

## A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as a savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with overwork. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, irritable, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, or "sickness" rising in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret medicine of known composition.

A rogue stole an electric fan from a church in St. Louis. The sexton ventured the opinion that the thief would very like need it in the world to come.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A little Portland cement added to oatmeal while it is boiling will give it body.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

Cut glass should always be polished with sand paper.

## BUILT UP HER HEALTH

### SPEEDY CURE OF MISS GOODE

She is Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Writes Gratefully to Mrs. Pinkham.

For the wonderful help that she has found Miss Cora Goode, 255 E. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes at her duty to write the following letter for publication, in order that other women afflicted in the same way may be



Miss Cora Goode

benefited as she was. Miss Goode is president of the Bryn Mawr Lawn Tennis Club of Chicago. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"I tried many different remedies to build up my system, which had become run down from loss of proper rest and unreasonable hours, but nothing seemed to help me. Mother is a great advocate of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles, having used it herself some years ago with great success. So I began to take it, and in less than a month I was able to be out of bed and out of doors, and in three months I was entirely well. Really I have never felt so strong and well as I have since."

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacement of organs, inflammation or ulceration, can be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Her experience is very great, and she gives the benefit of it to all who stand in need of wise counsel. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

# Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

## CHAPTER I.

A wild bleak-looking coast, with huge water-worn promontories jutting out into the sea, during the tempestuous fury of the waves, which dashed furiously in sheets of seething foam against the iron rocks. Two of these headlands ran out for a considerable distance, and at the base of each ragged cruel-looking rocks stretched still further out into the ocean until they entirely disappeared beneath the heaving waste of waters. Suddenly on the red waters there appeared a black speck, rising and falling with the restless waves, and ever drawing nearer and nearer to the gloomy cliffs and sandy beach. When within a quarter of a mile of the shore the speck resolved itself into a boat, a mere shallop, painted a dingy white, and much battered by the waves as it tossed lightly on the crimson waters. It had one mast and a small sail all torn and patched. In this frail craft were two men, one of whom was kneeling in the prow of the boat shading his eyes from the sunlight with his hands and gazing eagerly at the cliffs, while the other sat in the center with bowed head, in an attitude of resignation, holding the straining sail by a stout rope twisted round his arm. Neither of them spoke a word till within a short distance of the beach, when the man at the lookout arose, tall and gaunt, and stretched out his hands to the inhospitable-looking coast with a harsh exulting laugh.

"At last," he cried, in a hoarse, strained voice, and in a foreign tongue; "freedom at last."  
The other man made no comment on this outburst of his companion, but kept his eyes steadfastly on the bottom of the boat, where lay a small barrel and a bag of mouldy biscuits.

There was a strong contrast between these two waifs of the sea which the ocean had just thrown up on the desolate coast. One was a tall, slightly built young fellow, apparently about thirty years of age, with leonine masses of reddish colored hair, and a short, stubby beard of the same tint. His face, pale and attenuated by famine, looked sharp and clever; and his eyes were quite black, with thin, delicately drawn eyebrows above them. They scintillated with a peculiar light which gave any one looking at him an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity. The young man's hands, though hardened and discolored, were yet finely formed, while even the coarse, heavy boots he wore could not disguise the delicacy of his feet. He was dressed in a rough blue suit of clothes, all torn and much stained by sea water, and his head was covered with a red cap of wool-work which rested lightly on his tangled masses of hair. The man at his feet was a rough, heavy-looking fellow, squarely and massively built, with black hair and a heavy beard of the same somber hue. His hands were long and sinewy; his feet large and ungainly; and his whole appearance was that of a man in a low station of life. No one could have told the color of his eyes, for he looked obstinately at the ground; and the expression of his face was sullen and forbidding. His companion eyed him for a short time in a cool, calculating manner, and then rose painfully to his feet.

"So," he said rapidly in French, waving his hand toward the frowning cliffs, "so, my Pierre, we are in the land of promise; though I must confess it certainly does not look very promising; still, we are on dry land, and that is something after tossing about so long in that stupid boat, with only a plank between us and death. Bah!"—with another impressive shrug—"why should I call it stupid? It carried us all the way from New Caledonia and landed us safely in what may turn out Paradise. We must not be ungrateful to the bridge that carried us over—eh, my friend?"

The man addressed as Pierre nodded an assent, then pointed toward the boat; the other looked up and saw that the tide had risen, and that the boat was drifting slowly away from the land.

