

## TONIC FOR MOTHERS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Safe and Reliable—A Favorite Household Remedy.

Motherhood may be the crowning blessing of a woman's life or it may bring grief and sorrow. Mrs. M. J. Wright, of 170 Seventh Street, Auburn, Maine, relates her experience after the birth of her daughter in 1901, as follows: "I was all run down at the time the baby came and did not improve in health rapidly after. I was pale, thin and bloodless. My stomach distressed me being full of gas all the time and my heart fluttered so that I could scarcely breathe.

"Finally I remembered that a friend had recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me so I commenced using them. I gained in strength rapidly while the baby thrived also. When I expected my next child I started taking the pills again as a tonic and strengthener and had no such difficulty as before. I got up better and my strength came back much sooner.

"A year ago last winter I had an attack of rheumatism in the hands which went from one hand to the other. The joints swelled up and were so stiff I could not move them. The pain extended up through my arms and shoulders. I felt sick enough to go to bed but did not do so. This attack lasted for several months. I tried several remedies but finally came back to using the pills which had done me so much good before and found that they benefited me almost at once. I have not been troubled since."

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Send for book of cures.

### A Difficult Case.

Governor Hoch of Kansas was describing a quarrel that had shattered the placidity of a reform party in Texas.

"The way those reformers quarreled," said the governor, "reminded me of a policeman's quarrel I once witnessed. Two policemen walking side by side, suddenly fell into a violent altercation, and both indulged in the foulest and profane language. Then one of them seized the other by the collar, shouting: 'You are my prisoner!'

"No," growled the second, seizing the first in the same way, "you are mine. Come along here!"

"And they walked each other off to the station-house with what sequel I don't know."

### 160 ACRES MORTON COUNTY, N. D.

All can be farmed; \$12.50 per acre. Also improved farms. Sylvester Bros., St. Paul.

### Atchison Globe Sights.

Don't make a kick unless you can cash it.

Many a man who thinks he isn't henpecked, is.

Some women experience real joy in feeling sorry for other people.

When there is a hole in a store floor, farmers will spit in it.

We, the people, seem to want the truth, and want it exaggerated.

We wouldn't care to be chess champion of the state. Would you?

You cannot talk to some people: You can only argue with them.

The guests at a party usually feel much more at home than father does.

No one admires a stinky man, but he always seems to get along pretty well.

About all the promptness some people manifest in being on time for their meals.

A newspaper heading seen very often these days: "Dies on the operating table."

Most men have a fool notion that their wives think they are the smartest men in town.

You have probably observed that some people can be very busy without doing anything.

Every time as many as four women get together, there arises a new way of abusing the men.

What has become of the old-fashioned family that got all the water it used from a spring?

When a person has a poor memory for names, he usually says he is good at remembering faces.

Being "one of the boys" is another distinction that never helps a man much in securing a job.

What a happy world this would be if everyone enjoyed their work as well as an auctioneer seems to.

Next to an automobile it takes more money to buy a mule than anything in the suburban racing line.

Here is a joke no wife appreciates: When a girl says she will be wife number 2 for the wife's husband.

### A FRIENDLY GROCER

Dropped a Valuable Hint About Coffee.

"For about eight years," writes a Michigan woman, "I suffered from nervousness—part of the time down in bed with nervous prostration.

"Sometimes I would get numb and it would be almost impossible for me to speak for a spell. At others, I would have severe bilious attacks, and my heart would flutter painfully when I would walk fast or sweep.

"I have taken enough medicine to start a small drug store, without any benefit. One evening our grocer was asking Husband how I was and he bragged that I quit coffee and use Postum, so he brought home a pkg. and I made it according to directions and we were both delighted with it.

"So we quit coffee altogether and used only Postum. I began to get better in a month's time and look like another person, the color came back to my cheeks, I began to sleep well, my appetite was good and I commenced to take on flesh and become interested in everything about the house.

"Finally I was able to do all by my own work without the least sign of my old trouble. I am so thankful for the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.' It has done me so much good, I haven't taken medicine of any kind for six months and don't need any.

"A friend of ours who did not like Postum as she made it, liked mine, and when she learned to boil it long enough, hers was as good as mine. It's easy if you follow directions." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

## MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.

### A Nasty Knock.

The Rev. Rodney Swope, rector of the Vanderbilt church at Asheville, said the other night in the course of an address: "These subtle attacks are the most unexpected and the most wounding. You have heard about the clergyman and his aged parishioner? The parishioner said that he thought clergymen should be better paid."

