

Mutual.  
Perhaps you would like to know what these two eminent and distant personages think of each other, says a writer in the American Magazine. At Mr. Roosevelt's request Mr. Hill was taken by a friend of both gentlemen to Washington to discuss the Northern Securities case. Each presented his view to the other—at about the same time, I suppose. At the conclusion of the interview or fricas the railway president pulled his hat down over his ears and thundered over to his hotel. The friend remained to collect souvenirs of the disaster. When he got back to the hotel he asked Mr. Hill: "What do you think of the president?" "I think he is crazy," said Mr. Hill. "Well," said the friend, "that's funny, for that is exactly what the president said about you."

Four year old Frances had heard her elder brothers talking about George Washington and the cherry tree. One day she asked her mother if she wanted to hear a story, and then said:  
"George's father gave him a new hatchet. One day his father found a cherry tree chopped down."  
"He said: 'Who did this, George?'"  
"George said: 'I did, papa.'"  
"His papa said: 'George, you're a liar. You didn't.'"

When "Old Hutch" Lost.  
From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
"H. P. Hutchinson used to say no burglar ever could get into his house without waking him," said a Central station detective the other day; "but it remained for Chief Simon O'Donnell to put one over on the famous trader."  
"You know, Mr. Hutchinson was famous in Chicago's commercial life years ago and was known popularly as 'Old Hutch.' He prided himself on the fact that burglars had never gotten into his house, and often boasted of the fact to his intimates. One day while he was at lunch with Chief O'Donnell and a number of other friends, the company fell to discussing a crime that had been committed the night before."  
"I'd like to see anybody get into my house," Mr. Hutchinson said. "Why, I bear every tick of the clock all night."  
"I'll bet you dinner for this crowd," said the chief, "that I can produce a man who will enter your house and you will not know of his visit till morning."  
"Mr. Hutchinson accepted the wager, and it was agreed that he was to let the chief have a latch key so that the burglar could get in without being disturbed by some patrolman. Mr. Hutchinson also agreed to leave some article of value in the parlor where it could be found readily. The chief said the robbery would be committed within the following week."  
Three days later Mr. Hutchinson awoke in the morning and discovered that both sheets of his bed, which had been in place when he retired, were gone. So was the antique gold clock he had left on a mantel. He hurriedly dressed and hastened after breakfast to the chief's office. O'Donnell saw him coming, and, as he entered the office, greeted him with:  
"Mr. Hutchinson I have two sheets and a clock that belong to you. We will have the dinner today."  
"The burglary was done by a former criminal who at the time had reformed and was in a respectable line of business. He did the job at the request of the chief. How did he get the under sheet? He rolled Mr. Hutchinson over, rolled the sheet after him and then coiled him back."

