

## THE STORY TELLER

### THAT'S WHO!

Who hypnotized me with her ways  
Until my heart was all ablaze  
With love, and every nerve appeared  
To be, like lightning, double-ganged?  
Lucinda.

Who listened to my earnest pleas,  
And warmed toward me by degrees  
Until she called me Sam, and said  
I'd sort of turned a little head?  
My sweetheart.

Who let me kiss her one sweet night,  
Beneath the moon's white mantle light,  
And said she'd ever cling to me  
As clings the bark unto the tree?  
My betrothed.

Who left the altar at my side,  
Dressed in the trappings of a bride,  
And said again and yet again  
I was the king of all the men?  
My wife.

And now who often calls me down,  
Upon her face a vicious frown,  
And to answer her I dare  
Entwine her fingers in my hair?  
The same girl.  
—Denver Post.

## THE SYRINGA HOME

By MAX BENNETT THASER.

THE windows of the little church at Pebble Center were open, and the soft, June breeze, passing through the audience room, fluttered the leaves of the hymn book which rested on the rack of the cottage organ in the choir. The air in the church was sweet with the perfume of flowers, for it was "children's Sunday," roses, syringa, jonquils, from the farmhouse gardens; ferns and clematis from the woods. The pulpit, covered with a mass of greenish-white clematis, rose from a bank of ferns. On a little stand at the side some one had placed a huge vase, filled with mountain fringe, and the long, delicate stems, loaded with trembling pink blossoms, moved softly in the wind.

The opening services of the day had been gone through with, and a hush had fallen on the congregation. Pebble Center had only that one church, and, as there had never been any of those violent spiritual dissensions which keep half the inhabitants of a place away from church because the other half goes, the wooden church, not over large, was generally well filled.

The pastor, a dear old man, with a benignant face, and a voice which was in itself a benediction, came down from the pulpit to meet the little procession which ranged itself in a semicircle before the flower-dressed pulpit.

I do not remember much more about the service except that, somewhere among the hymns, the pastor poised his hand to say, "Syringa May Elton, I baptize thee." The first name seemed so odd that it attracted my attention, and yet, in the flower-decked church, with syringa bushes full of blossoms in the yards outside, it seemed appropriate.

I was new to Pebble Center then. That was the first summer I had spent there, and at that time I had been in the town less than a week. I boarded that summer with the Jehoram Fennels. They were always spoken of in that way to distinguish them from the family of Jehoram's brother Silas.

After dinner I went out to sit on the big front door step. There was a trellis built over this step, covered with woodbine, and, barring the occasional descender from this of a harmless green spider, it was quite the pleasantest place about the house. I had a magazine in my hands, but it had been so much more satisfactory merely to lean back against the trellis and gaze off over the huge and terrible of hills beyond, that I had done nothing but this when Mrs. Jehoram Fennel, having cleared away the dinner and washed the dishes, drew a cane-seated rocking-chair into the front hall and sat down to join me. Her husband had already retired to the one bit of daytime rest which his long, hard day's work allowed him, and his regular and not-too-loud-for-comfort breathing from the lounge in the sitting-room showed how thoroughly he was enjoying it.

Mrs. Fennel brought with her a palm-leaf fan and a large number of religious papers. She had never read anything but religious literature on Sunday, and I fancied she looked somewhat askance now at the magazine in my hands.

Perhaps it was to prepossess her against my evident intention to read this, by showing what good attention I had paid in church, that I hastened to say:

"What in the world made them name that fourth baby in the row 'Syringa,' Mrs. Fennel? Such a funny name for a baby. After all, though, it's rather a pretty name."

Mrs. Fennel gave a little chuckle, and said: "Oh, that's the Elton baby! Her mother was Sophie Ann Fossdick, and they live to her home. That's the Fossdick place over there," pointing to a set of buildings about a mile away.

"It's the first grandchild the Fossdicks have had"—Mrs. Jehoram Fennel was the proud possessor of four. "Sophie Ann was an only child and she was always brought up to have her own way; and they say that when it came to naming the baby, although Mrs. Fossdick was dead set on calling it Charlotte Pamela, Sophie Ann just stuck to it that she would name it Syringa May, after the bushes that was in blossom about their house," she called it Syringa May she did."

