

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headaches, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness. If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of curing the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening medicine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the ages. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

When offered something else instead of

Kemp's Balsam

stop and consider: "Am I sure to get something as good as this best cough cure?"

If not sure, what good reason is there for taking chances in a matter that may have a direct bearing on my own or my family's health?"

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

Nature's Endowment.

Call—Miss Millington plays wonderfully on the piano.

Grandfather Grevious—Yes; it sort of runs in the family. By Jan's luck, you'll not have heard me play "Ole Dan Tucker" and "Ole Bob Ridley" on a jawharp when I was a boy!

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians. The disease they wish to cure is not the one you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Seemingly.

"Life," meralized the doctor, "is not what it seems."

"Perhaps," suggested the professor, "you have never looked on the sunny side of it."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cures Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms. 50c. Testimonials of cures. All druggists. 25c. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Working a Smooth Scheme.

"They tell me you're in love with your employer's wife."

"Nothing in it."

"But you take her about a great deal, don't you?"

"That's a bluff of mine to get myself a stand-in with the boss. He hopes I'm going to elope with her."—Cleveland Leader.

To Wash a Carpet.

To clean an ingrained carpet that is badly soiled, rip the widths apart and shake. Have ready a tub of hot Ivory Soap suds and wash a width at a time on the machine, using several waters. Rinse and run through the wringer. Add a handful of salt to the last water to set the colors and spread on the grass to dry.

ELEANOR H. PARKER.

Turning of Another Worm.

Barber—How will you have your hair cut?

Customer—Without any unnecessary conversational accompaniment, if you please.

Barber—All right, sir; I'll be as brief as possible.

(Uses the clippers on him.)

Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Remedy for Children.

It soothes and cures all soreness, whether in the throat, chest, or stomach. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all children's ailments.

The Modern Slippery Floor.

Walking upon the polished floor of a Los Angeles drawing room the other day, Mme. Helena Modjeska stepped upon a small rug and "skidded" like an automobile on a slippery pavement, bringing up against a heavy table and doing herself severe injury. The episode will excite the sympathetic attention of a host of people who have undergone a similar experience. All the synonyms for treachery are feeble and inadequate when applied to the combination of a highly polished floor and a rug of, say, 18 by 30 inches. This is the highest development of the trap for the unwary.—Chicago Chronicle.

Developed the Jury.

A little girl whose father was a photographer was taken for the first time to a courtroom while a case was being tried. On returning home she was asked concerning what she had seen and heard. Her description of the judge's charge was this:

"The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then he sent them into a dark room to develop."

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XX.

One morning, about a fortnight later, Matthew Mark Easton received a letter which caused him to leave his breakfast untasted and drive off in the first lagoon cab he could find to Tyars' club.

The writer whose duty it was to look after the resident members in Siberia, the American, whom he knew well by sight, that Mr. Tyars was not downstairs yet.

"Well," replied Easton, "I guess I'll wait for him; in fact, I am going to have breakfast with him—a boiled egg and two pieces of toast."

It was shown into the room occupied by Tyars, and proceeded to make himself exceedingly comfortable in a large armchair, with the morning newspaper.

Tyars was not long in making his appearance—trim, upright, strong as usual, and conveying that unassuming sense of readiness for all emergencies which was at times almost aggressive. He carried his hand in the smallest and most unobtrusive sling allowed by the faculty. At his heels walked Muggins—the grave, and pink-eyed, Muggins was far too gentlemanly a dog to betray by sign or sound that he considered this visitor's behavior a trifling matter.

"Good morning, captain," said Easton, cheerily. "Well, Muggins, I trust I see you in the enjoyment of health."

The violent chuck under the chin with which this hope was emphasized received but scant acknowledgment from a very stumpy tail.

"I have news," said Easton, at once, laying aside the newspaper; "news from old Smith—Pavloski Smith."

"Where from?" inquired Tyars, without enthusiasm.

"From Tomsk. It is most extraordinary how these fellows manage to elude the police. Here is old Pavloski—an escaped Siberian exile—a man they would give their boots to lay their hands on—goes back to Russia, smuggles himself across the German frontier, shows that solemn face of his unblinking in Petersburg, and finally posts off to Tomsk with a lot of contraband luggage as a merchant. I thought I had a fair allowance of cheek, but these political fellows are far ahead of me. Their cheek and their calm assurance are simply unbounded."

"The worst of it," said Tyars, turning over his letters with small interest, "is that the end is always the same. They all overdo it sooner or later."

"Yes," admitted the American, whose sensitive face betrayed a passing discomfort, "but it is no good thinking of that now."

