

# FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



## FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, nervous prostration, Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

## PARIS "QUARTIER LATIN"

B. G. Blythe Says It Is the Fashion to Say It Has Deteriorated.

The Latin quarter is not what it once was, says Samuel B. Blythe in Everybody's. There is authority for that statement. Any person who has been two consecutive weeks in Paris will tell you so with sob. The lamentations of those who have been there six months or more have been heard when they relate the same sorrowful story. It seems to be a personal grief, some bereavement that has saddened them for life. I don't know why, for the Latin quarter seemed to be doing business when I was there. At any rate, there were droves of students, or persons I took to be students, with funny whiskers and long hair and flowing ties, and they got together at various places in the quarter, drank beer or wine and sang songs and were quite studiously and painstakingly devil-may-care. And I went to one of their balls. It was most precociously riotous. Everybody seemed to have a particular bit of wickedness—or what passed as wickedness—to do, and every one did his or her part at the right time and with all the outward symptoms of gusto. So far as I could learn the students do what they please. If they ever did more than that then the quarter has deteriorated. The trouble is, probably, that the persons who think it is not so gay and care-free as it once was have grown a bit less careless and gay themselves. They have changed their viewpoint. However, it is the proper thing to say the quarter has gone back. It makes people think you know all about it.

## His Reception.

The lethargic mosquitoes gathered enthusiastically around the genial Secretary of War.

## DROPPED COFFEE.

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum.

A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience: "For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor. I trembled and my thoughts were often confused. "My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave. "Finally wife bought a package of Postum and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. "I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience. She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me. "That was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my hand steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man. "I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose. "Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment and albumen. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty promoters of it. "I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

## CHAPTER X.

In due time, to Joshua's great delight, the lottery ticket reached him. It was several days in coming, and he had almost given it up, but the sight of it raised his spirits to the highest pitch. It seemed to him the first step to a fortune. He began at once to indulge in dazling visions of what he would do when the prize came to hand; how the "old man" would be astonished and treat him with increased respect; how he would go to the city and have a good time seeing the lions, and from henceforth throw off the galling yoke of dependence which his father's parsimony had made it so hard to bear.

Whenever he was by himself, he used to pull out the ticket and gaze at it with the greatest satisfaction, as the key that was to unlock the portals of fortune, independence and happiness.

But at length the long-expected letter arrived. Joshua did not like to open it in the postoffice, lest it should attract the attention of the postmaster. He therefore withdrew to a place where he was not likely to be disturbed, and with trembling fingers opened the letter. Something dropped out.

"I wonder if it is a check?" thought Joshua, stooping over and picking it up. But no, it was an announcement of the drawing. Joshua's numbers—for each lottery ticket contains three numbers—were 9, 15, 59. Out of the thirteen lucky numbers drawn out of sixty-five, neither of them was one.

Slowly it dawned upon Joshua that he had drawn nothing, that his five dollars had been absolutely thrown away. But there was a letter. Perhaps this would explain it. Joshua read as follows:

"Dear Sir—We regret to say that we are unable to send you a prize this time. We hope, however, you will not be discouraged. Some of our patrons who have been most fortunate have commenced by being unlucky. Indeed, singularly enough, this is a general rule.

"Hoping to hear from you again, and to send you in return better news, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully,

"RABBIT & CO."

The effect of Joshua's ill success was to make him very despondent. He thought of all he had intended to do, and now six castles had crumbled, and all in consequence of this letter. He had been so sanguine of success. Now he must write to Sam that his visit to New York was indefinitely postponed—that is, unless he could induce his father to provide him with money enough to go. The prospect was not very encouraging, but he felt desperate, and he determined to make the attempt. Accordingly, just after supper, he detained his father, just as he was returning to the store, and said:

"Father, I wish you'd let me go to New York on a visit."

"That for?" asked Mr. Drummond, elevating his brows.

"Because I'm eighteen years old, and I've never been there yet."

"Then, if you've gone eighteen years without seeing the city, I think you can go a while longer," said his father, under the impression that he had made a witty remark. But Joshua did not appreciate the humor of it.