"It goes," he said coolly, "back again to its proper owner, I suppose. Well, let it. We have no further need of it. We are no longer convicts from a French prison, my friend, but shipwrecked sailors; you hear?"—with a sudden scintillation from his black eyes—"shipwrecked sailors; and I will tell the story of the wreck. Luckily, I can depend on your discretion, as you have not even a tongue to contradict, which you wouldn't do if you had."

The dumb man rose slowly to his feet and pointed to the cliffs frowning above them. The other answered his thoughts with a careless shrug of the shoulders.

"We must climb," he said lightly, "and let us hope the top will prove less inhospitable than this place. Where we are I don't know, except that this is Australia; there is gold here, my friend, and we must get our share of it. We will match our Gallic wit against these English fools, and see who comes off best. You have strength, I have brains; so we will do great things; but"—laying his hand impressively on the other's breast—"no quarrel, no yielding, you see!"

He crept along the narrow ledge and scrambled with great difficulty into a niche above, holding on by the weeds and sparse grasses which grew out of the crannies of the barren crag. Followed by his companion, he went steadily up, clinging to projecting rocks—long trails of

tough grass and anything else he could hold on to. Every now and then some seabird would dash out into their faces with wild cries and nearly cause them to lose their foothold in the sudden start. Then the herbage began to grow more luxuriant and the cliff to slope in an easy incline. At last, after half an hour's hard work, they managed to get to the top, and threw themselves breathlessly on the short dry grass which fringed the rough cliff. Lying there half fainting with fatigue and hunger, they could hear the drowsy thunder of the waves below. The rest did them good, and in a short time they were able to rise to their feet and survey the situation. In front was the sea, and at the back the grassy undulating country, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, now becoming faint and indistinct in the rapidly falling shadows of the night. They could also see horses and cattle moving in the distant fields, which showed that there must be some human habitation near, and suddenly from a far distant house which they had not observed shone a bright light, which became to these weary waifs of the ocean a star of hope.

They looked at one another in silence, and then the young man turned toward the ocean again.

"Behind," he said, pointing to the east, "lies a French prison and two ruined lives—yours and mine—but in front," swinging round to the rich fields, "there is fortune, food and freedom. Come, my friend, let us follow that light, which is our star of hope, and who knows what glory may await us. The old life is dead, and we start our lives in this new world with all the bitter experiences of the old to teach us wisdom—come!" And without another word he walked slowly down the slope toward the inland, followed by the dumb man with his head still bent and his air of sullen resignation.

## CHAPTER II.

In the early days of Australia, when the gold fever was at its height and the marvellous Melbourne of to-day was more like an enlarged camp than anything else, there was a man called Robert Curtis, who arrived in the new land of Ophir with many others to seek his fortune. Mr. Curtis was of good family, but had married a pretty girl, whose face was her fortune, and who was born, as the story books say, of poor but honest parents. Poverty and honesty, however, were not sufficient recommendations in the eyes of Mr. Curtis, senior, to excuse such a match; so he promptly expelled his son from the family circle. That young gentleman and his wife came out to Australia filled with ambitious dreams of acquiring a fortune, and then of returning to heap coals of fire on the heads of those who had turned them out.

These dreams, however, were destined never to be realized, for within a year after their arrival in Melbourne Mrs. Curtis died giving birth to a little girl, and Robert Curtis found himself once more alone in the world with the incumbrance of a small child. He, however, was not a man who wore his heart on his sleeve, and did not show much outward grief, though, no doubt, he sorrowed deeply enough for the loss of the pretty girl for whom he had sacrificed so much. At all events, he made up his mind at once what to do; so, placing his child under the care of an old lady, he went to Ballarat, and set to work to make his fortune.

He succeeded beyond even his own expectations. Miss Curtis became the belle of Melbourne, and soon had crowds of suitors around her. Her father, however, determined to find a husband for her whom he could trust, and was looking for one when he suddenly died, leaving his daughter an orphan and a wealthy woman.

Her suitors—numerous and persistent—soon returned to her feet. One of these, a penniless young Englishman called Randolph Villiers, paid her such marked attention that in the end Miss Curtis, contrary to the wishes of her friends, married him.

As soon as Villiers found himself in full possession of his wife's fortune he immediately proceeded to spend all the money he could lay his hands on. He gambled away large sums of money at his club, he bet extensively on the turf, Mrs. Villiers put up with this conduct for some time, but when Villiers actually proceeded to ill-treat her in order to force her to give up the money her father had settled on her, she rebelled. She tore off her wedding ring, threw it at his feet, renounced his name, and went to Ballarat with her old nurse and the remnants of her fortune.

