

IS CERVERA TRAPPED?

Praise for Admiral Sampson From English and French Sources.

SANTIAGO A FATAL MISTAKE.

A British Expert Thinks That the Spanish Fleet Is Now at a Disadvantage—A Change in French Sentiment—Spain Derided by Prominent Papers.

LONDON, May 23.—According to the best expert opinion in London, if Admiral Cervera has gone to Santiago de Cuba, he has made a fatal mistake. Vice Admiral Philip Howard Colum, retired, the author of a number of naval works, including "The Naval War Game," writes that he is convinced the Spanish admiral is now unlikely to strike at all. He adds that if he enters a South Cuban port it will scarcely affect the United States' blockade, for Rear Admiral Sampson will only have to detach a somewhat superior force of his heavier ships to cover Cervera's fleet, while a group of the lightest and swiftest vessels would be watching to see that he did not move without being reported, and all the rest of Rear Admiral Sampson's fleet could devote themselves to the blockade of the other Cuban ports.

NEW YORK, May 23.—A dispatch from Paris to the New York World says: There are remarkable indications in certain Paris journals, hitherto inimical, of a complete reversal of the French disposition toward America.

The Gaulois, for example, extols the cleverness with which Admiral Sampson has maneuvered, taking advantage of his opponent's slowness to effect a junction with Schley and thus enable him to divide the forces in two parts.

M. Jaures, in the Petite Republique, writes in the same strain of America's "admirable attack and defense, which have been directed with energy and life."

M. Jaures derides Spain for allowing herself to be made the sport of clericalism and militarism.

There is also a strong article in the Echo de Paris, signed Henry Baure, calling French hostility to her ancient friends and clients beyond the Atlantic foolish and illogical.

"France," the writer says, "is naturally drawn to America as a republic, and should not give way to sudden tenderness for Spain."

On the other hand, Henry Fouquier, in the Dix-neuvieme Siecle, writes in a vein hardly short of insulting to American women for their alleged snobbishness in seeking to make out a long line of aristocratic ancestors.

ENEMY'S LOSS AT CARDENAS.

Two Spanish Gunboats Destroyed by Shells From the Wilmington.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 23.—The tug Leyden, Ensign W. S. Crossley, commander, which picked up off Cay Piedras light Wednesday night an open boat containing five Cubans, one of whom, Ernest Castro, had important dispatches from General Gomez to General Miles, put the other four ashore at the east end of Cay Blanco last night. Castro proceeded to Tampa to deliver his messages.

The Cubans put ashore had given the officers of the tug considerable information regarding the situation in Cardenas, where they lived, since the battle in which the torpedo boat Winslow was disabled and the first American officer and sailors lost their lives. The Spaniards' loss in the battle, the Cubans said, was one officer killed and five men wounded. The officer's head was blown off. As the result of the battle there are no longer any Spanish gunboats in the harbor of Cardenas. Two of those that were there were destroyed by the shells from the Wilmington, and from the third one the guns have been removed and remounted on the dock behind a stone wall built to protect them. The Spaniards, the Cubans said, have sunk three lighters in the passage where the Winslow went through the day of the battle.

The Leyden landed insurgents again last night without any molestation from shore. When picked up by the Leyden, the Cubans had been out six days waiting to be picked up and were nearly exhausted while their boat was all but ready to swamp.

THEY ARE SPARTANS IN SPAIN.

Madrid Says All Is Quiet in Spite of Impending Famine and Ruined Trade.

MADRID, May 2, a. m.—It is announced here to-day that perfect tranquility prevails throughout Spain, in spite of the war and of the fact that famine is imminent and that Spanish trade is ruined.

An official dispatch from Havana to-day says that several American warships have arrived in front of the bay. It is added that the vessels remain distant from the port. Another dispatch from Havana says two American ships again shelled Guantanamo yesterday without doing any damage.

Tampa to Honor the Queens.

TAMPA, Fla., May 23.—An English warship is expected to arrive in Tampa harbor May 24, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, and the event will be celebrated by a banquet that will be notable for the number of military and naval officers who will be present.

Italian Warships Expected.

ST. THOMAS, Danish West Indies, May 23.—The British cruiser Arcturion has arrived here from the Azores. It is said that five Italian warships will rendezvous here at the end of the present month.

