

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 '92 and '93 Mrs. Johnson was, like many of her friends, attacked with la grippe. Yes, we've 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 "heros 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 la grippe fever and its characteristic sickness had left her. She is a consistent 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 grasping 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 druggists, French & Garrett, in this city, and by the time she had used half the box she had 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 dropped the 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 here never cease 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, sciatitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, 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' Medical Satchel, 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 enticing 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 Company.

Kate Field in Denver.
DENVER, Sept. 10.—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 employees, 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 hearty 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, recollect one thing—whatever you get dishonestly you have got to divide with the devil, and he always takes the lion's share. I cum akrost lots of humble and resigned partys in this world, only let them have their own way in all things

"AMONG THE OZARKS."
The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Oden 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.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO.

(CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.)

"I have never cared to revisit Ireland; for I am in habit and feeling a Frenchwoman; but there were many of my countrymen in Paris, and I picked up from them the trick of the tongue which astonished you so much yesterday."

"No, no," said Dick, "that's not at all what it was; it was your wit and presence of mind."

"That took you by surprise, you mean?" she said, quickly. And then, after laughing at his confusion, "But now it's your turn to give me something to wonder at."

"Oh!" he said, "there's nothing in my life to make a story of. Why, I went to sea when I was 12."

"But that's a romance in itself," she said. Dick blushed, perhaps from embarrassment, perhaps also from pleasure, for he was anxious to be less of a stranger to her, and was flattered at her appearance of interest. So, of course, he became foolish and procrustean.

"I'm sure there's nothing you'd care to hear," he said, hoping for the encouragement of a contradiction. "You see, that's how I began," she replied. "I shall take yours and answer, as you did just now, that it is not a matter of personal interest at all, but a mere story of adventure, that's in question."

"I'm certain I did not say that," he answered. "I mean, I beg your pardon, but I couldn't have said anything so rude."

"So rude as what I have just said to you?" she asked, with a mischievous pretense of innocence. "Oh!" he groaned, "I'm no good with words. I can't handle them." And he made a sudden gesture as if to grasp a more downright kind of weapon.

The action and the flush which accompanied it became him quite well, and she glanced up at him with secret approval. He had, in fact, gained, not lost, ground; but in his confusion he did not suspect the fact, and was more troubled than ever when the door opened at this moment and the colonel came in.

"I thought," he said, bowing, "that I did not interrupt?"

Camilla was grave again in an instant; and Dick saw, with quick gratitude, that however much she might have been playing with him before, she had no intention of putting him to shame before a third person.

"Capt. Estcourt has been telling me something of his life at sea," she replied to her brother-in-law's inquiry; "and was about to give me his opinion of the relative merits of the English, French and Spanish sailors. You see there is nothing that you may not hear."

"In that case," answered the colonel, "I shall have the pleasure of joining in the conversation. Dinner is ready, and we will, if you please, Capt. Estcourt, hear your observations at the table."

Madame de Montaut took Dick's arm and they passed into the dining-room. "That was kindly done," he murmured as they went.

"Follow it up, then," she answered. And they took their seats. "And what, in effect, is your opinion," asked the colonel, "upon this question?"

He had seen, but not heard, their bit of byplay, and was in hopes of catching his guest tripping.

But Dick was now inspired to do his best, and showed presence of mind against a merely male antagonist.

"Well, to tell the truth," he replied, coolly, "on second thoughts I'm not entitled to criticize the French or Spaniards, for I have never met either of them in a general engagement."

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

could be found willing to take the leading ships into such a dangerous passage.

"At last the boats came off again; Capt. Murray and the master of the Edgar had another man with them when they came on board. I never saw him before or since, but I shall not forget his face while I live."

"He was short and stood very square and sturdy upon his feet; he had jet-black hair and eyebrows, and a swarthy red color in his cheeks; his lips were pushed forward, and his eyes very fierce; he was like a man always on the point of speaking angrily, and following with a blow. When we saw him looking so bold and full of force, we guessed in a moment what he was there for. He had volunteered, when all the regular pilots hung back, to take the first ship down."

"I remember the captain called out, 'Now, gentlemen, the Edgar leads!' and we cheered. The dark man went to the wheel, the master himself took the lead and went forward; we weighed, and stood right out for the entrance of the King's channel."