CHAPTER XV.  
TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.  
I understood in a flash, what had happened, and sprang up the stairs to the upper deck, determined to have it out with our enemy, once for all. I searched it over thoroughly, looking under the boats and behind funnels, and ventilators, but could discover no sign of anyone. When I got back to the promenade a little crowd had gathered, attracted by the noise of the falling spar, which a dozen members of the crew were busy hoisting back into place.  
"I do not see how those lashings could have worked loose," said the officer in charge. "We lashed that extra spar there just before we sailed, and I know it was well fastened."  
I took a look at the lashings. They had not been cut, as I expected to find them, but had been untied. Martigny had doubtless worked at them while we sat there talking—he was too clever an artist in crime to do anything so clumsy as to cut the ropes.  
"Well, luckily, there's no damage done," observed Mr. Royce, with affected lightness, "though it was a close shave. If Miss Kembal hadn't called out, the spar would have struck us squarely."  
Mrs. Kembal closed her eyes with a giddy little gesture, at the vision the words called up and the officer frowned in chagrin and perplexity. Just then the captain came up, and the two stepped aside for a consultation. In voices so low that only an excited word of French was now and then audible. I turned to Miss Kembal, who was looking against the rail with white face and eyes large with terror.  
"But it was not an accident, Mr. Lester!" she whispered. "I saw a man leaning over the spar—a mere shadowy figure—but I know I could not be mistaken."  
"I don't doubt it in the least. But don't tell your mother. It will only alarm her needlessly. We'll talk it over in the morning."  
She said good night and led her mother away toward the stateroom. I went at once in search of the ship's doctor, and met him at the foot of the saloon staircase.  
"How is Martigny, doctor?" I asked.  
"Worse, I fear," he answered hurriedly. "He has just sent for me."  
"Which room has he?"  
"He's in 375; an outside room on the upper deck," and he ran up the stairs. I went forward to the smoking room, and looked over the colored plan of the ship posted there. A momentary inspection of it showed me how easily Martigny had eluded pursuit—he had only to walk twenty feet, open a door, and get into bed again. But, evidently, the small exertion had been too much for him, and I turned away with the grim thought that perhaps our enemy would kill himself yet.  
When I sat down, next morning, beside Miss Kembal, she closed her book, and turned to me with a very determined air.  
"Of course, Mr. Lester," she began, "if you think any harm can come from telling me, I don't want you to say a word. I really think I am entitled to an explanation."  
"So do I," I agreed. "You've proved yourself a better guard than I'd forgotten all about Martigny—I was thinking, well, of something very different. I had no thought of danger."  
"Nor had," she said quickly. "But I chanced to look up and see that dark figure bending over them, and I cried out, really, before I had time to think—involuntarily."  
"It was just that which saved them. If you'd stopped to think, it would have been too late."  
"Yes—but, oh, I could think afterwards! I'd only to close my eyes, last night, to see him there yet, peering down at us, waiting his opportunity. And then, of course, I puzzled more or less over the whole thing."  
"You shan't puzzle any more," I said, and looked about to make certain that there was no one near. Then, beginning with the death of Hiram Holladay, I laid the case before her, step by step. She listened with clasped hands and intent face, not speaking till I had finished. Then she leaned back in her chair with a long sigh.  
"Why, it's horrible!" she breathed. "Horrible and dreadfully puzzling. You haven't told me your explanation yet, Mr. Lester."  
"I haven't any explanation," I said helplessly. "I've built up half a dozen theories, but they've all been knocked to pieces, one after the other. I don't know what to think, unless Miss Holladay is a victim of hypnotism or demerol of some kind, and that seems absurd."  
"Sometimes she's nice and at other times she's horrid."  
"It recalls 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' doesn't it?"  
"Yes, it does; only, as I say, such an explanation seems absurd."  
She sat for a moment with eyes inwardly intent.  
"There's one theory which might explain it—part of it. Perhaps it wasn't Miss Holladay at all who returned from Washington Square with the new maid. Perhaps it was the other woman, and the barred windows were really to keep Miss Holladay a prisoner. Think of her there, in that place, with Martigny for her jailer!"  
"But she wasn't there!" I protested.  
"We saw her when we gave her the money. Royce and I saw her—so did Mr. Graham."  
"Yes—in a darkened room with a bandage about her forehead; so hoarse

