## INTERESTING LETTER

**WRITTEN BYA NOTABLEWOMAN** 

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Color Bearer of the Woman's Relief Corpa ands Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.



The following letter was written Mrs. Kellogg, of 1628 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Colo., to Mrs. Pink-

Ave., Denver, Colo., to Mrs. Pinkham. Lynn, Mass.; Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me intense agony and great mantal depression. I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bod, for my appetite, my courage and all hope.

I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief; but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size.

"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irreg-

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, back-ache, flatulence, general debility, indion and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg-etable Compound at once removes such

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unquali-fied endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other

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

Health is too valuable to risk in experiments with unknown and untried medicines or methods of treatment.
Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound that is curing
women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

## Your Children's Health

IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE. A large part of their time is spent in the schoolroom and it becomes the duty of every parent and good citizen to see to it that the schoolrooms are free from disease breeding germs. Decorate the walls with



Cleanly, sanitary, durable, artistic, and safeguards health.

Rock Cement in white and A NOCK COMENT deficate tints.

Does not rub or scale. Destroys disease germs and vermin. No washing of walls after once applied. Any one can brush it on—mix with cold water. The delicate tints are non-poisonous and are made with special reference to the protection of pupils' eyes. Beware of paper and germ-absorbing and disease-breeding kalsomines bearing fanciful names and mixed with hot water. Buy Alabastine only in five pound packages, properly labeled. Tint card, pretty wall and ceiling design, "Hints on Decorating," and our artists services in making color plans, free. s in making color plans, free.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. V.

A Point of View. "Engaged to Jack! Why. you're the fourth girl he's been engaged to this summer." "Well, don't you think there must be something very attractive about a man who can get engaged to four girls in about two months?"

Mrs. Winslow's BOOTHING STRUF for Children sething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, alors wind colin. 25 centra bottle.

Philadelphia Press: "Mrs. Wabash is celebrating her golden wedding to-

"What's that? Ten."

"Years or times?"

BY MR. S. B. HEGE.

B. & O. R. R. Passenger Agent, Washlagton, D. C., Tella of Wonderful Cure of Eczema by Cuticura.

Mr. S. B. Hege, passenger agent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Washington, D. C., one of the well-known railroad men of the country, sends the following grateful letter in praise of the Cuticura Remedies:

"Thanks to the Cuticura Remedies, weeping eczema, for the first time in ree years. It first appeared on the back of my hand in the form of a litthe pimple, growing into several blotches, and then on my ears and ankles. They were exceedingly painful because of the itching and burning sensation, and always raw. After the first day's treatment with Cuticura Boap, Ointment and Pills, there was little of the burning and itching and the cure now seems to be com-plete. I shall be glad to aid in relieving others suffering as I was, and you may use my letter as you wish. (Signed) S. B. Hege, Washington, D. C., June 9, '04."

The Answer.

Puck: Teacher—Now, Bobby, if a rich relative should die and leave your father \$10,000 in cash, \$5,000 in bonds and \$2,000 in tocks, what would your father get?

Bobby—Oh, he'd get a big jag and mother'd take the rest away from him.

eepr, David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy gave me seempt and complete relief from dyspepsia and liver derangement." B. T. Trowbridge, Hariem R. R. N. Y.

One Industry Safe, Pittsburg Dispatch: Should the tarfff war really come on with Germany
it need not affect the imported frankfurter trace. The Chicago packing
house will look after that as usual.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives immediate relief in all throat troubles.—F. E. Bierman, Leipsic, Ohio, Aug. 31,1901.

The death rate among the white race in Manila is under 10 per 1,000, while that of the natives is over 50.

## THE MASTER OF APPLEBY

By Francis Lynde. = 

gust of passion seized him, and for once, I think, he spoke the simple truth. "God! I'd sink my soul

in Calvin's hell to have her!" I could not wholly mask the smile of triumph that his words evoked. This fox of maiden vineyards was entrapped at last. I saw the fire of such a pas-sion as such a man may know burning in his eyes; and then I knew why he was come upon this errand.

"So?" said I. "Then Mistress Margery sent you here to save me?" 'Twas but a guess, but I made sure it hit the truth.