"I am pleased to hear you say that, Brother Brown," exclaimed the young man, beaming with good will and happiness. It rejoices my heart to hear you say that."

"Yes," resumed the parishioner thoughtfully; "we'd get a better class of men then."

### Social Boredom.

Mrs. Hetty Green, in an interview in New York, condemned the excesses of modern society.

"And with all these excesses," she said, "with all these swimming parties, and money dinners, and horse teas, what is the result?"

"A fashionable hostess greeted a young man at a dance.

"So glad to see you," she said. "But where is your brother? Why didn't he come too?"

"He couldn't," the young man explained. "Only one of us could come. So we tossed up for it."

"Tossed up! How delightful!" cried the hostess. "And you won?"

"The young man yawned and answered absently: "No; I lost."

### Not the Same Grawl.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the noted woman suffrage leader, was talking in Philadelphia about divorce.

"I'll temper is at the root of divorce," Mrs. Avery said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorces than immorality."

"When I was living in Pittsburg I called one day on a certain married woman.

"At dinner time my hostess rang for the maid. She said: "Mary is that Mr. Brown downstairs? I thought I heard him just now."

"No'm," Mary answered. "That wuz the dawg wuz growin'!"

### Saving Fifty a Day.

Samuel Undermyer said the other day of a certain proposed retrenchment:

"It would be a good thing, an excellent thing, all around. But on some it would bear harder than on others. Hence discontent and growling, the usual accompaniment of economies.

"It is the case of the husband who, looking at his wife, reproachfully said: "My love, in view of the approaching holidays, I thought we were going to practice economy for a time?"

"Oh, so we are, dear," the lady answered. "I went down town and countermanded the order you had given your tailor for a \$250 fur-lined overcoat, and got instead an ermine stole that only cost \$30, a clean saving, you see, of \$50. Not bad for one day, was it?"

### The Old Man and the New.

Miss Elizabeth Magie, the pretty and talented Chicago girl who recently jumped into distinction by offering herself for sale, said the other day in an address before a girls' club:

"I advise all of you to be new women. I urge you to pay no heed to the gibes about new women that are continually being uttered by men.

"It isn't a fine type of man that gibes at the new woman. You know the story of the man in the county jail?"

"What brought you here, my poor fellow? a missionary asked.

"I married a new woman," she, the prisoner groaned.

"Ah," said the missionary. "And she was so dominating and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No," said the prisoner. "The old woman turned up."

### A Pertinent Question.

Richard Harding Davis was talking in New York about the life of a reporter.

"A hard life it is," said he. "It is a life ago in a man's life. You know how great a genius a man might be, how resourceful, how persevering, how alert, all those qualities would be brought in play if the man turned reporter, and on many a good story he would still fall down at that."

"Reporters are often snubbed. There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend Jimmy Patterson.

"The bank had gone up through a defalcation, and Jimmy went to interview its head. But it had been so crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door.

"Young man," he said, "I always make it a rule to mind my own business."

"Were you doing that," said Jimmy, "when the cashier made his haul?"

### Cheerful Advice.

From the New York Tribune.

A number of railway men were once discussing the question of accident.

"The roads of Scotland," said one official, "used to have a bad name, indeed, in respect to accidents. No one thought of embarking on a railway journey unless he had provided himself with an accident policy of insurance."

The famous Dr. Norman MacLeod was once about to set off on a long journey through the Scotch country. Just as the train was pulling out the clergyman's servant put his head through the window and asked:

"Have ye ta'en an insurance ticket, sir?"

"I have," replied the doctor.

"Then," continued the servant, write yer name on it and g'e it to me. They had an awful habit o' robbin' the corpses on this line."

### He Didn't Inject It.

An elderly resident of Lynn, Mass., was talking about Mrs. Baker Eddy, the head of the Christian Science church.

"When she lived here in Lynn," said the old man, "she conducted a temperance campaign for a time. She did a lot of good, though now and then she met with a rebuff.

"The story goes that a tramp once asked her for help.

"I'll help you, my friend," said Mrs. Eddy, "but first you must answer me one question. Do you, or do you not, drink beer?"

The tramp, a hardened customer, looked at her in amazement.

