

One that did.  
Lawyer (cross-examining witness)—  
Are you sure you didn't dream that, Mr. Ruggles? By the way, do you believe in dreams?  
Witness—Not as a general thing, but I know they could be true sometimes.  
Lawyer—O, they do, do they? Can you mention a specific instance?  
Witness—Yes, sir. You remember, Mr. Ketchum, you paid me \$5 the other day that you had been owing me a year. Well, I had dreamed the night before that you met me on the street and paid it. I was so strongly impressed with that dream that I hunted you up the next day, you recollect, and dunned you for it.—Chicago Tribune.

**A MID-WINTER VERDICT.**  
"Bright Sunshine All Winter" is what a Western Canadian Lady Says.  
Maldstone, Sask., Canada, Feb. 4, 1907.  
C. J. Broughton, Esq., Canadian Government Agent, Chicago, Ill.:  
Dear Sir—Being so well pleased with Canada we wish my father and brother to come here. Will you please send them reading matter on Canada?  
We have been here nearly a year and are delighted with this country. We have lived in Illinois, Iowa, and Michigan and we find Canada ahead of any of them. We have had bright sunshine all winter so far, only two nice easy snow storms. If it was not all right you know I would not want my father and brother to come here, but we think it is grand.  
Yours truly,  
MRS. ED. TROUPE.

A "census" of the vehicles passing over London bridge was taken recently for seven days. The number of vehicles was 125,373.  
Garfield Tea, Nature's remedy for a torpid, inactive or disordered liver; for constipation, sick headache, indigestion.

**Historic Toy.**  
In Independence hall at Philadelphia there is preserved among notable revolutionary relics a quaint little doll dressed in the fashion of Louis XVI. Look before there was a United States this pretty Parisienne found her way over sea, carrying with her into William Penn's woodland a little of the folly and fashion of the old world, for she was not only a plaything, but the fashion plate of her time.  
Can you picture to yourself the countless multitude of dolls that has followed in her way? In the last six months, for instance, Paris sent over to New York toys worth \$218,819—and over half of that sum was represented by dolls. In recent years France has lost a little of her supremacy in the toy market. She can no longer compete with Germany in homely toys—the triffles that are sold for a song; but in playthings of a finer sort she still holds her own. Not without effort, however. The local authorities of Paris offer tempting rewards for the invention of new toys.—Vance Thompson, in Everybody's.

**Hubbing It In.**  
Miss Redjep—You are better, are you not, Mr. Feathertop? You were not looking at all well the last time I saw you.  
Mr. Feathertop—Why, when did you see me last?  
Miss Redjep—At the Swellman reception. You were waiting, I think, with Miss Flutberby.

**THE WHOLE FAMILY.**  
Mother Finds a Food for Grow-ups and Children as Well.  
Food that can be eaten with relish and benefit by the children as well as the older members of the family, makes a pleasant household commodity.  
Such a food is Grape-Nuts. It not only agrees with and builds up children, but older persons who, from bad habits of eating, have become dyspeptics.  
A Philadelphia lady, after being benefited herself, persuaded her husband to try Grape-Nuts for stomach trouble. She writes:  
"About eight years ago I had a severe attack of congestion of stomach and bowels. From that time on, I had to be very careful about eating, as nearly every kind of food then known to me, seemed to cause pain.  
"Four years ago I commenced to use Grape-Nuts. I grew stronger and better and from that time I seldom have been without it; have gained in health and strength and am now heavier than I ever was.  
"My husband was also in a bad condition—his stomach became so weak that he could not hardly anything with comfort. I got him to try Grape-Nuts and he soon found his stomach trouble had disappeared.  
"My girl and boy, 3 and 9 years old, do not want anything else for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and more healthy children could not be found. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, 'The Road to Wellville,' in page. There's a reason."

# Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)  
There were present Madame Midas, Melina, McIntosh and Vandeloup, and they were all gathered round the table looking at the famous nugget. There it lay in the center of the table, a virgin mass of gold, all water-worn and polished, covered over like a honeycomb, and dotted with white pebbles like currants in a plum pudding.  
"I think I'll send it to Melbourne for exhibition," said Mrs. Villiers, touching the nugget very lightly with her fingers.  
"Deed, mum, and 'tis worth it," replied McIntosh, whose severe face was relaxed in a grimly pleasant manner.  
"What's the time?" asked Madame, rather irrelevantly.  
Mr. McIntosh drew out the large silver watch, which was part and parcel of himself, and answered gravely that it was two o'clock.  
"I'll tell you what," said Mrs. Villiers, rising, "I'll take it in with me to ballarat and show it to Mr. Marchurat." McIntosh drew down the corners of his mouth, for, as a rigid Presbyterian, he by no means approved of Marchurat's heretical opinions, but of course said nothing.  
"Can I come with you, Madame?" said Vandeloup eagerly, for he never lost an opportunity of seeing Kitty if he could help it.  
"Certainly," replied Madame graciously; "we will start at once."  
The great nugget was carefully packed in a stout wooden box by Archie, and placed in the trap by him with such caution that Madame, who was already excited, it is asked him if he was afraid she would be robbed.  
"It's always best to be on the right side, mem," said Archie, handing her the reins; "we never know what may happen."  
"Why, no one knows I am taking this to Ballarat to-day," said Madame, drawing on her gloves.  
"Don't they?" thought M. Vandeloup, as he took his seat beside her. "She doesn't know that I've told Pierre."  
And without a single thought for the woman whose confidence he was betraying, and of whose bread and salt he had partaken, Vandeloup shook the reins, and the horse started down the road in the direction of Ballarat, carrying Madame Midas and her nugget.  
"You carry Cesar and his fortunes, M. Vandeloup," she said, with a smile.  
"I do better," he answered gaily; "I carry Madame Midas and her luck."

under the shadow of a great rock, the two lovers had a wonderful view of Ballarat. Here and there they could see the galvanized iron roofs of the houses gleaming like silver in the sunlight from amid the thick foliage of the trees with which the city was studded.  
All this wonderful panorama, however, was so familiar to Kitty and her lover that they did not trouble themselves to look much at it, but the girl sat down under the big rock, and Vandeloup flung himself lazily at her feet.  
"Bebe," said Vandeloup, who had given her this pet name, "how long is this sort of life going to last?"  
Kitty looked down at him with a vague feeling of terror at her heart. She had never known any life but the simple one she was now leading, and could not imagine it coming to an end.  
"I'm getting tired of it," said Vandeloup, lying back on the grass and putting his hands under his head, stared idly at the blue sky. "Unfortunately, human life is so short nowadays that we cannot afford to waste a moment of it. I am not suited for a lotus-eating existence, and I think I shall go to Melbourne."  
"And leave me?" cried Kitty, in dismay, never having contemplated such a thing as likely to happen.  
"That depends on yourself, Bebe," said her lover, quickly rolling over and looking steadily at her, with his chin resting on his hands; "will you come with me? We will get married in Melbourne as soon as we arrive."  
"Why can't papa marry us?" pouted Kitty in an aggrieved tone.  
"Because your father would never consent," he whispered, putting his arm round her waist; "we must run away quietly, and when we are married can ask his pardon and," with a sardonic sneer, "his blessing."  
A delicious thrill passed through Kitty when she heard this. A real elopement with a handsome lover—just like the heroines in the story books. It was delightful, and yet there seemed to be something wrong about it. She was like a timid bather, longing to plunge into the water, yet hesitating through a vague fear. With a quick catching of the breath she turned to Vandeloup, and saw him with his scintillating eyes fastened on her face.  
"When do you go?" asked Kitty, who was now trembling violently.  
"Ah! M. Vandeloup was puzzled what to say, as he had no very decided plan of action. He had not sufficient money saved to justify him in leaving the Paeolus—still there were always possibilities, and Fortune was fond of playing wild pranks. At the same time there was nothing tangible in view likely to make him rich, so, as these thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, he resolved to temporize.  
"I can't tell you, Bebe," he said, in a caressing tone, smoothing her curly hair. "I want you to think over what I have said, and when I do go, perhaps in a month or so, you will be ready to come with me. No," he said, as Kitty was about to answer, "I don't want you to really say, take time to consider, little one," and with a smile on his lips he bent over and kissed her tenderly.  
They sat silently together for some time, each intent on their own thoughts, and then Vandeloup suddenly looked up.  
"Will Madame stay to dinner with you, Bebe?" he asked.  
"She always does; you will come, too," Vandeloup shook his head.  
"I am going down to Ballarat to the Wattle Tree Hotel to see my friend Pierre," he said, in a preoccupied manner, "and will have something to eat there. Then I will come up again about eight o'clock, in time to see Madame off."  
"Can't you go outside and see me?" asked Kitty, in surprise, as they rose to their feet.  
"No," he replied, dusting his knees with his hand. "I stay all night in Ballarat, with Madame's kind permission, to see the theater. M. Vandeloup will be back at eight o'clock, so you can excuse me to Madame till then."  
He ran gaily down the hill, waving his hat, and Kitty stood looking after him with pride in her heart. He was a lover any girl might have been proud of.

