How It Was.

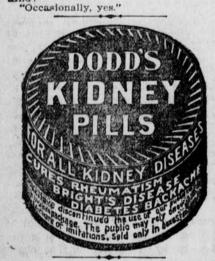
Men who never work, but prefer to five upon their wive's means, are gen-erally reluctant to confess that they are "gentlemen of no occupation," and adopt many ingenious methods of con-

cealing the fact.

An important witness in a law suit was questioned as to his mode of

living, and evasively answered:
"I and my wife collaborate."
"Oh, you are novelists, I presume?" "Not exactly."

Then you produce books of some



Toton Sinclair, the brilliant author of e Jungle," sald in a St. Patrick's day

*I love Ireland. She is downtrodden and oppressed, and the downtrodden and opssed are dear to me. Ireland typifier poor, her oppressors typify the rich, the way ... e rich abuse the poor is and the way ... e rich abuse the poor is typified in the story of the count and him

"The valet committed some trifling ofpense-forgot to perfume the count's handkerchief, perhaps-and the angry bleman shouted:

"Eugenio, come here and help me with my shoes. I want to kick you."

For constipation, billiousness, liver discurbances and diseases resulting from impure blood, take Nature's remedy, Gar-deld Tea. It is made wholly of healthgiving Herbs.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. How dirty your neighbor's alley

oks!
If anyone ever has a good time at a party, it is a woman. Conversation is like medicine: More popular when sugar coated.

What good care dog owners take of eir dogs after there has been a How long will gossip live? We heard "story" yesterday on a woman, and it was forty-nine years old.

In a country where liberty abounds a really useful and worthy man is of-ten abused, and a worthless and vici-

ous man often praised.

An Atchison man lately joined the Episcopal church. "I don't know one from the other," he said, "but I intend to be high church."

We can always tell this about a woman's new hat before she has

picked it out: It will be just the re-verse of the style her husband would

When father gets cross, the chil-dren, instead of sympathizing with thim, are more than ever convinced that mother must have been crazy when she married.

When a country woman leaves her husband, there is great excitement.

And as a rule, a look into the husband's record will show that there

has been something doing.

A New York World authority says
that to use borrowed palms at a reception is as bad as to wear a bor-rowed hat. It seems to us this is carrying "propriety" too far. We suppose that when a dog gets

from down town and his owner his muzzle off, he must feel as comfortable as a woman feels when the gets her corset off at night. They tell of an Atchison milliner so

relever in convincing her elderly patcons they are young enough to wear girls' styles that recently a woman of 70 walked out of her establishment wearing, perched on her white hair, a baby's bonnet.

APPENDICITIS.

Not at All Necessary to Operate in Many Cases.

Automobiles and Appendicitis scare some people before they are hit.

Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digesttve machinery-also tends to form cakes in the cecum. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix.)

A N. H. girl had appendicitis, but lived on milk for a while—then Grape-Nuts and got well without an opera-

She says: "Five years ago while at; school I suffered terribly with constipation and indigestion." (Too much starch white bread, potatoes, etc., which she did not digest.)

"Soon after I left school I had an attack of appendicitis and for thirteen weeks lived on milk and water. When I recovered enough to eat solid food. there was nothing that would agree with me, until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts.

"When I began to eat Grape-Nuts I weighed 98 lbs., but I soon grew to 115 4bs. The distress after eating left me entirely and now I am like a new per

(A little Grape-Nuts dissolved in hot water or milk would have been much; of that sort? better for this case than milk alone, for: the starchy part of the wheat and barley is changed into a form of digesttble sugar in making Grape-Nuts.); Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's

The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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I hurried back to the office to make | adorable smile that wrinkled up the my final report to Mr. Graham, and to get the abstract which Rogers had promised to have ready, and which was awaiting me on my desk. Our worthy senior was genuinely pleased when he learned that his junior was going with me, though our absence would mean a vast deal of extra work for himself. The canvass of the city stables had been completed without result, but I suspected now that Martigny himself had hired the carriage, and had, per-haps, even acted as driver—such an easy and obvious way to baffle our pursuit would hardly have escaped him.

