

TWO OPEN LETTERS.

That Should be of Great Interest
to American Women.

RESULT OF A PROMPT REPLY.

Mrs. Parker Considers Her Cure So Wonderful
That She Desires Mrs. Pinkham to Still Pub-
lish the Facts, Feeling That Other Women
Should be Influenced by Her Experience.

It is quite unusual for Mrs. Pinkham to publish a testimonial from any one person more than two or three times, largely on account of respect for the woman who gives the testimonial, as well as for the reason that she wishes her testimonial letters to be varied and numerous, thus representing the wide territory over which her influence for good among her sex is being felt; but by the special request of Mrs. Chas. Parker, of Little Falls, Minn., we again publish the two letters which she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, as the relief which she received in such a short period after commencing to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound seems to her most remarkable, and although about eighteen months have gone by since she recovered her health she never forgets to write to Mrs. Pinkham periodically expressing her gratitude and wishing to do all she can to spread the good news among other suffering women.

My limbs and lower part of my back, attended by headache and pains in the back of the neck and ears. The doctors have given me opiates to quiet the pain. I have a very high fever near all the time. I am nervous and cannot stand. My doctor says I must keep in bed. Now I place myself under your care. I am only 21 years old and too young to suffer so much." The above letter was received by Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., May 15, which received a prompt reply. The following letter reached Mrs. Pinkham about five months later; note the result:

"Little Falls, Minn., Sept. 21—I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers of all female complaints, that Lydia E. Pinkham's treatment and Vegetable Compound have entirely cured me of all the pains and suffering I was enduring when I wrote you last May. I followed your advice to the letter, and the result is simply wonderful. May Heaven bless you and the good work you are doing for your sex."



Remember the all-important fact that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience is greater than any male physician in America. You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., is more than ready and willing to have you write her if you are in doubt. She will gladly answer every letter. Her advice is free.

THE FOOTBALL PLAYER

He is brave beyond a doubt,
Though he never boasts about
Valiant deeds,
And lusty college yell
Is the quaintest admiring knell
Of his deeds.
From his shoulders broad and square
To his merry taunting hair
He's a man.
And he takes a "humming" knock
Like a stalwart wooden block
In the van.
He "tackles" and he falls,
As he guards the precious ball
For his life.
And his courage brightly glows
When he meets his sturdy foes
In the strife.
Then honor to the lad
As he plays
May he win a victor's place,
From the heated jostling race
Of these days.
—Elizabeth Alden Curtis in Hartford Courant.

IN THAT BLACK BAG.

"I want you," said our superintendent one day, "to go down to Strandon hall. Some mysterious thefts are taking place and the local police can make neither head nor tail of the affair. I found that I had been announced as a new tutor to a boy of thirteen years of age, who, however, was not to commence studies at once, as his holidays were not yet concluded. The thefts had been going on for some time, and only three days after I arrived the superintendent's wife's gold watch had disappeared. She had wound it up the last thing before she had gone to bed, and when she and Mr. Stanton had gone down stairs to breakfast they had both observed that it lay upon the dressing table. The chambermaid, too, who had gone in immediately after, had also, seen it lying there. I had no suspicion of the chambermaid. I did not like the butler, but that perhaps was because he did not betray any great partiality for me, though he was forced to show me some respect as the new tutor who had come to educate and look after Master Reginald. I discovered that he was not above opening a bottle of wine and imbibing its contents, and that occasionally he might be found at a public house in the town. Yet I did not on this account jump at conclusions. The man who would steal bottles of wine and drink them was not the thief of watches, rings, plates and valuable ornaments, of which things quite a large number had disappeared. In two more days two valuable ornaments had been taken from the drawing room. "Mrs. Stanton," I said, "I think it will be necessary to make a thorough search through the place and into every servant's box in the house."

What really struck me was that on neither of these occasions had any servant apparently left the house, or been visited by anybody from the outside. "Of course, to allay suspicion, my boxes shall be searched as well," I said.

"As you will," she replied; "perhaps, however, I ought to tell you that this has again and again been done, and that the servants have themselves so frequently urged it, and almost forced it to be done, that at last I said it should not be repeated."

"I think, perhaps, madam," I modestly urged, "that my knowledge of boxes and their sometimes secret ways may be of service."

The examination was made. No secret places were found. A few articles were taken to Mrs. Stanton to see if she would lay claim to them, but they were not hers. I had never before so utterly failed. In the course of as many weeks two other thefts had taken place, and as I was unable to detect the culprit, I made the least suggestion. In order to get away from the place, I thought it was time to go back to London. One day soon after my return to town when I should see pass into a well-known pawnbroker's shop in the west end but Mr. Stanton! I followed him in and spoke to him but he seemed in no way to know me.

"My name is Trevelyan of Scotland yard and I have been in your house at Winchester striving to detect thefts that are taking place there."