"The two lieutenants who had to stand in the chains and see to the heaving of the lead began to dispute for places; they were each claiming the larboard side, which was the one exposed to the enemy's fire. The captain gave it in favor of Bradnock, and he went forward, laughing."

"We soon came within shot of the first Danish ship, and she began firing single guns at us. I was not tall enough to see over the hammock nettings, so I held on to them and pulled myself up on my toes. The enemy were nearly all hulks and batteries, and looked very ugly."

"Every time a gun went 'boom!' I felt a kind of warm shock, as if I had been struck amidsthips, but my hands were still cold and numb. I longed desperately to hear the sound of our own guns, and felt quite angry that we went on without firing a shot."

"Then I was going toward the fore-castle when I heard a sudden roar and a crashing sound. It was the first broadside from the Provostein, and a good many shot struck the ship all at once."

"Bradnock spun over and fell dead in a heap across the chains; the splinters flew all round him, and several men came running up. I heard Wilson, the starboard lieutenant, cry out, 'My turn!' in a sharp voice, and scrambled on to the deck and across into the other's place."

"I felt horribly sick and dazed, and hurried away blindly, without any idea where I was going. I had got nearly to the quarter deck when a man ran into me, and I reeled violently off into the captain himself, who had just come down the ladder. I hadn't time to get my breath to apologize; he picked me up and clapped my cap down on my head."

"Well, young gentleman," he said, "I thought you were a round shot at the least?"

"I was warmer for the tumble, and his kind, jolly voice did me no end of good. He sent me with a message to the lower gun-deck, and I ran off feeling quite a man again."

"As I was on the way down a tremendous explosion seemed to rock the whole ship; we had let go our anchor and opened with the larboard broadside. I felt suddenly mad with joy, my throat swelled, and the tears came into my eyes. When I reached the lower deck the guns were being run out for the second time, and I stood still to watch. The roar was awful, and the smoke filled the whole place so that I could scarcely see at first. The men were cheering and working like demons in the dim lantern light, but as only one broadside was in action a lot of them had nothing to do except now and then to pick up the wounded and take their places. Some of them might have been safe enough behind the bits, but there was only room there for a few, and no one would take an advantage over the rest."

"It was dreadful to see them standing quietly there to be killed in cold blood as it were. Half a dozen dead and dying men were propped up against the starboard guns; some were being carried below to the surgeons."

"I couldn't bear the sight much longer, so I slipped quickly down the other side to speak to the captain of the deck. Before I got to him a chain-shot cut him in two, and killed all the men at the gun next him."

"The heat and smoke and the smell of blood made me dizzy again, so I gave my orders to the second in command and hurried back to the captain."

"I found him telling the pilot that he might go below, but the man refused, and stayed on deck, staring fiercely through the smoke at the enemy. I saw him still there when the firing ceased, and he seemed actually sorry that the action was over. I wish I could give you an idea of how his look worked upon me; I could hardly take my eyes off him; and though I've really very little to judge by, as you see, I feel sure I've never met his equal for desperate courage."

"What was his name?" asked Camilla, who had been listening, breathless.

"Johnstone," he answered.

"He was English, then?" said the colonel.

"No, he was half Scotch, half Spanish; his full name was Hernan Johnstone, and he was said to be a well-known smuggler."

"Did you ever hear of him again?"

"Yes," replied Dick, "I did, more than once; for instance, I heard that he tried to kidnap Bonaparte, when he was at Flushing, by gunning down his barge in a fast rowing boat."

"Ah!" said the colonel, with an involuntary start, "that is a very singular story. But what more, Capt. Estcourt: what more of this heroic ruffian?"

"Oh, nothing more of that kind," said Dick, laughing; "only I was told lately by a brother officer that Johnstone was

now in England, and apparently living somewhere down at Limehouse; and he's not likely to have mistaken his man."

The colonel leaned forward to hear this answer with an eagerness which Dick did not perceive; but Camilla saw it, and guessed the cause. This Johnstone was no doubt the very man they needed for the more active part of their enterprise.

But she was at the same time conscious of a certain feeling of reluctance. It was not altogether pleasing that this assistance should have come to them through Dick, whose honor, if he had known of their object, would have been concerned in keeping such information from them. She frowned, and the colonel instantly left the subject.

"You were not at Trafalgar, then?" he asked.