He swore a sneering oath. "So the priest carried tales, did he? Well, make the most of it; she would not have her father's guest taken from his bed and

hanged like a dog."

"Twas more than that; she would even go so far as to beg her husband's life a boon from that ame husband's mortal enemy."

"Bah!" he scoffed. "That lie of yours imposed upon the colonel, but I had better information."

"A lie, you say? True, 'twas a lie

when it was uttered. But afterward, some hour or so past midnight, by the good help of Father Matthieu, and with your Lieutenant Tybee for one witness and the lawyer for another, we made a sober truth of it."

I hope, for your own peace of mind, my dears, that you may never see a fellow human turn devil in a breath as I did then. His man's face fell away from him like a vanishing mask, and in the place of it a hideous demon, malignant and murderous, glared upon Twice his hand sought the swordhilt, and once the blade was half un-sheathed. Then he thrust his devilface in mine and hissed his parting word at me so like a snake it made me shudder with abhorrence.

shudder with abhorrence.

"You've signed your own death warrant, you witless fool! You'd play the
spoil-sport here as you did once before, would you? Curse you! I wish
you had a hundred lives that I might
take them one by one!" Then he
wheeled sharp upon his heel and gave
the order to the ensign. "Belt him to
the tree, Farquharson, and make an
end of him. I've kept you waiting over
long."

They strapped me to a tree with other belts, and when all was ready the ensign stepped aside to give the word. Just here there came a little pause pro-longed beyond the moment of com-pleted preparation. I knew not why they waited, having other things to think of. I saw the firing line drawn up with muskets leveled. I marked the row of weather-beaten faces pillowed on the gun-stocks with eyes asquint to sight the pleces. I remember count-ing up the pointing muzzles; remember wondering which would be the first to belch its fire at me, and if, at that short range, a man might live to see the flash and hear the roar before the bullets killed the senses.

But while I screwed my courage to the sticking place and sought to hold it there, the pause became a keen-edged agony. A glance aside—a glance that cost a mightier effort than it takes to break a nightmare—showed me the ensign standing ear a-cock, as one who

Voit he heard I know not, for all the earth seemed hushed to silence waiting on his word. But on the inof writhing, dying men where but now march the firing squad had stood; then a headlong charge of rough-clad horse-men—all this befell in less than any time the written words can measure.

I sensed it all but vaguely at the first, but when a passing horseman slashed me free I came alive, and life and all it meant to me was centered in a single flerce desire. Falconnet had escaped the fusilade; was making swiftly for his horse, safe as yet from any touch of lead or steel. So I might reach and pull him down, I cared no

groat what followed after.

It was not so to be. In the swift dash across the glade I went too near the shambles in the midst. The cor-poral of the firing squad, a bearded Saxon giant, whose face, hideously dis-torted, will haunt me while I live, lay fairly in the way, his heels drumming in the agony of death, and his great hands clutching at the empty air.

I leaped to clear him. In the act the clutching hands laid hold of me and I was tripped and thrown upon the heap of dead and dying men, and could not free myself in time to stop the bar-

I saw him gain his horse and mount; saw the flash of his sword and the skilful parry that in a single parade ward-ed death on either hand; saw him drive home the spurs and vanish among the with his horse-holding trooper at his heels.

And then my rescuers, or else my newer captors, picked me up hastily, and I was hoisted behind the saddle of the nearest, and so borne away in all the hue and cry of a most unsoldierly

XIII.

IN WHICH A PILGRIMAGE BEGINS As you have guessed before you turned this page, the men who charged so opportunely to cut me out of peril were my captors only in the saving

Their overnight bivouac was not above a mile beyond the glade of am-bushment. It was in a little dell, cuaningly had; and the embers of the

rallying point. est's heart I had my first sight of any fighting fragment of that undisciplined and yet unconquerable patrice.

masticate. They promised little to the eye of a trained soldier, these border levies. In fancy I could see my old field-marshal, -he was the father of all the martinets.-turn up his nose and dismiss them with a contemptuous "Ach! mien Gott!" And, truly, there was little outward show among them of the sterling metal underneath.

outward show among them of the ster-ling metal underneath.