"Not a bit," acquiesced Tyars, cheerfully. "Only I shall be rather surprised if I meet those three men up there. It would be better luck than one could reasonably expect."

"If one of them gets through with his party, all concerned should be very well pleased with themselves," said Easton. "Now listen to what Pavloski says."

He unfolded a letter, which was apparently a commercial communication written on the ordinary mail paper of a merchant, and bearing the printed address of an office in Cracow, Poland.

On the first page was a terse advice, written in a delicate, clerkly hand, the receipt by Hull steamer of a certain number of casks containing American apples.

"This," said Easton, "is from our stout friend. He has received the block south of the Winchester cartridges."

He then opened the letter further, and on the two inside pages displayed a closely written communication in a peculiar pink-tinted ink, which had evidently been brought to light by some process, for the paper was wrinkled and blistered.

"I have read the American, slowly, as if deciphering with difficulty, traced Tomsk without mishap. I have bought a strong sledge, wholly covered in, and instead of sleeping in the stations, usually lie down on the top of my cases under the cover. I give as reason for this the information that I have many valuables—watches, rings, trinkets, and so on—of great value, and being a young merchant, cannot run the risk of losing them. I have at my command a steamer to save my own personal comfort. I have traveled day and night, according to the supply of horses, but have always succeeded hitherto in communicating with those who are to follow me. One man on the line was the person indicated; he is probably dead. I find great improvements. Our organization is more mechanical, and not so hysterical—this I attribute to the diminished number of female workers. All the articles with which your foresight provided me have been useful, but the great motor in Siberia is money. With the funds I have at my command, I feel as powerful as the Czar. I can buy whom I like and what I like. My only regret is that the name of C. T. has to be suppressed—that the hundreds of individuals who will benefit by his grand generosity will never know the name of the Englishman who has held what his hidden hands to those groaning under the yoke of a barbarous oppression. When we are all dead, when Russia is free, his name will be remembered by some one. The watches will be very useful; I have sold two at a high price; but once beyond Irkutsk and I will send me give one to the master of each important station, or to the starost of each village. By this means those who follow me will know that they are on the right track. I have enough watches to lay a train from Irkutsk to the spot where I assemble my party. I met my two companions by appointment at the base of the Ivan Yelikh tower in the Kremlin, and we spent half an hour in the cathedral together within musket shot of the Czar, and under the very nose of the cream of his police. Since then we have not met, but we are each working forward by the prescribed route alone. I see great changes here. Russia is awakening—she is rubbing her eyes. God keep you all three!"

Matthew Mark Easton indicated by a little jerk of the head that the letter was finished. Then, after looking at it curiously for a moment, he folded it and put it away in his pocket.

"Old Smith," he said, "waxes quite poetic at times."

"Yes," answered Tyars, pouring out his coffee, "but there is a keen business man behind the poetry."

"One," observed Easton, in his terse way, "of the sharpest needles in Russia. It is quite the sharpest in Siberia at the present moment."

"He will need to be; though I think that the worst of his journey is over. The cream is, as he says, at Moscow. Once beyond Nijni he will find milk, then milk and water, and finally beyond Irkutsk the thinnest water. The official intellect in Siberia is not of a brilliant description. Pavloski can outwit every gendarme or Cossack commandant he meets, and once out of Irkutsk they need not fear the law. They will only have Nature to compete with, and Nature always gives the play. When they have assembled they will retreat north like an organized army before a rabble, for there are not enough Cossacks and gendarmes

know there must be some good reason." She waited, in order to give him an opportunity of setting forth his good reason, but he refused to take it, and she never had the satisfaction of hearing it from his own lips.

(To be continued.)

FEAT IN RAILROAD LIGHTING.

English Line Tests New System Which Greatly Reduces Cost.

A new and interesting engineering test and one of considerable value to railway companies and of great commercial possibilities has been made on the Great Eastern Railway of Great Britain, says the New York Tribune.

It was to demonstrate the value of a new system of lighting railway trains, which is known as the Leitner-Lucas system.

The dynamo were entirely sealed up; that is, the oil wells, brush and reversing gear. The automatic cutouts were similarly placed under seal, as well as the storage battery, the sealing being done by the railway company in such a way that no replacement or repairs could be made, no oil added to the well or any part of the machinery and no water or acids added to the batteries. Mr. Leitner's claim was that under these conditions he would light the carriages designated during the time they would cover a distance exceeding the circumference of the earth at the equator and during the most exacting period of the year, from October to the end of December.