# The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.  
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she could scarcely speak. No wonder Mr. Royce hardly knew her!"  
I stopped a moment to consider.  
"Remember, that would explain something which admits of no other reasonable explanation, went on my companion, "the barred windows and the behavior of the prisoner."  
"It would explain that, certainly, I admitted, though, at first thought, the theory did not appeal to me. "You believe, then, that Miss Holladay was forcibly abducted?"  
"Undoubtedly. If her mind was going to give way at all, it would have done so at once, and not two weeks after the tragedy."  
"But if she had brooded over it," I objected.  
"She wasn't brooding—at least, she ceased to brood. You have Mr. Royce's word," said the butler's word that she was getting better, brighter, quite like her old self again. Why should she relapse?"  
"I don't know," I said helplessly.  
"The more I reason about it, the more unreasonable it all seems. Besides that affair last night has upset me so that I can't think clearly. I feel that I was careless—that I wasn't doing my duty."  
"I shouldn't worry about it; though, of course, it's a little vexing, but you've realized by this time that you alone are to blame for Martigny's presence on the boat."  
"But I had to go to the Jourdain's," I protested, "and I couldn't help their going. I had to have asked them to not go would have made them suspect me at once."  
"Oh, yes, but, at least, you needn't have sent them. They might not have gone at all—certainly they wouldn't have gone, so promptly—if you hadn't sent them."  
"Sent them?" I repeated, and stared at her in amazement, doubting if I had heard aright.  
"Yes, sent them," she said again, emphatically. "Why do you suppose they went to the hospital so early the next morning?"  
"I supposed they had become suspicious of me."  
"Nonsense! What possible reason could they have for becoming suspicious of you? On the contrary, it was because they were not suspicious of you, because they wished to please you, to air your room for you; because, in a word, you asked them to go—they went after the key to those padlocks on the wind-shutters. Of course, Martigny had it."  
"For a moment, I was too nonplussed to speak; for I could only stare at her. Then I found my tongue.  
"Well, I was a fool, wasn't I?" I demanded, bitterly. "To think that I shouldn't have foreseen that! It was so worked up over my discovery that night I couldn't think of anything else. Of course, when they asked for the key, the whole story came out."  
"I shouldn't blame myself too severely," I laughed, as she looked at me with her usual, as she herself thought it, rather fortunate that he's on the boat."  
"Fortunately? You don't mean that?"  
"Precisely that. Suppose the Jourdain's hadn't gone to him, and he had left the hospital anyway in two or three days—he isn't the man to lie inactive when he knew you were searching for the fugitives. He'd have returned, then, to his apartment next to yours; and your landlady would have told him that you had sailed for Europe, and he had only to examine the boat's passenger-list to discover your name. So you see there wasn't so much lost, after all."  
"But, at any rate," I pointed out, "he would have been in America. He couldn't have caught you. We'd have had a good start of him."  
"He couldn't have caught you, but a cablegram would have passed you in mid-ocean, warning his confederates. And your landlady would have told him your name, and he'd have been on your trail, you'll never find her—your only hope is in catching them unprepared. And there's another reason—since he's on the boat, you've another opportunity—why not go and have a talk with him?"  
"I'd thought of that," I said; "but I'm afraid I couldn't play the part."  
"The part?"  
"Of seeming not to suspect him, of being quite frank and open with him, of appearing to have no plan. I'm afraid he'd see through me the first moment and catch me tripping. It's too great a risk."  
"The advantage would be on your side," she pointed out; "you could tell him the truth, and he'd already know, and which he has no right to suspect you know he knows—it sounds terribly involved, doesn't it? But you understand?"  
"Oh, yes, I understand."  
"And they may be the natural thing for you to look him up as soon as you learned he was ill. To avoid him will be to confess that you suspect him."  
"But his name isn't on the passenger list, is it?" I asked.  
"From the Harper's Weekly. I saw him as he came on board, I'd probably not have known it at all."  
"Perhaps he saw you at the same time."  
"Then the fat's in the fire," I said. "If he knows I know he's on board, then he'll know that I suspect him; if he doesn't know, why, there's no harm for him to think that I'll find it out, unless he appears in the cabin; which doesn't seem probable."  
"She sat silent for a moment, looking out across the water.  
"Perhaps you're right," she said at last; "there's no use taking any unnecessary risks. The thing appealed to me—I think I should enjoy a half hour's talk with him, matching my wits against his."  
"But yours are brighter than mine," I pointed out. "You've proved it pretty effectively in the last few minutes."  
"No I haven't. I've simply shown you that you overlooked one little thing. And I think you're right about the danger of going to Martigny. Our first duty is to Miss Holladay; we must rescue her before he can warn his confederates to place her out of reach."  
"You filled me with with an unreasonable happiness."  
"But why should they bother with a prisoner at all? They didn't shrink from striking down her father?"  
"And they may not shrink from striking her down, at a favorable moment," she answered calmly. "It will be easier in France than in New York—they, perhaps have the necessary preparations already made—they may be only hesitating to a warning from Martigny may turn the scale."  
"My hands were trembling at the thought of it. If we should really be too late!"  
"But I don't believe they'll go to such extremes, Mr. Lester," continued my companion. "I believe you're going to find her and solve the mys-