They came singly and in couples, straggling like a routed band of bri-gands; some loading their pieces as they ran. There was no hint of the soldier discipline, and they might have been leaderless for aught I saw of def-erence to their captain. Indeed, at first I could not pick the captain out erence to their captain. Indeed, at who was gone to the Forks of Yadkin first I could not pick the captain out to break up some Tory embodiment

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.
"If you refuse? Harken, John Ire- the free borderers."

"If you refuse? Harken, John Ire-ton; if you had a hundred lives to thrust between me and the thing I Tory odds at Ramsour's Mill, their capcrave, I'd take them all." So much he said calmly; then a sudden you may have read in the histories; and though they made no military show, they lacked neither hardihood nor courage, of a certain persevering

"Ever come any closter to your Amen than this, stranger?" drawled one of them, a grizzled borderer, lank, lean and weather-tanned, with a face that might have been a leathern mask for any hint it gave of what went on be-hind it. "I'll swear that little whip'-snap' officer cub had the word 'Fire' sticking in his teeth when I gave him old Sukey's mouthful o' lead to chaw

time or two before, though always in fair fight; and therupon was whelmed in an avalanche of questions such as only simple-hearted folk knew how to

When I had sufficiently accounted for myself, Captain Forney—he was the limber-backed young fellow I had ridden behind-gripped my hand and gave me a hearty welcome and congratulation

My father and yours were handfast friends, Captain Ireton. More than that I've heard my father say he owed yours somewhat on the score of good turns. I'm master glad I've had a chance to even up a little; though as for that, we should both thank the Indian." At which he looked around as one who calls an eye-muster and marks a miss-ing man. "Where is the chief, Eph-raim?"—this to the grizzled hunter who was methodically reloading his long

"He's back yonder, gathering in the hair-crop, I reckon. Never you mind about him, Cap'n. He'll turn up when he smells the meat a-cooking, imme-titly if not scoper." jitly, if not sooner.'

Here, as I imagine, I looked all the questions that lacked answers; for Captain Forney took it in hand to fit them out with explications.

"'Tis Uncanoola, the Catawba," he said; "one of the friendlies. He was out a-scouting last night and came in an hour before daybrek with the news that Colonel Tarleton was set upon

hanging a spy of ours. From that to our little ambushment—"
"I see," said I, wanting space to turn the memory leaves. "This Cataw-ba; is he a man about my age?" Captain Forney laughed. "God He only knows an Indian's age. But Uncanoola has been a man grown these fifteen years or more. I can recall his coming to my father's house when I was but a

ittle codger."

At that, I remembered, too; remembered a tall, straight young savage, as handsome as a figure done in bronze, who used sometimes to meet me in the lonelier forest wilds when I was afraid of him; how once I would have shot him in a fit of boyish race antipathy and sudden fright had he not flung away his firelock and stood before me defenseless. Also, I recalled a little incident of the

terrible scourge in '60 when the black pox bade fair to blot out this tribe of the Catawbas; low when my father had found this young savage lying in the forest, plague-stricken and deserted by all his tribesmen, he had saved his life and earned an Indian friendship.

"I know this Uncanoola," I said.
"My father befriended him in the
plague of '60, and was never sorry for
it, as I believe." Then I would ask if
these Catawbas had ranged themselves forest crashed alive, and pandemonium was come. A savage yell to set the very leaves a tremble; a crackling volley from the underwood that left a vol. ley from the underwood that left a heap their hasty preparations for the day's

"'Tis liberty or death with us now; we've burnt our bridges behind us," he said, when he had confirmed the tidings I had the day before from Father Matthieu. "And since here in Carolina we have to fight each man against his neighbor, 'tis like to go hard with us, lacking help from the North." "Measured by this morning's work, Captain Forney, these irregulars of yours seem well able to give a good account of themselves," I ventured.

He He shook his head doubtfully. was but a boy in years, but war & a shrewd schoolmaster, and this youth, like many another on the fighting fron-

"You've seen us at our best," he mended. "We can ambush like the Indians, fire a volley, yell, charge-and

run away."
"What's that ye're saying, young. The grizzled hunter had finster? ished reloading his rifle, and, lounging in earshot with all the freedom of the border, would take the captain up sharply on this last.

