

TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J. Mrs. Anna Burns, of 388 Plans Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-five years old, tall, and a pleasant conversationalist. On the ground floor of her residence she conducts a well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she in response to a question told him a very interesting story.

"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and could work night and day if necessary. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my head, in my limbs and temples. Almost distracted with this seemingly never ending pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good."

In fact, I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pain in my hips became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet, and occasionally was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks, for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still no matter what I was, in no occasion was better I in this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car came thundering along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of all this, as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks, whether I would not drop to the ground in my agony and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the Evening News an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of six bottles, and began to take the pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel relieved; the pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days, I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and the more I took the better I felt. I finished one box, got another, and now having taken only a few of the second fifty cents' worth, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there are a dozen vehicles near by. It is a great relief, I assure you, and suffering humanity has a never failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from experience."

SKIRTS OF ACTRESSES.

Maggie Mitchell once told a questioning woman that she always wore divided skirts, although at the time of this conversation the bifurcated garment was scarcely known outside the world of the stage. Miss Mitchell said that almost all actresses wore this petticoat because they found that it gave most freedom of gait and grace to one's movements. She also said that she had her skirts trimmed with lace and embroidery, put on wrong side out, and that this was another notion prevalent in "the profession." "Because, you see," she explained, "in getting in or out of a carriage or a street car it is the underside of the edging that shows, and only that."

WONDERFUL WHEAT YIELDS.

The yield of wheat and other grains in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces this year has been phenomenal. Thirty-five millions of bushels of wheat, thirty millions of bushels of oats, six millions of bushels of barley, besides large quantities of flax, rye, peas, etc., have been produced in Manitoba by only 25,000 farmers, some of whom are on the prairies a few years ago with very little capital and other almost totally inexperienced in and unaccustomed to farm work. This enormous yield seems almost incredible, but when one reads of a farmer selling a part of his crop for \$17,000 and having 4,000 bushels still on hand, it is easy of belief, and that another farmer, a Mr. Pruy, near Emerson, Manitoba, had 21,000 bushels, and many of his neighbors harvested 10,000 bushels and upwards. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1-3 bushels on a 40-acre field, and near Neepawa nine acres yielded 600 bushels, an average of 66 2-3 bushels per acre. Another field of 16 acres on the same farm yielded 800 bushels, while the entire crop of 105 acres turned out 40,000 bushels. A Carman settler was rewarded with 36,865 bushels of 985 acres—an average of 36 1/2 bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were 106 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs to the bushel. Of course every farmer has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 30, 35, 40 and more bushels to the acre. Roots and vegetables, too, rivaled the cereals in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely raised, there being extensive ranches in Manitoba and the vast country to the west of it, and the shipments this year have aggregated 45,000 head; sheep being also raised in large numbers. Dairying is being rapidly developed, and the recent establishment of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on account of the excellence of its butter and cheese. But what raising is Manitoba's distinctive feature, the soil being particularly adapted for the production of No. 1 hard, unsurpassed by any other grade, and it is safe to say that there is not any part of the continent where the yield has been so uniformly large and the grade so high as in Manitoba.

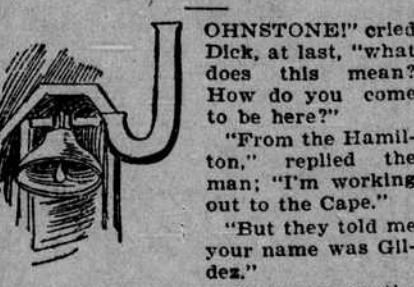
DIFFICULTIES OF AUTHORITY.

Struggling author—"Eldora, can't you keep that baby out about two minutes. His yells are enough to drive one wild." Wife—"No, I can't. I've got to finish the dishes and knead the bread and mend Tommy's clothes." Struggling author—"Well, anyhow, you could make Johnny and his sis stop their racket and close the windows so there won't be so many smells coming in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those heartless little collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on 'How to Be Happy, Though Poor.'"—New York Weekly.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



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"OHNSSTONE!" cried Dick, at last, "what does this mean? How do you come to be here?" "From the Hamilton," replied the man; "I'm working out to the Cape."

"But they told me your name was Gildes." "So it was on the barque yonder. You see my own's a bit too famous for general use. But here I'm among friends, and can say what I please."

"Among friends?" said Dick; "what do you mean by that?" "It seems I've an old acquaintance with you to begin with," said Johnstone, impudently; "and then I've come a good way with madame and the colonel."

"Answer me," said Dick, angrily, "and remember your place!" "So I do," retorted the other; "I'm captain of this ship for the time being."

Estcourt was more astounded than ever, and indignant at the brazen face of the fellow. "Come, my man," he said, sternly, "your tongue's too loose; you'd best tell me the plain truth at once."

"You've got it already," replied Johnstone. "I'm to sail the brig for Captain Worsley until he's on his legs again." "By whose authority?" "His own; he's an old friend o' mine. We've made many a lucky voyage in company before now, and he knows there's no crew afloat that I couldn't handle."