HOW HAVANA HEARD OF MANILA

When Blanco's Censor Gave Out the News, It Was of a Spanish Victory.

HAVANA, May 9, via Vera Cruz, May 23.—The Spanish officers say all the strategic points about the coast have been occupied by troops and that it will be difficult to effect landings. Ambuscades have also been prepared at various points, and they say Havana is so well fortified that an army of 50,000 men will be needed to reduce the place. New entrenchments have been thrown up, and more heavy artillery has been mounted, but it is difficult to obtain any accurate details of such work. Any inquiries on the subject are liable to cause the arrest of the person putting the question, and newspaper men, particularly correspondents, are continually under suspicion. They are carefully watched and it is only with the greatest difficulty that mail letters can be smuggled out of the city. The censor is more exacting than ever and any news which he allows to be cabled is strictly official. The guards yesterday captured a man who was going out in a small fishing boat with mail for the American fleet and the writer is informed that he was shot the same afternoon.

The Pais, organ of the Autonomist party, says great misery prevails at Mantanzas and at Cardenas and other towns on account of the scarcity of provisions, and the paper adds that the country people are now in worse condition than they ever were before. All sorts of misleading rumors are intentionally circulated by the Spanish officials here for their own purposes and the tales of Spanish repulses of American forces come in at almost regular intervals and from nearly every point about the blockaded portion of the coast to say nothing of the stories of brilliant Spanish victories, which are said to have reached here from abroad. For instance, to-day a rumor traced to the palace said: "The Spanish fleet, after a heroic defensive battle with an American fleet at Cavite, Philippine islands, lost two vessels and about 300 killed and 400 wounded, after which the Spanish officers, refusing a surrender, and in order to prevent the Spanish fleet from falling into the hands of the Americans, blew up all the rest of their vessels."

The palace report also said the American fleet at Manila was bombarding that city and that, in consequence, the Spanish authorities and the garrison of Manila had retreated into the interior. Later the following "official news" was published: "A Spanish fleet has fought heroically with an American fleet at Cavite, obliging the American fleet to retreat with considerable loss. The Spanish losses were also very heavy."

Of course, the greatest interest is taken here in the approaching meeting between Spanish and American fleets in these waters. The fleet from Spain is expected at almost any moment and is being constantly watched. Day and night signals are ready to guide it safely into the harbor. It is expected that the result of the battle will decide the war, and it is impossible to make the Spaniards doubt the eventual triumph of the flag of their country.

THE MONTSERRAT IN SPAIN.

Blockade Runners Given an Ovation on Their Return Home.

CORUNNA, Spain, May 23.—The Spanish auxiliary cruiser Montserrat arrived here unexpectedly last evening from Cienfuegos, having escaped the American blockading ships. Large crowds of people thronged the quays and members of the crew received an ovation when they went ashore. The people embraced the captain and officers of the steamer. Popular demonstrations followed throughout the city. The commander of the Montserrat declared that he was not charged with any mission and said he was not carrying dispatches, but the Spaniards claim that he is patriotically concealing the facts in the case. The Montserrat is to be sent to Ferrol or Cadiz in order to have her guns mounted.

MADRID, May 23.—It is asserted here that the Montserrat landed \$3,000,000, 1,000 soldiers, 100 guns, 15,000 rifles and a quantity of ammunition in Cuba.

ORDERED TO MOVE.

Third Missouri Regiment Goes to Dunn Loring, Near Washington.

JEFFERSON BARBACKS, Mo., May 23.—The Third regiment has been ordered to Dunn Loring, Va., a rendezvous for volunteer troops near Washington. Hopes for orders to Manila have been nourished by Colonel Gross and the regiment.

Too Hot to March.

MOBILE, Ala., May 23.—The forced marches which were undertaken at two day intervals by the four infantry regiments encamped here, have been abandoned on the representation of the regimental surgeons that the troops from the Northern and Western states are not yet sufficiently acclimated and would suffer from the heat if they were continued. There is a general exodus of officers to various parts of the country to report for duty with the volunteer regiments.

Spain's Latest Treachery.

