

# LIVING PICTURES

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

One Real Living Picture Meets Another.

What She Took For a Spirit Was Her Friend.

Ghosts don't walk in broad daylight, and yet when a woman finds herself suddenly confronted by the friend she has mourned as dead she is apt to experience a creepy sensation that isn't down in the dictionary.

In a case like this no amount of presence of mind or self-possession can ward off the mingled feelings of astonishment, fear, joy and curiosity that will render a woman temporarily tongue-tied. It is only after seeing the cherished smile of greeting, after again



feeling that there is throbbing life beneath the dainty glove, and after again hearing her own name spoken in the ever familiar voice, that this strange sensation vanishes.

The meeting of the two women whose pictures are here given, shows that everyday life furnishes experiences as thrilling as those that come to us only in our wildest dreams. And the fact that such meetings occur every day points a moral that every woman in the land should take to heart. Here was a woman in the prime of life, pursued by that sentinel which seeks its victim, among her sex alone.

From a living picture she became, in less than a year, a wreck of human wretchedness. From despondency to despair seemed but the remaining step, the last step.

### HER LAST FAREWELL.

Overcome by the presentiment that precedes a lingering death, she asked to be removed to her old home in the West, and spoke what to all seemed to be her last farewell. In the very paper that chronicled her departure the doomed invalid found letters written by Mrs. Belle Bennett, of Louisiana, Ill., Mrs. Minnie Smith, of Lowell, Oregon, and others. Some of these letters are printed below. They told how cures had been found for cases like her own—shattered health that had almost sapped life away. With no more hope than that which prompts the drowning man to catch at a straw—for she firmly believed herself incurable, just as tens of thousands of women believe themselves incurable—she followed the advice contained in these letters. The result is best told in the woman's own words: "In less than five months," she writes, "I returned to my friends in the East, as well and strong in body and mind and as happy and free from pain as any woman in the world. I had gained nearly thirty pounds in weight and was so changed in face and form that when one of my dearest friends met me in broad daylight she almost fainted, for

she believed me dead."

She adds: "I owe my whole life and happiness to Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me after doctors, travel, baths, massage, electricity, had failed to even benefit."

This woman's case, remarkable as it may seem, is not an exceptional one. Thousands and thousands of just such cures have been made in every State by this same special remedy for women's peculiar disorders and diseases. This world-famed remedy is not recommended as a "cure-all" but as a most perfect specific for women's peculiar ailments. As

**A POWERFUL, INVIGORATING TONIC.** It imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, worn-out, "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and invigorating tonic. As a

**SOOTHING NERVE.** "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled in subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the generative organs of women. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

In complicated cases, or when the kidneys or liver are affected, or the blood impure, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be taken conjointly with the use of the "Favorite Prescription," according to directions, around each bottle.

**A GREAT BOOK FREE.** When Dr. Pierce published the first edition of his work, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, or the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which he

is president, **COUPON No. 161** this little book with 21) one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and the book will be sent post-paid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1600 pages and more than 300 illustrations. Several finely illustrated chapters are devoted to the careful consideration in plain language, of diseases peculiar to women and their successful home-treatment without the aid of a physician and without having to submit to dreaded "examinations" and the stereotyped "local applications," so repulsive to the modestly sensitive woman. The Free Edition is precisely the same as that sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly, therefore, do not delay sending immediately if in want of one.

**Whitest City in the World.** There cannot possibly be a whiter city than Cadiz, unless it be built of snow. The best way to approach the port is to take a trip in one of the small steamers which ply between the ports of Morocco and Spain. As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass which appears to be floating upon the water, just as you are. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg. The white mass glittering in the sun, and rendered more dazzling by the blue sea and sky, looks exactly like a monster ice mountain partly melted, so that the outlines of castles and hills appear upon it; but only for a second does the illusion last, for you know there are no icebergs in that part, and you are quickly informed that you are looking at Cadiz. No other town in the world presents such a magic appearance.