"Why, lady," he said, "ye cert'ly n'd think I squirt it into me arm wid a syringe!"

# The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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## CHAPTER X.

### AN ASTONISHING DISAPPEARANCE.

Mr. Royce grasped the arms of his chair convulsively, and remained for a moment speechless under the shock. Then he swung around toward me.

"Come here, Lester," he said hoarsely. "I won't say a word, and I won't say a word now. This touches me so closely I can't think consecutively. You will help, won't you?"

There was an appeal in his face which showed his sudden weakness—an appeal there was no resisting, even had I not, myself, been deeply interested in the case.

"Gladly," I answered from the depths of my heart, seeing how overwrought he was. "I'll help to the very limit of my power, Mr. Royce."

"I sank back into his chair again, and breathed a long sigh.

"I knew you would," he said. "Get the story from Thompson, will you?"

I brought a chair and sat down by the old butler.

"I have been in Mr. Holladay's family a great many years, haven't you, Mr. Thompson?" I asked, to give him opportunity to compose himself.

"Yes, a great many years, sir—nearly forty, I should say.

"Before Miss Holladay's birth, then?"

"Oh, yes, sir, long before. Just before his marriage, Mr. Holladay bought the Fifth Avenue house he lived in ever since, and I was employed, then, sir, as an underservant."

"Mr. Holladay and his wife were very happy together, weren't they?" I questioned.

"Very happy; yes, sir. They were just like lovers, sir, until her death. They seemed just made for each other, sir, and the trite old saying gathered a new dignity from it."

I paused a moment to consider. This, certainly seemed to discredit the theory that Holladay had ever had an affair with any other woman, and yet what other theory was tenable?

"There was nothing to mar their happiness, that you know of? Of course," I added, "you understand, Thompson, that I am not asking these questions from idle curiosity, but to get to the bottom of this mystery, if possible."

"I understand, sir," he nodded. "No, there was nothing to mar their happiness—except one thing."

"And what was that?"

"Why they had no children, sir, for fifteen years or more. After Miss Frances came, of course that was all changed."

"She was born abroad?"

"Yes, sir, in France. I don't just know the town."

"But you know the date of her birth?"

"Oh, yes, sir—the tenth of June, eighteen seventy-six—we always celebrated it."

"Mr. Holladay was with his wife at the time?"

"Yes, sir, and his wife had been abroad nearly a year. His health had broken down and the doctor had made him take a long vacation. He came home a few months later, but Mrs. Holladay stayed on. She didn't get going again some way. She stayed nearly four years and he went over every few months to spend a week with her; and at last she came home to die, bringing her child with her. That was the first time any of us ever saw Miss Frances."

"Mr. Holladay thought a great deal of her?"

"You may well say so, sir; she took his wife's place," said the old man simply.

"And she thought a great deal of him?"

"More than that, sir; she fairly worshipped him. She was always at the door to meet him; always dined with him; they always spent their evenings together. She didn't care much for society—I've often heard her tell him that she would much rather just stay at home with him. It was he who rather insisted on her going out; for he was proud of her, as he'd a right to be."

"Yes," he said; "for all this fitted in exactly with what I had always heard about the family. There were no other relatives, were there?"

"None at all, sir; both Mr. Holladay and his wife were only children; their parents, of course, have been dead for years."

"Nor any intimate friends?"

"None I'd call intimate, sir; Miss Frances had some school friends, but she was always well-reserved. And now I added, "tell me as fully as you can what has happened within the last three weeks."

"Well, sir," he began slowly, "after her father's death, she seemed quite distracted, and she wandered about the house, sat in the library or over-looked, at scarcely anything. Then Mr. Royce got to coming to the house, and she brightened up, and we all hoped she soon be alright again. Then she seemed to get worse of a sudden and sent us all away to get Belair ready. I got the place in order, sir, and telegraphed her that we were ready. She answered that she would come in a few days. Ten days ago the rest of the servants came, and I looked for her every day, but she didn't come. I telegraphed her again, but she didn't answer, and finally, I got so uneasy, sir, I couldn't rest, and came back to the city to see what was the matter. I got here early this morning, and went right to the house. Thomas, the second butler, had been left in charge, and he told me that Miss Frances and her maid had started for Belair the same day the servants did. That's all I know."

"Then she's been gone ten days?" I questioned.

"Ten days; yes, sir."

