

TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Anna Burns, of 288 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a pleasant conversationalist. On the second floor of her residence she conducts a well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she in response to a question told him a very interesting story.

"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and could work night and day if necessary. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my head, in my limbs and temples. Almost distracted with this seemingly never-ending pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pain in my hips became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet and occasionally I was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks, for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still no matter where I was. On one occasion I was seized in this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car came thundering along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of it all lasted as long as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks, whether I would not drop to the ground in my agony and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the Evening News one day, an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful health restorers and pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel relieved; the pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days, I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and in a few days the better I felt. I finished one box, got another, and now having taken only a few of the second fifty-cent box, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there are a dozen vehicles near by. It is a great relief, I assure you, and suffering humanity has a never-failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life to the system, to restore shattered nerves. 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 (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' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Skirts of Actresses.

Maggie Mitchell once told a questioning woman that she always wore divided skirts, although at the time of this conversation the bifurcated garment was scarcely known outside the world of the stage. Miss Mitchell said that since all actresses wore this petticoat because they found that it gave most freedom of gait and grace to one's movements. She also said that she had her skirts trimmed with lace and embroidery, put on wrong side out, and that this was another notion prevalent in "the profession." "Because, you see," she explained, "in getting in or out of a carriage or a street car it is the underside of the edging that shows, and only that."

Wonderful Wheat Yields.

The yield of wheat and other grains in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces this year has been phenomenal. Thirty-five millions of bushels of wheat, thirty millions of bushels of oats, six millions of bushels of flax, rye, peas, etc., have been produced in Manitoba by only 25,000 farmers, some of whom settled on the prairies a few years ago with very little capital, and other almost totally inexperienced in and unaccustomed to farming work. This enormous yield seems almost incredible, but when one reads of a farmer selling a part of his crop for \$17,000 and having 4,000 bushels still on hand, it is easy of belief, and that another farmer, a Mr. Pruy, near Emerson, Manitoba, had 21,000 bushels, and many of his neighbors harvested 10,000 bushels and upwards. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1-3 bushels on a 40-acre field, and near Neepawa nine acres yielded 600 bushels—an average of 66 2-3 bushels per acre. Another field of 15 acres on the same farm yielded 800 bushels, while the entire crop of 105 acres turned out 40,000 bushels. A Carman settler was rewarded with 36,865 bushels of 985 acres—an average of 36 1/2 bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were 106 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs to the bushel. Of course every farmer has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 30, 35, 40 and more bushels to the acre. Roods and vegetables, too, rivalled the cereals in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely raised, there being extensive ranches in Manitoba and the vast country to the west of it, and the shipments this year have aggregated 45,000 head, sheep being also raised in large numbers. Dairying is being rapidly developed, and the recent establishment of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on account of the excellence of its butter and cheese. But wheat raising is Manitoba's distinctive feature, the soil being particularly adapted for the production of it. No hard, unimproved soil of other grade, and it is safe to say that there is not any part of the continent where the yield has been so uniformly large and the grade so high as in Manitoba.

The headlights from the locomotives on the Maine railroads attract the deer from the forests, and numbers of the animals are being killed by the engines.

Difficulties of Authorship.

Struggling author—Eldora, can't you keep that baby out about two minutes. His yells are enough to drive one wild.

Wife—"No, I can't. I've got to finish the dishes and knead the bread and mend Tommy's clothes."

Struggling author—"Well, anyhow, you could make Johnny and his six stop their racket and close the windows so there won't be so many smells coming in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those hellish bill collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on 'How to Be Happy, Though Poor.'"—New York Weekly.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO. CHAPTER XII.

"Johnstone!" cried Dick, at last, "what does this mean? How do you come to be here?"

"From the Hamilton," replied the man; "I'm working out to the Cape."

"But they told me your name was Gildez."

"So it was on the barque yonder. You see my own's a little too famous for general use. But here I'm among friends, and can fly what flag I please."

"Among friends?" said Dick; "what do you mean by that?"

"It seems I've an old acquaintance with you to begin with," said Johnstone, impudently; "and then I've come a good way with madame and the colonel."

"Answer me," said Dick, angrily, "and remember your place!"

"So I do," retorted the other; "I'm captain of this ship for the time being."

Estcourt was more astounded than ever, and indignant at the brazen face of the fellow. "Come, my man," said he, sternly, "your tongue's too loose; you'd best tell me the plain truth at once."

"You've got it already," replied Johnstone. "I'm to sail the brig for Captain Worsley until he's on his legs again."

"By whose authority?"

"His own; he's an old friend o' mine. We've made many a lucky voyage in company before now, and he knows there's no crew afloat that I couldn't handle."

