

Scarlet Fever Settled in the Back

AN OPERATION WAS UNSUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED.

The Patient Was Finally Restored, After Eighteen Years.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

About eighteen years ago, when Mrs. Annie Dale, of 88 Bruce Street, was a bright, merry school girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever. She recovered, but she was a very different girl from a physical standpoint. She was cured of the scarlet fever but it left her with an affection of the back. As she grew older the pain seemed to increase. Her sufferings were intensified by her household duties, but she never complained, and with one hand pressed tightly to her back she did her work about her cozy home.

"I was fourteen years old when I was attacked with scarlet fever and have now suffered with my back for eighteen years. Night and day I suffered. It really seemed as if I must succumb to the pain, and then to make matters worse, my head ached so badly that I could scarcely see at times. Finally I went to St. Michael's Hospital, at the corner of High Street and Central Avenue, and there the surgeons performed a difficult operation on my back but it did no good; it was like everything else. I was told at the hospital to return for another operation, but the first had left me so weak I could not go back. Then again I had become discouraged and my three children needed my attention and care at home. The pain became harder to stand and my back was almost broken, it seemed. I thought I would never know what it would be like to be well again when I was told to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. With many doubts, a faint heart and an aching back I went to get the pills, and little dreaming that they would prove the elixir of a new life to me, I began to take them. Only a short time elapsed before I began to improve. Could it be possible that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were doing what everything else had failed to accomplish? I asked myself the question many times and before long I was enabled by my improved condition to answer the query with an emphatic 'Yes.' Now the pain of almost twenty years is cured by the Pink Pills. I have now months. I have no pain of any kind now, but I have got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I do not think it will ever be necessary to use them again, I shall certainly never be without them in the house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes of six never in loose bulk at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

AN ACTOR'S HAVEN.

How "The Little Church Around the Corner" Came to Be Named.

"The Little Church Around the Corner" has become world famous, yet very few know how it came to be called by that name, or that Joseph Jefferson was indirectly responsible for the christening.

Upon the death of George Holland, the comedian, Mr. Jefferson, who was a personal friend, called upon his widow and at her desire sought the minister of the church which she attended with the request that he officiate at the funeral of Mr. Holland, as it was desirable that it should take place in a public place of worship in order to accommodate the many friends of the deceased, who wished to pay their last respects to the dead. "Something," said Mr. Jefferson, "gave me the impression that I had best mention that Mr. Holland was an actor. I did so in few words, and concluded by presuming that probably this fact would make no difference. I saw, however, by the restrained manner of the minister and an unmistakable change in the expression of his face that it would make, at least to him, a great deal of difference. After some hesitation he said he would be compelled, if Mr. Holland had been an actor, to decline holding the service at the church.

"While his refusal to perform the funeral rites for my old friend would have shocked me under ordinary circumstances, the fact that it was made in the presence of the dead man's son was more painful than I can describe. I turned to look at the youth," continued Mr. Jefferson, "and saw his eyes filled with tears. I was hurt for my young friend and too indignant with the man to reply, so I rose to leave the room. I paused at the door and said:

"Well, sir, in this dilemma is there no other church to which you can direct me from which my friend can be buried?"

"He replied that there was a little church around the corner where I might get it done," to which I answered," said Mr. Jefferson.

"Then if this be so, God bless the little church around the corner," and so I left the house."

The minister had unwittingly performed an important christening, and his baptismal name of "The Little Church Around the Corner" clings to it to this day.

Do You Speculate?

Then send for our book, "How to Speculate Successfully in Limited Markets in Grain and Stock Markets." Mailed free. Comstock, Higgins & Company, Real Estate Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Following Directions.

Mr. Grogan—Oh, talk the powder, another, but it is sicker than I am than when I was before, Oh, began.

Dr. Rowless—Did you follow the directions—as much as could be heaped on a ten-cent piece every three hours?

Mr. Grogan—Oh, followed them as near as I could, doctor. Oh, had no time to sit in the house, so I talk as much as I could heap on a nickel every hour and a half. —Indianapolis Journal.

A Conversation.

Hazel—Did you know that Sadie Sandstone supports her mother?

Nuttie—Why, I thought her mother was an actress.

Hazel—Then I guess I'm wrong. She must support her father. —N. Y. Sun.

GOOD MRS. SPARROW.