"Ten days! What might have happened in that time! Dr. Jenkinson's theory of dementia recurred to me, and I was more than ever inclined to credit it. How else explain this flight? I could see from Mr. Royce's face how absolutely nonplussed he was."

"Well," I said at last, "for want of something better, we'll go with you to the house, and see the man in charge there. Perhaps he can tell us something more."

"But he could tell us very little. Ten days before, a carriage had driven up to the door, Miss Holladay and her maid had entered it and been driven away. The carriage had been called, he thought, from some neighboring stable, as the family coachman had been sent away with the other servants. They had driven down the avenue toward Thirty-Fourth street, where, he supposed, they were going to the Long Island station. He looked through the house—it was in perfect order. Miss Holladay's rooms were just as she would naturally have left

them. Her father's rooms, too, were evidently undisturbed.

"Here's one thing," I said, "that might help, and I picked up a photograph from the mantel. 'You wouldn't mind my using it?'"

Mr. Royce took it with trembling hands and gazed at it for a moment at the dark eyes, the earnest mouth—Then he handed it back to me.

"No," he answered; "not if it will really help; we must use every means we can. Only—"

"I won't say a word unless I absolutely have to," I assured him; "and when I'm done with it, I'll destroy it."

"Very well," he assented, and I put it in my pocket.

There was nothing more to be discovered there, and we went away, after warning the two men to say not a word to anyone concerning their mistress's disappearance.

Plainly, the first thing to be done was to find the coachman who had driven Miss Holladay and her maid away from the house, and with this end in view, we visited at all the stables in the neighborhood; but from none of them had a carriage been ordered by her. Had she ordered it herself from a stable in some distant portion of the city for the purpose of concealing her whereabouts, or had it been ordered for her by her maid, and was she really the victim of foul play? I put the question to Mr. Royce, but he seemed quite unable to reach a conclusion. As for myself, I was certain that she had gone away of her own accord, and had deliberately planned her disappearance. Why? Well, I began to suspect that we had not yet really touched the bottom of the mystery.

for soon arrived, and diagnosed the case at a glance.

"Nervous breakdown," he said tersely. "You lawyers drive yourselves too hard. It's a wonder to me you don't all drop over. We'll have to look out or this will end in brain fever."

He poured out a stimulant, which the sick man swallowed without a protest. He seemed stronger in a few moments, and began talking incoherently to himself. We got him down to the doctor's carriage, and drove rapidly to his lodgings, where we put him to bed with delay.

"I think he'll pull through," observed the doctor, after watching him for a while. "I'll get a couple of nurses, and we'll give him every chance. Has he any relatives here in New York?"

"No; his relatives are all in Ohio. Had they better be notified?"

"Oh, I think not—not unless he gets worse. He seems to be naturally strong. I suppose he's been worrying about something?"

"Yes," I said. "He has been greatly worried by one of his cases."

"Of course," he nodded. "If the human race had sense enough to stop worrying, there'd be mighty little work for us doctors."

"I'd like to call Doctor Jenkinson into the case," I said. "He knows Mr. Royce and may be of help."

"Certainly; I'll be glad to consult with Dr. Jenkinson."

So Jenkinson was called, and confirmed the diagnosis. He understood, of course, the cause of Mr. Royce's breakdown, and turned to me when the consultation was ended, and his colleague had taken his departure.

"Mr. Lester," he said, "I advise you to go home and get some rest. Put this case out of your mind, or you'll be right where Mr. Royce is. He had some more bad news, I suppose."

I told him of Miss Holladay's disappearance; he pondered over it a moment with grave face.

"This strengthens my belief that she is suffering from dementia," he said. "Sudden aversion to relatives and friends is one of its most common symptoms. Of course, she must be found."

"I'm going to find her," I assured him, with perhaps a little more confidence than I really felt.

"Well, remember to call on me if I can help you. But first of all, go to bed and sleep for ten hours—twelve if you can. Mind, no work before that—no building of theories. You'll be so much the fresher tomorrow."

He recognized the wisdom of this advice, but I had one thing to do first. I took a cab and drove to the nearest telegraph office. There I sent an imperative message to Brooks, the Holladay coachman, telling him to return to New York by the first train, and report to me at the office. That done, I gave the driver my address and settled back in the seat.

