

### The Last Chance.

MRS JOHNSON HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE HER LIFE.

Now Does the Work of Three Average Women.

From the Ledger, Mexico, Mo.

Mrs. Lucinda Johnson lives in Mexico, Mo. The Ledger has just succeeded in obtaining an interview with her. This is the substance of her story:

In the winter of '22 and '23 Mrs. Johnson was, like many of her friends, attacked with a gripper. Yes, we're most of us had it and know its wrecking powers, when it gets in its work on a good constitution.

Well, Mrs. Johnson, along about Christmas, was prostrated. All the medical aid here in the city only "brought her around," as an "herbs and roots" female sympathizer expressed it, and she was left in a debilitated and exhausted condition, and experienced a constant pain in her left side. She was wholly unfit for her domestic duties and was unable to do any work about the house, even after the gripper fever and its characteristic sickness had left her. She is a constant member of the church, and one Sunday, between the Sunday school and church services, being barely able to be conveyed there, she heard of a miracle that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had performed, and she resolved to try them.

It was like the drowning man grabbing at the last straw. It was her last and only chance to save her life. She procured one box of these pills from the south side drug store, French & Garrett, in this city, and by the time she had used half the box she and her watchful friends noticed a marked improvement in her condition. Taking the rest of the box of pills and one more box she recovered remarkably in an exceedingly short time. Before she had used the first box she resumed her household duties, and has been steadily at work for the last eighteen months. It took only a few boxes, perhaps five or six, to entirely cure her. Since then she was attacked by rheumatism, caused from careless exposure, but by at once taking the Pink Pills for Pale People she drove that painful and dreadful malady away. She told the reporter that whenever she felt that she was going to be ill, she took one or two of the pills, and she never got sick. Mrs. Johnson is perfectly healthy now and promises to live to a ripe old age. Her friends have never ceased to talk about her almost miraculous recovery and are loud in their praise of the Pink Pills for Pale People, and all who have tried them say they would not be without them under any conditions.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, chronic erysipelas, etc. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**Doubtful Arrangement.**

In his desire to use fine language the darkey sometimes allows his ideas and statements to become a trifle confused, as well as confusing.

"Some years ago a handbill announcing a 'colored picnic' to be held in a grove near a southern city was freely circulated. After various highly entertaining announcements, relating to the delights in store for the partakers in this entertainment the bill concluded with the following puzzling note printed in italics:

"Good behavior will be strictly and reservedly enjoined upon all present, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to mar the pleasure of the company."—Youth's Companion.

**Kate Field in Denver.**

DEVELOP. Sept. 16.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

**Witty and Clever.**

Chicago Times-Herald: When Prof. Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, the daughter of "Christopher North," editor of Blackwood's Magazine, he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being gained. This Aytoun was too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it herself. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said heavy old Christopher; "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it on your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing room. Turning her round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

Yung sinner, reckless one thing—whatever you get dishonestly you have got to do with the devil, and he allows takes the lion's share.

I cum about lots of lumb and resigned party in this world, only let them have their own way in all things

**"AMONG THE OZARKS"**

The Land of Big Red Apples, in an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Osage fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm and a home.

Mailed free. Address, J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.

**FACTS FROM ALL LANDS.**

There are eleven daily newspapers in China—nine printed in Chinese, one in English and one in French.

Norway and Sweden have been under one king since 1814, but at present there are demands for a separation.

The cellar in the bank of France resembles a large warehouse. Silver coin is stored there in 800 large barrels.

Twenty-five miles of the Congo railroad are already completed. The road will be ninety-three miles in total length.

### FOR RUBE'S SAKE.

WORKING HOURS were over in the Great White canyon. Mary Vernon pulled down the little window of the postoffice of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked; then pinning a broad-leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow she passed out of her log cabin into the sweet evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a man's voice said:

"Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

"You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried, as she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Reuben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke.

"Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye—good-bye? You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?"

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweetheart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died into silence.

"Go on; tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I've saved up for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burned. Still, there was the farm stock and your little purse of saving left, but the drought has killed the stock and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steeled her trembling form against the garden fence.

"Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh, my poor boy—"

She stretched forth her pitying hands toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet in the thick, white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben; tell me how it happened. Ah, surely, you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune?" and once more she crept to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him. "Twas no misfortune; 'twas a crime. Your little savings, those few coins

you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amidst a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered. "Down there? At Ffolliott's?"

"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost all at faro last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispered among the creepers and bushes, and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice, tender and low, and full of tears, murmured: "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

"Don't, Mary, don't! I'd rather you would strike me."

The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and girl as they said farewell. For Reuben had settled to leave the canyon that night.