I finished up some odds and ends of work which I had left undone, and finally bade Mr. Graham goodby, and started for my rooms. My packing was soon finished, and I sat down for a had proved that there were, indeed, two women, and I believed them to be mother and daughter but I could not in the least understand why the young-er one had so completely broken down after the departure of the elder with Miss Holiaday. I looked at this point from every side, but could find no reasonable explanation of it. It might be, indeed, that the younger one was be-ginning already to repent her share in the conspiracy—there could be no ques-tion that it was she who had struck down Holladay in his office—that she down Holladay in his office—that she had even refused to go farther in the plot, and that her companions had found it necessary to restrain her; but this seemed to me too exceedingly improbable to believe. And, as I went over the ground again, I found myself beginning more and more to doubt the truth of Godfray's theory. truth of Godfrey's theory, though I could formulate none to take its place; I became lost in a maze of conjecture, and at last I gave it up and went to

called for Mr. Royce, as we agreed, and together we drove down to Morton street. He, too, had limited his baggage to a single small trunk. We secured a deck hand to take them into our state-room, and, after seeing them disposed of went out on the deck to watch the last preparations for departure. The pler was in that state of hurly burly that may be witnessed only at the sailthat may be witnessed only at the salling of a transatlantic liner. The last of the freight was being got aboard with frantic haste; the boat and pier were crowded with people who had come to bid their friends good bye; two tugs were puffing noisily alongside, ready to pull us out into the stream. My companion appeared cuite stream.

at us. "You deserve a vacation, don't you? I couldn't let you go without telling you good bye. Besides," he added, "I learned just this morning that two very dear friends of mine are taking this boat—Mrs Kemball and her daughter—the widow of Jim Kemball, you know."

We have nodded I too recalled we're to have a mystery—just we

Mr. Royce nodded. I, too, recalled the name—Jim Kemball had been one of the best men at the New York bar twenty years before and must have inswitably have made a great name for himself, but for his untimely death. I had heard a hundred stories of him.

"Well I want you know."

"Why, certainly!" she cried. "So we're to have a mystery—just we two!"

"Just we two!" I assented with a guickened pulse.

She looked at me doubtfully for a moment.

"I must remember Mr. Graham's

"Well, I want you to meet them," continued Mr. Graham looking about in all directions. "Ah, there they are!" and he dragged his partner away toward the bow of the boat. I saw little bitterly. "I only wish I had!" him bowing before a gray haired little lady, and a younger and taller one whose back was toward me. They laughed together for a moment, then the last bell rang, and the ship's officers began to clear the boat. I turned back to the pier, but was brought around an instant later by Mr. Gra-

ham's voice.

"My dear Lester," he cried, "I thought we'd lost you. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Kemball and her daughter, who are to be your fellow voyagers. Mr. Lester's a very ingenious young man," he added. "Make him amuse you!" and he hastened away to catch the gang plank before it should be pulled in.

I bowed to Mrs. Kendall, thinking to myself that I had never seen a sweeter.

myself that I had never seen a sweeter, pleasanter face. Then I found myself pleasanter face. Then I found myself looking into a pair of blue eyes that fairly took my breath away

said a merry voice. pare for your fate, Mr. Lester!" pare for your fate, Mr. Lester!"
There was a hoarse shouting at the gang plank behind me and the eyes looked past me, over my shoulder.
"See," she said; "there's one poor febow who has just made it."
I turned and looked toward the gangplank. One end had been cast loose, but two deck hands were assisting another man to mount it. He seemed

other man to mount it. He seemed weak and helpless, and they supported weak and helpless, and they supported him on either side. An involuntary cry rose to my lips as I looked at him. but I choked it back. For it was Mar-tigny, risen from his bed to follow us!