**When Wrinkles Seam the Brow.** And the locks grow scant and silvery, in wrinkles of age come on apace. To retain and ameliorate these is one of the benign effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine to which the aged and infirm can resort with confidence and vigor. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and neuralgia, improves digestion, rectifies biliousness and overcomes malaria. A wine-glass before retiring promotes slumber.

**Dogs and Their Friends.** It was Dr. John Brown of Edinboro, I think, who spoke in sincere sympathy of the man who "led a dog-less life." It was Mr. "Josh Billings," I know, who said that in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy, to-wit: the wag of a dog's tail. And it was Prof. John C. Van Dyke who declared the other day, in reviewing the artistic career of Landseer, that he made his dogs too human. It was the great Creator himself who made dogs too human—so human that sometimes they put humanity to shame.

I have been the friend and confidant of three dogs, who helped to humanize me for the space of a quarter of a century, and who had helped to be saved, I am sure; and when I cross the Stygian river I expect to find on the other shore a trio of dogs wagging their tails almost off in their joy at my coming, and with honest tongues hanging out to lick my hands and my feet. And then I am going, with these faithful, devoted dogs at my heels, to talk dogs over with Dr. John Brown, Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. Josh Billings—"Three Dogs," by Laurence Hutton, in November St. Nicholas.

**There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable.** For many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has discovered Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

**The Tiniest Married Couple.** Westminster Gazette: On September 22 the wife of a dwarf by the name of Morris gave birth to twins at Blaenavon, North Wales. Morris is only thirty-five inches in height, while his wife is even smaller in stature. They were married at Barthomley church last Christmas, and have since been traveling through the country as General and Mrs. Small, being the smallest married couple in the world. The mother and infants are doing well.

**Coe's Cough Balsam** is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quick, or ease any cough. It is always reliable. 75c. per bottle.

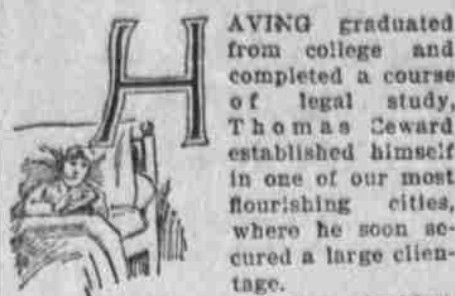
**Aggravating Days.** Aren't there some times in your life when everything seems to go wrong, no matter how hard you try to have them go right? Those are the trying days when you want to blame all the trouble on the way you get out of bed in the morning.

In another woman says she can make more enemies on one of these days than friends during the other 364. Words may be forgiven, but they are not so easily forgotten. The unkind speech that is forced from you because you are not feeling quite well, or the pettish, annoying action that you indulge in simply because you are nervous or worried doesn't do you one bit of good and makes everybody around you uncomfortable, and long after the words have been uttered or the deed done the memory will rankle and burn and you will wish you had held on to your tongue and your temper before you got into such a scrape.

The Atlantic Monthly for November will contain among other features three short stories of exceptional quality: In Harvest Time, by A. M. Ewell; The Apparition of Granther Hill, by Rowland E. Robinson; and The Face of Death, by L. Dougall. No recent series of papers in the Atlantic has attracted more wide attention than George Birkbeck Hill's A Talk over Antographs. The fifth and last of the series appears in this issue. Lafcadio Hearn's contribution bears the suggestive title After the War, and is quite as readable as his other delightful studies of Japan. Poems, exhaustive Book Reviews, and the usual departments complete the issue.

The house is cold when love goes out.

# A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE



HAVING graduated from college and completed a course of legal study, Thomas Seward established himself in one of our most flourishing cities, where he soon secured a large clientele. Fine-looking, courteous, generous to a fault, he was held in the highest esteem by all who formed his acquaintance, but he associated only with those of his own sex, as had been his custom from boyhood, on which account he was deemed "odd," particularly by the gentler sex.

As he sat alone in his office one August afternoon, pondering over an important case which he had in hand, a gentleman of about his own age (23) entered his presence, dropped into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his brow and remarked: "It is a deuce hot day, Tom."