When I decided to return to Pebble Center the next summer, and wrote to Mrs. Jehoram Fennel to see if she could board me, I was disappointed to find that she could not. The four grand-children were now five, and the mother of three of them was coming home to spend the summer. After the cramped chiropathy of Mrs. Fennel had explained this, she added:

"I think you could get boarded at the Fossdick place if you want to. The baby is over a year old now, and they are all quite smart there, and Mrs. Fossdick said something to that effect one day when she was in here. If you would like to have me, I will run over and see her about it."

As a result of her intervention, I spent my second summer in Pebble Center in the Fossdick home, finding it an exceedingly pleasant place to live.

Syringa was now running all about the place. She was very pretty, with a delicate fairness, though she was ap-

parently perfectly strong. Her father was a good, honest young farmer; and if Sophie Ann, her mother, had always been allowed to have her own way, the result did not seem to have been unfortunate, since she was as pleasant and capable a young woman as could have been imagined.

That winter I went abroad and remained four years. The first summer after I came back I thought of my old friends at Pebble Center, and decided that I would like to go among them once more. I had heard nothing from them in all this time, however; and as I learned that Pebble Center was now something of a summer town, I thought best to go, at first, directly to the hotel which had been built there, and then, if I wished to do so, change my stopping-place later.

Five years had brought many changes in the town, which I noticed when, after supper, I walked over to the Fossdick farm.

I found Mrs. Fossdick just washing up the supper dishes in the sink in the back kitchen. When she heard my step on the wooden floor, she turned around and peered at me a moment through her glasses.

"Wall, I do declare!" she cried. "If it ain't you. Where in the world did you come from, an' how be you? Do come right into the house an' set down," drying her hands on her apron, as she led the way into the sitting-room. "I don't know of anybody in the world but what I'd sooner expected to see them you, or that I'd rather see you, Josiah, be so glad to see you, ag'in, an' surprised, too, an' so'll Sophie Ann an' Edward. You hain't seen them, have you?"

"No," I said; "don't they live here now?"

"Oh, you don't know, do you?" said she, "bein' that you've been gone so long, an' so far away. Mis' Jehoram Fennel told me that you had gone to foreign parts. Wall, we've had some trouble since you was here. 'Twas pretty hard for us to bear it, at the time, but we try to think that it was bank of ferns. On a little stand at the side some one had placed a huge vase, filled with mountain fringe, and the long, delicate stems, loaded with trembling pink blossoms, moved softly in the wind."

"Was it Syringa?" I asked.

"Yes, it was Syringa. It happened the next summer after you was here. That must have been four years ago, for Sophie Ann an' Edward have been at the home three years now. There come the awfullest turn of dipthery here that you ever hear of. There had been a not so small, an' then a fresher that covered all the flats with water, an' then another awful lot of dipthery. A good many folks thought it came from that, an' a good many others said one thing, an' some another. Anyways it was the worst time I ever see in my life, or ever hear tell of, sense my father used to talk about the big erysipelas epidemic when he was a boy. Lots of folks wouldn't leave their farms except it was to go to the post office, or to the store for something they'd got to have; an' even then they'd carry brimstone in the wagon, an' be sure to burn when they were goin' past a house where anyone was sick, so as to smelt the smoke. We tried to do what we could to help, in spite of bein' worried to death about Syringa, only right in the middle of it I slipped up on the back steps, on soft soap that Josiah had spilt, an' broke my right arm, so I wa'n't no kind of use for the next three months."

"Wall, along in the worst of it Syringa died, an' with the sickness. Some said it was the dipthery, but I com'in' to see me, an' some said we hadn't been careful enough ourselves about goin' where there was sick; but I've always said I wa'n't goin' to look at it in that light. We hadn't any of us done nothin' but what we felt was right, an' what we ought to do. She was right hard sick for a few days; but Edward an' Sophie Ann tended right to her, day an' night, an' so did the doctor. The way that man worked through all them weeks was something cruel—on an' goin' at night, daylight an' dark. I never could see where he took time to eat an' sleep—an' I guess he didn't sleep much. An' he with two little children of his own at home, too, with nothin' but the housekeeper to take care of them, because he'd buried his wife the year before."