tery. My theory doesn't solve it, you know; it only makes it deeper. The mystery, after all, is—why are these people—why did they kill Mr. Holladay?—why have they abducted his daughter?—what is their plot?"  
"Yes," I assented; and again I had a moment of confused perplexity, as a man staring down into a black abyss.  
"You find her," she asked, "what will you do with her?"  
"Do with her? Why, take her home, of course."  
"But she'll very probably be broken down, perhaps even hysterical, after such an experience would upset any woman. I don't care how robust she may have been. She'll need rest and care. You must bring her to us at Paris, Mr. Lester."  
I saw the wisdom of her words, and said:  
"That's very kind of you," I added. "I am sure Mr. Royce will agree—but we have first to find her, Miss Kembal."  
"I was glad for my own sake, too; the parting of tomorrow, would not, then, be a final one. I should see her again. I tried to say something of this, but my tongue faltered and refused to shape the words."  
She left me presently, and for an hour or more I sat there and looked, in every aspect, at the theory she had suggested. Certainly, there was nothing to disprove it; and yet, as she had said, it merely served to deepen the mystery. Who were these people? I asked myself—who dared to play so bold and desperate a game? The illegitimate daughter might, of course, impersonate Miss Holladay; but who was the elder woman? Her mother? Then the liaison must have taken place in France—her accent was not to be mistaken; but in France, Mr. Holladay had been always with his wife. Besides the younger woman spoke English perfectly. True, she had said only a few words—the hoarseness might have been affected to conceal a kind of voice—but how explain the elder woman's resemblance to Hiram Holladay's daughter? Could they both be illegitimate? But that was nonsense, for Mrs. Holladay had taken her into her life, had loved her.  
And Martigny? Who was he? What was his connection with these women? That the crime had been carefully planned I could not doubt; and it had been carried out with surprising skill. The men who were the principals in the development, and with what boldness! He had not feared to be present at the inquest; nor even to approach me and discuss the case with me. I tried to recall the details of our talk, impatient to find out how he had done it. He had asked, I remembered, what would happen to Frances Holladay if she were found guilty. He had been anxious, then, to save her. He had—yes, I saw it now—he had written the note which he had run the risk of discovery to get her free.  
If I only had a clew; one thread to follow! One ray of light would be enough! Then I could see my way out of this tangle. I should know how to strike. But to stumble blindly onward in the dark—that might do more harm than good.  
Yes, and there was another thing for me to guard against. What was to prevent him, the moment he stepped ashore, wiring to his confederates, warning them telling them to flee? Or he might wait, watching us, until he saw that they were really in danger. In either event, they must easily escape my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake—my goodness, wouldn't there be a racket in this house if I did die before I wake!"  
Little Walter had an exasperating habit of waking in the "two small hours" and calling loudly and persistently for his mother to give him a drink or turn up the light.  
His father, thinking to break him of this unpleasant trick, answered his call a few days ago, and gave him not only a drink of water but at the same time a pretty sharp reprimand. The next evening Walter added to his prayer this petition:  
"And, please, dear Lord, when I call for mother tonight don't let father come."  
Ellen was being scolded by her mother for selling her reader, and was told that her little sister's reader was as clean as new. "Yes," said little sister, "I put mine in the desk the first day and I never take it out."  
Newell and Jean were spending a week with friends. "Tell your mamma you have been good children," said their host as he bade them goodby. "We ought to be," said Jean. "Mamma trained us for three days before we came!"  
Two children of the paragon, Rees, aged 5, and Margaret, aged 3, were learning the names of the days of the week, but Thursday was hard to remember. Their mother suggested as a memory hint that if they would think of being thirty they might remember the name. So the boy proceeded, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—" and then he stuck; but with a merry wrinkle in his eye repeated, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Drink!—Friday, Saturday, Sunday."  
A little 4 year old man was watching his papa, who was engaged doing some carpentering. The shingling tools immediately took his eye, and when the man picked them up as soon as they were laid down and tried to use them as papa did; but papa, being in a hurry, became angry at not finding the tools where he placed them, and the son had to be told several times to let things alone.  
Finally, as the little fellow sat pouting for being scolded, he saw some nice long curly shavings fall from the board his papa was planing and, looking up, he said: "Well, papa, can I play with those board shavings?"  
The young hopeful had returned from a visit to the soldiers' home at Dayton, O. The thing which had interested him most had been a large brown bear in a cage in the animal park. A friend of the uncle whom he was visiting dropped in for a little call that evening and made much ado over young hopeful, and especially did he quiz him about Mr. Bear.  
"But, Lee, were you not afraid of the bear?"  
"No, sir, 'cause he was in a cage."  
"But suppose the door of the cage had in some mysterious way become unfastened and the bear had run out—what would you have done?"  
Expecting the usual "run as fast as I could" reply, our friend was much surprised to hear young hopeful say: "I'd run in the cage and shut the door."  
Lillian was "papa's girl," but, like many little girls in the city, did not often get to spend much time with her father. There came a day, however, when a trip into the country was possible for the two. Lillian, being shy and timid, was at first quite overwhelmed with the strangeness of things, but as the journey proceeded her affection for her father quite possessed her, and she reached up and gave him a loving little kiss. Just at that moment the trainman called the station, "Sawyer." Lillian, in dismay, turned a startled face to her father and whispered, "He didn't, did he, papa?"

## MICRO-DRAMA-GRAPHS

BY FRANK J. WILSTACH.