KEY WEST, May 23.—The latest Spanish device is the sending of drifts of hulks made to resemble torpedo boats, after first loading them with dynamite, in the hope that American ships would run them in the darkness. Several of these hulks have been sent out of the harbor.

MADRID, May 23.—The government, it is said, has received a dispatch from Havana, announcing that the rebels have pronounced in favor of Spain and are now making common cause with the Spaniards to defeat the Americans.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVI.

O LADY AYLMER took the letter and read it. "H'm," she muttered, "I'm afraid the wish is father to the thought, my dear boy," she said, dryly. "It's true I had a touch of toothache or neuralgia about a week ago, entirely because he was consumed with gout—though, mind, he declares stoutly that he hasn't had the gout for more than three months—and persisted in having the window open all the way from Leicester. But as for my health or any one's health but his own giving him a moment's anxiety—why, the idea is ludicrous, simply ludicrous. The gravest anxiety, indeed, H'm! If I were lying at the point of death, his lordship might be anxious till the breath was out of my body."

"That was just what I said to myself," said Dick, who had been on the very point of uttering his wife's name. "However, Lady Aylmer, I am very glad to find that you are all right and in good health."

"Thank you, Dick," she replied, holding out her hand to him; then, after a moment's silence, she suddenly burst out, "Dick, what is he after?"

"Lord Aylmer? I don't know," Dick answered.

"He is after something; I've known it for weeks, but I cannot make out what," Lady Aylmer went on. "First, by his persistence that he has not got the gout. I have been married to him a great many years, but I never knew him deliberately deny himself the pleasure of gloating over his gout before. He must mean something by it. I thought, of course," she went on, with a nonchalant air, "that there was somebody else. But his anxiety about my health, and his desire to pack you off to India, where he knows you don't want to go, make one think differently. In any case, go to the library and see him, and whatever you do, my dearest boy, don't irritate him. Don't contradict him; tell him at once that you don't want to go to India—that is, if you really don't want to do so; but if he insists, take my most serious advice and temporize—put the time on anyhow—tell him you must have a week in which to consider the idea."

"Yes, I'll do that," said Dick, rising.

"Stay, we had better send to him first," said Lady Aylmer, touching the button of the bell. "Yes, Jenkins, tell Lord Aylmer that Mr. Aylmer is here and wishes to see him."

"Best to treat him in the imperial way that satisfies him," said her ladyship to Dick, as the man closed the door behind him. "I always do it when I want to make him a little more human than usual. I don't do it at other times, because he is eminently a person with whom familiarity breeds contempt."

Dick laughed outright. "Very well, I will be most careful," he replied; then added, "It's awfully good of you to give me a good tip out of your experience. I have never been able to hit it off with his lordship yet. Perhaps I shall be more fortunate this time."

"You may be. You know, of course, Dick, that it was your steady refusal to marry Mary Annandale that set him so thoroughly against you."

"Mary Annandale's money," corrected Dick.

"Ah! yes, it is the same thing," carelessly.

"But I don't believe Mary Annandale would have had me," Dick declared.

"Perhaps not. Still, you never gave her a chance, did you? Now, of course, it is too late."

"Very much too late," returned Dick, promptly, and grinning good-humoredly at the remembrance of how very much too late it was for him to build up the fortunes of the house of Aylmer by means of a rich wife.

He turned as the door opened again. "His lordship will be pleased to see you in the library, sir," said Jenkins. "I will come," said Dick.

"And good luck go with you," said Lady Aylmer, kindly, as he went. "Come back and tell me how you get on."

Poor Dick! he did not get on very well. He found Lord Aylmer sitting in a big chair in the library, looking ominously bland.

"Good morning, sir," said Dick.

"Oh, good morning, Dick; sit down, my boy," rejoined Lord Aylmer, quite tenderly.

Dick gave himself up for lost at once, but he sat down and waited for "the old savage" to go on with the conversation. For a minute or so Lord Aylmer did not speak; he moved his left foot uneasily, in a way distinctly suggestive of gouty twinges, and sipped a little with his rings and his finger-nails.

"You got my letter," he remarked at last.

"Yes, I did, sir; that brought me here," Dick answered.

