TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Anna Burns, of 838 Plane Street,
Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a
pleasant conversationalist. On the ground
floor of her residence she conducts a wellordered candy store. When our reporter
visited her store, she in response to a question told him a very interesting story.

"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and
could work night and day if necessary.
Suddenly, and without any apparent cause,
I began to suffer from intense pains in my
head, in my limbs and temples. Almost
distracted with this seemingly never ending
pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pain in my hips became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and more or less on my feet and occasionally

so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks, for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still no matter where I was. On one occasion I was seize i in this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car came thundering along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of it all lasted as long as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks, whether I would not drop to the ground in my agony and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the Evening News one day, an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful, health restor-ing pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel relieved: the pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days, I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and the more I took the better I felt. I finished one box, got another, and now having taken only a few of the second fifty cents' worth, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there are a dozen vehicles near by. It is a great relief, I assure you, and suffering humanity has a never failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from exper-

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. In men they efect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Skirts of Actresses.

Maggie Mitchell once told a questioning woman that she always wore divided skirts, although at the time of this conversation the bifurcated garment was scarcely known outside the world of the stage. Miss Mitchell said that almost all actresses wore this petticoat because they found that it gave most fredom of gait and grace to one's movements. She also said that she had her skirts trimmed with lace and embroidery, put on wrong side out, and ed, too, that it mattered little to him that this was another notion prevalent | who sailed the Speedwell, so long as in "the profession." "Because, you see," she explained, "in getting in or of the two men he preferred Johnstone, out of a carriage or a street car it is for, though he was less respectful than the underside of the edging that shows, and only that."

WONDERFUL WHEAT YIELDS. The yield of wheat and other grains in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces this year has been phenomenal. Thirty-five millions of bushels of wheat, thirty millions of bushels of oats, six millions of bushels of barley, besides large quantities of flax, rye, peas, etc., have been produced in Manitoba by only 25,000 farmers, some of whom settled on the prairies a few years ago with very little capital, and other almost totally inexperienced in and unaccustomed to farm work. This enormous yield seems almost incredible, but when one reads of a farmer selling a part of his crop for \$17,000 and having 4,000 bushels still on hand, it is easy of belief, and that another farmer, a Mr. Pruyn, near Emerson, Manitoba, had 21,000 bushels, and many of his neighbors harvested 10,000 bushels and upwards. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1-3 bushels on a 40acre field, and near Neepawa nine acres yielded 600 bushels - an average of 66 2-3 bushels per acre. Another field of 16 acres on the same farm yielded

800 bushels, while the entire crop of 105 acres turned out 40,000 bushels. A | them." Carman settler was rewarded with 36.-865 bushels off 985 acres—an average of 361/2 bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were showed an unreasonable prejudice 106 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs | against Captain Estcourt in particuto the bushel. Of course every farmer | lar?" has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 30, 35, 40 and more bushels to the acre. Roots and vegetables, too, rivaled the cereals in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely Manitoba and the vast country to the west of it, and the shipments this year have aggregated 45,000 head, sheep being also raised in large numbers. Dairyrecent establishment of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on accheese. But wheat raising is Manitoba's distinctive feature, the soil being | that effect as he went up on deck with particularly adapted for the production of No. 1 hard, unsurpassed by any other grade, and it is safe to say that there is not any part of the continent where the yield has been so uniformly

The headlights from the locomotives on the Maine railroads attract the deer from the forests, and numbers of the animals are being killed by the engines.

large and the grade so high as in Mani-

Difficulties of Authorship. Struggling author-"Eldora, can't you keep that baby out about two minntes His yells are enough to drive one

ish the dishes and knead the bread and mend Tommy's clothes."

Struggling author-"Well, anyhow, you could make Johnny and his sis stop their racket and close the windows so there won't be so many smells coming in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those heartless bill collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on 'How to Be Happy, Though Poor.' "-New York Weekly.



BY PERMISSION OF RAND. MENALLY & CO. . CHAPTER XII.

OHNSTONE!" cried Dick, at last, "what does this mean? How do you come to be here?"

"From the Hamilton," replied the man; "I'm working out to the Cape." "But they told me your name was Gildez." "So It was on the

barque yonder. You see my own's a bit too famous for general use. But here I'm among friends, and can fly what flag I please."

"Among friends?" said Dick; "what do you mean by that?"