"You heard me. Eph Yeates," replied my young captain, curtly.

The old man leaned his rifle against a tree, spat on his hands, cut a clumsy caper in air, and gave tongue in a yell that should have been heard by Tarle-

ton's men at Appleby.
"By the eternal 'coonskins! I can gouge the eye out of ary man that savs square and whop his weight in wildcats; and I can do it now, if not soon-er!" he shrilled. "Come on, you pap-eating, apron-stringed, French-

Where the blast of vituperative insult would have spent itself in natural course we were not to know, for in the midst another of the borderers, a wirv behind the capering ancient, whipped an arm around his neck, and in a trice the two went down, kicking, scratching, buffeting and mauling, as like a pair of battling bobcats as were

ever seen. campfires were still alive when we of the horse came first to this agreed-on the horse came first to this agreed-on some of the others pulled the twain some of the others pulled the twain reluctantly. I fancied; and when and yet unconquerable patriot home-est wrath without a look behind him. Gaptain Forney shrugged and spread tough a morsel for British jaws to his hands as his French father might

"Now you know wherein his weak-ness lies, Captain Ireton," he said "There goes as true a man and as keen a shot as ever pulled trigger. Let him fight his own way, and he'll take cover and name his man for every bullet in his pouch. But as for yielding to de-

by any sign, since all were clad in coarsest homespun and well-worn leather, and all were the long, fringed dodge the British light-horse, Captain IV."

Forney," said I: capping the venture by telling him what little he knew of Tarleton's disposition, and also of the

Indian-arming plot I had overheard, "We'll dodge the redcoats, never you fear; we're at our best in that," he relear; we're at our best in that," he rejoined, rather carelessly. "And as to
the Cherokee upstirring, that's an old
story. The king's men have tried it
twice and they have not yet caught
Jack Sevier or Jimmie Robertson
a-napping. Ease your mind on that
score, Captain Ireton, and come along
with us if you have nothing better to with us, if you have nothing better to do. I can promise you a hard living, and hard fighting enough to keep it in

At this I was brought down to some consideration of the present and its de-mands. As fortune's wheel had twirled; I had my life to be sure; but by the having of it was made the basest traitor to my friend—to Jennifer,

and no whit less to Margery.
'Twas out of any thought that I should take the field against the common enemy, leaving this tangled web of mystery and misery behind. In sheerest decency I owed it first to Jen-nifer to make a swift and frank confession of the ill-concluded tale of happenings. That done, I owed it equally to him and Margery to find some way to

set aside the midnight marriage.
So I fell back upon my wound for an excuse, telling the captain that I was true enough. Whereupon he and his men set me well beyond the danger of immediate pursuit and we parted com-

When I was left alone I had no plan that reached beyond the day's end. Since to go to Jennifer house by day-light would be to run my neck afresh into the noose, I saw nothing for it but to lie in hiding until nightfall. The hiding place that promised best was the old hunting lodge in the forest, and thitherward I turned my face.

It was a wise man who said that he who goes with heavy heart drags heavy feet as well; but while I live I shall re-member how that saying clogged the path for me that morning, making the shrub-sweet summer air grow thick shrub-sweet summer air grow thick and lifeless as I toiled along. For sober second thought, and the unnerving re-action which comes upon the heels of some sharp peril overpast, left me aghast at the coil in which a tricky fate had entagled me.

The second thought made plain the dispiteous hardness of it all, showing me how I had reasoned like a boy in planning for retrieval. Would Jennifer believe my tale, though I should swear it out word for word on the Holy Evangelists? I doubted it; and striving to see it through his eyes, was made to doubt it more. For death should have been my justifier, and death had played

me false As for setting the midnight marriage aside, I made sure the lawyer tribe could find a way, if that were all. But could find a way, if that were all. But here there was a loyal daughter of the church to reckon with. Loathing her bonds, as any true-hearted maiden must, would Margery consent to have them broken by the law? I knew well she would not. Though our poor knotting of the tie had been little better than a tragic farce it lacked nothing. than a tragic farce, it lacked nothing of force to bind the tender conscience of a woman bred to look upon the churchly rite as final.