CHAPTER XIV

I PROVE A BAD SENTINEL. I watched him with a kind of fasci-nation until he disappeared through the door of the cabin. I could guess what it had cost him to drag himself from his bed, what agony of apprehension must have been upon him to make him take the risk. The Jourdans, puzzled at my not returning, unable to keep stlence, suspecting, perhaps, some plot silence, suspecting, perhaps, some plot against themselves, had doubtless gone to the hospital and told him of my appearance—there had been no way for me to guard against that. He had easily guessed at the rest. He had only to consult the passenger list to assure himself that Mr. Royce and I were aboard. And he was following us, hoping—what? What could hoping—what? What could a man in his position hope to accomplish? What was there for us to fear him? And yet there was something about him—something in the atmosphere of the man—that almost terrified me. I came back to earth to find that Royce and Mrs. Kemball had drifted away together, and that my companion was regarding me from

closed lids with a little smile of amuse-'So you're awake again, Mr. Lester?'

Pardon me," I stammered. "The fact 'You looked quite dismayed," she rou looked quite dismayed, she continued, relentlessly. "You seemed positively horror-stricken. I saw nothing formidable about him."
"No; you don't know him!" I retorted, and stopped lest I should say

corners of her eyes, and gave me a glimpse of little white teeth.

"I think we'd better sit down," she aid. "Your knees seem to be still omewhat shaky. Mother and Mr. Royce have deserted us."

So we sought a seat near the stern, where we could watch the city sink gradually away in the distance, as the great boat glided smoothly out into the bay, her engines starting on the rhythm which was to continue cease-lessly until the voyage is ended. I con-fess frankly I was worried. I had not thought for a moment that Martigny would have the temerity to board the same boat with us-yet it was not so wonderful after all, since he could not guess that I suspected him, that I knew soon finished, and I sat down for a final smoke and review of the situation.

There was one development of the day before which quite baffled me. I him; he was probably following us only that he might warn his confederated proved that there were, indeed, two them. Certainly they were in no pres-ent danger of discovery, and perhaps might never be. But his following us, his disregard of the grave danger to nimself, gave me a new measure of his savage determination to baffle us; I found myself more and more beginning to fear him. My fancy cast about him a sinister cloud, from the depths of which he peered out at us, grim, livid, threatening.

Should I inform Mr. Royce of this new development, I asked myself; then I remembered the doctor's words. He must have rest and quiet during the coming week; he must be free from

"I trust that I'm not in the way, Mr. Lester?" Lester?" inquired a low, provoking voice at my side, and I awoke to the fact that I had again been guilty of forgetting my companion.

"Miss Kendall," I began desperately, "Miss Kendall," I began desperately, let me confess that I'm in an exceedingly vexatious situation. The fact that I can't ask advice makes it worse."
"You can't ask even Mr. Royce?" she queried, with raised brows.

"He least of all. You see he's just recovering from a severe nervous breakdown—he must have quiet—that's one reason he's taking this voyage."

"I see," she nodded.

I glanced at her again—at the open, candid eyes, the forceful mouth and chin—and I took a sudden resolution.

"Miss Kemball." I said, "I am going to ask your help—that is, if I may.

"Of course you may."
"Well, then, that man who came on My companion appeared quite strong and seemed to enjoy the hub-bub as much as I did. He flushed with pleasure as he caught sight of our senior pushing his way toward us.

"Why, this is kind of you, sir!" he what the work of the office must be, with both of us deserting you this way."

"Tut, tut!" and Mr. Graham smiled at us. "You deserve a vacation, don't least thou and my substraint of the content of the may walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want here was many walk right into danger. I want was man

"I must remember Mr. Graham's

word, no, I responded y. "I only wish I had!" little bitterly. "I only wish I had!"
"There," she said contritely; "I shouldn't have doubted! Forgive me, Mr. Lester. Only it seemed so fantas so improbable

fantastic," I assented, "but, unfortunately, it is true. We must keep an eye on Monsieur Martigny or Be-