"Ah, that's all right," said the old lord, in a self-satisfied tone. "Great piece of luck for you, my boy, great piece of luck! I couldn't have got it for any one else; in fact, I rather fancy Barry Boynton had somebody else

in his eye, though, of course, he couldn't very well refuse me. Still, of course, I had to tell him you were devilish anxious for the appointment."

"But I'm not devilish anxious for the appointment," Dick broke in at last. "I'm not anxious for it at all."

"For a minute or two the old man looked at him in profound amazement. "Damme, sir, do you mean to say you're going to turn round on me after all the trouble I've taken for you? Damme, sir, do you mean to tell me that?"

"Not exactly that," answered Dick, still keeping Lady Aylmer's advice in his mind, but—

"Then what do you mean, sir?" roared the old man, losing his temper altogether.

"I mean this," said Dick, firmly; "up to now I have, as you know, always set my face against going to India. I hate and loathe the very idea of it. England is good enough for me, and I went into the Forty-third on purpose that I might not have to go to India, or lose a lot of seniority. What I want to know is this: What has made you take a lot of trouble, and put yourself under an obligation to Lord Skeversleigh, in order to bring about what you know would be utterly distasteful to me?"

Lord Aylmer looked at Dick as if words had failed him, but presently he found his tongue and used it freely. "Damme, sir," he roared, "do you mean to accuse me of any sneaking, second-hand motives? 'Pon my soul, sir, I've a good mind to write to Lord Skeversleigh and ask him to consider the appointment refused. But say," as he saw by Dick's face that this would be the most desirable course he could take, "I will do no such thing. Damme, sir, I've had about enough of your airs and graces. Hark you, and mark what I say! To India you go, without another word; or I cut off your allowance from this day week, every penny of it. As you yourself said just now, I go to a lot of trouble for you, put myself under a great obligation to a friend in order to serve you, and all the return I get for it is that you get on your high horse and accuse me of second-hand motives. Damme, sir, I'm intolerable—simply intolerable. And I suppose you think I don't know why you want to shirk a year or two in India, eh?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Dick, with icy levity.

"No, no, of course not. And you think I didn't see you the other night at the Criterion, and mopping your eyes over 'David Garrick' afterward. Bah! you must think I'm a fool."

For a moment Dick was startled, but he did not show it by his manner in the least. "Well, sir," he said quietly.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?"

"I have never been in the habit of asking your permission to take a lady to a theater."

"No," the old savage snarled in return; "nor when you wanted to start housekeeping in Palace Mansions, either."

"No, sir," said Dick, firmly; "nor when I wanted to start housekeeping, either."

"And that was why you refused to marry Mary Annandale?" Lord Aylmer snapped.

"Not at all. I refused to ask Miss Annandale to marry me because I did not care about Miss Annandale."

"Bah!" grunted the old man, in a fury. "I suppose you believe in all that rot about marrying for love."

"Most certainly I do."

"And you mean to do it?"

"I don't mean to marry anybody at present," said Dick, coolly. He felt more of a sneak than he had ever felt in all his life, to leave the old man in his belief that his dear little Dorothy was less to him than she was, yet he knew that for her sake, for the sake of her actual bodily welfare, he could not afford to have an open declaration of war just then. Sneak or no sneak, he must manage to put the time on a little until the child had come, and all was well with Dorothy.

Lord Aylmer rose from his chair in a rage of tottering fury. "Listen to me, sir," he thundered; "it may be all very pretty and idyllic and all that, but you wouldn't marry the woman I chose for you, and now you shall go to India to pay for it. It's no use your thinking you have any choice in the matter—you haven't. I had enough of your excuses and your shilly-shallying, and all your pulling sentimentalities, love, and all the rest of it. What do you want with love?"

"I believe you married for love your-

self, sir," suggested Dick, in his saddest tones.

"And repented it before three months had gone over my head, and have gone on repenting ever since," the old man snarled. "Damme, sir, that woman is never tired of throwing it at me. If I'd married her for her money she couldn't very well have thrown that at me—been a fool if she had."

There was a moment's silence; then the old lord went on again, "Look here, Dick, you've got to make up your mind to one thing—I mean you go to India, so you may as well go with a good grace."

"I'll think it over," said Dick.

"I want an answer now," irritably. "That's impossible, sir, unless you like to take no for an answer, right away," Dick replied firmly.