She was of too restless and ambitious a nature to be content with an idle life, and though the money she still possessed was sufficient to support her in comfort, yet she felt that she must do something, if only to keep her thoughts from dwelling on those bitter years of married life. The most obvious thing to do in Ballarat was to go in for gold mining, and chance having thrown in her way a mate of her father's, she determined to devote herself to that, being influenced in her decision by the old digger. This man, by name Archibald McIntosh, was a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman, who had been in Ballarat when the diggings were in the height of their fame, and who knew all about the

lie of the country and where the richest leads had been in the old days. He told Mrs. Villiers that her father and himself had worked together on a lead then known as the Devil's Lead, which was one of the richest ever discovered in the district. Fortunately the place where it was situated had not been renowned for gold in the early days, and it had passed into the hands of a man who used it as pasture land, quite ignorant of the wealth which lay beneath. When Mrs. Villiers came up to Ballarat this man wanted to sell the land; so, acting under the urgent advice of McIntosh, she sold out all the investments which she had and purchased the whole tract of country where the old miner assured her solemnly the Devil's Lead was to be found.

Then she built a house near the mine, and taking her old nurse, Selina Spratts, and Archibald McIntosh to live with her, sank a shaft in the place indicated by the latter. People who heard of her taking the land were astonished at first, but they soon began to admire the plucky way in which she fought down her ill-luck for the first year of her venture. All at once matters changed; she made a lucky speculation in the share market, and the Pactolus claim began to pay. Mrs. Villiers became mixed up in mining matters, and bought and sold on "Change with such foresight and promptitude of action that she soon began to make a lot of money. Stock brokers, struck with her persistent good fortune, christened her Madame Midas, after that Greek king whose touch turned everything into gold.

When Mr. Villiers therefore arrived in Ballarat he found his wife universally respected and widely known as Madame Midas, so he went to see her, expecting to be kept in luxurious ease for the rest of his life. He soon, however, found himself mistaken, for his wife told him plainly she would have nothing to do with him, and that if he dared to show his face at the Pactolus claim she would have him turned off by her men. He threatened to bring the law into force to make her live with him, but she laughed in his face, and said she would bring a divorce suit against him if he did so; and as Mr. Villiers' character could hardly bear the light of day, he retreated, leaving Madame in full possession of the field.

He stayed, however, in Ballarat, and took up stock broking—living a kind of hand-to-mouth existence, bragging of his former splendor, and grumbling at his wife for what he pleased to call her cruelty. Every now and then he would pay a visit to the Pactolus, and try to see her, but McIntosh was a vigilant guard, and the miserable creature was always compelled to go back to his Bohemian life without accomplishing his object of getting money from the wife he had deserted.

People talked, of course, but Madame did not mind. She had tried married life, and had been disappointed; her old ideas of belief in human nature had passed away; in short, the girl who had been the belle of Melbourne as Miss Curtis and Mrs. Villiers had disappeared, and the stern, clever, cynical woman who managed the Pactolus claim was a new being called "Madame Midas."

## CHAPTER III.

Every one has heard of the oldest inhabitant—that wonderful piece of antiquity, with white hair, garrulous tongue and cast-iron memory—who was born with the past century—and remembers the battle of Waterloo, and the invention of the steam engine.

Ballarat, no doubt, possesses many of these precious pieces of antiquity hidden in obscure corners, but one especially was known, not only in the Golden City but throughout Victoria. His name was Slivers—plain Slivers, as he said himself—and, from a physical point of view, he certainly spoke the truth. What his Christian name was no one ever knew; he called himself Slivers, and so did every one else.

Slivers was reputed rich, and Arabian Nights like stories were told of his boundless wealth, but no one ever knew the exact amount of money he had, and as Slivers never volunteered any information on the subject, no one ever did know. He was a small, wizened-looking little man, who usually wore a suit of clothes a size too large for him, wherein scandal mongers averred his body rattled like a dried pea in a pod. His hair was white, and fringed the lower portion of his yellow little scalp in a most deceptive fashion. With his hat on Slivers looked sixty; take it off and his bald head immediately added ten years to his existence. His one eye was bright and sharp, of a grayish color, and the loss of the other was replaced by a greasy black patch, which gave him a sinister appearance. He was clean shaven, and had no teeth. He carried on the business of a mining agent, and knowing all about the country and the intricacies of the mines, he was one of the cleverest speculators in Ballarat.

The office of Slivers was in Sturt street, in a dirty, tumble-down cottage wedged between two handsome modern buildings. It was a remnant of old Ballarat, which had survived the rage for new houses and highly ornamented terraces.