"It seems I've an old acquaintance with you to begin with," said Johnstone, impudently; "and then I've come a good way with madame and the colonel.' "Answer me," said Dick, angrily,

'and remember your place!" "So I do," retorted the other; "I'm

captain of this ship for the time be-Estcourt was more astounded than ever, and indignant at the brazen face of the fellow. "Come, my man," he said, sternly, "your tongue's too loose; you'd best tell me the plain truth at

once.' "You've got it already," replied Johnstone. "I'm to sail the brig for Captain Worsley until he's on his legs again."

"By whose authority?" "His own; he's an old friend o' mine. We've made many a lucky voyage in company before now, and he knows there's no crew affoat that I couldn't

handle." Dick looked at the herculean frame and fierce domineering face before him. He remembered how the boldness and force of the man had indelibly impressed him years ago at Copenhagen, and he felt that Worsley was amply justified in his opinion. And he reflectshe was safely carried into port; in fact, Worsley, he was at any rate beyond comparison more active and coura-

"Well," he said, at last, in a mollified tone, "I dare say you'll make as good a captain as we need have; if you don't, you'll have me to reckon with, you know." And he was about to turn away, when he remembered that he had had no explanation yet of the locked

"If you'll be good enough to unlock that door," he said, "I'll go in and pay Captain Worsley a visit."

At this moment the colonel appeared n the passage "And how is Captain Worsley getting

on now?" he asked, as he came toward "That's just what I want to find out for myself," replied Dick, and he held

out his hand for the key. Johnstone drew back a step, but seemed uncertain whether to comply or not. The colonel, standing a little behind, frowned and shook his head over Dick's shoulder. Johnstone put the key back in his pocket.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to Estcourt with more respect than he had yet shown, "but I have strict orders to the contrary, and I daren't go against

Before Dick could speak the colonel

"I think you told me," he said to Johnstone, "that Captain Worsley

"Yes, sir; he's very violent," replied the man; "and if he's thwarted while he's in this state, I won't be answerable for the consequences. And just now he's sleeping heavily after his dose."

Dick saw that it was of no use to raised, there being extensive ranches in | press the matter further. There was something odd about the whole affair, but he was really very little interested in the patient or his case, and, having done enough for civility, was quite ing is being rapidly developed, and the | ready to turn away to the more attractive society of Camilla and her brotherin-law. But he had scarcely yet recovered from his surprise at meeting count'of the excellence of its butter and Johnstone again so unexpectedly after twenty years, and made a remark to

> the colonel. "Johnstone?" said M. de Montaut;

'what Johnstone?" "Do you remember of my talking to you of a man of that name-a famous smuggler-who volunteered to steer the ship on which I served at the battle of Copenhagen?"

"Ah, yes," replied the colonel; "I remember the incident perfectly, but I had forgotten the man's name. But what do you mean," he continued, "by saying you have met him again?" "He is our new captain, the man we

have just been speaking to." "Impossible!" exclaimed M. de Montaut: "that was the Spanish sallor Gildez, who was in the Hamilton with

"That's the man, for all that," replied Dick. "I knew him at once, and he answered to his right name without question. The other was only assumed, for reasons best known to himself."

"Really," said the colonel, "you can not imagine how you interest me! I must have a good look at this roman-

tic figure next time I see him." "And, perhaps," said Dick, "Madame de Montaut may also be interested to know that she is sailing under the auspices of so celebrated a captain."

hear Captain Estcourt say that they ar peculiar to St. Helena?"

their way across at some time or other the two islands are not so very far

sure you that there are none, to be found anywhere else. If I saw one of them, I should know for a certainty that I was off St. Helena, though moment before I had been thinking myself in the Pacific or the North Sea." He rolled up the chart and returned it to the colonel, who went off with it

to his own cabin and did not appear for some time. Dick and Camilla went on deck, and

many dark days.

Dick smiled. "I was more timid than cautious, but it is only for your own sake I am. You know how anxious I cheerful as I looked." am for your success with Camilla."

rassment and gratitude. "This man," the colonel continued, once tried-as I think you yourself told us-to capture the Emperor by a desperate stratagem; my sister-in-law has had a particular horror of him ever she heard this, for she thinks he must have been actuated by motives of personal malice -- you know how her enthusiasm runs away with her. If she is not told, she probably will not think of connecting this man with that incident merely because of the name. In any case, if she is to learn of the identity, let it be through me, and not

Dick grew hot with mingled embar-

through you, from whom she might think the information in bad taste." "I don't quite see it," said Dick; "but no doubt you're right. I'd rather bite my tongue out than hurt her feelings, and I'm very grateful to you for the

Rain now began to fall heavily and they were obliged to go below. The wind rose in gusty starts, sall after sail was reefed, and by the middle of the afternoon the brig was scudding along before the gale with her masts almost bare. She was at all times unusually fast, but she was now flying along at nearly half again her ordinary rate, and for six whole days she never relaxed her speed.

