youngsters, why, dey simply makes him laugh.

So all stan back an c'ah de track an watch 'im set de pace—

Yo' uncles got a dollar an a half.

—Washington Star.

**TRICKS OF BARNSTORMERS.**

How They Are Sometimes Compelled to Help One Another Out.

"One of the old slang phrases of the stage," said Muggles, who used to be a good actor, "was 'to pong.' This means, of course, to mean, using your own language—that is, playing a part without lines of the proper lines, relying only upon a knowledge of the play to carry you through. Years ago on the road there used to be some highly ludicrous situations in consequence of a new play being produced in a hurry. The stage manager, however, had a wonderful genius for patching up a hit. When circumstances were necessary he would sometimes lower a front scene and tell the low comedian and chambermaid to go on and 'keep it up,' and while they did so he would arrange how the play had to be continued.

"Of course, actors are expected to help one another out of a difficulty, but at times old grudges were paid off. For instance, I remember on one occasion a letter had to be read in one scene. Unfortunately this letter could not be found, so a 'dummy'—that is, a blank sheet—was sent on the stage.

"'Say, dad,' said the actor who had to read the letter, 'seeing it blank, here's a letter for you. You had better read it yourself, as I am sure it contains good news.'

"But 'dad' tumbled to the occasion and replied: 'No, Tom, you read it. I've mislaid my spectacles.'

"'Bless me,' said Tom, 'it is written so badly I can't make out a word of it. Here, Nelly, you read it.'

"The unsuspecting Nelly takes the letter, and seeing it blank says: 'No, father had better read it. He will be able to make it out better. I'll go and fetch your spectacles. I know where they are.' And off she goes.

"The old man is again equal to the occasion and calls out to her: 'Never mind bringing them, Nelly. I'll come and get them.' Then he walked off and the stage manager had to rearrange the scene.

"Yes, sir, there's a lot in the theatrical business you outsiders never dream of."—New York Times.

**She Declined.**

Few American youths have careers made for them. Those who deplore this fact and shun the stings of self effort may find tonic in the reply of a western girl to an offer of marriage.

A young man of more book learning than of character lost the young wife who had toiled to support him, returned to his native town for consolation and found it. Some months later she, too, passed away, and the sad youth soon appealed to a well known clergyman for assistance in finding a helpmate.

The minister introduced him to a western girl of health and energy, who the next day received a plaintive note from the widower. He declared that the Lord had made great inroads

**Whistled as She Sang.**

The man who knew many things was instructing the new and verdant stenographer as to the use of the various office appliances, and finally he introduced her to the speaking tube.

"Now, see," said the man, "you put one tube to your ear and the other to your mouth, then whistle."

"Into which one do I whistle?" asked the gullible stenographer.

"Heavens," cried the man, "which one do you suppose you whistle in, the one at your ear or the one at your mouth?"

"That was what I wanted to know," said the stenographer, "for I whistle as I sing entirely by ear."—Memphis Scimitar.

**Reserved Acquittal.**

Little 7-year-old Minnie could repeat nursery rhymes and talk like an old woman. One day, having done something strictly against orders, her mother said, "Minnie, I really don't know what I had better do with you." Drawing a long breath of relief the little girl said, "I'm awfully glad you don't, mamma," and marched off, taking it for granted that the matter was settled.—Chicago News.

**There is such a variety of climate in Costa Rica that by going a few miles north or south of a given point any kind of climate may be enjoyed.**

**The first lesson for a boy to learn in saving his money is to resist the hints of his sisters every time he earns a dollar.**—Washington Globe.

**If all the cabs in London were placed in a line there would be a total length of 73 miles.**

**Recommendation.**

Fair Shipper (to assistant, who has shown her every piece of goods in stock)—Well, I don't see anything here that suits me, I'll go down to Yard & Stuff's and see what they have.

Salesman (eagerly)—Here's the card of one of their assistants. Will you kindly get him to wait on you?

Fair Shipper (pleasantly)—Ah, a friend of yours, I suppose?

Salesman—No, my greatest enemy.—London F.

**His Exact Words.**

Interviewer—Alderman Swelhed, I have come to get your views on the proposed change in the curriculum of the grammar school.

Alderman Swelhed—Curriculum! What's that? I'm ag'in it, whatever it is.

**Alderman Swelhed, reading the report of the interviewer next morning: "Our distinguished townsman, Mr. M. T. Swelhed was found at his charming home, surrounded by abundant indication of life scholarship and sturdy common sense. In reply to our reporter's question he said:**

"I do not desire to force my opinions upon the public, but this I will say, that I have given to this question long and studious attention, incidentally examining into the curricula of institutions of learning both at home and abroad, and although I find in the existing course of study not a few matters for commendation, still, upon the whole, I cannot say that I should advise any change until I have further time to examine into the subject."

"By George, that feller's got my exact language word for word! And he didn't take no notes neither! By George, what a memory that feller must have!"—St. Rita.