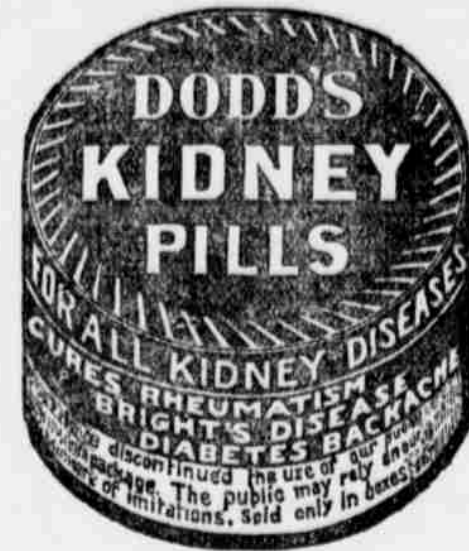
The warm sunlight poured through the dingy windows of the office, and filled the dark room with a sort of somber glory. The atmosphere of Slivers' office was thick and dusty. Slivers had pushed all the scrip and loose papers away, and was writing a letter in the little clearing caused by their removal. On the old-fashioned ink stand was a paper full of grains of gold. Billy, a parrot, seated on Slivers' shoulders, was astonished at this, and, inspired by a spirit of adventure, he climbed down and waddled clumsily across the table to the inkstand, where he seized a small nugget in his beak and made off with it. Slivers looked up from his writing suddenly; so, being detected, Billy stopped and looked at him, still carrying the nugget in his beak.

(To be continued.)

Self-interest has shattered many a man's lofty ideals.

The city council of Birmingham, England has increased the number of women health inspectors from four to 20, because of the excellent results achieved in the homes of the poor and in the factories. In the same city the policemen have been taught the principles of "first aid."

In New York city are about 700 signs that read "Watchmaker," and not a single one of them belongs to a watchmaker, and few that have them could make a watch, and if they could and did the watch would cost about \$100, while any of them can sell a better watch for \$20 that came from a great factory.



In the fourteenth century the barber's craft was recognized as a profession, being allied to surgery. The barbers were confined, as to surgery to the letting of blood and leeching, and the extracting of teeth, but the surgeons were prohibited from shaving the face.

The busy stork is responsible for the delay in issuing a paper in Arizona. At least, the editor says so; and he further adds: It being the sixth girl it came near paralyzing us.

### HAD TO USE A CANE.

Weakened Kidneys Made an Elwood, Ind., Man's Back Give Out.

R. A. Pugh, transfer business, 2020 North B street, Elwood, Ind., says:

"Kidney trouble kept me laid up for a long time, and when I was able to be up I had to use a cane. I had terrible backaches and pain in the shoulders. The kidney secretions were dark colored. After doctoring in vain, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured me entirely, and I am glad to recommend them."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

According to the American Manufacturer, the coal deposits of North America are estimated to contain nearly as much as those of Europe, or 881,000,000,000 tons, but even this gigantic figure is completely dwarfed by Asia's wealth of coal, as to which it is at present impossible to make an even approximate estimate.

Book muslin or scrim embroidered in bold designs with red or blue cotton makes nice pillow covers. Large connecting circles, squares of discs irregularly scattered are good designs that can be simply drawn with a pencil.

## NERVOUS COLLAPSE

Sinking Spells, Headaches and Rheumatism all Yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Lizzie Williams, of No. 416 Cedar street, Quincy, Ill., says: "Ever since I had nervous prostration, about thirteen years ago, I have had periodical spells of complete exhaustion. The doctor said my nerves were shattered. Any excitement or unusual activity would throw me into a state of lifelessness. At the beginning my strength would come back in a moderate time after each attack, but the period of weakness kept lengthening until at last I would lie helpless as many as three hours at a stretch. I had dizzy feelings, palpitation of the heart, misery after eating, hot flashes, nervous headaches, rheumatic pains in the back and hips. The doctor did me so little good that I gave up his treatment, and really feared that my case was incurable."

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my appetite grew keen, my food no longer distressed me, my nerves were quieted to a degree that I had not experienced for years and my strength returned. The fainting spells left me entirely after I had used the third box of the pills, and my friends say that I am looking better than I have done for the past fifteen years."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended for diseases that come from impoverished blood such as anaemia, rheumatism, debility and disorders of the nerves such as neuralgia, nervous prostration and partial paralysis. They have cured the most stubborn indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills agree with the most delicate stomach, quiet all nervousness, stir up every organ to do its proper work and give strength that lasts.

Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.