In spite of the rain and the spray, which from time to time swept over her, Dick and Camilla spent a good part of every day on deck, keenly sympathizing with each other in delight at the swift, exhilarating motion of the vessel and the unchanging restlessness and grandeur of the waves over which she passed so lightly.

they took but little heed. The mate nev- herself or disloyalty to the colors un-The captain was reported still unable to stir outside his tance, was quite content to leave him. ruffian as he looked. When the ship's motion was not too violent he went on tours of inspection with the new captain, and was even found one morning alone in the hold, examining the cargo with incomprehensible energy and in- he gave reports to the others twice a

"I can't think," said Estcourt, laughcasks and cases."

colonel, who was in a humorous mood, and at times even critical. "What!" cried Dick, "stores and fittings fascinate you? That's a dry

have the poet's vision; I look beyond quickly and how pleasantly the last two the mere articles themselves to the re- weeks had flown. Tomorrow Camilla sults they may effect. These packing- would leave the Speedwell, and with cases, you say, are but necessaries for her would go for the present all the sunthe refitting of your ship. I see more shine of life. Happily he had discovthan that. From the parts I reconstruct | ered that she had no intention of hidthe whole in imagination. I see, rising ing herself again from nim; she was from these fragments, an entire vessel, evidently anticipating a meeting in the with a fate of her own, and fraught | near future, though under what cirwith many destinies. Nay, who knows," cumstances he had no means of guesshe added, with mock sententiousness, ing. To his great surprise the next day "but the ship that lies hidden in this passed without any sign of the Island despised cargo of yours may change of Ascension coming in right. He supthe course of history!"

dark down here."

"Ah, that's because I'm standing between you and the light," replied the colonel, taking up the lantern. "Come, let's go upstairs again." And he led the way back to the middle deck.

During the night of the 22d the wind fell to a steady breeze, and on the following morning they saw the sun again at last, standing over a headland that lay on the larboard quarter.

The colonel appeared at breakfast with a chart, and Dick, borrowing it from him, explained the position of the Speedwell to Camilla.

"Here," he said, putting his finger upon the map, "is the stretch of coast along which the wind and the Guinea current have been hurrying us so fast. Here is Cape Palmas, which we have just passed, and now we shall see no more of the shores of Africa. You see to the east already, and Ascension lies anyone." right below us in mid-ocean there."

"And how far is it?" asked Camilla. "Twelve or thirteen hundred miles." said the colonel, who was also looking on with interest.

"Hardly so much as that; I wish it were," said Dick. "But I am afraid eight or nine days from the outside will take us there.'

"And from there," asked Camilla, still poring over the chart, "how far is it to St. Helena?"

"I can't say exactly. To the Cape it is about two thousand five hundred miles, but that is the straight course, by which you go some way outside of St. Helena, and don't even pass near good enough for 'em, then I'd like to enough to see the famous pigeons." "What are they?"

"Oh, they're only a kind of pigeon peculiar to that island; but they're rather well known for their beauty and ecause they're found nowhere else They often come circling around a ship thing for her!" at an immense distance from the land, to their friends; but they mostly die burn." before the voyage is over."

"Have you ever seen them?" asked the colonel. "What are they like?" "They're small gray birds, very graceful and light on the wing, with bright pink legs and a curious band of white

under the eye."

"But surely they must have mad-

"It is curious," said Dick, "but I as

enjoyed the sun and blue sky after s

"Do you know," she said, "that I did not always enjoy that perpetual rush of wind and rain? And if I hadn't seen that you were quite cheerful about it I should have really been quite alarmed

you, I expect; I was by no means as

"Then there was danger?" she asked. "There was a lee shore, and there were nights in which we could see noth-

"Then how could the ship be steered?" "She couldn't; she drove before the wind, which happily was in the right direction; all the steersman could do was to stand to his helm and be always ready for a sudden danger."

"What work!" she cried. "Then it was really one man who saved us all?" "Oh, no." he answered, "that's too much to say: let's hope he would have saved us if he had had the chance."

"How can you speak so lightly of him!" she exclaimed, warmly. "He is a hero, and I shall thank him myself!" Dick was silent, and looked away. Johnstone was passing near, and Camilla called to him.

"What is your steersman's name? she asked, as he approached.

Dick had made some hasty excuse, and was gone in a moment.

"We've been taking the wheel in turns of late," said Johnstone; "but on the worst nights Captain Estcourt wouldn't let her out of his own hands."