"Which is his real name? "Those are the only ones I know, but I doubt if either is the true one."
Royce and Mrs. Kemball joined us a moment later, and we sat watching the low, distant Long Island shore until the gong summoned us to lunch. A word to the steward had secured us one of the small tables in an alcove at the side—Mrs. Kemball and her daughter surrendered the grandeurs of the tain's tables willingly, even gladly, to minister to us—and the meal was a merry one, Mr. Royce seeming in such spirits that I was more than ever de-termined not to disturb him with the

knowledge of Martigny's presence.
As the moments passed, my seemed more and more uncalled for, It was quite possible, I told myself, that I had been making a bogy of my own imaginings. The Frenchman did not imaginings. appear in the saloon, and, afterwards, an inquiry of the ship's doctor developed the fact that he was seriously ill, and quite unable to leave his state-

So afternoon and evening passed. There were others on board who claimed their share of the charming Mrs. Kemball and her daughter. troduced me to them, but I found their talk somehow flat and savorless. I fancied that my companion looked slightly wearied, too, and at last we stole away to our deck chairs, where we sat for an hour or more looking out across the dancing waves, listening the splash of the boat as she rose and fell over them. He was thinking, no doubt, of a certain dark beauty, whose caprices there was no explaining. As for me—well, I had suddenly developed a sturdy preference for blue eyes.

I may as well confess at once that I was seasick. It came next morning, ten minutes after I left my berth-not a violent sickness, but a faintness and giddiness that made me long for my berth again. But Mr. Royce would not hear of it. He got me out on deck and into my chair, with the breeze blowing full in my face. with the fresh was a long line of chairs drawn up there, and from the faces of most of their occupants, I judged they were far more miserable than I. At the end of an hour, thanks to his treat-ment, I felt almost well again, and could devour with some appetite the lunch which Mr. Royce ordered for me the line, and looked at each of us, stopping for a moment's chat. The more serious cases were below, and all that

any of us needed was a little encouragement. Won't you sit down a minute, doctor?" I asked, when he came to me, and motioned to Mr. Royce's chair. "Why, you're not sick." he protested, laughing, but he dropped into the va-

cant place. on much.

She was smiling broadly, now; an talk," I said. "How about your other failen.

patient-the one who came aboard

His face sobered in an instant, "Martigny is his name," he said, "and he's in very bad shape. He must have been desperately anxious to get back to France. Why, he might have dropped over dead there on the gang-

"It's a disease of the heart?" "Yes—far advanced. He can't get well, of course, but he may live on in-definitely, if he's careful."
"He's still confined to his bed?"

"Oh, yes—he won't leave it during the voyage, if he takes my advice. He's got to give his heart just as little work as possible, or I'll throw up the job altogether. He has mighty little mar-

I turned the talk to other things, and in a few moments he went on along his rounds. But I was not long alone, for I saw Miss Kembali coming toward me, looking a very Diana, wind-blown, and

osy-cheeked.
"So mal-de-mer has laid its hand on you, too, Mr. Lester!" she cried.
"Only a finger," I said. "But a finger

is enough. Won't you take pity on a poor landsman and talk to him?"
"But that's reversing our positions!" she protested, sitting down, nevertheless, to my great satisfaction. "It was you who were to be the entertainer! is our Mephisto-abroad, yet?" she asked in a lower tone. "I, too, am feeling his fascination—I long for another

glimpse of him." "Mephisto is still wrestling with his "Mephisto is still wresting with his heart, which, it seems, is scarcely able to furnish the blood necessary to keep him going. The doctor tells me that he will probably spend the voyage a

"So there'll be nothing for us to do, after all! Do you know Mr. Lester, that I was longing to become a female

"Perhaps you will still have the chance," I said gloomily. "I doubt very much whether Mephisto will consent to remain inactive. He doesn't look to be that sort." She clapped her hands and nodded a laughing recognition to one of the

passing promenaders. "You are going to Paris, aren't you, Miss Kemball?" I asked.

"To Paris—yes. You too? You must be, since you are going to France." "We go first to Etretat," I said, and stopped, as she leaned, laughing back in her chair. "Why what's wrong with that?" I demanded in some astonish-

"Wrong? Oh, nothing. Etretat's a a most delightful place—only it recalled to me an amusing memory of how my mother was one day scandalized there by some actresses who were lized there by some actresses who were bathing. It's the prettiest little fishing vilage, with the finest cliffs I ever saw. Only, its hardly the season for Etretat—the actresses have not arrived. You'll find it dull."