"I've lived in Stapleton ever since I was born," grumbled Joshua, "and I've got tired of it. I want to see something of life."

"Do you? Well, I'm sure I've no objection."

"May I go, then?"

"Yes; but, of course, you will pay your own expenses."

"How can I?" exclaimed Joshua, in angry disappointment. "I have no money."

"Then you can save up your allowance till you have enough."

"Save up on twenty-five cents a week? I couldn't do till I was an old man!"

"I know of no other way," said Mr. Drummond, with provoking indifference, "unless you earn the money in some way."

"You treat me like a little boy!" said Joshua, angrily.

"You are better off than I am. I have to work for my get. You get your board, clothes and pocket money for nothing."

"Other boys go to New York when they are much younger."

"I have told you you can go when you like, but you mustn't expect me to supply the money."

Mr. Drummond put on his hat and crossed the street to the store, leaving Joshua in a very unflattering frame of mind.

## CHAPTER XI.

Two days later two women entered Mr. Drummond's store. One was Joshua's customer and she wore the same shawl which she had purchased of him. It happened that Walter was out, but Mr. Drummond and Nichols were both behind the counter.

"Have you got any more shawls like this?" asked the first lady, whom we will call Mrs. Blake. "Mrs. Spicer, who is a neighbor of mine, liked it so well she wants to get another just like it."

"Did you buy this shawl of us?" asked Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, sir. I bought it about a fortnight ago, and paid five dollars for it."

"Five dollars! There must be some mistake. We never sell such a shawl as that for less than ten dollars."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Blake, positively. "I bought it here, and paid five dollars for it."

"Why, those shawls cost me seven dollars and a half at wholesale. It is not likely I would sell them for five. Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond, "did you sell this lady the shawl she is wearing for five dollars?"

"No, sir. I have not sold a shawl like that for two months. I know the price well enough, and I wouldn't sell it for less than ten dollars."

"I didn't buy it of him. I bought it of a boy," said Mrs. Blake.

"It must have been that stupid Conrad," exclaimed Mr. Drummond, angrily. "Wait till he comes in, and I'll haul him over the coals."

"Then you won't let my friend have another like it for five dollars?"

"No," said Mr. Drummond, provoked. "I don't do business that way. I've lost nearly three dollars by that shawl of yours. You ought to make up the whole-sale price to me."

"I shan't do it," said Mrs. Blake. "If you've made a mistake, it's your lookout. I wasn't willing to pay more than five dollars."

The two ladies were about to leave the store when Mr. Drummond said: "The boy will be back directly. I wish you would wait a few minutes, so that if he denies it you can prove it upon him."

"I've got a call to make," said Mrs. Blake, "but I'll come in again in about an hour."

"I did not buy the shawl of him."

"Didn't you say you bought the shawl of the boy?" asked Mr. Drummond, with a sickly hue of disappointment over-spreading his face.

"Yes; but it was not that boy. Come to think of it, I believe it was your son," said Mrs. Blake. "Isn't he a little older than this boy?"

"My son—Joshua!" exclaimed Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, I think it must be he. He's got rather an old-looking face, with freckles and reddish hair; isn't so good-looking as this boy."

"Joshua!" repeated Mr. Drummond, bewildered. "He doesn't tend in the store."

"It was about dinner time," said Mrs. Blake. "He was the only one here."

"Do you know anything about this, Mr. Nichols?" asked Mr. Drummond, turning to his head clerk.

Light dawned upon Nichols. He remembered now Joshua's offer to take his place, and he felt sure in his own mind who was the guilty party.

"Yes, Mr. Drummond," he answered; "about a fortnight ago, as Walter was rather late in getting back, Joshua offered to stay in the store for a while. He must have sold the shawl, but he must have guessed at the price."

"A mistake has been made," said Mr. Drummond, hurriedly, to the ladies. "A mistake that you have profited by. I shall not be able to sell you another shawl for less than ten dollars."

The ladies went out, and Mr. Drummond and his two clerks were left alone.

"Mr. Drummond," said Walter, quietly, "after what has happened, you will not be surprised if I decline to remain in your employ. I shall take the afternoon train to Willoughby."