"Wal, Syringa got along first-rate, an' had got so to walk a little, though mighty pindlin' lookin', when one evenin' the doctor's man brought a letter over from him to ask Edward if he'd go to Bolton for a doctor, an' to try an' git a cure. His little boy, he said, was down with the dipthery, an' he was afraid that the little girl was a-goin' to have it too. Wal, Edward hitched right up an' went, an' Dr. Bostwick come back with him; but as for a nurse, my land, you couldn't git one for love nor money. In the first place, there wa'n't many folks there that did such work, an' there wa'n't one of 'em that would come to this place then. When he come back, an' told us what luck he'd had, Sophie Ann stood up, with her face kinder white at first, an' she says: 'Mother, I'm agoin' over to help the doctor. He's stood by us when we needed help, an' now I'm agoin' to stan' by him.' I sorter tried to dissuade her; but her mind was made up. If I could have gone myself I would; but with my arm in a sling, I was worse'n no one around a sick-bed."

"So she went; but, land! it wa'n't no use. It seemed as if they was struck with death from the very first. The boy died that night, an' the little girl the next night; an' Edward an' the doctor's man buried 'em, for there wa'n't no one else would go near the house."

"Yes, it did seem hard, when he'd done so much for everybody else."

"Wall, Sophie Ann come back when it was all over. She looked pretty white an' tired; but her eyes had a look in 'em as if she was glad she had went, after all. She was real careful about changing her clothes an' all such things; an' I never can believe that she brought the disease back to little Syringa, though some of the neighbors have always said so. I've always thought, myself, that it was because there was a sudden change in the weather, an' she caught a little cold. Anyways, she was took sick ag'in; an' this time she went right down, in spite of all we could do, an' died."

Mrs. Fossdick stopped to look for her handkerchief. After a moment she went on:

"It wa'n't an awful blow to us all; an' I didn't know as Edward an' Sophie Ann would ever git over it. But one evenin' that next winter the doctor

come over to see us, an' told us of a plan it seems had been in his head for some time. He'd gone right on with his work, jest the same, an' lived at home, though it was awful lonesome for him, of course, an' he looked as if he'd grown ten years older."

"Wall, he was uncommonly well-to-do, as folks go here. His father'd left him a good property, an' his wife some more, an' then he'd always had a good practice; an' now he said that he'd made up his mind to take some of his money an' found a home for little children here, if Edward an' Sophie Ann would come an' run it. An' he said he'd call it 'The Byrings Home.'"

It does make a pretty name, don't it? "Wall, at first they thought they couldn't, nohow. Sophie Ann said she couldn't leave her, but I jest told her that now that my arm was all right ag'in, I was good for more'n one ten years, yet. So the more they thought of it the better it looked, an' finally they said they'd go. The doctor bought the Hopkins place—you know where that was—an' fixed it up, an' they went there the next summer, an' now it's as nice a place as you ever see. Doctors pays 'em a regular salary, more'n they could have got on a farm. Edward runs the farm—there's quite a lot of land on the Hopkins place—an' helps about the house, too; an' Sophie Ann has a good girl to help her. They've got six little ones there now, an' in the course of the three years they've had a lot more that they've found good homes for. They take 'em from anywhere, where they're sure it's needed, all they can take care of; an' Sophie Ann's happier than I ever expected to see her, an' I'm grandmarm to the whole lot."

"You must be goin' for Wall, you'll be sure to cover a-morrow an' see Josiah, won't you? He'll be glad to see you. Be real neighborly, now, won't you?"

When I went back to the hotel I walked around past the Hopkins place. The house had evidently been repaired, and the grounds made more attractive. A lighted lamp hung in the porch over the front door, and its rays fell upon a bronze plate on which I read: "The Syringa Home." As I stood looking at the house the tall form of Sophie Ann, with her strong, good face, came into sight in a lighted room. She stooped down to raise a sleeping little form from a couch, and, pressing it to her bosom, turned and went out of sight.—N. Y. Independent.

## TRIED IT ON THE DOG.

Jackey Realizes an Artistic Triumph with His Sister's Bleaching Compound.

Jackey's mamma always knew her son was of an investigating turn of mind, but until she and Jackey's sister returned from a month's sojourn in the south the other day, she had never realized to what extent this bent might carry her offspring. Since the return, reference to Jackey's investigating propensities has been refrained from by common consent of the family.