"Bill Redfern, One-eyed Sammy and Joe, the Portuguese, are going, too. We're all broke, and maybe will starve out there," and he waved his hand towards the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here. Don't sob so, my girl, you'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from your pretty eyes, or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and bar, think of me—who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

Reuben Halse and his companions had been gone from the Great White canyon for a week. Mary's cheeks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many tears.

Yet Paul Harding—"Beauty" Paul as he was called in the canyon—thought he had never seen Mary look so lovely, as she clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

"Nothing for you to-day."

Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny moustache, jingled his spurred boots upon the floor, and continued to stare through the

pigeon-hole window at the girl, and she flitted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to one minute—privately?"

"You can say what you've got to say where you are."

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is—"

"You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halse, till his place was burned out, and he came to my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

"You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes, He and his chums passed through Lon Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past, helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we've been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn now he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesque rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tiny, blue-eyed figure of the postmistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lifted her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a little two-wheeled cart, gay with bells and bright colors, to Mary's door, and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and "Beauty" Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home, in the heart of a green country in England.

He made her laugh with his tales of college life, and slunder with his descriptions of the campaign in Egypt, which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, an English gentleman, and a gallant officer, came to be loafing and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in Great White canyon.

The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smartly caparisoned horse, nor "Beauty" nor himself could wheedle her out.

She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Ffolliott's lot. She, however, repented and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

As weeks and months went by, and the green of the canon changed to red and gold, Paul found that if he was to "look after" Mary he had to give up the saloon.

And, indeed, for a space Ffolliott's knew him not, till one October morning his allowance—the money which bought his family freedom from his disgraceful presence—arrived from England.

For the next week Ffolliott's was a pandemonium, with the "Beauty" as a presiding demon.

Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day and prayed her to save him from that which he was powerless to save himself—from drink, and dice, and bad companions.

And she did what other good women have done before and will do again. She placed her hand in his and with her heart full of Rube Halse, she promised to marry Paul—for her son's sake.

The eve of the marriage day arrived, and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and opportunity suggested a carouse, and Paul informed the "boys" he would be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk Mary's health with every man in the place—and he was also full of luck, for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table, and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor, when big Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Hallo, Bill; you back! What luck, pard?"

"Luck, my lads! I leave luck to fools and dead beats. I've been working, and thank God, I've worked for some time. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've struck ore! None of your dust or pockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back, and as long as a river, and so I've come back with Rube—"

Paul looked up with a start. Here was he drunk in a gambling hell on the eve of his marriage with Mary, and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered.

"I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me disturb the game. Come, come, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's!"

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me?" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush at him.

A pistol flashed, a blue puff of smoke died in the hot air, and "Beauty" Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the post-office to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and her sitting talking. Quietly and with bowed heads they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough-and-ready jury, having considered all the circumstances of the case, and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted co-purchase a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."

If the United States were as densely populated as Japan, they would have a population of 960,000,000.

### TARSENY AND TURPIN.

The Deaf Pensioner Who Attended a Government Telephone.

"Perhaps as funny a scrap as ever came off in congress since the day when Joe Blackburn is credited with tweaking the nose and pulling the ear of Chandler, of New Hampshire, was the encounter between Dan Waugh, of Indiana, and Turpin, of Alabama. This was in the house in the Fifty-second congress.

"Tarsney, of Missouri, was making a speech on pensions. Turpin of Alabama, eager to point a moral and adorn a tale, arose and asked Tarsney a question.

"Don't you know," asked Turpin of Tarsney, "that there is a man now in the employ of the government—attending the telephone, in fact, at the interior department—who draws a pension on the ground that he is totally deaf?"

"No," replied Tarsney, "but I presume it's so."

"It is true," went on Turpin. "The man draws a pension for total deafness occasioned by discharge of artillery, and yet attends to the telephone over at the interior department. He's from Indiana."

"In the name of Indiana," shouted Waugh, breaking into the debate and evidently very much excited at having his state thus invidiously referred to, "in the name of Indiana I pronounce that statement false."

"Without another word Turpin started for Waugh, while Waugh, nothing loath for battle, hastened down the aisle to meet him. The two belligerents met in front of the clerk's desk. They struck at each other several times, but in a way to make the hearts of such as Corbett and Fitzsimmons ache, Sherman Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the enthusiasm of youth, and in his anxiety to preserve the peace and prevent general disgrace, rushed to part the combatants and got all the locks. Every blow struck him, and he came out of the melee very sore and tousled indeed. As usual, both gentlemen apologized to each other and to the house, and the pension story of the deaf man who attended the telephone was allowed to drop."

**PRaise FOR THE JEWS.**

The Opinions Given by the Governors of Four States.