round to see him and try to find out all about the nugget. Pierre was sulky at first, and sat with his old black hat drawn down so far over his eyes that only his bushy black beard was visible, but Mr. Villiers' suavity, together with the present of half a crown, had a marked effect on him. As he was dumb, Mr. Villiers somewhat perplexed how to carry on a conversation with him, but he ultimately drew forth a piece of paper, and sketched a rough presentation of a nugget thereon, which he showed to Pierre. The Frenchman, however, did not comprehend until Villiers produced a sovereign from his pocket, and pointed first to the gold, and then to the drawing, upon which Pierre nodded his head several times in order to show that he understood. Villiers then drew a picture of the Paeolus claim, and asked Pierre in French if the nugget was still there, as he showed him the sketch. Pierre shook his head, and, taking the pencil in his hand, drew a rough representation of a horse and cart, and put a square box in the latter to show the nugget was on a journey.  
"I think I'll have it all," said Villiers, "I'll take it to Melbourne, and I'll be back at my own house, and she's driving somewhere with it; I wonder where to? She's got the nugget with her in the trap, and she's taken it to show Marchurat. Well, she's sure to stop there to tea, and won't start for home till about nine o'clock; it will be pretty dark by then. She'll be by herself and if I—here he stopped and looked around cautiously, and then, without another word, set off down the street at a run.  
The fact was, Mr. Villiers had come to the conclusion that as his wife would not give him money willingly, the best thing to do would be to take it by force. Accordingly he had made up his mind to rob her of the nugget that night if possible.  
The afternoon wore drowsily along, and the great heat made everybody inclined to sleep. Pierre had demanded by signs to be shown his bedroom, and having been conducted thereto by a crushed-looking waiter, who drifted aimlessly before him, threw himself on the bed and went fast asleep.  
Even Martha, the wide-awake, was yielding to the somniferous heat of the day, when a young man entered the bar and made her sit up with great alacrity.  
This was no one other than M. Vandeloup, who had come down to see Pierre. Dressed in flannels, with a blue scarf tied carelessly round his waist, a blue necktie knotted loosely round his throat under the collar of his shirt, and wearing a straw hat on his fair head, he looked wonderfully cool and handsome, and as he leaned over the counter Miss Twesley thought that the hero of her novel must have stepped bodily out of the book. Gaston stared complacently at her while he pulled at his fair moustache. But he was not looking at her somewhat mature charms, but at a bunch of pale blue flowers, among which were some white blossoms she wore in the tress of her dress.  
(To be continued.)

**FANTASTIC PLAY.**  
Cape Hatteras Buildings Engulfed by Wind-Driven Sand.  
The prevailing winds from a little west of south have played in a fantastic way with the sands of Cape Hatteras, which are the main beach of North Carolina, heaping up great waves that engulf whole buildings in their smothering folds. These wind ripples, started in sands exposed by the removal of a strip of forest next the shore, have grown in size to great sand waves, which are advancing on forests, fields and homes. As the sand wave has advanced it has taken up several feet of the loose soil over which it has passed, undermining houses, laying bare the roots of trees and exposing the bones of the dead in the cemeteries.  
Diurnal winds from the sea have piled the sands into small wandering dunes and hillocks, and even sometimes into sand waves, which are marching steadily inland and aboating the waters of the sounds. At Nag's Head a large hotel, constituting a solid obstruction, soon had a sand wave built up a short distance in its rear until the level of its roof was reached, when the wave moved forward and engulfed the hotel. In the immediate neighborhood two cottages suffered a similar fate. Here the land gained on the sound 350 feet in ten years.  
On the northern end of Hatteras Island and a fishing village had been similarly buried, while the sand had entirely crossed the island at several places north of the cape. This movement of the sand started just after the Civil War by the cutting of trees next the shore for ship timbers, and the section is still known as the Great Woods, though not a stick of timber stands upon it to-day. Pamlico sound for two miles from the Hatteras shore is growing steadily shallower from the deposit of blown sand.