Dick looked at the herculean frame and fierce domineering face before him. He remembered how the boldness and force of the man had indelibly impressed him years ago at Copenhagen, and he felt that Worsley was amply justified in his opinion. And he reflected, too, that it mattered little to him who called the Speedwell, so long as she was safely carried into port; in fact, of the two men he preferred Johnstone, for, though he was less respectful than Worsley, he was at any rate beyond comparison more active and courageous.

"Well," he said, at last, in a mollified tone, "I dare say you'll make as good a captain as we need have; if you don't, you'll have me to reckon with, you know." And he was about to turn away, when he remembered that he had had no explanation yet of the locked cabin.

"If you'll be good enough to unlock that door," he said, "I'll go in and pay Captain Worsley a visit." At this moment the colonel appeared in the passage. "And how is Captain Worsley getting on now?" he asked, as he came toward the other two. "That's just what I want to find out for myself," replied Dick, and he held out his hand for the key.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

The colonel was here again in a difficulty which he had not foreseen. "My dear Estcourt," he said, confidentially, to Dick, "if I were you I shouldn't enlighten her as to the identity of this Johnstone with the hero of your story."

"Why?" asked Dick, in astonishment. "Well, you may think me absurdly cautious, but it's only for your own sake I am. You know how anxious I am for your success with Camilla."

Dick grew hot with mingled embarrassment and gratitude. "This man," the colonel continued, "once tried—as I think you yourself told us—to capture the Emperor by a desperate stratagem; my sister-in-law has had a particular horror of him ever since she heard this, for she thinks he must have been actuated by motives of personal malice—you know how her enthusiasm runs away with her. If she is not told, she probably will not think of connecting this man with that incident, merely because of the name. In any case, if she is to learn of the identity, let it be through me, and not through you, from whom she might think the information in bad taste."

"I don't quite see it," said Dick, "but no doubt you're right. I'd rather bite my tongue out than hurt her feelings, and I'm very grateful to you for the hint."

Rain now began to fall heavily and they were obliged to go below. The wind rose in gusty starts, sail after sail was reefed, and by the middle of the afternoon the brig was muddling along before the gale with her masts almost bare. She was at all times unusually fast, but she was now flying along at nearly half again her ordinary rate, and for six whole days she never relaxed her speed.

In spite of the rain and the spray, which from time to time swept over her, Dick and Camilla spent a good part of every day on deck, keenly sympathizing with each other in delight at the swift, exhilarating motion of the vessel and the unchanging restlessness and grandeur of the waves over which she passed so lightly.

Of the rest of the company on board they took but little heed. The mate never came their way. The captain was reported still unable to stir outside his cabin, where Dick, after one or two more ineffectual requests for admittance, was quite content to leave him. The colonel had struck up a considerable intimacy with Johnstone, whom he pronounced to be not nearly such a ruffian as he looked. When the ship's motion was not too violent he went on tours of inspection, with the new captain, and was even found one morning alone in the hold, examining the cargo with incomprehensible energy and interest.

"I can't think," said Estcourt, laughing, "what on earth you can find to amuse you in the sight of all these casks and cases." "It is the thought of what they contain that fascinates me," replied the colonel, who was in a humorous mood. "What?" cried Dick, "stores and fittings fascinate you? That's a dry taste!"

"Ah!" said M. de Montaut, "but I have the poet's vision; I look beyond the mere articles themselves to the results they may effect. These packing-cases, you say, are but necessary to the refitting of your ship. I see more than that. From the parts I reconstruct the whole in imagination. I see, rising from these fragments, an entire vessel, with a fate of her own, and fraught with many destinies. Nay, who knows," he added, with mock sentimentousness, "but the ship that lies hidden in this despised cargo of yours may change the course of history!"

Dick laughed again. "My dear colonel," he said, "you see a good deal more than I do; I find it uncomfortably dark down here."

"Ah, that's because I'm standing between you and the light," replied the colonel, taking up the lantern. "Come, let's go upstairs again." And he led the way back to the middle deck. During the night of the 22d the wind fell to a steady breeze, and on the following morning they saw the sun again at last, standing over a headland that lay on the larboard quarter. The colonel appeared at breakfast with a chart, and Dick, borrowing it from him, explained the position of the Speedwell to Camilla.

"Here," he said, putting his finger upon the map, "is the stretch of coast along which the wind and the Guinea current have been hurrying us so fast. Here is Cape Palmas, which we have just passed, and now we shall see no more of the shores of Africa. You see we have been carried a little to the east already, and Ascension lies right before us in mid-ocean there."

"No," replied Camilla; "didn't you hear Captain Estcourt say that they are peculiar to St. Helena?" "But surely they must have made their way across at some time or other; the two islands are not so very far apart."