So, twist and turn as I might, the coll was desperate; and as I strode on gloomly, measuring this the first stage in a pilgrimage I had never thought to make, a fire of sullen anger began to smoke and smolder within me. and I could find it in my heart to curse the cruel kindness of my rescuers; to sorrow in my inmost soul that they had come between to make a living recreant of one who would fain have died an honest man

CHAPTER XIV. HOW THE BARONET PLAYED

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.
The sun was well above the tree-tops, and the morning was abroad for all the furred and feathered wood-folk, when I forsook the Indian path to make a prudent circle of reconnaissance around the cabin in the maple grove.

Happily, there was no need for the cautionary measure. The hunting lodge was undiscovered as yet by any en-emy; and when I showed myself my poor black vassals ran to do my bid ding, weeping with childish joy to have

Since old Rarius was still at Appleby Hundred, Tomas ranked as majordomo, and I bade him post the blacks in a loosely drawn sentry line about the cabin, this against the chance that Falconnet might stumble on the place in searching for me. For I made no doubt his tory spies would quickly pass the word that I was not with Abram Forney's band, and hence must be in

hiding. When all was done I flung myself upon the couch of panther skins, hoping against hope that sleep might come to help me through the hours of waiting. Twas a vain hope. There was never a wink of forgetfulness for me in all the long watches of the summer day, and I must lie wide-eyed and haggard, thinking night would never come, and making sure that fate had never before walled a man in such a dungeon

(Continued Next Week.)

Irish Princes of Royal Blood. Westminster Review: Not many generations have passed away since

princes of royal blood, the legitima. rulers of Ireland, the O'Neills, O'Dounells, C'Mores, O'Byrnes and hundreds of others were deprived of their birthrights-hunted, harried and persecuted even unto death. The reader smiles incredulously, per-

haps derisively, at the mention of Irish princes of royal blood. I have here before me the genealogy of the kings of Lelx, from a date anterior to the arrival of the first Saxon "intruder" in Ireland, in the reign of Henry II. (1169). It was made out from the records in Dublin castle by William Hawkins, esq., ulster king of arms and principal herald of all Ireland, during the viceroyalty of the first Marquis Town-shend, 1767-72. It is an original document, and there is a copy of it in book form in the office of the present ulster king of arms, Sir Arthur Vicars, in Dublin castle. I have also before me as I write a portrait of the last lineal male descendant of the kings of Leix, a princely looking youth of alm st feminine beauty of feature, who died at an early age in a foreign land. I know, moreover, that there are many descendants of the family on the maternal side now living, one at least whom has attained to a position of great wealth and public distinction in the United States of America. But, it may be asked, what does all this lead up to? Well, if any curious inquirer turns into the National gallery of Ireland in Leinster Lawn, Dublin, the most prominent picture therein is a very large canvas representing the marriage of Eva, the beautiful daugh-ter of Dermot McMurrough, king of Leinster, and granddaughter of Cuchogrius O'Morra, king of Leix, with Strongbow, earl of Pembroke. The marriage is duly recorded in the document before me, with the statement that "from this marriage are descended the kings of England through Edward

## SECRET PRESS IN **AUTOGRATIC RUSSIA**

Daring Work of Men and Women Who Strive for Freedom of Speech.

JEW STARTED THE FIRST

It Was in 1877 That the First "Free" Printing Office Worthy of the Name Was Started in the Heart of Spydom.

London, May 30 .- Of all enterprises (dynamite, perhaps, excepted) a clandestine press in Russia is most danger-DUS.

It is now eight and twenty years since a Jewish conspirator, Aaron Zundelevic by name, a native of Wilna in Lithuania, came forward and assured the organization to which he belonged that if they would find the means he would find the press, and would, more-over, set it up in St. Petersburg. A sum of money was provided, and from abroad Aaron smuggled into St. Peters all the necessary plant. Then he set to work to learn the compositor's art (just as, in the first days of the Propaganda, young nobles taught themselves a trade in order to go down "among the people") and in 1877 the first "free" printing office worthy of the name was established in the heart and center of spydom.