Dr. Michael Singer, the editor of the Jew, has received letters about the Jews from governors of four states. Governor Stone, of Missouri, says: "I think I am safe in saying that the Jews in Missouri are a provident, law-abiding, progressive people. They stand up well with the general average of Missourians in the discharge of all the duties attaching to citizenship. Except in so far as religious opinion goes, the Jews are hardly recognized as a distinctive class. The Jews of Missouri are all right, neither better nor worse than the rest of us." Governor McKinley, of Ohio, says: "The people of Ohio have a high regard for their Jewish fellow citizens. They are law-abiding and enterprising, and a valuable element of the commonwealth, ever ready to indulge in good deeds and to take part in movements for the general welfare." Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, says: "The Jews of the state of Illinois are among the most intelligent, most enterprising, most industrious, and most patriotic of our people. They are loyal to our institutions, they take care of the indigent and needy, and are excellent citizens." Governor Merrill, of Kansas, says: "As to the character and standing of the Jews living in our state, I would say, so far as I have been acquainted with them, they are as orderly, law-abiding, industrious, temperate, and frugal as any class of our people in the state. We have many very wealthy merchants who are an honor to any community."

**She Can Do It Now.**

The woman now just toes the scratch, and daily knocks out idle rumors; Now, when she wants to scratch a match, She does it on her little bloomers.

**ATCHISON GLOBULES.**

If you can't do a thing well, quit doing it.

If a man has no money, and no dog, he has no friends.

There is no better investment than to learn to keep your mouth shut.

To every bridegroom, it appears that his bride wears a halo for a night cap.

When a woman falls as a wife, she is usually ambitious to become a missionary.

It is awfully hard to appreciate the good points of a dog when a flea is biting you.

It is hard for a man to say a fool is a fool, if the fool occasionally comes to him for advice.

To avoid getting discouraged in being good, don't reckon up what profit it has made you.

When a girl gets hold of a city directory, the first thing she does is to look up her own name.

When a woman does not freeze her husband with her looks, she freezes him with her feet.

People spend so much time talking of what they should do, that they neglect what they can do.

The devil is going to get lots of people he can't possibly enjoy associating with after he gets them.

Every man who can sing looks around for a girl who can play accompaniments as his idea of an affinity.

When the miserable quality of ordinary summer drinks is considered, it is little wonder that people prefer beer.

The trouble is, a good citizen is liable to leave town of his own accord, but an undesirable one can't be driven away.

Every man who is married is supposed to be happy, but it is actually known that a man who is single, is lucky.—Atchison Globe.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

She Was Tenderly Raised.

There is a pretty little girl of 5 years in Northwest Baltimore, says the Sun of that city, who has been tenderly raised. Her mother has guarded her against witnessing acts of violence or cruelty, and she is in ignorance of the methods employed in killing fowls for the table. Several days ago, unknown to the careful parent, the little girl strayed into the rear yard of her home, where a servant was killing a number of chickens by wringing their necks. The child watched the proceedings with great interest for several minutes, and then in a glow of excitement ran to her mother. "Mama," she cried, "just come and see the fun. Mary is wounding the chickens up."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

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 Catarrh that cannot be 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. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) 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. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

No Dust.

The disposition to see a pleasant side to everything is often commented upon as a most desirable possession, but it is possible to exaggerate and imagine a benefit which does not exist.

A party of tourists were detained at a hotel near a lake by a severe rain-storm. Finally it was decided to cross the lake, and one lady of the party agreed to the plan cheerfully.

"Oh, it will be much better to take the boat even if it does rain," she said, "and one thing, we shan't have any dust on the boat this morning!"—Youth's Companion.

**Cool's Cough Balsam**

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold, cure a Croup, soothe a Hoarse, and relieve a Sore Throat. It is always reliable. Try it.

**Were Blue Bloomers.**

Washington Post: Miss Coleman, the Ohio girl who is said to have gone to church wearing a pair of red bloomers, has denied the story. They were blue bloomers. Well, a couple of stacks of blues only make it a little more costly for any person who desires to call her down.

Starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men."

"I have tried Packer's Blister Tonic and believe in it as a medicine, and so will you say, who is familiar with its medicinal properties."

As the flower is before fruit, so is faith before good works.

Just how it does? It is not the question. It is enough to know that it does. It is a cure, and a very pleasant one. It is the best of all.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. C. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a rogue is not.

**FIVE**—All Fiftystopped free by Dr. Kline's Green Kidney Pills. It is a medicine, and so will you say, who is familiar with its medicinal properties.

If it don't clear up at 11 or 12, it won't clear up all day.

# KNOCK THE SPOTS OUT. BRUISE IT IS MAGICAL.

A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear.

**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.**

# borrowing from health.

If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute. Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.