Dick looked at the herculean frame and fierce domineering face before him. He remembered how the boldness and force of the man had indelibly impressed him years ago at Copenhagen, and he felt that Worsley was amply justified in his opinion. And he to him who sailed the Speedwell, so long as she was safely carried into port; in fact, of the two men he preferred Johnstone, for though he was less respectful than Worsley, he was at any rate a more comparison more active and courageous.

"Well," he said, at last, in a mollified tone, "I dare say you'll make as good a captain as we need have; if you don't, you'll have me to reckon with, you know." And he was about to turn away, when he remembered that he had had no explanation yet of the locked cabin.

"If you'll be good enough to unlock that door," he said, "I'll go in and pay Captain Worsley a visit."

At this moment the colonel appeared in the passage.

"And how is Captain Worsley getting on now?" he asked, as he came toward the other two.

"That's just what I want to find out for myself," replied Dick, and he held out his hand for the key.

Johnstone drew back a step, but seemed uncertain whether to comply or not. The colonel, standing a little behind, frowned and shook his head over Dick's shoulder. Johnstone put the key back in his pocket.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to Estcourt, "with more respect than he had yet shown, 'but I have strict orders to the contrary, and I daren't go against them."

"Before Dick could speak the colonel intervened.

"I think you told me," he said to Johnstone, "that Captain Worsley showed an unreasonable prejudice against Captain Estcourt in particular?"

"Yes, sir; he's very violent," replied the man; "and if he's thwarted while he's in this state, he won't be answerable for the consequences. And just now he's sleeping heavily after his dose."

Dick saw that it was of no use to press the matter further. There was something odd about the whole affair, but he was really very little interested in the patient's case, and, having done enough for civility, was quite ready to turn away to the more attractive society of Camilla and her brother-in-law. But he had scarcely yet recovered from his surprise at meeting Johnstone again so unexpectedly after twenty years, and made a remark to that effect as he went up on deck with the colonel.

"Johnstone!" said M. de Montaut; "what Johnstone?"

"Do you remember my talking to you of a man of that name—a famous smuggler—who volunteered to steer the ship on which I served at the battle of Copenhagen?"

"Ah, yes," replied the colonel; "I remember the incident perfectly, but I had forgotten the man's name. But what do you mean," he continued, "by saying you have met him again?"

"He is our new captain, the man we have just been speaking to."

"Impossible!" exclaimed M. de Montaut; "that was the Spanish sailor Gildez, who was in the Hamilton with us."

"That's the man, for all that," replied Dick. "I knew him at once, and he answered to his right name without question. The other was only assumed, for reasons best known to himself."

"Really," said the colonel, "you can not imagine how you interest me! I must have a good look at this remarkable figure next time I see him."

"And, perhaps," said Dick, "Madame de Montaut may also be interested to know that she is sailing under the auspices of so celebrated a captain."



"No," replied Camilla; "didn't you hear Captain Estcourt say that they are peculiar to St. Helena?"

"But surely they must have made their way across at some time or other; the two islands are not so very far apart."

"It is curious," said Dick, "but I assure you that there are none to be found anywhere else. If I saw one of them, I should know for a certainty; that I was off St. Helena, though I don't know how I had been thinking myself in the Pacific or the North Sea."

He rolled up the chart and returned it to the colonel, who went off with it to his own cabin and did not appear for some time.

Dick and Camilla went on deck, and enjoyed the sun and blue sky after so many dark days.

"Do you know," she said, "that I did not always enjoy that perpetual rush of wind and rain? And if I hadn't seen that you were quite cheerful about it, I should have really been quite alarmed at times."

Dick smiled. "I was more timid than you, I expect; I was by no means as cheerful as I looked."

"Then there was danger?" she asked. "There was a lee shore, and there were nights in which we could see nothing."

"Then how could the ship be steered?"

"She couldn't; she drove before the wind, which happily was in the right direction; all the steersman could do was to stand by his helm and be always ready for a sudden danger."

"What work?" she cried. "Then it was really one man who saved us all?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "that's too much to say; let's hope he would have saved us if he had had the chance."

"How can you speak so lightly of him?" she exclaimed, warmly. "He is a hero, and I shall thank him myself!"

Dick was silent, and looked away.

Johnstone was passing near, and Camilla called to him.

"What is your steersman's name?" she asked, as he approached.

Dick had made some hasty excuse, and was gone in a moment.

"We've been taking the wheel in turns of late," said Johnstone; "but on the worst nights Captain Estcourt wouldn't let her out of his own hands."

She nodded and turned away. Johnstone passed on with an approving shake of the head.

