

# MRS. EDDY INTERVIEWED

HEAD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH NOT ILL.

TAKES HER CUSTOMARY DRIVE

Shows No Sign of Weakness Not Expected in Woman of Eighty-six and Says She Has No Other Physician Than God.

Concord, N. H., Oct. 31.—The representative of the Associated Press who interviewed Mrs. Baker G. Eddy, head of the Christian Science church, ten years ago, went to Pleasant View, Mrs. Eddy's home, and was granted another interview.

Although Mrs. Eddy shows her advanced age in some respects, her voice was clear and strong and she gave no evidence of decrepitude or of any weakness not to be expected of a woman in her eighty-sixth year.

The interview, which was granted to half a score newspaper representatives who had assembled in this city, after the publication of sensational stories in connection with Mrs. Eddy's health, was arranged by H. Cornell Wilson, head of the Christian Science Publishing company.

"Are you in perfect physical health, Mrs. Eddy?" was the first question.

"I am," was the brief reply.

"Have you any other physician than God?"

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Eddy with emphasis, and then she added, slowly and solemnly: "The everlasting arms are around and above me, which is enough."

Mrs. Eddy then abruptly started for her carriage to take her customary drive.

## W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

Spirited Appeal of Kansas Delegate to Put a Stop to White Slave Trade.

Hartford, Conn., Oct. 31.—There are 10,000 young women in Chicago who are obliged to work at \$5 a week and there are 5,000 saloons there too," said Mrs. Lurinda B. Smith of Kansas at the session of the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union, in presenting to the convention the difficulties with which the refuge work of the association has to contend. Mrs. Smith made a spirited appeal for the efforts of all the delegates from all parts of the country to put a stop to the white slave trade. The speaker cited instances of young women held in captivity and sold at auction in New York and asked why it was forty years after the civil war had been fought for the liberation of the black slaves, that slavery of young women should be tolerated in this country. She said that one of the most favorable signs was that seven nations recently banded together for the suppression of this awful vice.

## HEARST AND HUGHES BUSY

Snow and Rain Does Not Stop Campaigning in New York State.

New York, Oct. 31.—Snow failed to chill or rain to dampen the enthusiasm of thousands who turned out to hear and applaud the heads of the state tickets as they hurried through the western section of the state, stopping wherever feasible to speak briefly and shake hands with party supporters. The speeches were on familiar lines. Hughes promised a square deal for every citizen of the state should be elected. Hearst roundly scored the board of elections which decided against some League nominees and pleaded for freedom from corporation control of officeholders.

## Telephone War at Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—Official notice that the independent telephone interests have leased the telephone franchise of the Illinois Tunnel company, thereby securing an entrance into Chicago, was given to the city by the general counsel of the independent interests. This official notification marks the beginning of the telephone warfare between the Chicago Telephone and the new telephone companies which has been threatened for so long.

## Taft Speaks at Danville.

Danville, Ill., Oct. 31.—Secretary Taft spoke to an overflow audience in this city and then left for Omaha, Neb., where he speaks tonight. Mr. Taft urged the election of Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, discussed the anti-injunction bill, defined trusts and referred to the remedies adopted by a Republican congress for their regulation and emphasized the necessity of electing a Republican congress to "support the president in carrying out his policies."

## Bandit Asked to Restore Order.

London, Oct. 23.—The Tangier correspondent of the Times says in a dispatch that the local authorities, being powerless to take action, have invited the bandit Raisuli to restore order at Arzila.

# The PILLAR OF LIGHT

By LOUIS TRACY.

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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(Continued from Page Three.)

"Let me help you. It is a woman's privilege."

She stooped toward the tiny mites.

"You dear little babes," she said softly. "I can take mother's place for a time."

They knew her quite well, of course, and she seemed to be so much kinder and nicer now in her smart clothes than she was in the crowded disorder of the bedroom.

Mamie looked at Elsie, and the self-reliant Elsie said valiantly:

"Mamie an' me'll be glad if Mr. Pyne comes too."

Mr. Traill, who had never before seen tears in Mrs. Vansittart's eyes, found a ready excuse for her womanly sympathy.

"It seems to me," he said genially, "we are all of one mind. Come this way, Etta. And mind you stick close to us, Charlie, or the hall porter will throw you out if you attempt to enter the hotel in that costume."

He rattled on cheerfully, telling them how clothiers and milliners and all the storekeepers in the town, if they were needed, would wait on them at the hotel.

"In a couple of hours," he said, "you both can obtain sufficient things to render you presentable for a day or two. Don't forget we dine at 8. We ought to be a jolly party. I have asked Stanhope and his mother and those two girls to join us."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Vansittart faintly. "You must excuse me. I—"

"Now, Etta, my dear, you will not desert us tonight. Why, it seemed to me to be the only way in which we could all come together at once. I am only too sorry that Mr. Brand cannot be present. Surely he might have been spared from further duty at the lighthouse after what he has endured."

"They offered to relieve him at once, but he declined," said Pyne.

He looked out of the window of the carriage in which they were driving to the hotel. Constance had told him of the dinner arrangement, but he wished to ascertain if the definite absence of the lighthouse keeper would tend to reassure Mrs. Vansittart.

He was not mistaken. She did not reply at once. When she spoke, it was with a sigh of relief.

"I will not be very entertaining, I fear, but the young people will have plenty to tell you."