During four years Zundelevic ran his press under the nose, as it were, of the Third Section, and was only then detected by a mere mischance. From that date, however, the Russian secret press has never been in a condition of absolute abeyance. As often as its work has been interrupted in one place it has been instantly resumed in another. Father Gapon indicates the spirit in which it is pursued: "We shall continue," he said the other day at Geneva, "to launch manifestos, and work steadfastly, but secretly, toward our ideal—the overthrow of suppression and the bureaucracy and the establishment of popular government. We will, we must, win in the end."

This clandestine press is clandestine in everything. It is the most secretly conducted press in the world. There is no editorial office, with an editor in a snug inner chamber, receiving the visits of his contributors, discussing the articles for the next issue. A mystery and inviolate secrecy govern the whole working of the affair. The editor himself may, or may not, know the persons who are responsible for the mechanical production of the paper; he seldom, if ever, visits the place at which it is produced. A confidential messenger comes to a given spot on a given day to receive manuscript from the editor's hand; he comes again to deliver the proofs, and the rendezvous is never twice the same. The con-tributors are known probably to none except the editor. In a word, precau-tions, the most minute and extraordinary, must be observed if the secret press is successfully to baffle the everlasting efforts of the police to un-

At Office Only Once.

Stepniak tells us that during the time he was one of the editors of Land and Liberty he was taken once, and once only, to the printing office. An important piece of news had to be inserted in the number that was about to be issued, and he made his way to the of-fice "in one of the central streets of the city." The chief of police had declared that his office could not possibly be in St. Petersburg, "because otherwise he would infallibly have discovered it." Stepniak found the people of the office, and the women who helped them and managed for them, living in almost absolute durance.

absolute durance.

The workers of the secret press are, in fact, prisoners, and, in addition to their all but total loss of liberty, they endure the anxieties of people who are carrying on an illegal business in the midst of a ceaseless vigilant police Leo Tikhomirov, the author of "Con-spirateurs of Policiers," has drawn a vivid picture of the hidden life of on of these strange undergrounds. the office of the paper with which Step niak himself was associated. "Narod naia Volia."—"Land and Liberty."

In five rooms including a little kitchen, four conspirators were installed two men and two women. Maria Kritwo men and two women. Maria to loff, who passed as mistress of the house, a woman of about 45, had dehouse, a woman of the "cause;" she had voted her life to the "cause;" been transported to Siberia caped. The other woman of the party was under 20, fair and delicate; name unknown. Of the two men, one was Basil Buch, of Boukn, "the son of a general and the nephew of a senator." The second was a figure as enigmatic as the younger woman; he was known only as "Ptiza," "L'Osieau" and "The Bird"—a nickname which he owed to his voice. The men were entered as Mme. Kriloff's lodgers, the delicate inwas the nominal maid of the household.

Outwitted the Police. These four brought out the Narod-naia Volia, which the head of the police declared could not be produced in St. Petersburg. The plant of the paper consisted principally of a few cases of consisted principally of a few cases of type, a small and large cylinder, a jar or two of printer's ink, and a few brushes and sponges. It was a modest outfit, but remember how dark it must be kept. The dvornik had to be hood-

winked from day to day.

Maria Kriloff went upon the bold plan of sending for him at any and every hour, and conducting him through all the five rooms, under the pretense of hunting for a troublesome rat. They learned in this way how to dispose of the plant at from five to ten minutes' notice. At night, behind a double curtain of canvas, sealed across the window, the type was set. In the strangling monotony of this existence, the workers tasted only one excitement, but that was a daily and an hourly one the likelihood of discovery and arrest. So ever-present was this danger that it passed into a joke, and the ladies used to speculate at their meager even-ing meal whether they would be hanged

or transported to Siberia.

The expected happened at last at the office of the Narodnala Volia. One night the police came down on it. What they had reckoned on as an easy seizure transformed itself into a four hours' siege and battle. Maria Kriloff drew on the gendarmes with her revolver, and to a challenge of this sort the response is always prompt and mercless in St. Petersburg. The office was riddled with bullets, but for four hours the conspirators kept their stand. The survivor was "The Bird," who blew his brains out when the game was up. He has transmitted no name to pos-terity; he is among the Russian terrorists who have elected to be nothing but a memory. But while there are such to choose from the clandestine press is The Cruel Piano.

