

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken-down by over-work, exacting special duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless safeguard to insure the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, back-ache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary spots or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, ante-version or retro-version or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

The timber used in Chinese coffins is from eight to ten inches in thickness.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 30,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists. See Sample Price. Address Allen S. Gimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Chicago millionaire manifested a sudden and inexplicable taste for art, and, among other sculptures, ordered a replica of the Venus of Milo, to be delivered at his home. When the case arrived and was opened, the millionaire discovered there were no arms and threatened to bring action against the railroad company for damages. The company sent an official to inquire into the matter, found the arms were missing—and paid.

It is true that Niagara Falls took a rest for one day, and was almost entirely dry, very little water passing over the edge. It was on the morning of March 31, 1848, when it was noticed that the falls were dry; and the condition continued until the next morning. People in the neighborhood missed the noise of the usual rush and roar, and all day sightseers wandered dry-shod out in the bed of the river and along the edges of the bare precipices of rock over which only small quantities of water were trickling. The previous winter had been very severe, causing ice of unusual thickness to form on Lake Erie, and when the spring break-up came a great gale first piled the ice-tops on top of one another in huge walls, and then drove them into the Niagara River with such force that they formed a mighty dam, and stopped the flow of water into the river until the enormous pressure from the lake broke it down.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

A New Drink to Replace the Old Time "Apple-Jack."

Twenty-five years ago the custom of making New Year's calls was a delightful one for all concerned, until some of the boys got more "egg-nog" or "apple-jack" than they could successfully carry.

Then the ladies tried to be charitable and the gentlemen tried to be as chivalrous as ever and stand up at the same time.

If anyone thinks there has not been considerable improvement made in the last quarter of a century in the use of alcoholic beverages, let him stop to consider, among other things, the fact that the old custom of New Year's calls and the genteel tipping is nearly obsolete.

The custom of calling on one's friends, however, at the beginning of the new year, is a good habit, and another good habit to start at that time is the use of well-made Postum instead of coffee or spirits.

A Staten Island doctor has a sensible daughter who has set Postum before her guests as a good thing to drink at Yule Tide, and a good way to begin the New Year. Her father writes:

"My daughter and I have used Postum for some time past and we feel sure it contains wholesome food material."

"I shall not only recommend it to my patients, but my daughter will be most pleased to give a demonstration of Postum to our Christmas and New Year's callers." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"What are these?" he asked, touching the white blossoms lightly with his finger. "I do declare it's that hemlock!" said Martha, in surprise, pulling the white flowers out of the bunch; "and I never knew it was there. Pah!" and she threw the blossoms down with a gesture of disgust. "How they smell!"

Gaston picked up one of the flowers and crushed it between his fingers, upon which it gave out a peculiar mousy odor eminently disagreeable. It was hemlock sure enough, and he wondered how such a plant had come into Australia.

"Does it grow in your garden?" he asked Martha.

"That damsel intimated it did, and offered to show him the plant, so that he could believe his own eyes. Vandeloup assented eagerly, and they were soon in the flower garden at the back of the house, which was blazing with vivid colors, in the hot glare of the sunshine.

"There you are," said Miss Twesby, pointing to a corner of the garden near the fence where the plant was growing; "par brought a lot of seeds from home, and that beastly thing got mixed up with them. Par keeps it growing, though, because no one else has got it. It's quite a curiosity."

Vandeloup bent down and examined the plant, with its large, round, smooth, purple-spotted stem—its smooth, shining green leaves, and the tiny white flowers with their disagreeable odor.

"Yes, it is hemlock," he said, half to himself; "I did not know it could be grown here. Some day, Mademoiselle," he said, turning to Miss Twesby, and walking back to the house with her, "I will ask you to let me have some of the roots of this plant to make an experiment with."

"As much as you like," said the fair Martha, amiably. "What are you going to make out of it?"

"Nothing particular," returned Vandeloup, with a yawn, as they entered the house and stopped at the door of Pierre's room. "I'm a bit of a chemist, and amuse myself with these things."

"You are clever," observed Martha, admiringly; "but here's that man's room—we didn't give him the best"—apologetically—"as miners are so rough."

"Mademoiselle," said Vandeloup eagerly, as she turned to go, "I see there are a few blossoms of hemlock left in your flowers there," touching it with his finger; "will you give them to me?"