No other person in the city would thus familiarly have addressed him, but the caller—Frank Ashton by name, a physician by profession—had been his chum and bosom friend in college. "I have been very comfortable," was the reply. "You know a lawyer must keep cool under all circumstances," he added, with a smile.

"As one can who has your 'frigid temperament,' to quote what I heard a lady say of you the other evening."

"So she placed a 'frigid temperament' to my credit," and again he smiled.

"Why don't you get married?" "What do I want to burden myself with a wife for?"

"A wife is not a burden, but a blessing, if wisely chosen."

"There is just where the 'rub' comes in—in making a wise choice. Most women are influenced to marry by selfish motives, and many of them prove unfaithful."

"Ever since I formed your acquaintance you have manifested an aversion for ladies and—"

"Aversion," the lawyer interrupted, "is not the term to use. I have let them alone, that is all."

"I cannot, never could—comprehend why, in this respect, you are so different from other men—insensible to feminine charms. But I have no time now for discussing the subject, as I have several patients to visit this afternoon. Good day."

"Good afternoon," the lawyer responded, and was again alone.

When by himself an expression which it would be difficult to describe stole over his countenance as he muttered: "Of a 'frigid temperament' and 'insensible to feminine charms,' am I? Having my reason therefore, other men would be so."

As the words fell from his lips his head dropped, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, his hands clutched the arms of the chair in which he sat. Then, rising and pacing to and fro, he exclaimed in a sad tone: "I am not to blame!"

On a bed in a handsomely furnished apartment lay a man, apparently not far from 50 years of age, whose stay upon earth would be brief, at whose side sat Dr. Ashton.

"I am afraid that he will not get here in season," the invalid said, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Yes, he will," rejoined the doctor, encouragingly. "I am expecting him every moment."

Almost simultaneously with the utterance of these words Lawyer Seward was conducted into the room.

"Here he is," observed the physician, and then, turning to the lawyer, he continued: "My patient, Mr. Walter Seward, wished me to send for some one to draw up his will, and I summoned you here."

forming her husband whom she was to visit, as he did not know that she had a half-brother who had been a criminal.

"She remained with me a week, as I was in poor health, and, returning to her home, found that her husband and her only child—a boy some 7 or 8 years old—were among the missing nor could she gain any clue to their whereabouts.

"Within a month she came back to me, unable to account for their disappearance, so completely broken down that she soon died and her remains were buried in the Woodland cemetery in this city."

"Her husband's name was Alfred Darling; the Christian name of her son was Thomas. I long ago reimbursed those who had suffered from my embezzlement, and wish my entire property to be conveyed to this son. I also desire you, on the recommendation of Dr. Ashton to act as my executor."

He stopped as he had many times while stating the above, and Mr. Seward inquired: "What if Thomas Darling is dead or cannot be found?"

"Dispose of my property for the benefit of the poor," the dying man replied. The will was drawn up and properly signed and witnessed without delay. Then, having placed it and the "inventory" in his pocket, the lawyer took the testator's hand in his own, bade him "Good by," started to go from the room, whispering as he did so in the physician's ear: "Be sure to come to my office at 7 this evening."

Dr. Ashton promised to do so and the lawyer took his departure.

In his office we again look upon Lawyer Seward, not calmly seated, as when we first saw him there, but nervously pacing to and fro, as he was left there.

His reverie, evidently of a number character, was broken by the advent of Dr. Ashton, to whom he said: "I have something to state to you which will surprise you, I think."

"Ah!" was the monosyllabic reply. "Please seat yourself," Mr. Seward observed.

Both sat down and the lawyer asked: "Do you recall the name of the beneficiary of Mr. Stanley's will?"

"Thomas—Thomas Darling, was it not?" "He and I are identical."

"What?" almost screamed the doctor. "Read that," and, drawing a time-worn paper from his pocket, Mr. Seward passed it to the doctor, who unfolded it and read: "B—, June 12, 18—My Dear Kate: If you love me as you have in the past, come here without delay, to the house. Lovingly yours,

"JAMES."

When the doctor raised his eyes from the paper Mr. Seward began: "Two days after mother's singular departure from her home, father accidentally ran across this note, which she had left, unintentionally, it is possible."