"It is curious," said Dick, "but I assure you that there are none to be found anywhere else. If I saw one of them, I should know for a certainty that it was off St. Helena, though a moment before I had been thinking myself in the Pacific or the North Sea."

He rolled up the chart and returned it to the colonel, who went off with it to his own cabin and did not appear for some time. Dick and Camilla went on deck, and enjoyed the sun and blue sky after so many dark days. "Do you know," she said, "that I did not always enjoy that perpetual rush of wind and rain? And if I hadn't seen that you were quite cheerful about it, I should have really been quite alarmed at times."

Dick smiled. "I was more timid than you, I expect; I was by no means as cheerful as I looked."

"Then there was danger?" she asked. "There was a lee shore, and there were nights in which we could see nothing." "Then how could the ship be steered?" "She couldn't; she drove before the wind, which happily was in the right direction; all the steersman could do was to stand to his helm and be always ready for a sudden danger."

"What work?" she cried. "Then it was really one man who saved us all?" "Oh, no," he answered, "that's too much to say; let's hope he would have saved us if he had had the chance."

"How can you speak so lightly of him?" she exclaimed, warmly. "He is a hero, and I shall thank him myself!" Dick was silent, and looked away. Johnstone was passing near, and Camilla called to him. "What is your steersman's name?" she asked, as he approached. Dick had made some hasty excuse, and was gone in a moment. "We've been taking the wheel in turns of late," said Johnstone; "but on the worst nights Captain Estcourt wouldn't let her out of his own hands."

She nodded and turned away. Johnstone passed on with an approving shake of the head. "My word!" he muttered, "he would be a fool to stick at scruples now; he'll be better paid than me by a long sight!"

As for Camilla, this episode brought to a decisive end the struggles which had been going on at intervals in her mind since she came on board the Speedwell. She was convinced, and glad to be convinced, that Dick was indeed the man she had thought him of old. Whatever had been his reasons for joining in this expedition, they were not, she felt certain, either weak fondness for herself or disloyalty to the colors under which he served.

With this conclusion, which was rather due to instinct than reasoning, and to her mind, her old feelings toward him resumed their place, and the restraint which she had hitherto endeavored to put upon them broke down completely. Eight days passed in great content. The colonel troubled them with his society less than ever. When he was not alone in his own cabin, he was generally in that of Captain Worsley, of whom he gave reports to the others twice a day.

It appeared that the medicines on board were insufficient; the Speedwell carried no surgeon, in spite of the twelve weeks' regulation, which expressly includes the Cape; and the patient's condition was, therefore, unsatisfactory, and at times even critical.

Hearing this, Dick foresaw that the remainder of his voyage would probably be spent in the sole company of Johnstone, and he began to realize how quickly and how pleasantly the last two weeks had flown. Tomorrow Camilla would leave the Speedwell, and with her would go for the present all the sunshine of life. Happily he had discovered that she had no intention of hiding herself again from him; she was evidently anticipating a meeting in the near future, though under what circumstances he had no means of guessing. To his great surprise the next day passed without any sign of the Island of Ascension coming in sight. He supposed that the brig had not been kept straight to her course, and in his heart thanked Johnstone for the bad navigation which had given him another day's happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) OUR COUNTRY HOSTS. What They Think of Us, Our Work, Our Ways and Our Ambitions. A young friend of mine overheard this conversation between the proprietress of a country farmhouse and her help the other morning: "Manda, have you rung that second bell?" "Yes, indeed; but I never see such people! Eight o'clock breakfast! Who ever heered o' such a thing! Why, I'm pretty near ready for dinner now."

PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court. The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trade mark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

Not quite fitting. "I see you have a new organist," said the occasional attendant. "Yes," answered the medium, "the other fellow got entirely too fresh. We called up the spirit of Brigham Young last meeting, and what do you suppose the idiot played? 'Only One Girl in the World for Me!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief. The man who loves his neighbor as himself will be slow about going to law. The devil sees to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

Get Hindooisms and use it if you want to realize the comfort of being without cough. It takes them out of you. It is a great blessing or greatest plague of life. Good or bad company is the greatest blessing or greatest plague of life. All Pits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Green Hair Restorer. No Pitts after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Shaking, Headache, St. Vitus's Dance, Send to Dr. Kline, 149 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Good fortune does not always travel in a carriage. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WENZEL'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. On the day we have done no good we have done much evil. I have found Pilo's Cure for Consumption an unailing medicine. F. B. Lutz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

If all our wishes were gratified how poor we would be. "Emanuel's Magic Corn Salve." Wanted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents. Fill man with whisky and he can give the pig points. Coo's Cough Balsam. In the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

St. Jacobs Oil. YES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN Cures Rheumatism. The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

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.

Stop Naturally! You Don't Have to Swear off! makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days. GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE. Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office. THE STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL. MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

GASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. "I firmly believe that Pilo's Cure kept me from having quick consumption."—Mrs. H. D. DABLING, Beaver Meadow, N. Y., June 13, 1895. Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP. TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CTS.