Jackey is 11 years old, and lives in Woodlawn. He observes as well as investigates. He has not watched his sister shampoo her hair weekly, using in the process a harmless looking, colorless liquid from a large bottle, and seen the brown locks turn first to a rich chestnut and later to golden blonde. In other words, Jackey knows what constitutes a chemical blonde and how that species of blonde is evolved.

For many weary weeks Jackey had longed to try the effects of his sister's bottle of "hairgrower" on her pet water spaniel's sleek brown coat. His mind dwelt fondly upon a vision of a Titian blonde dog—a bleached dog.

A friend of the family who had a home in the south proved an instrument to aid Jackey in his purpose. She invited that young gentleman's mother and sister to spend a month with her, which they did. From the day of their departure Jackey did not lose an opportunity toward accomplishing the end of his experiment. At the end of the first week Brownie's coat had taken on a tawny luster it had lacked before, and by the time the contents of the bottle were exhausted Brownie had ceased to merit his name. He was a yellow dog! The maid, who had not been "long over," was guileless, and told her friends of the remarkable transformation that was being wrought in the spaniel, believing it to be a natural one. Jackey took pains to have the dog out of the sight of his mother and sister, and when that dignity was about, and as was comparatively seldom since the wife and mother had absented herself, it was no difficult task.

When mamma and sister returned they were met by a strange-looking animal, which frisked and barked in a frenzy of apparently unwarranted delight.

"Ugh! Get away from me, you ugly little beast," said Jackey's sister, pushing Brownie with her foot. "Jackey, what do you mean by bringing strange dogs into the house?"

"Who's the strange dog?" demanded Jackey with contempt.

"That little yellow beast," said the sister, somewhat snappishly. "Take him away."

"Ho! ho!" shouted the small boy deviously. "Don't know your own dog! He's a freak. Turned yellow while you were gone. He's been a-painin' I read of a dog that turned white all over because its misss went away. Yours would if you stayed long enough. Ho! ho!"

When the truth dawned upon Jackey's sister she wept hot tears. Lacking in the evening, when papa came from business, Jackey also shed tears. But he is well satisfied. They were shed in a good cause.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## From Two Sides.

"My son," said the philosopher, "you know the adage, don't you? Never put all your eggs in one basket. Then if an accident happens only a portion of them will be broken. So with your money, don't put it all in one bank."

"Yes," returned the son, who knew a few things, too, "but in scattering your money around among banks you only increase the chances of getting left by cashiers."—Chicago Evening News.

## He Got Her Easily.

Bertha—Were you very nervous when Jack proposed?

Winnie—Awfully. I was so flustered that I forgot my own name, and, without making a sound, I went to go away and do some desperate deed.—Chicago Evening News.

## IS A GREAT SOLDIER.

Maj. Gen. Miles, Commanding the Armies of the United States.

He is Respected by Regular as Well as Volunteer Troops—His Marvellous Success as an Indian Fighter.

[Special Washington Letter.] Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, commanding the armies of the United States, is very popular with all soldiers who have served with him. The regular as well as the volunteer soldiers admire and respect him. Some things concerning his military career were obtained today in casual conversation.

"I served under Gen. Miles at one time," said an army officer on duty in the war department, "and I have great respect and admiration for him. I think that you may say that all the officers and men who have ever been on duty with Gen. Miles respect and admire him for his manly qualities, superb courage, military genius and perfect integrity."

"One thing you may emphasize, and that is the fact that all young West Pointers who have served with Miles love him and swear by him. He has had the loyal and earnest support as well as the affection of the young officers who have been so fortunate as to see actual campaigning with Miles as their commander. His strongest friends in the army to-day are West Pointers. The old prejudice against volunteer officers is fast dying out. It is dead, so far as Gen. Miles is concerned. I am a West Pointer myself, and I tell you, not even Napoleon had the confidence and admiration of his soldiers more than Gen. Miles has had from his officers and men, and I am one of them who would cheerfully obey any order coming from him, no matter what peril might be in the immediate future for me."