Martha Twesby started; surely this was the long-expected come at last—she had secured a lover; and such a lover—handsome, young, gallant—the very hero of her dreams. She almost fainted in delightful surprise, and unfastening the flowers with trembling fingers, gave them to Gaston. He placed them in a button-hole of his flannel coat.

"Well," she said to herself, "if that isn't a case of love at first sight, then my name ain't Martha Twesby," and she sat down in the bar with her nerves all of a flutter, as she afterward told a female friend who dropped in sometimes for a friendly cup of tea.

Gaston closed the door after him, and found himself in a moderately large room. There were two beds, and on the farthest of these Pierre was sleeping heavily. Going over to him, Vandeloup touched him slightly, and with a spring the dumb man sat up as if he expected to be arrested, and was all on the alert to escape.

"It's only I, my friend," said Gaston, in French, crossing over to the other bed and sitting on it. "Come here; I wish to speak to you."

Pierre rose from his sleeping place and, stumbling across the room, stood before Gaston with downcast eyes. Gaston coolly threw his straw hat on the bed and then, curling one leg inside the other, looked long and keenly at Pierre.

"You saw Madame's husband to-day?" he said sharply, still eyeing the slouching figure before him, that seemed so restless under his steady gaze.

Pierre nodded and shuffled his large feet.

"Sit down," said Vandeloup, in a peremptory tone, pointing to the floor. "I wish to tell you what I think. I need hardly remind you that when we landed in Australia I told you that there was war between ourselves and society, and that, at any cost, we must try to make money so far, we have only been able to earn an honest livelihood—a way of getting rich which you must admit is remarkably slow. Here, however, is a chance of making, if not a fortune, at least a good sum of money at one stroke. This M. Villiers is going to rob his wife, and his plan will no doubt be this: He will lie in wait for her, and when she drives slowly down the hill he will spring on to the trap and perhaps attempt to kill her; at all events, he will seize the box containing the nugget, and try to make off with it. How he intends to manage it I cannot tell you—it must be left to the chapter of accidents; but when he does get the nugget we must obtain it from him."

Pierre looked up and drew his hand across his throat.

"Not necessarily," returned Vandeloup, coolly; "I know your adage, 'dead men tell no tales,' but it is a mistake—they do, and to kill him is dangerous. No, if we snare him we can go off with the

nugget, and then make our way to Melbourne, where we can get rid of it quietly. As to Madame Midas, if her husband allows her to live, I will make our excuses to her for leaving the mine. Now, I'm going up to M. Marchurst's house, so you can meet me at the top of the hill, at eight o'clock to-night. Madame will probably start at half-past eight or nine, so that will give us plenty of time to see what M. Villiers is going to do."

They both rose to their feet. Then Vandeloup put on his hat and, going to the glass, arranged his tie in as cool and nonchalant a manner as if he had been merely planning the details for a picnic instead of a possible crime. Humming a merry tune, he walked gaily out of the room to the bar.

"This heat is enervating, and I'm going to walk up to Black Hill. By the way, Mademoiselle," he said, "as I see there are two beds in my friend's room I will stay here all night."

"You shall have the best room," said Martha, decidedly.

"You are too kind," replied M. Vandeloup, coolly, "but I prefer to stay with my silent friend. He was one of the sailors in the ship when I was wrecked, as you have no doubt heard, and looks upon me as a sort of fetish."

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Villiers walked in a leisurely manner along the lower part of the town, with the intent of going up to his destination through an old mining gully. Arriving on the plateau of earth just in front of the gully, he tramped along in deep thought. The way being narrow, and Villiers being preoccupied, it was not surprising that as a man was coming down in the opposite direction, also preoccupied, they should run against one another.

"Really, sir," said the stranger, in a rich, rolling voice, and in a dignified tone, "I think you might look where you are going. From what I saw of you, your eyes were not fixed on the stars, and thus to cause your unwatched feet to stumble; in fact," said the speaker, looking up to the sky, "I see no stars whereon you could fix your gaze."

This somewhat strange mode of remonstrance was delivered in a solemn manner, with appropriate gestures, and tickled Mr. Villiers so much that he leaped against a great rock abutting on the path, and laughed long and loudly.

"That's right, sir," said the stranger, approvingly; "laughter is to the soul what food is to the body. I think, sir, the thought is a happy one."