Small change—when a child swallowed a penny.  
Dramatic critics were budded as a thorn to sting.  
An actor on Broadway without a Channing Pollock overcoat is as strange as a bower of roses in Siberia.  
The advice of critics is like medicine after death.  
An elaborate setting will not improve a foul play.  
A woman with a swan's neck naturally wears feathers.  
The critic is a cathartic for the health of the actor.  
There is nothing so "good as a play," except a play.  
"Whetting the senses to humor" is not a sharp-practice.  
Because a man rents a room over a harness store is no reason to think that he gets the bridal chamber.  
A man is naturally pale when he drinks out of a bucket.  
It is easy to be contented with one's lot if it is on a corner.  
Absence conquers love but it requires presents to hold it.  
A man who is irresponsible is not necessarily hard of hearing.  
A man may walk as straight as a liberty pole and yet be crooked.  
Times have changed. We used to wear nightcaps; now we drink 'em.  
The man who minds his own business has good steady employment.  
A good dinner and a bottle of wine, as well as absence, makes the heart grow fonder.  
Slander may spread like a conflagration, yet it oddly follows a man like his shadow.  
A poor play is like a cigar; it requires judicious puffing.  
Actors are naturally sensitive. So is the hide raw after beating.  
A new situation in a play is as startling as a shock of electricity.  
We should rise by our own efforts. There is no telling when the alarm clock will go wrong.  
A loud laugh may denote the vacant mind, yet the play which provides it rarely has vacant seats.  
In vaudeville, when an actor is bad they close in on him. In the legitimate they close down on him.  
Bulwer Lytton said: "The pen is mightier than the sword," but neither is any good without the holder.  
Out of the Mouths of Babes.  
A small girl, who had been naughty, was sent to bed as a punishment, and told to say her prayers before she got into her bed. Her mother went to her door to listen to hear whether she did say the prayer and heard the following:  
"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake—my goodness, wouldn't there be a racket in this house if I did die before I wake!"

## Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.



MISS DORA HAYDEN.  
"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. Besides I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form."—Miss Dora Hayden, 819 6th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

A Case of Spring Catarrh.  
Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 423 1/2 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well.  
"A member of our club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

Fighting Mosquitoes in Jersey.  
From the Popular Science Monthly.  
New York city is a highly desirable place of residence in winter; but less so in summer, and there are thousands of residents of New York city who are well able to afford a summer home within an hour or two from town, and who are quite willing to pay for it. New Jersey has many places ideal in situation and accessibility, and one such place developed rapidly to a certain point and there it stood, halted by the mosquitoes that bred in the surrounding marsh lands. Country club, golf, tennis and other attractions ceased to attract when attention was necessarily focused on the biting or stinging pests that intruded everywhere, and the tendency was to sell out. But the owners were not ready to quit without a fight, and an improvement society was formed which consulted with my office and followed my advice. In one year the bulk of the breeding areas was drained, mosquitoes have since been absent almost entirely; one gentleman, not a large owner, either, told me his property had increased \$50,000 in value, and now settlers began to come in. This year one of the worst breeding areas of the olden day was used as a camping ground, and 100 new residences are planned for next year.

Blood Gets Sour.  
At this time of year, says a well-known authority, the kidneys become weak, clogged and inactive, failing to filter out the poisons and acids, which sour the blood, causing not only facial and bodily eruptions, but the worst forms of Rheumatism, Nervous and Stomach troubles, Backache and painful, annoying Urinary affections.  
It is worth any time now to get from some good prescription pharmacy the following ingredients: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after your meals and at bedtime.  
This simple home-made mixture will force the kidneys to normal, healthy action, so they will filter and strain all uric acid and poisonous waste matter from the blood, and expel this in the urine, at the same time restoring the "full blood count"—that is, 95 per cent red blood corpuscles—which is absolutely indispensable to perfect health.

Poor Man!  
From the Chicago News.  
Gunner—Yes, she paid \$300 for her spring outfit. I tell you she was a picture on Easter Sunday.  
Guyer—Yes, and her husband was a picture also.  
Gunner—Indeed! What kind of a picture was he?  
Guyer—Why the picture of despair.