"Do you know that Gen. Miles never lost a battle in his life, either in the civil war, or during his Indian campaigns? When we were on the frontier, with Indians outnumbering us ten to one, it was necessary to send out small detachments to attract large hostile bands. On such occasions officers

"Gen. Miles then said: 'Now, I will give you five minutes to surrender. If you do not do so I will open fire on your band and annihilate you.' Sitting Bull turned away, saying: 'I have enough men here, as you see, to wipe out your entire army.' Gen. Miles repeated the remark, that in five minutes he would open fire unless the band surrendered. Sitting Bull went back to his camp, delayed beyond the allotted time, and Gen. Miles promptly ordered his troops forward. The soldiers of the Fifth Infantry understood their work, and followed their commander. The battle was not a prolonged one, for Sitting Bull was defeated and surrendered."

"Gen. Miles is a hard rider. He is an athlete. He is tall, erect, soldierly in appearance, a splendid horseman and a perfect marksman either with a rifle or a revolver. He rides a bicycle and rides it well. He is a swimmer, boxer and all around emergency man, no matter where he may be placed. Buffalo Bill says there never was such a perfectly equipped man for Indian fighting in the entire army, and Cody has great respect for all of the officers and men of the army, for he has served with a number of commanders on eventful campaigns. He would say nothing derogatory to any officer, but he has unbounded admiration for Gen. Miles."

"The Nez Perce chief, Joseph, who was one of the greatest of Indian leaders, had been pursued by several vigorous fighters, with good commands, and had eluded all of them. When Gen. Miles, however, followed him and surrounded him, and when the old chief realized that he had been out-generaled in his own style of warfare, and in his own country, he expressed amazement and said: 'Who is this new chief that has outwitted me? I know it must be a new chief, for the others are children.'"

"By the way, I do not believe that any general could learn from books, or under any instruction procure, the aptitude for the disposition of troops which seems intuitive with Gen. Miles. In the same Nez Perce campaign, I recollect his promptness of action when he came up with the Nez Perces and found them entrenched. The country was new to Gen. Miles. He had never been there before. But, glancing over the country, using his field glass, and asking a few questions of the guides, he began immediately the disposition of

his troops, and moved them with such precision and certainty that Chief Joseph was outwitted and outgeneraled with such dazzling quickness that he uttered the remark above quoted. Coming from a man of the undoubted ability of Joseph, I have always regarded that remark as one of the greatest compliments that has ever been paid to Gen. Miles as an Indian fighter."

"Grover Cleveland was president when Gen. Schofield retired. Do you know that there are no two men in this republic who ought to have greater admiration for each other than ex-President Cleveland and Gen. Miles. Their lives have been parallel in civil and military life."

"While Grover Cleveland was a poor boy, sweeping the office for Lawyer Bowers, in Buffalo, Nelson A. Miles was a poor boy clerking in a store in Boston. Grover Cleveland possessed exceptional ability and sturdy qualities, and Lawyer Bowers took him into his home and into his office and encouraged his early struggles. Using military terms, I may say that Grover Cleveland passed through all grades of promotion in civil life, just as Gen. Miles has passed through all the grades of promotion in military life. Just as the poor boy in Buffalo was entering upon the practice of the law, the poor boy in Boston was entering upon the military profession. Strangers to each other, they were struggling along the pathway of life; and their lives were running in parallel, each of them achieving a distinction and success by sheer native ability and merit. Each of them possessed the genius of labor, and they toiled and plodded along, each honestly doing his best in his own sphere, and then their lives converged and they came together in the national capital. The poor boy of Buffalo was chief executive, and the poor boy of Boston became commander of the army." SMITH D. FRY.

Little Willie Knew.

Sunday School Teacher—Come now, children, tell me, what house is always open to everybody—to the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the sick and the well? Do you know what house I mean?

Little Willie—Yeth, ma'am; I know. Teacher—Well, Willie, what house is it?

Willie—The police station. — Baltimore Life.

Still in the Lead.

"Is it true, auntie, that you have refused Blakem every year for the last 20 years?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you mind telling me why?"

"Not at all. The first time I refused him I told him that he was not good enough for me, and I'm not the woman to admit that he has grown better any faster than I have."—Detroit Free Press.

New York contains more Hebrews than there are in Jerusalem.

The Death Rate.

While it is quite true that the proportion of deaths from malaria as an immediate cause is proportionally small as cited in annual mortality statistics, yet physicians are thoroughly convinced that it causes malady of a fatal character, and begets dangerous nervous prostration. This malarial is endemic and prevented by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and dyspepsia.