He walked out of the store, and crossed the street to Mr. Drummond's house. (To be continued.)

## SAVAGES ARE LEARNING.

Rubber Traders on the Amazon Can No Longer Make Good Barter.

A letter from Iquitos, at the head of navigation on the Amazon, says that the rubber traders have overdone the business of bargaining the finest kind of gewgaws for good, hard rubber collected by the Indians. Fortunes had been made in the business, but the natives have cut their eye teeth. They have found at last that many of the trade goods they accepted are almost valueless, and that the commodity they exchanged for bawbles is highly prized by many nations.

An amusing illustration of the willfulness of rubber buyers to impose upon the ignorance or superstition of native collectors is told by members of the ill-fated expedition to the Amazon to build the railroad around the Madeira Falls.

Years ago a young fellow from Indiana, known to newspaper readers as "the boy naturalist of the Amazon," earned a good living by wandering over parts of the Amazon basin and collecting orchids for the conservatories of wealthy men. He was later employed by the Madeira River Railroad Company on account of his familiarity with the Indian languages.

When the enterprise failed he said he would go farther up the river to trade for rubber and the company told him to take whatever he pleased from its stock of gimcracks to assist him in his commercial project. To everybody's surprise he added to his peddler's pack all the playing cards with which the party expected to kill time on their way home. When asked what use he intended to make of the cards he replied:

"Why, I expect to make money out of them. The people on the rivers will think the face cards represent saints and will swap no end of rubber for them."

Many a tusk of ivory was cheerfully handed over to the white men by the Congo natives twenty years ago for a poor jackknife or a few yards of cotton cloth. Some of the traders defended themselves on the ground that a jackknife was worth more to the natives than a score of ivory tusks.

To-day the Congo natives are familiar with the white man's cutlery, and it is not easy to fool them as to the value of ivory. So the palmy days of that trade are at an end.

It is the old story. The poor Indians of this country were swindled right and left when Europe first began to buy their furs and skins. It was a poor trading company that could not make 100 per cent on its capital by a single voyage.

Missionary reports were filled with stories of the cheap and worthless things, the spoiled food and poisonous brandy which the traders gave in exchange for good beaver and mink skins.

"They are killing the Indians we are trying to save," wrote one despairing missionary. "It seems as though we can accomplish nothing and might as well abandon our missions to the white thieves and brandy traders."

Never Missed.

Two Frenchmen who had quarreled agreed that their wrongs could be settled only by a duel. So early one morning they repaired to the railway station, bound for a small village just outside Paris.

"A return ticket to F," said the first at the booking office.

"Single for me," said the second man, quietly.

"Ah," exclaimed the first, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you? As for me, I always take a return."

"I never do," said the other. "I always take the return half from my victim's pocket."

Practiced What He Preached.

"You know, my dear, I have often said that, like the rest of mankind, I am only a poor, weak sinner," said Weddely, who was trying to excuse one of his misdeeds.

"Yes, I know you have," rejoined the better half of the matrimonial combine, "and I never in my life saw anybody as anxious to prove the truth of his statements as you seem to be."

All Gone.

Doctor—My dear sir, your wife needs some change.

Husband—I know she does, but, good heavens, doctor, you took it all.

Not Noticeable.

He (after the quarrel)—I was a fool when I married you.

She—Yes, but I thought you would improve.

## "LEST WE FORGET."

When the mists lie low and the sun slants up, And the east is an autumn lip; When the road lies free to the morning cup, And the air has a frosty nip; When the steed champs foam with its nostrils wide, For the master's mettled rife, And a gay song fits to the strong, long stride— There are still some things in life!

When the pool lies still, or the current rides Like oil round the far-flung line; When the tarpon deep in the blackness glides And nibbles the live-bait mine; When the reel says "crrrrk" and the wrist feels jar, And the first leap marks the strife, As the play begins and the foam flies—Ah! There are still some things in life!

