

A WOMAN

BOTH PHYSICIAN AND PREACHER.

Mrs. Grace Andrew, of Partridge, Kansas, Speaks Words of Praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the News, Hutchinson, Kans.
Mrs. Grace Andrew, of Partridge, Kansas, is well known, having lived in Partridge for many years. In former years she was a preacher in this locality. She is also well versed in medicine, and her advice has been sought in preference to that of the regular practitioner. Mrs. Andrew recently gave a reporter the following interesting interview:

"Four years ago I began suffering from lumbago and muscular rheumatism, and for two years grew continually worse despite the best efforts of the leading physicians of the locality. I finally tried a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and from the first began to improve, and before I had taken two boxes was entirely cured. I have never been bothered since, but am enjoying the best of health."

"In one instance a lady friend had suffered from female weakness for many years, during which time she was practically helpless. I recommended Pink Pills to her; she secured a box and is now doing all her own housework and is strong and healthy, contributing all to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are 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. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The total population of the German empire is returned at 51,770,284.

Gun cases form a prominent part of the passengers on the Maine trains.

A Memphis man is in jail with penalties aggregating 1,425 years hanging over him.

Scotchmen have almost entire control of the stone-cutting industries of New York.

Mr. Labouchere is by no means an epicure; bread beans and bacon is his favorite dish.

In parts of Oxford county, Maine, bears are said to be more numerous than partridges.

Six thousand provincial mayors have been invited to the marriage of the Prince of Naples.

The gold fields in Paulding county, Georgia, are being developed, and have proved quite productive.

Joseph D. Jones, who is ninety-nine years of age, is said to be the oldest Republican voter in Boston.

The marble production in Vermont is decreasing, while the granite industry shows a decided increase.

It was a mighty mean individual that stole a Guilford (Me.) farmer's prize squash the night before the fair.—*Exchange*.

From Bologna and Berne, as well as from fictitious universities in the United States, fraudulent medical degrees are being issued.

Miss Mary Taylor, who is said to have been the heroine of the poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," died recently at Somerville, Mass.

Ohio's production of coal last year amounted to the great quantity of 13,683,879 tons, an increase of 1,773,660 tons over the preceding year.

If a pail of water is placed at night in the room where gentlemen have been smoking, all smell will be gone in the morning.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

An educated English girl was married recently to a rich Cingalese merchant in Ceylon, according to Hindoo rites. Her family raised no objections.

The London Spectator says a thousand of the Irish constabulary with rifles would restore the worst mob of Constantinople to comparative sanity in ten minutes.

"Grandpap, what makes your nose so red? Did the witches pinch it when you were a little baby?" "No, sis; but—er—the spirits have since."—*New York Recorder*.

Grace—Did Isabel show the sketches she made in the mountains? Celia Yes. Still, from what I have heard, I think the place must be quite picturesque.—Puck.

The Empress of Russia has presented the Second Prussian Dragon Guards, the regiment of which she is honorary colonel, with a splendid set of silver kettledrums.

The czarina is studying the laws of Russia. "How can I be expected to assist in the government of my people?" she is said to have declared, "when I know nothing about their laws?"

As one testimony to the rapid growth of Palestine's population, it is stated on good authority that while ten years ago there were only 15,000 residents in Jaffa, to-day there are 42,000.

In 1801 there were only 280,000 persons in the limits of the United States who spoke German as a mother tongue now over 7,000,000 of our people, Germans or descendants of Germans, read and speak that language.

EDUCATIONAL.

In the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, 73 students are enrolled.

The cornerstone of the hall of history of the American University, Washington, D. C., was laid October 21.

Pierson Hall, the new Yale dormitory, was finished September 18, and occupied immediately, and cost some \$75,000.

Western Reserve University, of Cleveland, opens with 275 new students.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

(By Draneol.)

There was no doubt that they were very much in love with each other; otherwise they would not have dreamed of marrying.