On Jan. 1 the distance agreed on had been exceeded. The two coaches used for the test on arriving at Paddington from Cornwall having covered 25,200 miles. The light had not failed on any occasion, the illumination being as bright on the last journey as on the first. The lights were kept supplied with an electric current at a practically constant voltage, running at a standing. The seals were taken off, and it was found that though the dynamo had not had a drop of oil, nor the accumulators a drop of water or acid, they were in first rate condition, and could have gone on for another month or more, still under seal, and supplied a good and sufficient light.

The result of this test in a commercial point of view is that during twelve weeks and for a distance of 25,200 miles, coaches were effectively and even luxuriantly lighted, practically without any human attendance at all, and without renewals, replacements or repairs—in other words, without any cost, except for more coal, theoretically consumed on the locomotive, which is such an infinitesimal amount as not to be traceable.

Made the Bear Work.

Bill Winters, of whom the Boston Herald tells, is one of the heroes who uses his wit to save his strength. During a campaign trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party.

Finally his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him off home.

The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went off up the mountain. Two hours later the men in camp saw Bill running down again as fast as he could come, and close behind him was a bear. The men watched the chase with loaded rifles ready. On reaching camp Bill turned and shot the bear.

When the men could stop laughing, one of them said, "Bill, what on earth possessed you to run that distance, with the bear so close, when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?"

Bill smiled slowly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and judging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.

If the Heart Stops Beating.

When the heart stops the circulation ceases, the capillaries of the lungs become gorged with stagnant blood, while the blood in the brain no longer carries away the waste products and brings the oxygenated fluid to restore the tissues. As the blood takes about half a minute to circulate through the whole system, it may be taken that at the end of this period after the stoppage of the heart the arteries would be filled by the last effort of the left ventricle, while the veins would be pouring their contents into the right auricle. In a few seconds more the nervous centers would cease to act, and probably by the end of the minute the subject would be practically dead from suffocation, although reflex muscular action would probably keep up the appearance of life for some seconds longer.

Resources of Genius.

The editor looked over the manuscript submitted by the village poet and frowned.

"Here is one line," he said, "in which you speak of the 'music of the cinder press.' How would you undertake to imitate the 'music' of a cinder press?"

"I should think it might be done with a julee harp," answered the poet.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Discouragement.

"Why don't you write your prescriptions in plain English?"

"What's the use?" rejoined the physician. "I write my bills in plain English and a lot of people don't seem to make any sense of them."—Washington Star.

Woman's Rights.

She—You say a woman has no rights. He—That's what I say.

Why, a man has to go to the Legislature to change his name, while a woman only has to go to the preacher.—Yonkers Statesman.

Indebtedness.

"Don't you feel that you owe something to the public?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The principal object of my financial career has been to keep the public in debt to me."—Washington Star.

There are Four millionaires in Britain.

One is in France.

JUAN FERNANDEZ LOST



Some of Alexander Selkirk's heroic deeds are recorded in this book, which is a true and interesting story of his life.

Robinson Crusoe

All boys, old as well as young, were deeply interested in a report concerning the fate of that romantic spot in the south Pacific Ocean known as the Island of Juan Fernandez, where dear, delightful old Robinson Crusoe made imperishable fame for himself, largely because there were no theaters or fraternal organizations to distract his attention. At least, that is what many believe, though a few who profess to know stoutly aver that Crusoe never existed except in the vivid imagination of Daniel Defoe, author of the story, who based his yarn on events in the life of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who spent several years in the solitude of this rocky proeminent in the vast Pacific, 500 miles off the coast of Chili.

During the recent quake that shook up Valparaiso it is said the Island of Juan Fernandez disappeared, leaving neither track, trace nor semblance of the romantic spot. What a pity! It must have made the water bubble when it went under, for it was about six miles broad by eighteen in length and covered with rocky peaks, the highest having an elevation of about 4,000 feet.

The Island of Juan Fernandez was discovered in the sixteenth century by the companion of Pizarro, for whom it is named. It was once a nest of pirates, then a fortified Spanish station, later became a Chilean convict station, and of late has had over a score of peaceful inhabitants clustered in a valley hamlet.

Sharp, the English buccaneer, made it the station from which he and his men sailed forth to ravage the Chilean coast. Pursued by a Spanish car-

aval, they fled, leaving behind the black man who reappears in story as Crusoe's man Friday. The English vessel, the Cinque Ports, arrived in 1704, having for mate Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. No need to go into the familiar story of his adventures, nor to question how closely the novelist adheres to fact in what is undoubtedly the most fascinating story of adventure ever written.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called The Saddle, because at either end of it a big rocky hummock rises like a pommel. Boys and girls of two or four generations ago will recall very readily those lines of Cowper on the life of Alexander Selkirk, beginning as follows:

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in this face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

On one of these rocky hummocks there had been placed a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay. It was placed there in 1828 by the officers of the British ship Topaze and reads as follows:

In Memory of Alexander Selkirk,
Mariner.