London Outlook: My landlady's little boy, separated from me only by

tle boy, separated from me only by a thin lath partition of a wall, is playing five-finger exercises in halting rhythm and with innumerable false notes. The instrument is one in which the flight of years has left a tone like a discontented nutmeg grater.

The little boy, a pale child in a long pinafore and big white ears, hates his chosen instrument as much as I do, and so we meet on a level of mutual affliction. I loathe hearing him and he

and so we meet on a level of mutual affliction. I loathe hearing him and he hates his instrument; now, in the name of good common sense, why must he be offered up in sacrifice?

His mother is a poor woman, and the tinkling cottage piano with the plaited faded green front represents the chops and many other wholesome things she has not eaten, and what she allows the young lady in the third floor back, who takes her board out in piano lessons, is a serious sacrifice.

noor back, who takes her board out in piano lessons, is a serious sacrifice. Now, I ask, what for? Why is all the world playing an un-necessary plano? Marriage has a fatal effect on music.

For some occult reason, as soon as the girl is married the plano—the grave of so much money and time—retires out of active life, and swathed in "art draperies," burdened by vases, cabinet photographs and imitation "curios," serves less as a musical instrument than a warning; but no sooner are the next generation's legs long enough to fangle between the keyboard and the pedals than the echoes awaken to the same old false notes that serve no pur-pose unless an hour of daily martyrdom over a tear splashed keyboard is an excellent preparation for the trials of life.

It Pays to Read Newspapers

Cox, Wis., June 12.-Frank M. Russell of this place had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried Doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse. He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes, and now he is quite well. He says:

"I can now work all day, and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the floor Mr. Russell's is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa county. This new remedy-Dodd's Kidney Pills -is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

WOMEN STREET CLEANERS.

Club Woman of Kalamazoo Tells

Club Sisters of Her Success. New York Times: "Since the women's clubs of Michigan decided to have clean clubs of Michigan decided to have clean streets, and showed the men how clean they could keep the main street in Kalamazoo, with only half the money the men spend on the towns, cities and villages throughout the state are going to try the Colonel Waring system of street cleaning, inaugurated first by the Kalamazoo club," announced Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane in her lecture on "State and Municipal Housekeeping" at a reception given by the women's conference of the Society for Ethical Culture, in 33 Central Park, West.

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"The women in our club, called the Women's Municipal league, acted as street cleaners last summer," said Mrs. Crane, "and we found that the saloon men were the best friends we had. They did more to encourage us than any other men. We secured a contract from the city of Kalamazoo to clean the main street for three months. On the first day of the contract we sprang the white wings, sults, helmets, carts and all on the city, and showed them that we could clean the street for half as much as it cost them and keep it far cleaner."

Mrs. Crane said that she got into this work through her desire to have better milk and meat in her home. She decided to investigate the condition of the milk and the meat before it reached the homes of the consumers, and found, to her horror, she said, that the dairies were filthy and that often the meat was sold decayed. "The women's clubs throughout the state took up this work," said she, "and now our milk and meat are much cleaner."

Mrs. Crane said that in Kalamazoo even the school children were enthusiastic about keeping the streets clean and that over 11,000 of them were writing essays on "How to Keep the Streets Clean" for prizes that the board of trade had offered. "Even the colored women's club has joined in this crusade," said Mrs Crane, "and we women hope to make the streets of Kalamazoo the cleanest in the state."

An Infallible Sign. Baltimore American: Anxious Mother -I'm so afraid Dorothy is to be an old maid

Dense Father-Why? Anxious Mother-Oh, take such an interest in these mother's congresses and child study clubs

FEED YOUNG GIRLS.

Must Have Right Food While Growing. Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain all that is upbuilding, and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed, and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand, unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic disease and cause lifelong suffering.

A young lady says: "Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago, that I was compelled to quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness.

"I tri/I to use tea in its stead, but found as effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk alone at my meals, but it never helped me physically, and at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suga

gestion that I try Postum Coffee. "I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited oy its use that I persevered, and when I had it brewed right found it grateful in favor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum Food Coffee!

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement-the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical conlition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better nealth now than I ever was before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum Fool Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.