Villiers assented with a nod and examined the speaker attentively. He was a man of medium height, rather portly than otherwise, with a clean-shaven face, clearly-cut features, and two merry gray eyes, which twinkled like stars as they rested on Villiers. He had small, well-shaped hands, one of which grasped a light cane, and the other a white silk pocket handkerchief, with which he frequently wiped his brow. He seemed very hot and, leaning on the opposite side of the path against a rock, fanned himself with his hat, all the time looking at Mr. Villiers with a beaming smile.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Villiers, wondering whether the portly gentleman was mad.

For reply the stranger dived into another pocket and, bringing to light a long billposter, held it up before Mr. Villiers.

"Read! mark! and inwardly digest," he said in a muffled tone behind the bill.

This document set forth in red, black and blue letters that the celebrated Wopples Family, consisting of twelve star artists, were now in Ballarat, and would that night appear at the Academy of Music in "The Cruet-Stand." Act I.: Pepper! Act II.: Mustard. Act III.: Vinegar.

"You, then," said Villiers, after he had perused this document, "are Mr. Wopples?"

"Theodore Wopples, at your service," said that gentleman, and rolling up the bill, then putting it into his pocket, he produced therefrom a batch of tickets. "One of these," handing a ticket to Villiers, "will admit you to the stalls to-night, where you will see myself and the children in 'The Cruet-Stand.'"

"Rather a peculiar title, isn't it?" said Villiers, taking the ticket.

"The play is still more peculiar, sir," replied Mr. Wopples, restoring the bulky packet of tickets to his pocket, "dealing as it does with the adventures of a youth who hides his father's will in the cruet stand, which is afterward annexed by a comic bailiff."

"It's very kind of you to give me this ticket," said Villiers, in whom the gentlemanly instinct still survived.

"Not at all; not at all," retorted Mr. Wopples, with a wink. "Business, my boy, business. Always have a good house full at night, so must go into the highways and byways for an audience," and with a gracious wave of his hand he skipped lightly down the path and disappeared from sight.

It was now getting dark; so Mr. Villiers went on his way, and having selected a mining shaft where he could hide the nugget, he climbed up to the top of the Hill, and lying down under the shadow

of a rock where he could get a good view of Marchurst's house, he waited patiently till such time as his wife would start for home.

"I'll pay you out for all you've done," he muttered to himself as he lay curled up in the black shadow like a noisome reptile. "Tit for tat, my lady!—tit for tat!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Dinner at Mr. Marchurst's house was not a particularly exhilarating affair. As a matter of fact, though dignified with the name of dinner, it was nothing more than one of those mixed meals known as high tea.

After dinner Madame sat and talked with Marchurst, but Kitty went outside into the warm darkness of the summer night, and tried to pierce the gloom to see if her lover was coming. She was rewarded, for M. Vandeloup came up about half-past eight o'clock, having met Pierre as arranged. Pierre had found out Villiers in his hiding place, and was watching him while Villiers watched the house. Being, therefore, quite easy in his mind that things were going smoothly, Vandeloup came up to the porch where Kitty was eagerly waiting for him, and taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly. Then, after assuring himself that Madame was safe with Marchurst, he put his arm round Kitty's waist, and they walked up and down the path with the warm wind blowing in their faces, and the perfume of the wattle blossoms permeating the drowsy air.

Suddenly they heard the noise of a chair being pushed back inside the house, and knew that Madame was getting ready to go. They moved simultaneously toward the door, but in the porch Gaston paused for a moment, and caught Kitty by the arm.

"Behé," he whispered softly, "when Madame is gone I am going down the hill to Ballarat, so you will walk with me a little way, will you not?"

Of course, Kitty was only too delighted at being asked to do so, and readily consented, then ran quickly into the house, followed by Vandeloup.

"You here?" cried Madame in surprise, pausing for a moment in the act of putting on her bonnet. "Why are you not at the theater?"

"I am going, Madame," replied Gaston, calmly, "but I thought I would come up in order to assist you to put the nugget in the trap."

"Oh, Mr. Marchurst would have done that," said Madame, much gratified at Vandeloup's attention. "I'm sorry you should miss your evening's pleasure for that."

"Ah, Madame, I do but exchange a lesser pleasure for a greater one," said the gallant Frenchman, with a pleasant smile; "but are you sure you will not want me to drive you home?"

"Not at all," said Madame, as they all went outside; "I am quite safe."

"Still, with this," said Mr. Marchurst, bringing up the rear, with the nugget now safely placed in its wooden box, "you might be robbed."