Sadie Fremont was a pretty, fair-haired, inconsequential morsel of humanity. The least said about her parents the better; they still made their home in the wandering, tumble-down cottage, which had been a trim, cosy enough little box when they went into it as bride and groom. The acre of land was now devoted principally to weeds, and old Fremont was devoted especially to nothing—which accounted for many things. Mrs. Fremont was in a placid state of contentment so long as she was not bothered. Sadie made dutiful pin money during busy times in the little millinery store on the main street.

Gus Bradley was unattached as far as family went and intermittently so in the business line. Principally he drove fine horses which belonged to other men who paid him for risking his neck behind their fractious colts; at other times he admired Sadie. Their united capital was too small to be considered save as a fund for an ice cream festival or a Fourth of July celebration.

Therefore there was not the slightest excuse for their marrying and several forcible reasons for an opposite state of affairs. In the face of all this they chose the, in the eyes of the community, path to ruin and returned from one of their drives, Gus with a marriage certificate in his pocket, Sadie with a brand new gold band on her left hand. Her father growled petulantly for a day, her mother after a helpless shrug of her shoulders went on rocking, and Sadie and Gus set to housekeeping.

The house was a one story white affair, which had numerous broken window panes and a duplicate array of the Fremont weeds in the front yard. Gus explained that he was going to clear them out, but time slipped by without the accomplishment of the act. Not that Sadie was conscious of mind—it dimly reminded her of home.

In all her careless life Sadie had never been troubled with introspective musings, unexplainable things were cast aside indignantly, and this life long practice added to her bewilderment the first time a rift appeared. She had been married six months.

"I wish I might buy those curtains," she said one morning at breakfast. Her glaring windows were a constant



THRUST THEM APART.

horror to her, not from their ugly effect, but because her soul longed to outstrip the lace before the windows of an old school friend.

"Can't. No money," her husband answered, laconically reaching for more bacon.

"I thought Wilderman wanted you to break his bay colt," she objected, a trifle indignantly. "Aren't you going to do it?"

Her husband frowned. "I don't know as I am and I don't know as it makes any difference. I suppose you think it's nothing for me to risk my neck behind those kicking brutes? Women have no souls—it's money, money, money, all the time and the devil they care for a man without it!" His knife and fork fell with a bang and he left the room.

Presently Sadie heard his heavy shoes clattering over the bare little hallway and he slouched past the window carrying his fishpole. He was most evidently not going to break horses. She sat stricken for a few minutes with a remorseful feeling superinduced by his accusation, then an indefinable reaction crept in which sent a bitter sparkle to her eyes and set her mouth a bit shrewishly. It was the first time in her remembrance she had paused to think and the process was so painfully new it left her at sea.

Next morning she closed the green shutters on the front windows. "The light is too strong, it fades the carpet," she said gravely to Gus, who looked first at the bare floor, then tentatively at her and then frowned when he perceived she did not smile at her own evident joke.

When the inevitable baby came Gus made spasmodic attempts at working and Sadie relaxed into a wan cheerfulness, though never again did their brief honeymoon happiness descend on them. The shabby little house showed no improvement and betrayed the rush of time. Mechanically the round of work was done; the baby cried or laughed in its soiled little garments as it chose, and more and more there rose in Sadie's mind a dark image as her eyes would fall on Gus lying on the steps half asleep or shuffling past the kitchen window in a purposeless way, and the image was her father, of whom she had never thought but with contempt. Sometimes there was enough in the house to eat, and quite as often there was not. At these later

moments Gus swore in a tense funkion with an air of considering Sadie and the child to blame and behaved as an injured and abused man. He was so righteously unapproachable on these occasions that Sadie against her will was invested with apologetic atmosphere.