"My word!" he muttered, "he would be a fool to stick at scruples now; he'll be better paid than me by a long sight."

As for Camilla, this episode brought to a decisive end the struggles which had been going on at intervals in her mind since she came on board the Speedwell.

She was convinced, and glad to be convinced, that Dick was indeed the man she had thought him of. What ever had been his reasons for joining in this expedition, they were not, she felt certain, either weak fondness for herself or disloyalty to the colors under which he served.

With this conclusion, which was rather due to instinct than reasoning, and was but half-consciously present to her mind, her old feelings toward him resumed their place, and the restraint which she had hitherto endeavored to put upon them broke down completely.

Eight days passed in great content. The colonel troubled them with his society less than ever. When he was not alone in his own cabin, he was generally in that of Captain Worsley, of whom he gave reports to the others twice a day.

It appeared that the medicines on board were insufficient; the Speedwell carried no surgeon, in spite of the twelve weeks' regulation, which expressly includes the Cape; and the patient's condition was, therefore, unsatisfactory, and at times even critical.

Hearing this, Dick foresaw that the remainder of his voyage would probably be spent in the sole company of Johnstone, and he began to realize how quickly and how pleasantly the last two weeks had flown. Tomorrow Camilla would leave the Speedwell, and with her would go for the present all the sunshine of life. Happily he had discovered that she had no intention of hiding herself again from him; she was evidently anticipating a meeting in the near future, though under what circumstances he had no means of guessing. To his great surprise the next day passed without any sign of the Island of Ascension coming in sight. He supposed that the brig had not been kept straight to her course, and in his heart thanked Johnstone for the bad navigation which had given him another day's happiness.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR COUNTRY HOSTS.

What They Think of Us, Our Work, Our Ways and Our Ambitions.

A young friend of mine overheard this conversation between the proprietress of a country farmhouse and her help the other morning:

"Manda, have you rung that second bell?"

"Yes, indeed; but I never see such people! Eight o'clock breakfast! Who ever heered o' such a thing! Why, I'm pretty near ready for dinner now."

"Oh, them folks dunno anything 'bout time. I can't see how they do it. Six o'clock breakfast is late enough for anyone."

"There's that Mr. Craig, goes in his room and writes three hours a day, an' calls that work."

"Why, Eben? saw a cord o' wood in that time?"

Eben would probably get 50 cents for his labor, while Mr. Craig, who is a well-known magazine contributor, earns \$25. But let that pass.

"Manda, if that Miss Clarke asks for any more stale bread, just tell her there ain't any. I want what I've got for the flap-jacks."

"My gracious, if nice hot biscuit ain't good enough for 'em, then I'd like to know!"

"An' that Sinky Mrs. Hall askin' if I mixed up my biscuit with a spoon!"

"Well, if her conscience is as clean as my hands are, then it's a mighty good thing for her!"

"Here they come! Look out for that pork steak, Manda, an' see that it don't burn."

Shouting Stars.

Now do the glad reporter write these interviews that burn and boom each citizen he knows for President in turn.

PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court.

The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trade mark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

Not Quite Fitting.

"I see you have a new organist," said the occasional attendant.

"Yes," answered the medium, "the other fellow got entirely too fresh. We called up the spirit of Brigham Young last meeting, and what do you suppose the idiot played? 'Only One Girl in the World for Me!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself will be slow about going to law.

The devil seems to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

Get Hinderecans and use it if you want to realize the comfort of being without corns. It takes them out or cures them. At drug stores.

Good or bad company is the greatest blessing or greatest plague of life.

Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

THE ALKEMOT CO. does half the world's window business, because it has retained the best of window power 1 1/2 of what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at its door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and cleaning, Stairs, Gas-fitting, after-Completion, Windmills, Tilling and Plated Steel Towers, Steel Bolt Saw Frames, Steel Jaws, Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

PAKERS HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Prevents itching. Never Falls to Rustlers Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases. Price 25c. Sold and 100c at Druggists.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS GO TO SIO DAT TO YOU. Steady work. Write Hill, 14 Fifth Av., Chicago.

get all You can.

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

Scott's Emulsion.

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

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St. Jacobs Cures Rheumatism, Oil

YES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN THE CURE IS CERTAIN, SURE, TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

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.

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Stop Naturally! You Don't Have to Swear off!

It makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

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Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

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Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP.

"I firmly believe that Pisco's Cure kept me from having quick Consumption."—Mrs. H. D. DARLING, Beaver Meadow, N. Y., June 14, 1895.

"Here they come! Look out for that pork steak, Manda, an' see that it don't burn."

Shouting Stars.

Now do the glad reporter write these interviews that burn and boom each citizen he knows for President in turn.