She nodded and turned away. Johnstone passed on with an approving shake of the head. "My word!" he muttered, "he would

be a fool to stick at scruples now; he'll be better paid than me by a long sight.' As for Camilla, this episode brought to decisive end the struggles which had been going on at intervals in her mind since she came on board the Speedwell. She was convinced, and glad to be convinced, that Dick was indeed the man she had thought him of old. Whatever had been his reasons for joining in this expedition, they were not, she Of the rest of the company on board felt certain, either weak fondness for

der which he served, With this conclusion, which was cabin, where Dick, after one or two rather due to instinct than reasoning, more ineffectual requests for admit- and was but half-consciously present to her mind, her old feelings toward him The colonel had struck up a consider- resumed their place, and the restraint able intimacy with Johnstone, whom which she had hitherto endeavored to he pronounced to be not nearly such a put upon them broke down completely. Eight days passed in great content. The colonel troubled them with his society less than ever. When he was not alone in his own cabin, he was generally in that of Captain Worsley, of whom

It appeared that the medicines on ing, "what on earth you can find to board were insufficient; the Speedwell amuse you in the sight of all these carried no surgeon, in spite of the twelve weeks' regulation, which express-"It is the thought of what they con- ly includes the Cape; and the patient's tain that fascinates me," replied the condition was, therefore, unsatisfactory,

Hearing this, Dick foresaw that the remainder of his voyage would probably be spent in the sole company of "Ah!" said M. de Montaut, "but I Johnstone, and he began to realize how posed that the brig had not been kept Dick laughed again. "My dear col- straight to her course, and in his heart onel," he said, "you see a good deal thanked Johnstone for the bad navigamore than I do; I find it uncomfortably | tion which had given him another day's happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR COUNTRY HOSTS. What They Think of Us, Our Work, Our

Ways and Our Ambitions. A young friend of mine overheard this conversation between the proprietress of a country farmhouse and her help

the other morning: "Manda, have you rung that second

"Yes, indeed; but I never see such people! Eight o'clock breakfast! Who ever heered o' such a thing! Why, I'm pretty near ready for dinner now."

"Oh, them folks dunno anything bout time. I can't see how they do it. we have been carried a little too far Six o'clock breakfast is late enough for

"There's that Mr. Craig, goes in his room and writes three hours a day, an' calls that werk." "Why, Eben'd saw a cord o' wood in

that time!" Eben would probably get 50 cents for his labor, while Mr. Craig, who is a well-known magazine contributor,

earns \$25. But let that pass. "Manda, if that Miss Clarke asks for any more stale bread, just tell her there ain't any. I want what I've got for the

flap-jacks," "My gracious, if nice hot biscuit ain't

"An' that finiky Mrs. Hall askin' if I mixed up my biscuit with a spoon! "Well, if her conscience is as clean as my hands are, then it's a mighty good

"Here they come! Look out for that and the sailors catch them to take home | pork steak, Manda, an' see that it don't

> Shooting Stars. Now doth the glad reporter write These interviews that burn And boom each citizen he knows For President in turn.

"No," replied Camilla; "didn't you PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court.

The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trade mark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupibity of other manufacturers is exdemand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

Not Quite Fitting. "I see you have a new organist,"

said the occasional attendant. "Yes," answered the medium, "the other fellow got entirely too fresh. We called up the spirit of Brigham Young last meeting, and what do you suppose the idiot played? 'Only One Girl in the World for Me!' "-Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself will be slow about going to law.

The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it in iscensable in every home. Stomsch troubles, colds and every form of cistress yield to it. The devil sees to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

Get Hindercorns and use it if you want to realize the comfort of being without corns. It takes them out perfectly, lôc, at druggis s. Good or bad company is the greatest blessing or greatest plague of lite.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use, Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free by Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Philk., Pa. Good fortune does not always travel in a

If the Baby is Cutting Teetn. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething-

On the day we have done no good we have done much evil. I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. Lorz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

If all our wishes were gratified how poor

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Fill man with whisky and he can giv

Coe's Cough Balsam

getall You can

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages: they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they cited by this high reputation and large lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

Scotts Emulsion.

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of

man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size

may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1.6 what it was a lt has many branch bouses, and supplies its goods and repairs
2d your door. It can and does furnish a
better article for less money than
others. It makes Pumping and
Geared, Steel, Galvanized afterCompletion Windmills, Tilling
and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw
Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed
Grinders. On application it will name one
of these articles that it will furnish until
January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for entalogue, Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago-



Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quick- er than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. AGENTS work Write Hill, 55 Fifth Av., Chicago.

CURES Rheumatism, Oil The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,



CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only like.