"For goodness sake, Etta, don't class yourself among the old fogies!" cried Mr. Traill. "Look at me—fifty-five and lively as a grasshopper."

"Please, is Mamie an' me 'vited, too?" whispered Elsie to Pyne.

"You two chicks will be curled up among the feathers at 8 o'clock," he told her. "Don't you go and worry 'bout any dinner parties. The sooner you go to sleep the quicker you'll wake up in the morning, and then we're going out to hunt—for what do you think?"

"Candles," said Mamie.

"Toys," cried Elsie, going one better.

"We're just going to find two of the loveliest and frillest and pinkiest cheeked dolls you ever saw. They'll have blue eyes as big as yours, Elsie, and their lips will be as red and round as yours, Mamie. They'll talk and say—and say all sorts of things when you pinch their little waists. So you two hurry up after you've had your supper, say your prayers and close your eyes, and when you open them you'll be able to yell for me to find that doll store mighty sharp."

"Say, Charlie," cried his uncle, "I never heard you reel off a screw like that before. Now, if I didn't know you were a confirmed young bachelor I would begin to have suspicions. Anyhow here's the hotel."

Two hours later, when uncle and nephew met in the private sitting room, where busy waiters were making preparations for dinner, Traill drew the younger man to the privacy of a window recess.

"Charlie," he confided, "affairs are in a tangle. Do you realize that my marriage was fixed for today?"

"That's so," was the laconic answer.

"Of course the wedding was postponed by fate, and, to add to my perplexities, there is a new attitude on Mrs. Vansittart's part. It puzzles me. We have been friends for some years, as you know. It seemed to be a perfectly natural outcome of our mutual liking for each other that we should agree to pass our declining years together. She is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but she makes no secret of her age, and the match was a suitable one in every respect."

"You can see as far through a stone wall as most people."

Pyne knew that his uncle's sharp eyes were regarding him steadily, but he continued to gaze into the street.

There was a moment's hesitation be-

fore Mr. Traill growled:

"You young dog, you!"

too. Mrs. Vansittart's eyes were fixed on his face. "What has happened. She is in her mind. Do you think she is about Edith?"

"Edith! Oh, of course—Edith christened afresh. No; that it would not be fair to you to say I think you are mistaken; but what I know of the lady, I feel she will meet you fairly when the time comes."

"Ah, you agree with me, then?"

"In admitting a doubt—in advising the delay you have already suggested—yes."

"She told you I had written?"

"More than that. She asked me if I was aware of its explanation."

"And you said?"

"Exactly what I said to you. You are both sensible people. I can hardly imagine that any misunderstanding can exist after an hour's talk."

Mr. Traill looked at his watch. A carriage stopped at the hotel.

"Here's Stanhope and his mother," cried Pyne. So his uncle hurried off to receive his guests.

Lady Margaret was a well preserved woman of aristocratic pose, but her serenity was disturbed. Although the land was ringing with the fame of her son's exploit, and her mother's heart was throbbing with pride, there had been tearful hours of vigil for her. Not without a struggle had she abandoned her hope that he would make a well endowed match.

When Constance and Edith arrived she was very stately and dignified, scrutinizing, with all a mother's incredulity, the girl who had caused her to capitulate.

But Edith scored a prompt success. She swept aside the almost unconscious reserve with which Jack's mother greeted her.

"You knew," she murmured wistfully. "We did not. They would not tell us. How you must have suffered until the news came that he had escaped."

Lady Margaret drew the timid girl nearer and kissed her.

"My dear," she whispered, "I am beginning to understand why Jack loves you. He is my only son, but you are worthy of him."

Mrs. Vansittart's appearance created a timely diversion. She had obtained a black lace dress. It accentuated the settled pallor of her face, but she was perfectly self possessed and uttered a nice womanly compliment to the two girls, who wore white demitoid costumes.

"You look delightful," she said.

"When all is said and done we women should never despise our wardrobe. That marvelous lighthouse had one grave defect in my eyes. It was dreadfully callous to feminine requirements."

Here was a woman rejuvenated, restored to her natural surroundings. They accounted for the subtle change in her by the fact that they had seen her hitherto under unfavorable conditions. Even Pyne, not wholly pleased with her in the past, found his critical judgment yielding when she apologized sweetly to Lady Margaret for her tardiness.

"There were two children saved from the wreck. Poor little mites, how they reveled in a hot bath! I could not leave them until they were asleep."

"I needed two hot baths," said Pyne.

"No. I dug me out of the shell, and No. 2 helped me to recognize myself."

During dinner there was much to tell and to hear. Mrs. Vansittart said little, save to interpose a word now and then when Constance or Edith would have skimmed too lightly the record of their own services.

They did not hurry over the meal. All were in the best possible spirits, and the miseries of the Gulf Rock might never have existed for this lively company were it not that four among them bore clear tokens of the deprivations they had endured.

A waiter interrupted their joyous chatter at its highest. He bent over Mr. Traill and discreetly conveyed some communication.

"I am delighted," cried the millionaire heartily. "Show him in at once."

He rose from his chair to do honor to an unexpected guest.

"You will all be pleased to hear," he explained, "that Mr. Brand is ashore and has come to see us."

Mrs. Vansittart stifled the cry on her lips. The slight color which had crept into her pale cheeks yielded to a deathly hue. It chanced that the others were looking expectantly toward the door and did not notice her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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