"We'll not stay there long," I said. "But tell me about it. I should like to know."

to know."
"Etretat," said my companion, "is rather a Bohemian resort. Alphonse Karr discovered it somewhere back in Etretatians were immensely grateful and named the main street of the town after him—and since then a lot of artists and theatrical people have built villas there. It has a little beach of gravel where people bathe all day long. When one's tired of bathing, there's the cliffs and the downs, and in the evening there's the casino. You know French, Mr. Lester?

"Why." I explained, "I was supposed to study it at college. I still remember my 'j'al, tu a, il a'." "You'll remember more when you get to Etretat," she laughed. "You'll have

to, or starve. "Oh, I also know the phrase made immortal by Mark Twain."

'Avez vous du vin?'—yes."

"And I think I also have a hazy recollection of the French equivalents for bread and butter and cheese and meat. We shan't starve, besides I think Mr. Royce can help. He's been to France."
"Of course—and here he comes to claim his chair."

"I won't permit him to claim it if you will use it a little longer," I pro-

"Oh, but I must be going," and she arose, laughing. "Have I been a satis-factory entertainer?" "More than satisfactory; I'll accept no other."
"But you won't need any at all, af-

ter this morning-I don't really believe you're ill now."

She nodded to Royce, and moved away, without waiting for my an-swer, which somehow halted on my lips; and so I was left to the rosiest,

most improbable of day dreams Saturday, Sunday and Monda passed, with only such incidents to en liven them as are common to all voy-ages. But I saw that quiet, and sea air were doing their work well my companion, and that he was stead-ily regaining his normal health. So I felt more and more at liberty to de-vote myself to Miss Kemball—in such moments as she would permit me—and

I found her fascination increasing I found her fascillation increasing in a ratio quite geometrical. Martigny was still abed, and, so the ship's doc-tor told me, was improving very

Continued Next Week.

TAKE BROTHER'S ADVICE.

If girls would just follow out the precepts of their brothers they would never need fear doing anything for which they might be criticised, but generally it is so much more interesting to follow the advice of somebody else's brother.
Other people's brothers, however, are

not apt to give such sound advice. A man will often invite a girl to go some place where he would not allow his own sisters to be seen, and will un;e her to do the very thing that he particularly warns his sister against

No matter what a brother's own principals may be he has an entirely different standard for his sister. Ste is supposed to be a model of perfection even though he is far from one, as d she may not be able to deperd upon him in any other respect she can have perfect confidence in his advice as far as she is concerned. The girl who has a brother is mor

than fortunate on this account as well as for the numerous other advantage they offer. She need never have to they offer. She need never have ask advice of those who cb not kno Even brothers do not have to be asked. They dole out opinions and lay down They dole out opinions and they are laws many times when they are laws many times when they are they wanted. So particular are they they make themselves a little times, sisters estimate them generally are apt

portunities to hear what men say ab the girls of their acquaintance and often the opinions they express in no way correspond with what they tell the girls when they are around. Men's standards for the women for whom they care are all about alike and they are pretty high, and women who appreciate this and listen to the words ciate this and listen to the words of their brothers are much more apt to be popular with the brothers of other

You are not likely to lead men to faith in God by preaching crooked facts

Success is getting up after one hus

\$8,000 IS PAID FOR BLOODED DAIRY COW THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE NEED THE TONIC TREATMENT.

D. W. Field, of Brockton, Mass. Pays This for Pontiac Rag Apple.

CALVES SELL FOR \$4,000

With the Bluest of Bovine Blood is Her Veins, She Also Has the Record of 309 Quarts of Milk Per Week.

From the New York Herald.

Eight thousand dollars, recently paid by Daniel W. Field, Brockton shoe manufacturer and farmer, for a meek eyed, pale faced but industrious cow, makes this acquisition to Mr. Field's herd of full blooded stock the hi priced bovine in the United States. And Pontiac Rag Apple, this euphoni-ously dubbed Holstein-Friesian, although she has been in the hands of her present owner only a month, has already returned

her, a sum agreed for her next calf, which has already been sold to a New York breeder of fancy stock.