"I have no house at Winchester and I do not know you," he rather curtly said.

"Well, this is a funny go," I involuntarily exclaimed. In no way disconcerted, however, the gentleman unsaid what he had said, "bag I well knew," and offered in pledge two or three articles that to me were perfectly familiar.

"Why, sir, you are Mr. Stanton of Strandon hall, Winchester, and these are things I know to have been in your house."

"Yes, and you have pledged many such things," said the pawnbroker, who knew me, said, "but always in the name of George Sufeld."

"Certainly," he replied, "and I live at Cumberland place," mentioning a number.

I went to Cumberland place, but no such name as Sufeld was there known, and though I lingered about till late at night, the gentleman whom I knew to be Mr. Stanton never appeared.

The next morning I was off to Winchester, and, of course, went straight to Stanton hall. Mr. Stanton, as usual, had left for business.

"Did Mr. Stanton tell you that he saw me in London yesterday?" I asked Mrs. Stanton.

"I am not aware that he was in London yesterday. He has not said anything about it."

"Well, at any rate, I have discovered how your property goes, and where some and the whole of it is."

"And you have caught the thief?"

"It is not a thief who takes it."

"What do you mean?"

"Your goods are taken from this house and disposed of, though not sold, by Mr. Stanton."

Mrs. Stanton was astonished, and could hardly believe her own ears.

"But how can it be accounted for?" she asked.

"Only, I think, in two ways—either he needs to raise money for business



IF YOU HAVE BEEN PAYING TOO MUCH

(Might happen you know)
If you did not receive satisfaction in the style or wear of your clothes, make a note at
U. S. & Co's Window.

OVERCOATS.	OVERCOATS.	OVERCOATS.
\$8.	\$10.	\$12.
SUITS.	SUITS.	SUITS.
\$14.	\$16.	\$19.
SUITS.	SUITS.	SUITS.

It is possible to make your selection of an Overcoat or Suit at a price that will fit your pocket book, and get the full limit of value combined with the newest and most popular styles. In fact every customer gets a profit and goods straight from the factory when dealing with

THE UPSON, SINGLETON & CO.

Main Entrance, 89-91 Bank St

ELEVATOR ENTRANCE,

64-86 South Main Street.

WATERBURY * FURNITURE * CO.,

135 to 169 East Main Street.

FOR THIS WEEK WE SHALL CONTINUE OUR GREAT
Half-Price
Sale of Furniture.

The New Opera House is almost completed and Moriarty's New Block is in process of construction. The Waterbury Furniture Co's Warerooms are to be remodeled and improved immediately.

WE ARE FORCED TO THIS SALE

in order to make room for the army of workmen, who, in a few short days, will be engaged in tearing down and building up in the new.

RIGHT -- ROYALLY -- THE -- PEOPLE -- RESPONDED

to the magnificent Furniture Bargains offered by the "Big Store" at

LOWEST PRICES EVER NAMED!

If you question the truth of our assertion, come and be convinced. If you are not a judge of goods and their value, bring a friend who is. It will pay you to come fifty miles to share in the magnificent values which we are now distributing. Why, even the "I never believe in advertisements," the "It can't be done," the "Know Alls," the "Doubting Thomases," and "Wiseacres" are converted to the belief that this is the greatest sale ever known in Connecticut, where you can purchase medium and high class goods for the Parlor, Drawing Room, Library, Hall, Bed Room and Kitchen at

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

That is to say, during this sale the goods will be sold at one-half the regular prices at which they are marked—

PRICES * CUT * IN * HALVES,

THE DEAD cared for as well as the living. Night Calls answered from District Telegraph Office, 5 East Main St.

THE WATERBURY FURNITURE CO.

Manufacture of Tacks.

In describing the manufacture of tacks, used in the shoe trade, the Worcester, Mass., Gazette says: A tack usually differs from a nail in that it has a sharp point, while the point of a nail is blunt, or at least this is true as regards cut nails as distinguished from wire nails. While tacks are, as a rule, smaller than nails, they can be larger and still remain tacks, because of their sharp point. Tacks and cut nails are made, except for the finishing process, on a single machine, and the size of a tack factory is designated by the number of machines it contains.

The great bulk of shoe tacks are made of steel, yet brass tacks are made to a considerable extent. Chandeliers and corrugated boilers' nails also make quite a large item for the factory's product.

The material for steel tacks comes in sheets thirty-six inches long by eighteen inches in width. It is first treated to a chemical bath to remove all scales and rust. It is then cut into strips of a desired width by a powerful cutting machine. The strips are then taken to the tack making machine proper, and fed into the machine, one after the other. Each strip is placed in a tube by the machine operator, after which the further feeding of the strip and the cutting of the tack is automatic. The cutting of the tack is diagonally across the strip, and as each tack is clipped off an automatic attachment turns the strip over and thus it works over and back on the instant, all the while moving into the machine. As a point is clipped off, it is held in a vice like attachment, while a hammer, called the header, puts a flat or round head upon it.