When the great moose sniffs by the water's edge, And starts with an angry snort; When the hunter crawls through the rustling sedge, And the heart beats thick and short; When the finger crooks on the trigger's curve; When the eye cuts like a knife, And the rifle cracks with a vicious verve— There are still some things in life!

When the dinner's o'er and the pipe burns free, And the dog curls by the chair; When your trail is good (as it ought to be) And the light glints on Her hair; When the drowsy thoughts of the past come back, And you smile, "That's she—the wife!" When you're quite prepared for the morrow's track— There's a lot of good in life!

—New York Times.



## The Discovery

BY W. H. FRIEDLAENDER

ward, looking curiously at the seated figure. A yellow cloak, hood and mask were as effectual a disguise as an amateur photographer's first snap shot.

"Your name?" demanded the Yellow Witch.

"Oh, but I thought you were going to tell me things," the girl protested, flippantly. Unwillingly her voice sank to a whisper. She made a mental note of the fact that when whispered to she cannot help whispering.

"Your name?" repeated the Yellow Witch.

"Alice Green."

The Yellow Witch assimilated the information. "You are not happy," she said, at last, abruptly. "There are two men—"

"How dreadfully commonplace!" interrupted the girl; but she winced.

"I must ask you not to interrupt. Two men who love you—one poor, one not poor. Shall I describe to you the one you love?"

"If you please," whispered the girl. The remark was meant to be ironical, but she then discovered.

"He is slight and has a fair mustache, brown eyes, a pale complexion, and—"

The Yellow Witch gave two ineffectual gasps and a convulsed shudder. Then she surrendered to the inevitable and succeeded.

"The girl leaned forward suddenly. "Summer colds are horrid," she said, sympathetically.

The Yellow Witch ignored the interruption. "A pale complexion and thin lips. That is the man you love."

The girl nodded. "Yes," she said. The Yellow Witch was silent for a moment. "Is there anything else you would like to know?" she asked.

The girl rose. "Nothing," she answered, and gave a little, low laugh.

"Nothing, thank you—John," she said. The bent shoulders of the Yellow Witch grew suddenly straight.

"You know—all the time?" she asked. The girl shook her head. "Take those things off," she commanded. "I can't talk to a Yellow Witch."

He tore the yellow draperies off impatiently.

"Are you angry with me?" he asked. "Was—as it is frightful cheek? I wanted so badly to find out what of us it was without you knowing."

She was silent.

"Please understand," he explained, anxiously, "I was so afraid that if I asked you, and you said 'No,' you wouldn't let us even be friends afterwards, like—like now, and I couldn't have borne that. So I hit on this way. And—when I described him, and you said 'Yes,' I was prepared, and I didn't show anything, did I? Honor bright, I would never have shown anything, only—you guessed—"

She raised her eyes, and with a look swept him into paradise. "You darling duffer," she said, unsteadily.

"John, I must go! They'll think I've had such a stormy past as—ever was, if I stay any longer. And there are heaps waiting to see the Yellow Witch. Pick up your things and put them on again."

"I won't see another person," he protested, violently.

She smiled. "Oh, well, then! Wait a minute." She knelt down at the back of the tent and peered cautiously through the inch of space between canvas and ground. "There's not a soul this side, John; and look, this peg's loose. Pull the rope, and you'll be able to crawl through. That's right. Now go and join the giddy throng outside. I'll make time for you."

She waited an instant, and then, lifting the flap of the tent door, held the Diplomat in momentary conversation before he went in. Two seconds later he reappeared.

"The Yellow Witch is not?" he announced.

"What do you mean? Has she gone?" There was a sudden rush into the tent, and cries of disappointment.

"And I know I'd have found out who she was when it was my turn," the Sharp Girl said, regretfully.

John Wilde strolled round the corner. "What's all this?" he asked, lazily. Then for a second his eyes met and held those of the Second Season Girl.

The Diplomat was nothing if not observant. A flicker of intelligence was suddenly born in his own eyes. Then it was suddenly went out.

"So!" he dropped quietly in Wilde's ears.

Wilde gave him a quick glance, and unathematized his own impudence. "Don't tell," he implored, below his breath.

"Now we shall never know who she was," deplored the Freckled Girl.