Pure! Pleasant! Potent! Three interesting facts about Garfield Tea, the Natural laxative. It is made of Herbs and is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Law.  
It Broke.  
"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the school room," exclaimed the teacher.  
"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

Meaning of a "Homestead."  
From Everybody's Magazine.  
An Irishman wanted to take a "homestead" and not knowing just how to go about it, sought information from a friend.  
"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead an' I thought maybe you could tell me 't law concernin' how to go about it."  
"Well, Dennis, I don't remember th' exact wordin' 't law, but I can give ye th' exact manin' 't it. Th' manin' 't it is this: Th' government is willin' 't bet ye 100 acres 't land agin \$14 that ye can't live on it five years widout starvin' 't death."

## EVEN IF DISCOURAGED

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR YOUR RHEUMATISM.

The Pills Have Cured the Disease in Almost Every Form and Even in Advanced Stages.  
Rheumatism is a painful inflammation of the muscles or of the coverings of the joints and is sometimes accompanied by swelling. The pain is sharp and shooting and does not confine itself to any one part of the body, but after settling in one joint or muscle for a time, leaves it and passes on to another. The most dangerous tendency of the disease is to attack the heart. External applications may give relief from pain for a time but the disease cannot be cured until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine for this purpose as their action is directly on the blood, making it rich, red and healthy. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism.  
Mrs. Ellen A. Russell, of South Goff St., Auburn, Me., says: "I had been sick for fifteen years from impure blood, brought on by overwork. My heart was weak and my hands colorless. I was troubled with indigestion and vomiting spells, which came on every few months. I had no appetite and used to have awful fainting spells, falling down when at my work. I frequently felt numb all over. My head ached continuously for five years."  
"About two years ago I began to feel rheumatism in my joints, which became so lame I could hardly walk. My joints were swollen and pained me terribly."  
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend, after I had failed to get well from the doctor's treatment. When I began taking the pills, the rheumatism was at its worst. I had taken only a few boxes, when the headaches stopped and not long afterward I felt the pain in my joints becoming less and less, until there was none at all. The stiffness was gone and I have never had any return of the rheumatism."  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured such diseases as nervous and general debility, indigestion, nervous headache, neuralgia and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. As a tonic for the blood and nerves they are unequalled.  
A pamphlet on "Diseases of the Blood" and a copy of our diet book will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

## CURE FOR DANDRUFF.

Shampoo the hair first with egg to which has been added an ounce or two of raw water, rubbing the mixture into the scalp, rinsing thoroughly in several waters. After the hair is dry apply a tonic made of tea ounces of bay rum, twenty grains of resorcin and five drams of cantharides. Massage the scalp for at least five minutes. Apply the tonic and keep it on the massage regularly every night for two weeks at the end of which time the dandruff will have almost if not entirely disappeared.

## CAN WOMEN APPRECIATE A CLUB?

From the Harper's Weekly.  
A woman's club has been opened in New York in a beautiful house that has been built for it, and with a carefully selected membership. There is a general opinion whether it will succeed. Most of the women in New York are maintained largely by the contributions of men who very seldom use them. It is argued that women are more thrifty than men, and will not be so apt to part with the maintenance of anything that they do not use; that they will not use their club much; and that presently they will let it fall. But how much will they use it? The unmarried men are most valuable to the club, and it is to be hoped they will stay in town in summer and work while their families go out of town. These men are the chief patrons of the club restaurants. A woman's club would hardly get patronage comparable to what these unattached men furnish to the men's clubs. Women are not at all likely to crowd a club dining room in the evening at any time in the year. They will be much more likely to lunch in their club sometimes, and the membership of such an organization as this new Colony club must include many ladies who live within easy reach of town in summer, and who will find it hard to get to a convenient place to go to at midday when they come into town in summer when their town houses are closed. That sort of patronage is the mainstay of a very successful ladies' club in Philadelphia which has long since passed the experimental stage and has come to be a substantial institution. We do not think the new Colony club will fall. There is plenty of money back of it, and enough for it to warrant its maintenance. But it will have to be kept up, like most of the other clubs, chiefly by the dues of persons who very seldom use it.  
A girl always tests her first engagement ring by trying to write her name on a pane of glass.

## Continued Next Week.

## CURE FOR DANDRUFF.

Shampoo the hair first with egg to which has been added an ounce or two of raw water, rubbing the mixture into the scalp, rinsing thoroughly in several waters. After the hair is dry apply a tonic made of tea ounces of bay rum, twenty grains of resorcin and five drams of cantharides. Massage the scalp for at least five minutes. Apply the tonic and keep it on the massage regularly every night for two weeks at the end of which time the dandruff will have almost if not entirely disappeared.

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