No building of theories, Jenkinson had said; yet it was difficult to keep the brain idle. Where was Frances Holladay? Why had she fled, was she really mentally deranged? Had the weight of the secret proved too great for her? Or had she merely fallen under the influence of the woman who was guilty? Supposing she was insane, what should we do with her when we found her? How could we control her? And, supposing she were not insane, what legal right had we to interfere with her? These, and a hundred other questions crowded upon me, till thought failed, and I lay back confused, indifferent.

"Here we are, sir," said the driver, jumping down from his seat and jerking open the door.

I paid him, and went stumblingly up the steps. I have no doubt he was grinning behind me. As I fumbled with my key, someone opened the door from the inside.

"Why, Mistair Lester!" exclaimed Martigny's voice. "What is it? You have no illness, I hope!"

"No," I murmured, "I'm just dead tired," and I started blindly for the stairs.

"Let me assist you," and he took my arm and helped me up; then went on ahead, opened my door, and lighted the gas.

"Thanks," I said, as I dropped into a chair.

He sat quietly down opposite me, and, weary as I was, I was conscious of his keen eyes upon me.

"We heard from Miss Holladay this morning," I remarked, unconsciously answering their question.

He did not reply for a moment, but I closed my eyes again, and I was too tired to open them and look at him.

"Ah," he said, in a voice a little hoarse; "and she is well?"

"No; she disappeared."

"You mean—"

"I mean she's run away," I said, waking up a little.

"And she has informed you—"

"Oh, no; we've just found it out. She's been gone ten days."

"And you are going to search for her?" he questioned carelessly, after another pause.

"Yes—I'll begin in the morning." After there was a moment's silence.

"Ah," he said, with a curious intensity. "Ah."

"When he arose and left me to tumble incontinently into bed.

Continued Next Week.

### A \$5,000 Farm House.

From the Marshalltown Reflector.

It was announced a few days ago that a farmer named Pierce expects to build a \$5,000 residence the coming season, on his farm several miles west of town. Mr. Pierce, we understand, has arrived at the age when many people call him an old man. His children are grown up and probably most of them have long since left home and are situated widely apart. He naturally set to be as the years and decades go by. Whether the "head of the family" is acting the part of wisdom and good judgment in building so expensive a home at this time in life is a question.

If any class of people in the country is entitled to good, commodious, convenient and comfortable homes, it is the farmers. But many of our wealthiest rural residents are today living in homes and new ones, too, that cost from \$1,500 to \$2,000. One that cost more than the latter figure is very rare. And these people are contented and happy. Their homes meet all requirements and they are putting their surplus accumulations in the bank or investing them in more land, live stock, etc. When the time comes to divide up their estates among their children, without whose help they never would have been so valuable, the farms can be disposed of at their actual worth, because foresight and prudence have been exercised in making improvements and the best interests of the community are thereby conserved.

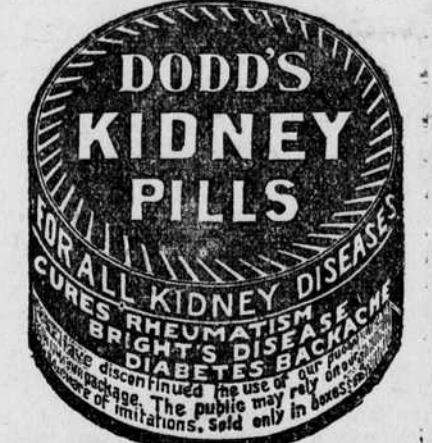
Coy, but Now Too Coy.

H. C. Frick described at a directors' meeting the amalgamation of two railroads.

"At first," he said, "the X. Y. Z. people were coy. Yet they were not too coy. They were like Pat and Biddy. 'Well, Biddy,' says Pat, timidly, 'did ye ever think o' marryin'?' 'Sure, now,' says Biddy, looking demurely at her shoe, 'sure, now, the subject has never entered me mind at all, at all.' 'It's sorry O! am,' says Pat, and he turned away. 'Wan minute, Pat,' said Biddy softly, 'ye've set me thinkin'.'"

Can Afford to Take Two Pair.

One day, when the northern soldiers were marching through the south, they saw an old lady hanging clothes on the line. When a soldier, who needed a pair of socks, took a pair from the line, she said: "You will have to pay for them." The soldier asked her when. She said: "On the judgment day." "The soldier replied: "Oh, if you are going to trust me that long I will take another pair." And he did.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Disress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Early Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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