"Not!" replied Mrs. Villiers brightly, as the horse and trap were brought round to the gate by Brown. "No one knows I've got it in the trap, and besides, no one can catch up with Rory when he once starts."

Marchurst put the nugget under the seat of the trap, but Madame was afraid it might slip out by some chance, so she put the box containing it in front, and then her feet on the box, so that it was absolutely impossible that it could get lost without her knowing. Then saying good-by to every one, and telling M. Vandeloup to be on at the Pateolis before noon the next day, she gathered up the reins and drove slowly down the hill, much to the delight of Mr. Villiers, who was getting tired of waiting. Kitty and Vandeloup straggled off in the moonlight, while Marchurst went back to the house.

Villiers arose from his hiding place, and looked up savagely at the serene moon, which was giving far too much light for his scheme to succeed. Fortunately, however, he saw a great black cloud rapidly advancing which threatened to hide the moon; so he set off down the hill at a run in order to catch his wife at a part of the road some distance down, where she would be compelled to go slowly, and thus give him a chance to spring on the trap and take her by surprise. But quick as he was, Pierre was quicker, and both Vandeloup and Kitty could see the two black figures running rapidly along in the moonlight.

"Who are those?" asked Kitty, with a sudden start. "Are they going a'we Madame?"

"Little goose," whispered her lover, with a laugh, "if they are they will never catch up to that horse. It's all right, Behé, with a reassuring smile, seeing that Kitty still looked somewhat alarmed, "they are only some miners out on a frolic."

Thus pacified, Kitty laughed gaily, and they wandered along in the moonlight, talking all the fond and foolish nonsense they could think of.

Meanwhile the great black cloud had completely hidden the moon, and the whole landscape was quite dark. This annoyed Madame, as, depending on the moonlight, the lamps of the trap were not lighted, and she could not see in the darkness how to drive down a very awkward bit of road that she was now on.

It was very steep, and there was a high bank on one side, while on the other there was a fall of about ten feet. She felt annoyed at the darkness, but on looking up saw that the cloud would soon pass, so drove on slowly quite content. Unluckily she did not see the figure on the high bank which ran along stealthily beside her, and while turning a corner, Mr. Villiers—for it was he—dropped suddenly from the bank on to the trap, and caught her by the throat.

(To be continued.)

There will come a thrashing time for those who sow wild oats.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anæmia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anæmia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deadly sensations would come over me.

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefitting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anæmia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

If qualities are contagious as well as disease; and the mind is at least as much liable to infection as the body.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of HALL'S CATARRH CURE, which is cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The poorest way for a woman to catch a man is to pursue him.

FILLING UP THE CANADIAN WEST

The American Settler Is Welcomed to Canada.

A number of the leading newspapers on this side of the line have been noticing the growth of the Canadian West in recent years, and draw attention to the fact that there seems to be no abatement of the influx of settlers to that great grain-growing country. The Buffalo Express thus refers to the subject:

"Canada West continues to grow. There were 4,174 homestead entries there in July of this year, as against 3,571 in July, 1905. Canada plumes herself over this fact with becoming pride. But what appears to make our neighbors happiest is the statement that of these 4,174 homesteaders, 1,212 were from this side of the line. Little is said about the 97 Canadians who re-crossed the border to take up homes in Canada West, or of the 1,236 from Great Britain, or of the 1,236 from non-British countries. It appears that the item in this July report that makes Canada rejoice most is this of the 1,212 American farmers who decided to try their fortunes in Canada West."

"The compliment is deserved. The 1,212 were mostly from Dakota and other farming States, and go into Canada fitted better than any other class of immigrants for developing the new country. They take capital with them, too, say Canadian papers proudly. In every way they are welcome over there."

As the Express well says, the American is welcomed to Canada, and the reasons given are sufficient to invite the welcome. The American farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canadian prairie provinces, and is aware of every phase of agricultural development in recent years. In practical knowledge of what is wanted to get the largest return for labor and investment he is by long odds superior to any European settler. He knows what is required to bring success, and he is able and willing to do it, and his future causes no apprehension to the successful Canadian farmer.

The agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, says that the difference between the manners and customs of the farmer from Dakota, Oregon or Minnesota and the farmer from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is not nearly so marked as that between the farmer of the Maritime provinces and the Ontario tiller of the soil. Hence the welcome to the free homesteaders of the Canadian West (and there are hundreds of thousands of them left) that is extended to the settler from the Western States.