He Caught On.

Mabel—George, I do wish you would enlist. George—Why, dear, I thought you confessed that you loved me? "I did say so, but if you were to go into the army perhaps you might learn what arms are for."

After that she had no cause to complain. —Chicago Evening News.

Repartee.

If we were asked to define repartee most of us would say that it was the brilliant thing we thought of saying when the occasion for saying it had slipped away from us. —Chicago Times-Herald.

His Trade-Mark.

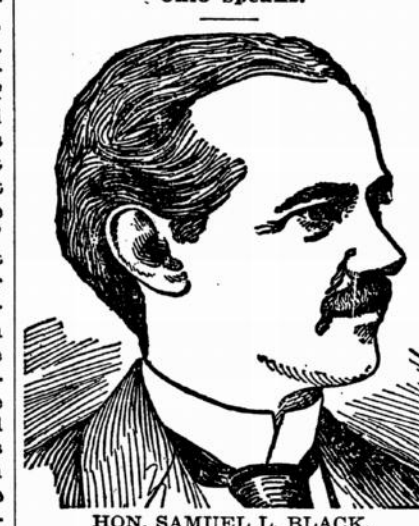
"Why, Julia, how the waist of your frock smelt!" "Yes, mamma; poor Mr. Ratlines, of the naval reserve, has been bidding me good-by again." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Courted Failure.

Isaacs—Do you think marriage was a failure? Abrams—So hellup me if I did, I would get married tomorrow. —Up-to-Date.

## MAYOR OF COLUMBUS.

The Executive of the Capital City of Ohio Speaks.



HON. SAMUEL L. BLACK.

Executive Department, City of Columbus, Ohio.

To Whom It May Concern:

I can most cheerfully recommend Pe-r-u-na as of the very greatest possible benefit in cases of catarrh and other diseases of the mucous membrane. This remedy has established itself in the minds of the people as of the greatest possible worth and genuineness.

I have known Dr. Hartman for a number of years and am pleased to say that he is one of the leading citizens of this city, a man of the very highest standing and character in the community.

Respectfully, SAMUEL L. BLACK.

The old saying that "a prophet is not without honor in his own country," does not hold true of Dr. Hartman's great catarrh remedy—Pe-r-u-na. Pe-r-u-na is in great repute, not only in his own country, but wherever it is made, but in the county and the state. The city officials, county officials, state officials of Ohio have given Pe-r-u-na the highest endorsement of their confidence in it. It is the greatest known catarrh remedy. It cures catarrh wherever located. See the free certificate of Dr. William H. Wines, which is filled with home testimony concerning Pe-r-u-na as a catarrh remedy. Address The Pe-r-u-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Answers to Correspondents.

Student—Certainly, bookkeeping can be learned at home. All you have to do is lend them.

Reader—No, it is not an uncommon thing for a man to go to the bed; otherwise there would be no demand for missionaries. Inquirer—Yes, there are bookcases made from lawsuits relating to copyrights, but we wouldn't recommend them for your library.

Sentiment—We don't know why the lily is recognized as the emblem of purity, unless it is because man has been unable to adulterate it.

Athlete—Yes, a porous plaster will sometimes remove the effects of a strain or wrench, but you'd better keep the wrench to aid in removing the porous plaster. —Chicago Evening News.

Ironical Ifs.

If manners make the man that explains some men's undue condition. If a man in a room feels his feelings he is apt to travel in a zigzag course.

If riches didn't have wings there would be fewer flyers in the stock market. If a man could only see himself as others see him he wouldn't say a word about it.

If a man thinks life isn't worth living he can very easily find a way to give it up. If the saloons were open on election day it might be possible to poll a full vote.

If the chances of a man's life were as apple the chances are it won't have happened. —Chicago Evening News.

His Status.

Mrs. Hoon—What an imposing appearance your friend Puffington has, to be sure! Old Hoon—Oh, yes! he's a born colonel, if ever a man was!—Puck.

Synonymous.

Smith—Yes, Jones; I'm going fishing. Won't you go along? Jones—No; thanks, old fellow. I ain't drinkin' now.—Judge.