"I suppose you want to talk the matter over with the young lady in Palace Mansions," said the old lord, in his most savage tones.

"I don't think that would interest you, whether I did or not," said Dick, coldly; "but one thing is very certain, which is that I am not going to India without thinking the whys and wherefores thoroughly over. I will come again on Friday and tell you my intentions."

"And you'll bear in mind that a refusal of the appointment cuts off your allowance at once."

"I will bear everything in mind," said Dick, steadily; and then he shut the door, leaving the old man alone.

"Well?" cried Lady Aylmer, when he looked into the little boudoir again. "How did you get on?"

"We didn't get on at all," Dick answered. "He means me to go to India by hook or by crook."

"And I wonder," said his lady thoughtfully, "what it is that he has in his mind. No good, I'm afraid."

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER this interview it was Dick's pleasant task to go home and tell the news to his wife. It had to be done; it was useless his trying to shirk it, because Dorothy knew why and where he had gone, and was too eager

to hear the result of his visit to his uncle to let him even light a cigarette in peace, until she had heard all that there was to hear; in fact, as soon as he put his key into the door she flew out to meet him. "Dick, is it good news?" she cried eagerly.

Now Dick could not honestly say that it was good news, but then he did not wish to tell her how bad it was all at once; so he gently prevaricated, kissed her with even more than his usual tenderness, and asked her if she had been very dull without him and whether he had been too long away.

His well-meant prevarication had exactly the opposite effect to that which he had intended. Dorothy's sensitive heart went down to zero at once, and the corners of her sweet lips drooped ominously. "Oh, Dick, it is bad news," she said, mournfully, "and you are trying to hide it from me."

"No, no, I am not," he said, hurriedly, "but there's no need to tell all our private affairs out here for everybody to hear."

"But there isn't any everybody," said Dorothy; "there's only Barbara."

In spite of his anxiety Dick burst out laughing. "Come in here, my darling," he said, drawing her toward the drawing-room; "and you shall give me a cup of tea while I tell you all about it."

"And you've not promised to go?" she asked, as she began to make the tea. "No, don't trouble, Dick, dear, it is lighted, and the water will boil in two minutes."

(To be Continued.)

A NOVEL HEN PARTY.

Each Guest Brought as a Contribution a Real Live Chicken.

The Boston Traveler tells of a new kind of hen party that has found favor in that city. It bears no resemblance to the time-honored idea that tea and chit-chat, gossip and smart hats, constitute the necessary adjuncts to these particular gatherings. The interest centers about a real live hen of feathers, her chicks and her eggs. The party originated in this fashion: A young bride and groom took a house in the suburbs and went to housekeeping. A mischievous friend called to see them and discovered on the premises a deserted henery, which suggested an idea to his fertile brain. He at once communicated his idea to other friends, who arranged secretly for a genuine hen party. On a pleasant day the invited guests met at the railway station and proceeded in a body to the new home. Each one carried a live hen, a chick or a dozen eggs for hatching purposes. The scene which occurred when thirty-six guests arrived with thirty-six installments for the henery was decidedly ludicrous. When the little hostess recovered breath she produced her chocolate cups and tea biscuits and the groom showed himself a man of resources by offering a prize for the most laughable incident connected with the purchase of the fowls. One of the rules of this new game is that the hens must not be sent by express, porter or other means of conveyance, but must be delivered by the purchaser. It is suggested that these feathered donations would prove a great success in charitable affairs.

Hibson—"How much did Daube get for his academy canvas?" Garner—"Don't know. Three years would be about right."—Tid-Bits

A SCHOOL GIRL'S BATTLE.

From The Mail, Milford, Ind.

Miss Emma Rybolt, a prepossessing school girl of Milford, Ind., is of more than usual intelligence, and is ambitious to rise in the literary world.

"In the fall of 1906," said Mrs. Rybolt, "Emma was taken ill. She was a close student and her work began to tell on her. She grew weak, pale and nervous, and complained of pains in her back, chest and limbs. A few weeks passed and she grew worse. The doctor said she was a victim of nervous prostration, and should have been taken from school weeks earlier. She gradually grew worse, her nerves were so tense that the least noise irritated her, and she had a fever and a continual twitching in her muscles. The symptoms were much like St. Vitus' dance."