"Having for some time suspected a man of the name of James Newton as trying to alienate her affections from himself, and as this man had disappeared from the place a few days before, father, naturally inclined to be jealous, imagined him the writer of the note. He had never known, as Mr. Stanley said, that his wife had a half-brother."

"Unable to endure the disgrace that would be his when her infidelity was made known to the world, he at once moved to a far-away place, where he assumed the name of Seward. He never looked at a paper from fear of seeing her name in it, lived in misery for six years, died and was buried."

"Naturally the supposed conduct of my mother influenced me to regard all women as fickle, and father did all in his power to incite me to shun girls. Hence was developed what you, the other day denominated my 'insensibility to feminine charms.'"

"Poor mother! how you were wronged!" and tears filled his eyes, as they did those of his friend, who said: "I do not wonder at it."

Of the thousands of dollars bequeathed him by Mr. Stanley the lawyer accepted one-half and placed the other half so as to benefit the poor.

His mother's remains were removed from their resting place and interred beside his father's.

He did not resume the name of Darling; he did change his attitude toward the gentler sex. Indeed, a year had not elapsed after he had learned the truth relative to his mother before he became the husband of a most estimable lady, whom he admits to his friend Ashton to be a "blessing."

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Arranging the Dinner Table.

The table should be placed with due regard to the shape and size of the room and also with proper relation to light and warmth. No laws are laid down for breakfast, tea and ordinary luncheon. These are informal occasions, and much latitude is allowed for the expression of individual taste; but the wise woman, who "looketh well to the ways of her household," always sees that the best results, both in comfort and appearance, are obtained from the means at hand. Neither the size of the family purse nor the quality of the service at command, will prevent her from seeing that the family board is tastefully arranged and that the furnishings and accessories are so disposed as to yield the greatest possible amount of comfort and convenience under the circumstances.

### A 50-CENT CALENDAR FREE.

The publishers of The Youth's Companion offer to send free to every new subscriber a handsome four-page calendar. An illustrated in blue bright colors. The retail price of this calendar is 50 cents. Those who subscribe at once, sending \$1.75, will also receive the paper free every week from the time the subscription is received into the office. Also the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and the Companion a full year, 52 weeks, to Jan. 1, 1892. Address: The Youth's Companion, 109 Columbus Ave., Boston.

### The Potato's Genesis Unraveled.

The early naturalists differed greatly as to the origin of the potato, writes John Gilmer Speed in November Ladies' Home Journal. In England it was held to be a native of Virginia, and in Spain it was said to have originated in Peru. Modern opinion holds that it is indigenous to the elevated table lands of Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Mexico and southwestern United States. It probably got to Virginia by the hands of some early Spanish explorers. It is certain, however, that it was not cultivated in Virginia till far into the eighteenth century, and then it was introduced in the American Colonies on account of the esteem in which it was held in Europe.

### Currant up a Tree.

Quite a freak of nature can be seen in a big elm tree in Waterville, Me. In the fork of the tree, up a dozen feet from the ground, a large currant bush has taken root, and was recently loaded with currants.

Fiso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine—Mrs. W. PICKETT, Van Stien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20, 91.

It is not the biggest horn that makes the best music.

The man with the heaviest mustache often has the blindest head.

### Do You Speculate?

Then send for our book, "How to Speculate Successfully on Limited Margins in Grain and Stock Markets." Mailed free. Comstock, Hughes & Company, Bianto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Many a supposed giant has turned out to be only a shadow.

An Enigmatical Bill of Fare

For a dinner served on the dining cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will be sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp. Apply to George H. Heaford, general passenger agent, Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

The bearer of good news always has a sweet voice.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply for address, H. C. ARNOLD, 811 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

## Queer Names.

"A Crick"—"A Stitch"  
"A Twist"—"A Jam"  
"A Hall"—"Raw Spots"

"Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—  
are all well known of flesh, bone,  
and muscle, and easily cured by

## 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.

## a health signal.

The baby's mission, its work in life, is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort. Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good-nature, baby-beauty.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the best fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth. For the growing child it is growth. For the full-grown, new life.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.