**GLADSTONE AS AN ORATOR.**  
How He Attacked the Arguments of the Opposition.  
In his prime in a great debate when political parties were set in battle array Gladstone's transcendent oratorical gifts had full play, says Henry W. Lacy in Putnam's. There was marked contrast in his manner of answering a question addressed to him in his ministerial capacity. After purporting to make reply and taking some ten minutes to do it he sat down, frequently leaving his interrogator and the house in a condition of dismayed bewilderment hopelessly attempting to grope their way through the intricacies of the sonorous sentences they had listened to. If, as happened, in an expounding a bill or replying to a debate, he desired to make himself understood, he had no equal. His manner in speaking was more strongly marked by action than was that of his only rival, John Bright. He emphasized points by smiting the open palm of his left hand with sledge-hammer fist.  
Sometimes he, with gleaming eyes, "like a vulture's," as Mr. Lecky generally described them, pointed his forefinger straight at his adversary. In hot-tempered moments he beat the brass-bound box with clamorous hand that occasionally drowned the point he strove to make. Sometimes with both hands raised above his head, often with left elbow leaning on the box, right hand with closed fist shaking at the head of an unoffending country gentleman on the back bench opposite; anon standing half a step back from the table, left hand hanging at his side, right up-lifted, so that he might with thumb nail lightly touch the shining crown of his head, he trampled his way through the argument he assailed as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through a jungle.

**Not the Right Kind.**  
You needn't tell me that pluck always wins out," said "Uncle Josh" of the Chicago News. "There's Hen Tibbles. Look at him. Ain't a pluckier man than him round here—and yet what has he got to show for it? Pluck? Why, when he gets started on a thing he never lets up.  
"Tother day I was over to his place when one of the cows got into his corn patch and commenced eating and tromping down corn.  
"Consarn her," says Hen, "I'm just goin' to stay here and see how long it'll be afore she gets all she wants, and goes out the way she got in."  
"That he got, hour after hour, never letting up nor showing any signs of giving in to her—and after a while she saw she'd met her match, and began to weaken.  
"She at all she could hold, and then she tromped down pretty high half an acre more, but still he sat there.  
"It come to be dusk, finally, and still Hen was standing by. Then the old cow saw it wa'n't any use for her to try to make on that she was plucky as he was. She give in complete—went back to the pasture, laid down, bloated up and died.  
"Hen's been waiting weeks now for his potatoes to dig themselves, and he says if he can stan' it he can.  
"Pluck! He's got enough for ten men. But somehow, with all his pluck, he ain't ever caught on, 's he might say. He ain't got ahead, so, 's I'm tellin' ye, there's something more'n 'jest' pluck needed for a man to get ahead in this world."

**One Execution.**  
Ned—I called upon Miss Outertown last night, determined to win her. She accepted me all right.  
Dick—Good for you! Carried everything before you, eh?  
Ned—Not everything. When I started to catch the last train home I carried her father's bulldog behind me.—Philadelphia Ledger.  
Exception.  
Biggs—Poppleig seems proud of the fact that his boy is unusually large for his age.  
Dick—Yes, except when he is trying to convince a railway conductor that the kid is entitled to ride for half fare.

**THE BIRTHDAY.**  
"I know. You decided yesterday, or was it the day before? I guess it was yesterday and the day before. Three decisions; that ought to make it a cinch. No show for an appeal after that, is there?"  
"I wish you wouldn't be absurd. I say, I've decided to have the yoke lace instead of tucked."  
"It will make it fit snugger, I suppose," said the man. "As long as you don't lace it too tight. Your figure is pretty enough, as I've often told you, without trying to improve it. I think women are foolish about that. Give yourself plenty of breathing space, my dear; that's all I care about."  
"I see. Makes quite a difference, of course."  
"How could I lace a yoke, do you suppose?"  
"Didn't you say lace, my dear?"  
"Lace. Don't you understand? I-a-c-e—Mechlin!"  
"Oh, Mechlin!"  
"Well, you understand now, don't you?"  
"Sure. Now, can I read my paper?"  
"Well, tell me first if you don't think it will be prettier?"  
"The yoke?"  
"Wilbur!"  
"I mean Mechlin."  
"Now, Wilbur!"  
"Excuse me, my dear. I should have said lace. Yes, I think it will look swell."—Chicago Daily News.



"Wilbur," said the lady, suddenly, "I've decided how I want that dress made."  
"That's good," said her husband from behind his paper.  
"I don't believe I'll have a tucked yoke at all."  
"Fine," said the man.  
"I think I'll have it all lace."  
"Uh-huh."  
"Don't you think it will be much prettier, yourself?"  
"Eh?"  
"I say, don't you think it will be much prettier?"  
"What's that, my dear?"  
"The yoke. Wilbur, I think you might put down that old paper for a moment or two while I'm talking to you."  
"My dear," said the man, "you do me an injustice. I was paying the strictest attention. I just didn't catch the drift of your last remark about the yoke, wasn't it? Yes, I think it will be bully."  
"What will?"  
"Why, the yoke, of course. I think it will be a great improvement having it. Now—are you satisfied?"  
"Having a yoke?"  
"That's what you said, wasn't it?"  
"I said I believed I would have it lace instead of tucked."  
"I thought you were talking about a yoke?"  
"I was telling you I had decided how I was going to have my dress made."