HE was a nice motherly old lady, and I took to her immediately. She explained that her son was away from home a great deal of the time, and she desired a gentleman lodger, that she might have some one in the flat with her at nights as she was very timid about being alone.

I was young and knew little of the city and its ways and it really seemed good and homelike to get into Mrs. Sparrow's cozy little flat and be treated as if I belonged there. I thanked my lucky stars that I had seen and answered her advertisement for a "quiet young gentleman lodger."

She took a very flattering interest in me, and I did not feel offended nor resent her inquisitiveness when she questioned me concerning my family and seemed desirous of knowing every point of my personal history. It seemed to be her way of making conversation, and, coming from a country town as I did, I had seen a great many like her.

Finding I had not been in the city long she began to warn me concerning the pitfalls and snares that lay in wait for a young man there, apparently taking the greatest concern in my welfare. She said she thanked Providence a thousand times a day that her boy had grown up in the midst of temptations to become a model young man, of whom any mother might well be proud.

Without resorting to Mrs. Sparrow's tactics of questioning, I learned that her son was in some kind of business that kept him on the road a great deal, and that he was seldom at home for more than a few hours at a time.

I told me so much concerning him that I was very desirous of meeting Aubrey, as she fondly called him. I pictured him in my mind as a bright and brainy young fellow who had acquired a most enviable knowledge of the world and its ways without being contaminated during the acquisition.

After a time Mrs. Sparrow explained that her son was interested in the life insurance business, being a sort of solicitor, as she called it; that is, he was not a regular agent, authorized to make out policies, but he traveled about discovering "likely subjects," interested them in life insurance, and then turned them over to an agent of some concern in which they seemed to have the most faith.

In this way, Mrs. Sparrow explained, it was not necessary for him to be bound to any one concern, but he could work for them all, taking a commission from the agent of any concern for whom he obtained a "subject." By working in this manner he could make a great deal more money than he could in working for one or two concerns exclusively.

Had I been older, or had I known a little more of the life insurance business, I might have asked Mrs. Sparrow some questions about her son's connection with his professed business that she would not have been able to answer readily. I might have entertained some doubts that did not enter my head as it was.

Gradually motherly Mrs. Sparrow interested me in life insurance. She discovered that I carried none and then she led me to understand that it was



"HOW DO THEY DO IT?"

my duty to lose no time in obtaining a policy.

But I was more interested in her son, whom I had never seen. I felt he must be a jolly good fellow to know, and she hinted once or twice that he might be able to give me a start in life, as he had done so for several young fellows.

Occasionally she received letters from Aubrey, so she said, and one day she informed me that he was coming home—he would be in New York in a few days.

Then it happened that Mrs. Sparrow was suddenly called to Jersey City by the critical illness of some relative. She did not return home that night, but, at about nine o'clock, a young man turned up and said he was Aubrey Sparrow. He seemed much put out when he heard where his mother had gone.

"If any of those people are ill in a little finger they always send for mother," he said in disgust. "She has always been running after them and I suppose she always will. Now I have but a few hours in town, and I cannot see her at all."

He looked like his mother, the resemblance was so marked that I fancied I should have known him as her son had I met him on the street as a stranger. He was bright and sharp in conversation, had a pleasant smile, and was rather fascinating. There was something magnetic about his eyes.

We sat in the little parlor and talked. He smoked a cigarette, rolling his in the easiest chair, with his feet and the rickety on the velvet table. There was a free-and-easy air of self-confidence about him that quite captivated me. I do not know how the conversation drifted round to his business, but we were finally talking the insurance. All

at once he dropped his feet to the floor, leaned forward and said:

"A man is a fool who keeps pegging away at day labor for the money he obtains. Look at the men who make big fortunes here in the city. How do they do it? By day labor? Not much! Ha! ha! ha! They find an easier and quicker way. I have helped lots of young men to good pots, and I can help you—I will help you, for I have taken a liking to you."

I was startled, and I did not know what to say. He did not give me much time to speak.

"There is more in the life insurance business than appears on the surface," he went on. "I am not plugging in this business, but I am making hauls, and when I make a haul somebody shares with me. You may as well be one to share in a pot."

"I—I don't think I understand you," I stammered.

"Come on, let's go out where we can get something to cool our throats. I will explain."