Every dog has his day; but only thoroughbreds get entered at the bench show. —Chicago Record.

## TRIALS OF SALESWOMEN.

Mrs. Pinkham Says Standing Still is One of Woman's Most Trying Tasks.

Have you ever thought why it is that so many women or girls rather walk for an hour than stand still for ten minutes?

It is because most women suffer from some derangement of their delicate organism, the discomfort from which is less trying when they are in motion than when standing.

So serious are these troubles and so dangerous to health that the laws in some states compel employers to provide resting places for their female employees.

But no amount of law can regulate the hard tasks of these women. Customers are exacting, and expect the saleslady to be always cheerful and pleasant. How can a girl be cheerful when her back is ached by lassitude and bearing how sweet tempered she is way under the pain after a while.

want cross and snappy saleswoman. Important capital, and no one can be cheerful when her back is ached by lassitude and bearing how sweet tempered she is way under the pain after a while.

If you are ill or suffering, write without delay to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all about yourself. Your story will not be new to her, she has heard it many thousand times and will know just what you need. Without doubt, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, it has done such wonderful things for suffering women. Do not hesitate to write her all the little things that make you feel miserable. Your letter will not be seen by any man, and Mrs. Pinkham's advice will cost you nothing.

Read this letter from Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, 463 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills.

"I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills

## Well and Strong

Nervous Spells and That Tired Feeling Cured by Mood's.

"My health was very poor. I had nervous spells and did not sleep well at night. When I arose in the morning I was tired and exhausted and did not feel any more rested than when I retired at night. I knew I needed a medicine to build me up, and I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle had been taken I felt so much better that I procured five more. I am now taking the last one, and I have not felt as well and strong for years." H. P. JONES, 233 E. Mulberry St., Kokomo, Indiana. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. It cures S. S. Get out Hood's. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## THE REAL CULPRIT.

He Kept Quiet and Let the Poor Letter Carrier Take All the Blame.

"Hi there!" called a somewhat excited woman to the postman who was passing on his morning round. "Where's that letter I sent three weeks ago to my sister in Buffalo? She never got it and has written to know whether I'm mad at her or some of us are sick."

"I know nothing about it, madam." "Of course you don't. I suppose the postmaster-general would say the same thing. My own private opinion is that this government is running at mighty loose ends. I put a stamp on that letter to pay for having it sent. It was directed as plain as print. It is lost or stolen and my own sister is blaming me for neglecting her. It's all politics, that's what it is, putting in a lot of raw hands every four years, and I don't propose to stand it. I'm going to find out whether you mail men can defraud your customers and make families hear of it, and if you don't, know enough to look after your business."

"But I never saw your letter, my good woman." "I don't care anything about that. Neither did my sister ever see it. I'll not sleep till I write the president and give him a piece of my mind. The idea of paying an army of men to lose letters. It's ridiculous. It won't be long before some of us are looking for their jobs, or I may as well give up for other jobs, or I may as well give up. During this conversation the woman's husband stood frantically into his pockets, ran hither and thither, and finally he took a letter into a mail box and made a fine show of temper while helping his wife abuse the government.—Detroit Free Press.

## PUT TO ROUT.

How a Well-Known Maine Man Succeeded in Flooring an Englishman with a Hard Name.

Probably the most widely known and the most popular man in Maine is Payson Tucker. A good story told by him is by no means a rarity, but it is not often that he tells a story involving his own personality. The following is an exception. "I was returning from Europe a few weeks ago," said Mr. Tucker, "and saw more or less of an Englishman who was exceedingly loud and coarse in his denunciations of American institutions. 'I stood it as long as I could,' he said, 'and I decided to politely remonstrate with that Englishman and show him wherein he erred in his opinions of Americans.'"

"I have you ever been in the United States?" I asked him one evening when he was on one of his strains.

"He looked me over and then said: 'No, my good man, I have never been in America.' That angered me, and I said:

"What in shool do you know about what you are talking about?"

"Said he to me: 'Aw, I see what you are—another of those impudent Americans.' 'I'll see what I can do,' I said to him. 'You're a dizz-dazzle with a whack; that's what you are.'"

"That floored the son of Albion, and he said: 'I'll have Mr. Tucker a wide berth.' —N. Y. Herald.

## COULD NOT BE DONE.