

TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Anna Burns, of 828 Pine 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 well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she responded 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 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 so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet and occasionally I was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went on a street where 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 seized at 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 time in which it lasted did me some 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 almost 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 restoring 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 cent's worth, I feel as well as I can, 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 experience.



TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.
BY PERMISSION OF
RAND, McNALLY & CO.,
CHAPTER XII.

"JOHNSTONE!" 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 being."

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 afloat 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 reflected, too, that it mattered little to him who sailed the Speedwell, so long as she was safely carried into port; in fact, of the two men he preferred Johnstone, for, though he was less respectful than Worsley, he was at any rate beyond comparison more active and courageous.

"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 cabin.

"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 in the passage.

"And how is Captain Worsley getting on now?" he asked, as he came toward the other two.

"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 them."

Before Dick could speak the colonel intervened.

"I think you told me," he said to Johnstone, "that Captain Worsley showed an unreasonable prejudice against Captain Estcourt in particular?"

"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 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 ready to turn away to the more attractive society of Camilla and her brother-in-law. But he had scarcely yet recovered from his surprise at meeting Johnstone again so unexpectedly after twenty years, and made a remark to that effect as he went up on deck with the colonel.

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"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 of."

"Impossible!" exclaimed M. de Montaut; "that was the Spanish sailor Gildez, who was in the Hamilton with us."

"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 romantic 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."

"No," replied Camilla; "didn't you hear Captain Estcourt say that they are peculiar to St. Helena?"

"But surely they must have made their way across at some time or other the two islands are not so very far apart."

"It is curious," said Dick, "but I assure 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 a 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.

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"I don't quite see it," said Dick; "but no doubt you're right. I'd rather bite my tongue out than have her feelings, and I'm very grateful to you for the hint."

Rain now began to fall heavily and they were obliged to go below. The wind rose in gusty starts, sail 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.

Of the rest of the company on board they took but little heed. The mate never came to the way. The captain was reported still unable to stir outside his cabin, where Dick, after one or two more ineffectual requests for admittance, was quite content to leave him. The colonel had struck up a considerable intimacy with Johnstone, whom he pronounced to be not nearly such a ruffian as he looked. When the ship's motion was not too violent he went on tours of inspection with the new captain, and he was even found one morning alone in the hold, examining the cargo with incomprehensible energy and interest.

"I can't think," said Estcourt, laughing, "what on earth you can find to amuse you in the sight of all these casks and cases."

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"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 cabin."

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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 cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. 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 ineliminable 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 indispensable in every home. Stomach troubles, colics and every form of distress yield to it.

The devil sees to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

Get Hinderecorns and use it if you want to realize the comfort of being without corns. It takes them out so easily, free at drug stores. Good or bad company is the greatest blessing or greatest plague of life.

Good fortune does not always travel in a carriage.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Worsley'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. LOEY, 1365 3d St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

All our wishes were gratified how good we would be.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salvo. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Fill man with whisky and he can give the pig points.

Co's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray. Sold by Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Mo. Cures scalp disease, dandruff, itching, etc. Price 25 cents.

OPPIUM. Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Mo.

AGENTS: 212 to 214 A DAY TO YOU. Steady work. Write Hill, 212 Fifth St., Chicago.

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 upward. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1-3 bushels on a 40-acre 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 Carman settler was rewarded with 36,865 bushels of 985 acres—an average of 36 2/3 bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were 106 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs to the bushel. Of course every farmer has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 30, 35, 40 add more bushels to the acre. Roots and vegetables, too, rivalled the cereals in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely raised there being extensive ranches in Manitoba and the western country to the west of it, and the shipments of cattle have aggregated 45,000 head, sheep being also raised in large numbers. Dairying is being rapidly developed, and the recent establishment of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on account of the excellence of its butter and cheese. But what raises is Manitoba's distinctive feature, the soil being particularly adapted for the production of No. 1 herd, 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 large and the grade so high as in Manitoba.

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.

Difficulties of Arithmetic.

Struggling author—"Eldora, can't you keep that baby out about two minutes. His yells are enough to drive one wild."

Wife—"No, I can't. I've got to finish 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.

St. Jacobs 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 Cocos 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, DORCHESTER, MASS.