We went out to a saloon. I was not in the habit of tasting liquor, but, in his bland and persuasive way, he induced me to take something. Somehow, I could not refuse, and I took something several times.

I was somewhat befogged when I returned to the flat alone. Aubrey had found that he must leave the city by a certain train that would not permit him to go back and await his mother, and we had parted.

In a hazy way I remembered the scheme he had proposed to me—a scheme in which I had almost agreed to play a part. It was the now well-known trick of insuring under a false name and disappearing. Evidence of death could then be produced, and the insurance money obtained. This money was to be divided.

Of course I was the subject, and I swear Aubrey Sparrow had made it seem like a shrewd piece of business, rather than a fraud, for he had explained the plots of Wall street money kings, which were quite as crooked, yet escaped the ban of the law.

He was to be in town again two days later, and the project was then to be carried through, in case I had the required nerve.

When I reached the flat I found two men waiting there. They followed me up the stairs and walked in without the least ceremony. This made me rather angry, and I think I should have fought them both on the spot if they had not explained that they were particular friends of Mrs. Sparrow.

I explained that she might not be home for a day or two, but they both assured me she would arrive very soon. They were right; she came within an hour.

Mrs. Sparrow was very much surprised to behold her visitors at that hour of the night, or rather morning, and she was more surprised when they grasped her and informed her she was their prisoner. She seemed inclined to resist, and I was on the point of wading into them both, when one flipped back his coat and showed a detective's shield.

Well, the result was they made Mrs. Sparrow change her clothes for male attire, and she came forth altered in appearance—so much altered, in fact, that I cried:

"Aubrey Sparrow!"

"Yes," said one of the detectives. "He is very slick, and he makes up as a nice old lady. His true name is Holcomb, and he is wanted for several big insurance swindles, to say nothing of three or four murders. He has killed a few of his accomplices in order to obtain the insurance on their lives, but it is recently that absolute proof against him has been obtained. He was keeping shady, but we succeeded in nosing him out here. I presume you were to become another of his victims. You had a narrow escape."

A narrow escape truly, and I had been taught a very good lesson—one that I never forget.

Months later I saw Holcomb tried for murder, convicted, and sentenced. He was not electrocuted, as he found a way to commit suicide before the time for his execution arrived. The newspapers were filled with accounts of his crimes, and the nice, motherly "Mrs. Sparrow" proved to be the king of cold-blooded villains.

FALSE AND TRUE.

It is never unworthy to say something that we know will please, and to say it with the express purpose of pleasing.

If we honestly believe that what we say is true, a great deal of good may sometimes be done by paying a well-timed compliment.

Most of society's cut-and-dried phrases are in a manner complimentary, though they are generally taken for what they are worth, which is very little.

The value is increased by the rarity. There are some good-natured souls who are always saying pleasant things to people, and meaning them; but we cannot prize their compliments quite so highly as if they were less frequent.

There is an art in paying compliments, which, perhaps, is not unworthy of acquisition.

Yet the true compliment should be perfectly free and unstinted.

Premeditation spoils it. Laborious and manufactured speeches are always rather disagreeable than pleasing. Any suspicion of artifice ruins a compliment and makes it worthless.

The art of compliments is simply the liberal and profuse way of pleasing.

To give sincere pleasure to another person is always a noble aim, and by saying a kindly and generous thing at the right time so often do this.

Two women of Salt Lake are running for the state legislature. One is Mrs. Lillian Deane, a college instructor and an all-around club woman. The other candidate is Mrs. Hannelore St. W. a sister of a woman's paper.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

LATEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE BEST HUMORISTS.

"Pink Shirt Waist," A Satirical Poem— "Makes 'Em Learn, Sometimes." A Bit of Style in the Fourth Ward—Pertinent Paragraphs.

WHENEVER I take my walks abroad how many girls I see Of every age, complexion, size, of high and low degree, But, of them all, the girl that strikes my cultivated taste Is the dainty summer maiden in a pink shirt waist.

Perhaps she lives on Murray Hill—that cuts no ice with me— Maybe she works at Macy's, or hails from Avenue B; The thing that strikes my fancy, how'er in life she's placed, Is that this summer maiden wears a pink shirt waist.

Her skirts may be of silk or serge or cheapest calico— Of course she wears a sailor hat, the two together go— Condition and position are effectually effaced By the fact that she's enveloped in a pink shirt waist.