"I know. You decided yesterday, or was it the day before? I guess it was yesterday and the day before. Three decisions; that ought to make it a cinch. No show for an appeal after that, is there?"  
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"Excuse me, my dear. I should have said lace. Yes, I think it will look swell."—Chicago Daily News.

## GERMAN EMPRESS TO VISIT ENGLAND.



EMPERESS VICTORIA AUGUSTA AND YOUNGER CHILDREN.  
The German Empress, accompanied by her younger children, Princess Victoria Louise and Prince Joachim, has decided to spend a few weeks at Felixstowe, England, next autumn. Her imperial majesty has already spent an autumn there during one of the earlier years of the Kaiser's reign. It has been inaccurately stated that the late Empress Frederick also paid a visit to Felixstowe.

**Presence of Mind.**  
"If you have anything to say before we string you up," said the leader of the band of regulators, "we'll allow you time enough to say it."  
"Gentlemen," responded the condemned horse thief, with emotion, "I thank you. I have nothing of a personal nature to offer, but I feel that I cannot allow this solemn occasion to pass without making a few remarks on the child labor bill. It is the best thing that has happened since the war. But be went no further. His audience had disappeared.

**Of the Conventional Type.**  
"Anything peculiar about those people that has just moved into the house next door to you, Mrs. Crossway?"  
"No; there's nothing unusual about them. They've borrowed a step ladder and a tack hammer, and turned their children loose in our back yard."

**Verdict for Dr. Pierce**  
AGAINST THE Ladies' Home Journal.  
Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on." It is no wonder, therefore, that hundreds of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of women's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$50,000 damages.  
Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business;—that, therefore, no alcohol or other injurious, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatsoever; and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements, as set forth in the article, are untrue.  
In the retraction printed in said journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained a sample of "Favorite Prescription" from a chemist, and that they had analyzed it and found it to contain no alcohol or other harmful ingredients.  
The action in the Supreme Court of the United States was brought by Dr. Pierce to prevent the publication of the libelous article, and to secure the publication of a full and complete retraction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible, and to recover costs ever brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in Dr. Pierce's favor. This his attorneys came to grief and they were slandered were refused.

## GENERAL BREAKDOWN

A Condition Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Great Blood Tonic, Have Been Curing for Years.  
There is no more perplexing trouble for a physician to treat than debility cases, especially in women, in which there is no acute disease but in which the patient every day sinks lower and lower despite changes of medicine and similar experiments.  
That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with restores health under these conditions is no speculation but the fact has been proved in hundreds of cases similar to that of Mrs. Sarah Ramsey, of 1008 St. John St., Litchfield, Ill. She says: "I never felt well after my first child was born. I had a gnawing pain in my stomach and could not hold any food down. My head ached a great deal and sometimes the pain went all through my body. I had dizzy spells so that I could not stand and seemed to be half blinded with pain. These spells would come on at any time, and my blood seemed to be in a very poor condition and my hands and feet were like ice. I seemed to be growing weaker and weaker and could not get around to do my work in the house. I was extremely nervous and the whole excitement would bring on a dizzy spell.  
"For a number of years I was under a doctor's care but seemed to get no better. I had heard about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began to take them. I soon felt better and gained in weight and strength. My nerves are strong now and I am a well woman in every way."  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. A booklet of valuable information, entitled "Plain Talks to Women," sent free on request.

## Farms That Grow

**No. 1 Hard Wheat**  
(63 Pounds to the Bushel)  
Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by entry under willow and apple as comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of New Wheat Growing Territory has been made accessible to markets by the railway construction that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies.  
For literature and particulars address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 345 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. Lachlan, Box 102, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.  
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

**The Foxy Hussy.**  
"Why were you in such a hurry to pick up my glove when I dropped it?"  
"I thought there might be something in it for me, some time."—Cleveland Leader

**SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.**  
Mary, I have sold the farm for \$50,000, and we will now move to the city and enjoy the balance of our life in comfort.  
Five Years Later.  
It is all over, Mary, I must pay John Brown's bond, which will take every dollar I own and you and I will have to go to the poor house.

**MORAL.**  
Do not sign a friend's bond, and when you require a bond, buy it. Write for particulars or see our agent at the County Seat.

**WE ISSUE SURETY BONDS.**  
The Title Guaranty & Surety Company, Home Office, Scranton, Pa., Capital and Surplus over \$1,000,000.

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