In addition to having immediately halved her cost this wonderful animal holds the second highest record for the amount of milk and butter produced by

\$4,000, or one-half of the price paid for

any one cow in the world.

It is expected by her present owner

that she will reach the champion produc-ing mark during the next year. She is at present less than 5 years old. Breeders all over the world look to Pontiac Rag Apple as the coming champ-

ion of dairy cows.

With the bluest of the bovine blood in her veins and with a record of production that has jumped in three years from 196 to 279 to 309 quarts of milk per week, Mr. Field is confident that this cow will soon easily carry away the world's honors. One of Rag Apple's records is forty four quarts of milk per day for 100 days at a stretch. Another is the production of 31.62 pounds of butter per week, less than three pounds below the championship mark of 34.31 pounds.

Her Pediaree.

As to her pedigree, Rag Apple stands ace high in the stock breeding world, her sire being Pontiac Klondyke, the son of Belle Klondyke, one of the most noted Holsteins in the country, and her dam being P. Clotilde De Kohl, the daughter of Hengerwold De Kohl, who was the brother of the greatest sire of the Holstein-Friesian breed that ever lived. At 5 cents per quart for milk Rag Ap-ple is today netting her owner an income

of \$2.20, or, if her milk is turned into butter, the yield is about three and threequarters pounds per day. quarters pounds per day.

In case of future sons or daughters, each of the former will bring from \$4,000 to \$5,000, while the latter, owing to the royal breed of the mother, can easily be disposed of at or before birth for from \$1,000

Rag Apple is as mild as a summer afternoon. She is hornless and clear white, with the exception of a few scattering dark spots on her neck and flanks

Since her arrival at Mr. Field's farm in Brockton she has been convalescing from per long trip in a box car from Heuvelton, Provided with a sumptuous box stall of

sufficient size for a track breeder and blanketed and straw-bedded to suit the most fastidious bovine taste, Rag Apple be given every opportunity known to Holstein breeders to verify Mr. Field's ex-

The Abused Servants.

From the New York Mail. This country let go of three big things in the generation preceding the civil war. It is just beginning to take them up again. One of these was the common road. A second was the canal—both of them ar-rested in their development or allowed to fall into partial disuse because of the adwas alcohol, as a means of light, fuel and ower. It has been taxed almost to death from the civil war on, and well nigh super-

seded by kerosene. All three of these servants of the American people have had to fight to be readmitted to the national household. The common road and the canal have suffered from the hostility of the railroads. alcohol" has been opposed by the oil re fining monopoly.

Take a look at the trio You can haul a ton of freight a mile by

canal for a quarter of a cent; it takes three-quarters of a cent by rail. Through neglecting their canals the American people have been paying thrice as much as they needed for transporting some classes You can haul a ton of freight a mile for

costs 25 cents over an unimproved country road. A writer in the February Appleton's calculates that America's annual loss due to bad roads is from \$600,000,000 to \$500,000,000, and that the "labor system" of caring for the roads has caused a waste of \$10.000,000,000 during the last cen-

light as a gallon of kerosene and about 20 per cent. more power. It can be manu-factured for about 11 cents, yet the government has taxed it for twenty times its cost. Alcohol can be produced from corn, potatoes, beets, weeds, almost any kind of vegetable waste. It can be generally used for lighting houses, driving autos, soing the work of the farm—and it can be manufactured with ridiculous ease.

These three servants-common roads, canals and alcohol-Uncle Sam has badly treated. He is calling them again to his The good roads movement is becom-000 to promote it. Interest in canals is re-New York is spending \$101,000,000 barge canal project. Less than a year ago the nation struck the shackles taxation from alcohol.

ways and canals and from free denatured alcohol. Best of all, no monopoly can seize upon any of them.