"A year passed and, under a change of physicians, she was in a somewhat better condition, but was soon as bad as ever. One day I received a letter from a friend, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and decided to try them."

"Emma had no faith in proprietary medicines but tried the pills, and after taking a dozen doses, she began to improve. It was about the first of April when she began, and by the middle of May, after taking about eight boxes, she was entirely cured."

"While ill, she lost twenty-eight pounds, but now weighs more than ever before. Her nerves are strong and she is in perfect health. We are all confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured her, and I cheerfully recommend them in all similar cases. 'Mas. E. A. Rybolt.'"

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this third day of September, 1907.

CALVIN BAKER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, will build up a run down system and are a specific for paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases long regarded as incurable.

"Do you believe all these horrible scandals you hear about poor Geraldine?" "I am afraid I must. But, by-the-by, what are they saying about her?"—Illustrated American.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

There are four sovereigns and nine heir apparent among the fifty-seven living descendants of Queen Victoria.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Why isn't kissing the wrong girl in a tunnel a railway disaster?

Piso's cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 43d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Birmingham, England, turns out five tons of hairpins every week.

Why isn't a lady's toilet case a powder magazine?

Something in a Name. The American Journal of Education: "The more carefully we scrutinize this work, the more appropriate seems to be the name—The Standard Dictionary of the English Language."

See display advertisement of how to obtain the Standard Dictionary by making a small payment down, the remainder in installments.

Why isn't marriage with an heiress a sort of a gold cure for poverty?

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Alfonso XIII, Leon Ferdinand Maria James Isadore, of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Cordova, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Gibraltar, of the Canaries, of the East and West Indies, of India and the Oceanic continent, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of Tyrol and of Barcelona, and Lord of Biscay and Molina, was 12 years old the 13th of May.

Belle: "I see by the papers that a West Virginia girl has shot a man who trod on her toes." Bettie: "It wouldn't be a bad idea to print that item on the cover of the order of dances for our sociable."—Yonkers Statesman.

LADIES READ! CURED BY DR. DODD'S MARVELOUS CURE. Saved My Life. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago. Dear Sir: I cannot help writing to you to express my thanks for curing me by your wonderful remedy, 'DODD'S.' It has been a great blessing to me and I cannot praise it too high and am recommending it to all my friends. For more than 20 years I have suffered agonies with Rheumatism, Kidney and Nervous Trouble, Biliousness and Chills. Fifteen years ago I was all broken down with Rheumatism, Irritable Menstruation and Fibroid. I have suffered many diseases. Three years ago I was married and my health grew gradually worse, and during the month following, because so weak that my folks thought I was going to die, and had no hope of my recovery. I have doctored everywhere and could not even obtain relief. I came home last October because we know I was very near my grave, and that I could not live many days longer, but by God's great blessing an old friend of mine sent me his paper telling me what 'DODD'S' would do. My agent neither sent for a bottle, and after I had taken one I wanted to give up, but another kept giving it to me. When I had taken the fifth one I was greatly relieved. Now I can dance, run and jump—something I could not do for years. When the first bottle was finished I sent for another. Now I can never repay you for what you have done for me. The Rheumatism, Fibroid, Brain Trouble, and all old diseases of over 20 years have miraculously left me. I cannot praise your 'DODD'S' enough. I will never be without it, because it saved my life. It has also cured a friend of mine of Rheumatism of two years standing. My friends are surprised to see me enjoying myself. I feel them of four wonderful months that has cured me. I am widely known in Omaha. My parents want to express their thanks to you for curing their beloved daughter. God be with you always—that is my prayer for you. I remain, yours to Christ, Wm. S. Whitson, 363 No. 10th St., Omaha, Neb., March 31, 1907. 'DODD'S' cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Headache, Anemia, Biliousness, Stomach Troubles, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuritic Headaches, Itchy Skin, Weakness, Leucorrhoea, Irritable Menstruation, and all other ailments of similar nature witnessed. The Secret of 'DODD'S' is unobtainable elsewhere. It is a wonderful medicine. Agents wanted in every town. Write for particulars. DR. DODD'S MARVELOUS CURE CO. 107-109 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.