When it is desired to make a tack with corrugated sides, a pair of dies are set in the machines, which make the corrugations automatically and form a part of the work of making a tack in a single operation. As the tacks are cut and headed they fall into a box, from whence they are taken to a sifting or sorting machine. This machine is in effect a revolving sieve placed on an incline. All defective tacks, like those too short or having a one-sided head, fall through the perforations, while the perfect ones slide out of the sieve into the box. All tacks designed for lasting machine use, however, are first taken to a rattling or polishing machine that they may be made smooth and clean. They are then run through the sorting machine, and to further make sure that every tack is a perfect one they are looked over by an examiner, who, by practice, has become exceedingly expert at the work.

Very few tacks are shipped in bulk, but are put in paper boxes, and these in turn put in wooden boxes, each made to contain 100 pounds. Every paper of tacks is weighed, and when closed a label giving the size and style is attached.

A humorist leaps gaily upon the steps of an omnibus, and cries cheerfully to the conductor: "Is the ark full?" "No, sir," replies the jovial conductor, "we have kept a seat for you. What ho! within there! Room for the monkey."

AN IDLE MOMENT.

The new revenue cutter is a record cutter, too.

Wigsby was asked what mine was the best to invest in, and replied, "Mine own."

Boys will be boys. This is nonsense. Boys will be men—if they live long enough.

Every man is of the opinion that he paid a terrible price for his experience, while others got theirs at a bargain counter.

The late Princess Alice of Hesse did much for the progress of women, and her memory is fondly cherished by those who were benefited by her kindness.

Tar and feathers do not seem to be an antiquated mode of punishment, at least in Nebraska, where a man was recently tortured for cruelty to his step-daughter.

The Machias, Me., Union tells of an Auburn man, who has been confined to a sickbed seven weeks now, and who wrote a book three years ago on "How not to be sick."

Husband—Why are you so anxious for me to insure my life? Devoted Wife—Well, darling, what chance should I have of marrying again if you left me penniless?

I have proposed to seven girls this summer already," said Timmins, "and I haven't been able to get accepted once. Dinged if I am not beginning to feel like one of my poems."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called spirits, went into a hotel and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made of "ghosts from the West Indies."

There is a wealth of subtle logic in the epitaph inscribed on the tomb of a North Carolina moonshiner: "Killed by the government for making whiskey out of corn grown from seed furnished by a congressman."

Miss Madeline Pollard, who disappeared from public view after her sensational suit against Congressman Breckinridge, is living quietly in London, and is understood to be studying with a view to engaging in literary work.

A watchful and eloquent parrot hung in the saloon of John Stader in Muscle, Ind. The proprietor and his family slept up stairs. A fire broke out while the occupants were in deep slumber, and they were alarmed in time to save their lives by the parrot constantly shouting: "Fire! Fire! Get me out!"

Stanley Writing.

Dean Stanley was one of the notoriously illegible writers. It is told that a man who had received from him a note utterly unintelligible, sent it in his desperation to a friend—a chemist—to invoke his aid in unravelling the mystery. Great was his astonishment to receive in reply a bottle of medicine, with the following letter: "I send you the mixture. It was rather a poser to make out the doctor's writing, but I think that I have got it all right." The chemist had made it up as a prescription.

The English idea is that twisting the lion's tail is crooked work.—Chicago Tribune.

As might have been expected, nothing at all has come of Mr. Chamberlain's fine jubilee scheme for federating the British empire.—Buffalo Express.

If England gets into a row with this country over the seals and the boundary line, we will not let her have any of our big wheat crop.—Pittsburg Times.

We learn that Europe is going to combine against the United States. Then we'll have a chance to hear the Concert of the Powers.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Forty thousand more boys and old men are wanted in Spain to go and fight that handful of insurgents that were about to be demolished two years ago.—Syracuse Post.

As Europe's wheat crop in 1897 will be from 100,000,000 to 120,000,000 bushels smaller than that of 1896, and as the reserves of wheat on hand at the present time are lower than they were at this season in the past eight or ten years, the wheat market for the next six or eight months is likely to be strong.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CASTORIA

The medicinal properties of Castoria.

STARVING.

There are thousands of children who are actually starving. Starving for a kind of food not furnished in their regular diet. Starving not for milk or cream, but for

PANCIER'S
PETROLEUM
EMULSION

The oil in this Emulsion is already partially digested, so the digestive organs are saved a great amount of work. It is readily absorbed and so begins upon its mission of good at once. The hypophosphites also build up the nerves and put force into all the activities of the little body. Delicate children readily gain strength from it.

Sold by all druggists, etc., and by Angier Chemical Co., Allston District, Boston.

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BABIES THRIVE ON IT.

GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ENTITLED "BABIES SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD." SENT ON APPLICATION.

NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO., NEW YORK.