"No," said Dick, to my lasting sorrow. I was then with Malcolm in the Donegal, which had gone into the Mole three days before, and only returned in time to help destroy the prizes the day after the battle."

He looked rather grim as he spoke, and the colonel saw that the subject was a sore one.

"Malcolm?" he asked. "What Malcolm was that?"

"He is now Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and commands at St. Helena."

The colonel rose abruptly from the table.

"I beg your pardon," said Dick; "have I touched on anything painful?"

"Not in the least," replied the colonel, recovering himself; "on the contrary, I have listened to you with the liveliest pleasure; but now, as you are taking no wine, we will, if you please, all go into the drawing-room together."

CHAPTER V.
AS THEY WENT upstairs Dick noticed with dismay that both his companions were silent and that an awkward feeling of constraint seemed to have fallen upon the party. He feared that he himself must be the cause of this, and could not help thinking it connected, in spite of the colonel's assurance to the contrary, with the latter part of the conversation just ended. He resolved, accordingly, if he had the chance, to say something polite, and soothie, if possible, the patriotic feelings of his friends.

As a matter of fact he was both right and wrong in his suppositions; he was the cause but not the offending cause, of this embarrassing silence. The colonel was pondering deeply upon the line he must immediately adopt in order to utilize the advantages which chance had so unexpectedly offered him; Camilla had divined the thoughts that were passing through her brother-in-law's mind, and instinctively resented them. It was no doubt unreasonable of her, but she was keenly troubled at the idea of Dick being tempted to take any part or interest in the enterprise to which she had devoted herself. Of course he would refuse and treat such overtures as an insult; or—if white could after all be black—if he could be led by blind devotion into the slightest acquiescence, she would hate herself and despise him; and for some unexplained reason he was the one man of all others whom she least wished to despise just now.

She resolved to show the colonel the futility of his design at once, and stop him at the outset. So she waited until they were all three face to face again in the drawing-room, and then began her manuevers with cool directness.

"Capt. Estcourt," she said, "how you, as an English officer, must hate the emperor!"

"Ah!" thought Dick, "that's it! I was afraid I'd been too strong."

So he said aloud: "Hate is a hard word to use; you would scarcely say that a gunner hates his target, would you?"

This from his point of view was skillful, but it was not what Camilla wanted.

"You mean," she said, "that it is your duty to hate him?"

"Duty does not necessarily imply inclination," he replied.

Camilla was in despair. The colonel smiled, and came gliding into the conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEALS.

They Are as Simple as Those the Person of Moderate Means Enjoys.

Queen Victoria is rather simple in her tastes, as a rule. For instance, a kind of natural soup very often finds its way on to the menu. The wine served with it is white sherry, which her majesty usually drinks from a beautiful gold cup formerly belonging to Queen Anne.

Bolled beef and pickled cucumbers—a favorite dish with Prince Albert—invariably follow the soup, while a baron of beef is likewise a constant feature. It is noteworthy that the Queen still adheres to the old practice of having the cook's name called out as each dish is brought to the table. This custom dates back to the days of George II., and had its origin in a conspiracy against one Weston, formerly an assistant, whom the king had raised to the dignity of chief "mouth cook." His late comrades, jealous of his preference, endeavored to disgrace him by tampering with the dishes. Upon Weston proving the existence of this plot to his royal master, the latter gave orders that in future, as each dish was brought on, the name of its cook should be called out, in order that praise or blame might be bestowed where due.

Work of Colored People.

I. Garland Penn, chief of the negro department at the Cotton States and International exposition, visited the Tuskegee normal and industrial institute, Tuskegee, Ala., and personally inspected the exhibit to be made by that institution. The exhibit will cover a representation of twenty-six departments, and will be in every detail the work of colored boys and girls. The exhibit from the state normal and industrial institute at Normal, over which Professor W. H. Council presides, will also be a conspicuous exhibit of the negro department.

How Apes Sleep.

It is stated by the attendants at the London Zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on its back, as adult man often does.

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 winding 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 Balm.
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. 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 staved on the cross for the redemption of men."

"I have tried Parker's Gluter-Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing 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 Hindercocks takes out the cough, and a very pleasing relief it is. 50c. at druggists.

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. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

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

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No other remedy so quick and so sure. Treatise and trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If it don't clear up at 11 or 3, 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, and the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.

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.