She throngs to Narngansett, she flocks at Coney Isle; She penetrates the mountains, in New York she is the style; She fills the streets with brightness, and the country's widely graced By the dainty summer maiden in a pink shirt waist.

Now I don't know who invented this costume neat and chaste, But he ought to be rewarded for displaying such good taste; And I move that he be given, if he only can be traced, For a bride a dainty maiden in a pink shirt waist.

He Puzled Her.

A galaxy little street urchin called at the back door of a second street residence the other day and asked for the "lady of the house." As she was near at hand, she appeared and asked the little fellow what he wanted.

"Hev yer got any chewin' terbacker?" he asked.

"Chewing tobacco?" the dame repeated in unbounded astonishment and amusement. "What on earth would I be doing with chewing tobacco? I don't look as if I chewed tobacco, do I?"

The little chap seemed disconcerted, looked down, twisted a button round on his ragged shirtwaist, dug his little black toes into the cracks in the pavement and said:

"No, I know yer didn't chew, an' I thot yer had some, mebbe yer gim it ter me."

He was assured that there was no chewing tobacco on the premises and withdrew with a dissatisfied expression. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Makes 'Em Learn, Sometimes.

First Youth—Lager beer makes a man fat, the doctors say. Second Youth—Sometimes. But it makes that chap lean—against the corner for support.

The Infant Terrible.

"Kitty, you must let papa's water alone."

"I won't hurt it, papa. I just want to—"

"Put it down, I tell you!"

"I ain't hurtin' it, I only want to see what makes it—"

"If you don't let that water alone I shall certainly have to punish you."

"I ain't—"

"Will you put it down?"

"All I want to do with it is to—"

"Kitty, do you hear what I say?"

"Yes, and you'd better what I say if you didn't talk so much."

Used in an Up-to-date Manner.

"Oh, he was so kind, and good and true."

Sorrowing friends tried to console her.

"But he is gone, gone, but how?"

Again the tears flowed afresh.

"How did it happen?" inquired a late arrival.

"Carbide and coal gas water," mumbled the widow.

A shudder ran through the assemblage of weeping microbes, while the widow gave herself up to another spasm of intense grief.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Mountain Sinking Into the Earth.

Dshabel Naibo (The sinking mountain), an isolated Algerian peak, now only about 800 feet in height, is known to be slowly but surely sinking out of sight. In the time of the Caesars it was 1,400 feet, or nearly twice its present height. There are several sections of Algerian soil where the earth's crust is known to be very unstable. Near the "sinking mountain" there is a large clear lake called Fezara, which is said to have risen over a large city which sunk in the year 403 A. D.

A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently exciting and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, in grippes, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

Opinions Differ.

Jeanette—Don't you think that Isabel moves her hearers when she recites?

Toynebec—Yes, I noticed that there was a general exodus when she began. —Truth.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

The Publishers of THE YOKER'S COMPANION have just made a remarkable offer to the readers of this paper. New subscribers who will send us one of their name on address and \$1.75, will receive from a hard case 50-page calendar, 7 x 10 in., illustrated in color of 12 real prize scenes. THE YOKER'S COMPANION from every week to Jan. 1, 1906. The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers (free), and THE YOKER'S COMPANION 12 weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1907. Address THE YOKER'S COMPANION, 109 Columbia Ave., Boston.

In olden times the cross, appended as a signature, was an indication of ignorance. Educated persons often used it, with the name, as an attestation of good faith.

For Whooping Cough, Whooping Cough, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Hair dealers say that the English women wear more false hair than those of any other nation.

"Kannon's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

Lightning is said to attack by preference trees covered with lichens and mosses, trees with bare trunks rarely falling victims to it.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. E. H. Stone's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Barbiturates, Treatise and 25 Cents Bottle Free. Dr. E. H. Stone, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"If you ever come within a mile of my house, stop there," said a hospitable man, who was unfortunate in choosing his words.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The tortoise is the longest lived of all animals, frequently reaching the age of 200 years.

Cole's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It always relieves. Try it.

Take the daughter of a good mother.—Fuller.

The nervous system is weakened by the

Neuralgia Torture.

Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

SAINT JACOB'S OIL

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT HOGG. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. Catalogue free.

De Kalb Fence Co., 121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

germ=life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on. Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one. The gain is often slow.

25 cents and \$1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York