The Diplomat opened his lips. "Oh, you beast, you beast," murmured Wilde, distractedly.

"I think I can tell you," the Diplomat remarked, placidly.

"Oh, who?" They gathered round him.

"The Yellow Witch," began the Diplomat, "was—"

He caught the eye of the Second Season Girl and led her by the expression in his own to suppose she had melted him to a tardy clemency. But of course that was rubbish. Being a Diplomat, he had never learned how to tell things—only how to conceal them.

"Well, she was—" he stammered, artistically—"our old friend, the Green-eyed Monster."

There was a blank silence.

The Idler turned away with a yawn. "That man," he grumbled to the Freckled Girl as they made for the tent and fees, "would conceal your own name from you if he could. Beastly character."

"He knows," acquiescently mused the Freckled Girl.

"Of course. But what?"

"And how?" she asked.

It was precisely on these points that the Diplomat was at that moment gathering information.

"You arranged it beforehand?" he asked the Second Season Girl.

She shook her head.

"I've earned a reward," the Diplomat reminded her.

"Oh, yes! I don't mind your knowing now. But—you tell John."

Wilde looked a little bewildered. "Honor bright, I don't quite know. I—I did it in order to find out something I wanted to know, only she found me out."

The Second Season Girl smiled, and the Diplomat looked at her curiously. "How?" he asked.

"Yes; how did you—" began Wilde, and broke off, the victim of another violent sneeze.

The Second Season Girl laughed happily. "That way," she said, and turned her back rather pointedly on the Diplomat. "Nobody does it like you."—Pennsylvania Grit.

## BEHIND IN HUMANE WORK.

Berlin Affords a Fine Model in Up-to-Date Ambulance Service.

Ambulance service in this country is poor, chiefly because the need for it does not appeal personally to the average citizen, and there is no general demand upon officials for its betterment, says Leslie's Weekly. What has been done has been accomplished through the efforts of physicians and humanely inclined persons of wealth and public spirit. A good example to pattern after is that of Berlin. A private organization, the Rescue Society, made up largely of surgeons, looks after emergency cases, and does it well. It is considered an honor to be a member of the society, and only surgeons who have practiced a number of years are eligible. Each member takes his turn riding the ambulance, for which he gets no pay. This does away with the reprehensible American practice of infaturation, and others seeking experience, practicing upon street victims.

The Rescue Society has nine emergency stations, fitted with all the facilities of a fire-engine house for getting out quickly. These Rescue society ambulances are co-operated with by at least one ambulance from each of the sixteen large hospitals. Several times each day the director of the ambulance service is notified how many empty beds there are at each reception hospital, thus preventing the complication that frequently arises in this country of a dying man being taken to a hospital only to find that there is no place for him. They also have test runs in Berlin. At the pleasure of the director any or all the ambulances are called out unexpectedly, their time noted, and their condition inspected. Berlin is the only city where this practice prevails.

A well-maintained ambulance service increases the demand for attention from the really needy. Berlin, virtually the same size as Chicago, St. Louis, half as large, has more calls by several thousands than Chicago, owing to the better service and the familiarity of the citizens with it.

Persons in city streets are thrilled by the clanging of the ambulance gong and fascinated when the horses gallop by. A feeling of horror is oftentimes followed by one of comfort at the thought that, in case of accident to himself, one speedily would be taken care of. In a majority of instances this feeling of comfort is not justified. If you don't believe it, watch some one try to get an ambulance in a hurry.

A Telephone Optic.

The elder wife was seriously ill, and the doctor advised rest and quiet. But the lady was very devoted to church work and worried herself into hysteria because she could not attend services and hear her favorite pastor preach.

"She must not leave the house," warned the doctor, "but you can easily arrange to have her hear the sermon by telephone."

"I'm gunning for railroad," announced the trust-buster.

"Then come with me," whispered the near-humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book.

Give a young man an empty pocket-book, a moonlight night and a pretty girl, and he will talk like a poet about the sordidness of gold.

Some people do nothing but hate people who chew toothpicks on the street.

People don't believe in giving a boy anything except a whipping.