A Wounded Shakespeare. A. Daly, whose charming book of "Canzoni," has set him in the front rank of American poets, was congratu-lated the other way on his book's remarkable success.
"Well," said Mr. Daly, smiling, "I hope

that this success won't make me as con-ceited as most young poets are. There is, for instance, a young poet at the Franklin inn, and the day after I had visited the Franklin inn a friend of this young man's said to me afraid you hurt Rimes' feelings

'What did I say?' I asked.

Keep the older cows in the herd, at work. Cows should be at their best when between six and seven years old. If they have been properly fed they can consume the largest amount of milk yielding foods at this age, and their muk is richer than at any other

WEIGHT AND HEALTH

This Woman Took Dr. Williams' Pint Pills, Gained Thirty Pounds and Has Been Well Ever Since.

How many women-and men tooare suffering from a general decline in health which the ordinary remedies seem unable to check! How many husbands see their wives wasting away, steadily losing health and beauty, and are powerless to help! Consumption and other germ diseases find in these debilitated systems easy prey, for the lowered vitality is unequal to the task of fighting off the infection of these diseases to which most of us are almost daily ex-

posed.

The symptoms indicating the decline which may have results so fatal could scarcely be better described than in the statement of Mrs. William Manley, of 92 Court street, Utica, N. Y. Her case

is a typical one. She says:
"For six months after the birth of my baby, I suffered from sick, dizzy head-aches, which seemed like a rush of blood to my forehead, just back of my eyes. Some days they twitched so I could hardly see and black spots floated before them. The least exertion brought on this sickness. My appetite was poor and I was often sick to my stomach. "If I tried to work my feet soon be-

came swollen, paining me terribly. I had sinking spells and grew pale and nervous. I was so thin that I weighed

only 95 pounds.

"One day when at the drug store to get headache powders I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills instead. I soon noticed that my headache was disappearing and my nerves gradually grew stronger. The pills gave me a hearty appetite and I now weigh over 180 pounds. I believe the pills to be the best tonic and builder a woman can take, as they certainly helped me when my condition was critical and I have never been seriously ill since."

The great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills lies in the fact that they actually make new blood and this carries health and strength to every portion of the body. The stomach is toned up, the nerves are strengthened, every organ is stimulated to do its work.

If you are ill and the treatment you are taking does not cure you, write for proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done in similar cases.
Your druggist sells them or they will

be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Schenectady, N. Y. The Daylight Moon.

Miss Corliss Babson, the champion wom-an high jumper, is very fond of children, and at a tea at Vassar the other day she repeated a quaint child saying:
"I was walking in Gloucester one morning with a little girl," she began, "and looking over my shoulder, I saw the moon —large and round and pale, as it is often

seen—in the bright blue sky.
"'Oh, look at the moon,' said I. "The moon in the morning. little girl looked at it and

"'Yes, that's the moon,' she said.
"'Tain't lighted, though.'"

From the Philadelphia Press.
"It used to worry me when the barber informed me that may hair was getting a little thin on top." "But you got used to it, eh?" "No. Now it worries me because he doesn't mention it. I must be getting old."

Splendid April Tonic. This is known as "Blood-Cleaning

Time," especially among the older folks, who always take something during this month to clean the blood of impurities and build it up. The following is the recipe as given

by a well-known authority, and any one can prepare it at home: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce,

Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces. Get these simple ingredients from any good pharmacy and mix by shaking well in a bottle. The dose is one

teaspoonful after meals and at bed-Everybody should take something to help the blood, which becomes impoverished and almost sour after the winter season, especially those who are subject to Rheumatism, Catarrh, Kid-

ney and Bladder trouble. It is said that one week's use of this mixture will clear the skin of sores, pimples or boils This is sound, healthy advice, which

will be appreciated by many readers.

Desperate. "Did you hear about Percy DeVere?" asked the first chapple in an awed whis-

per.
"Why, no," replied the second chappie
in surprise. "What's the deah boy been
doing now?"

towible 'bwain storm' yester-'Had a terrible 'bwain storm' yester-'Horrors! He didn't do anything rash,

"Indeed, he did! He talked back fright-

fully to his cab driver, made faces at a chorus girl and slapped his valet three

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