A Native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland.

Who Lived on this Island in Complete Solitude for Four Years and Four Months.

He Was Landed from the Cinque Ports, Galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in The Duke Privateer, 12th Feb., 1709.

He Died Lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, A. D. 1723, aged 47 years.

This Tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of the H. M. S. Topaze, A. D. 1828.

TERRORISM IN RUSSIA.

The frenzy of the Atinek Made on Premier Stolypin's Life.

The desperate frenzy which fills the minds of the Russian revolutionary party, lending it to any extreme in order to visit punishment upon those whom it accuses of obstructing the attainment of political rights and a fuller measure of freedom, is well illustrated in the recent attempt upon the life of

Change.

"When old Uncle Weatherly was a poor farmer he used to go up to town, and eat pie with a carving fork. The people smiled."

"You don't say!"

"Then later on he began eating it with a tablespoon. The people laughed."

"I don't blame them."

"From that he changed to a knife. They roared."

"Great Scott! And is he still sticking to the knife?"

"No. Since they found out on his farm and rated him as a millionaire he eats pie with his fingers and everybody nods his approval and says he is bizarre."

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INSIDE OF THE VILLA AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

Premier Stolypin.

For daring recklessness this attempt has few parallels, even in Russia.

M. Stolypin was holding a reception at St. Petersburg in his summer residence in Apothecary Island, a wooden building. The guests had assembled, when there arrived four men, to all appearances ordinary visitors. But as the list of attending visitors had been closed, the servants would not allow them to enter. They thereupon attempted to force an entry into a room adjoining that in which the guests were assembled. In the struggle one of the men fell a bomb, which that country and little understood. So when a yachtman returned downriver and was asked by an official at Para, "How is the temperature at Manass?" his reply, "Eight degrees hotter than here," elicited a stare of non-comprehension.

"At Manass," said the yachtman in explanation, "I used to sit six collars a day. Here in Para I only need three a day."

This was perfectly clear to the Brazilian, whose face lighted with understanding.

Ever notice that "funny" looking people have "funny" looking company?

By a Neck.

In the lower Amazon country the temperature ranges about eighty-seven degrees in the shade all the year round, says the author of "Ten Thousand Miles in a Yacht." At Manass, one thousand miles up the river, the temperature is six or eight degrees higher.

Thermometers are little used in that country, and little understood. So when a yachtman returned downriver and was asked by an official at Para, "How is the temperature at Manass?" his reply, "Eight degrees hotter than here," elicited a stare of non-comprehension.

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Loose Teeth.

Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.

Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.

All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, chewing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.

If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally."

A Little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep. (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth."

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"You don't say!"

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"I don't blame them."

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100,000 USE THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Limit of Honesty.

Dora—Never tell Flora any secrets. Cora—Can't she keep them? Dora—Keep them? Why, that girl tells people her right age!—Cleveland Leader.

Cheap Excursions South.

On first and third Tuesday of each month the Big Four Railway will sell excursion tickets to most all points in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, at rate of one fare plus \$2.00, with return limit 30 days. Liberal stopover privileges. Write I. P. Spink, General Northern Agent, 238 Clark St., Chicago, for further information.

Selden's Long Wait for Wealth.

Twenty-five years ago, writes Leroy Scott in Technical World Magazine, a young man with a scheme for a carriage to be run by a gasoline motor called upon a large manufacturer of bicycles and farm implements. The young man had spent years upon his patent—its success meant fortune to him, and also triumph over the men who had laughed at him. So he used his best eloquence to induce the manufacturer to put his automobile on the market.

But the manufacturer shook his head. "You've been wasting your time on that scheme," he said. "And if I went into it, I'd be wasting my money. No, sir—even if it worked, nobody'd ever care to ride in your 'explosion buggy.'"

The young man was George B. Selden, and what this manufacturer said was also said by dozens of others. Today there are in use in the United States about 70,000 "explosion buggies"; and about 70 per cent of all gasoline automobiles made in this country or imported into it are licensed under the Selden patent—the royalties paid during the last three years amounting to \$814,183.

No Time for Hesitation.

"Weren't you surprised to learn that Molly Welton is going to marry Web Wesley? I thought she had her eye on Tom Trickey."

"I think she had, but Web presented himself first, and she took him as a sort of fielder's choice."

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If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally."

A Little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep. (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth."

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason."

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