Life had begun to branch off, in strange pathways that bruised her unwilling feet, wrinkled her forehead and dragged down the corners of her once curving mouth. When her boy was 4 and the twins came, her eyes had in them the sulken, hopeless look which comes to pretty, flighty creatures unfitted for the buffeting they invariably receive. Her gowns were of calico long faded; her hair straggled; she was 25 and looked a bent 40. Existence was but endurance, uncomplaining because unavoidable. The dark image which had disturbed her mind became a reality; at times, when she looked at her husband, stripped of romance, churlish, lazy, rough, animal, lounging, and thought of herself broken-spirited, mechanical, old, there was a bewildered feeling in her heart that her life and her husband's were but the continuance of her life in her shiftless childhood's home. Her girlhood, which had been bright in its thoughtless way, appealed to her now as a story long ago dead and nearly forgotten.

Then there dawned a day when Gus came home with a darkly flushed face and sodden eyes. In spite of his worthless life, drunkenness had never been numbered among his sins, and today he was not drunk. He stumbled up the steps where sat the oldest boy.

"Clear out!" he growled, pushing the child aside with his foot. He sunk moodily into a chair and stared into a corner, glaring if Sadie or the children crossed the room.

"What is it, Gus?" his wife finally asked, roused from her absorption by his unusual manner. He did not answer, for at the moment there came into his eyes a gleam of fear; he bent forward, ready to spring, and listened; on the gravel walk could be heard advancing steps, and with an inarticulate cry he gathered his forces and sprang for the back door.

On the sill sat the twins at play, babbling in meaningless-baby fashion, but the man, mad with terror, was instinct only with self-preservation, and with heavy feet he thrust them violently apart against the unyielding door.

A half-hour later he was led back across the green meadows and between the rustling stalks of green corn, past his house by the three men who had started him into flight. He was white now and his lip was bitten between his teeth. He did not once glance at his home. In the door stood Sadie, with drawn face and piteous, staring eyes, with arms tight against her breast, she clasped the cold, stiffening form of one of the twins—the one that had been nearest the hard door. Her white lips moved dryly; she could not speak, for these moments of terror and suspense had paralyzed her throat.

The sheriff paused a moment in distress. "He—he hit a man, Mrs. Bradley," he explained, uncomfortably. "And the man—is dead. It was about some horses."

Then the grim little procession moved on.

Months afterward Sadie Bradley stooped up to the cemetery in the dusk to lay a few poor flowers on the tiny grave of the dead twin.

It was very quiet and peaceful there, with the sun setting behind the dense trees and the crickets chirping in the short, soft grass. The woman stood upright on a little ridge looking down the valley; her thin figure showed pathetic against the crimson sky and her flower laden hands hung listlessly. There was a wordless, sad bitterness in her soul, the rebellion of an untaught nature—that sole emotion was all of which she was conscious.

Up the winding road outside the cemetery fence sped a light buggy, and the two persons seated therein were smiling at each other, the man was a reckless young fellow and the girl a pretty harum-scarum who worked in the same shop that had been Sadie Bradley's stay in the old days. Their marriage license had been issued the day before.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of blind bitterness was crowded somewhat aside and life was made possible for her.

Tea at \$1.75 Per Pound.

There is a brand of Chinese tea worth \$1.75 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking.

The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,000,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of blind bitterness was crowded somewhat aside and life was made possible for her.

Tea at \$1.75 Per Pound.

There is a brand of Chinese tea worth \$1.75 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking.

The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,000,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of blind bitterness was crowded somewhat aside and life was made possible for her.

Tea at \$1.75 Per Pound.

There is a brand of Chinese tea worth \$1.75 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking.

The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,000,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of blind bitterness was crowded somewhat aside and life was made possible for her.

Tea at \$1.75 Per Pound.

There is a brand of Chinese tea worth \$1.75 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking.

The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,000,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of blind bitterness was crowded somewhat aside and life was made possible for her.

Tea at \$1.75 Per Pound.

There is a brand of Chinese tea worth \$1.75 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking.

The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,000,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of blind bitterness was crowded somewhat aside and life was made possible for her.

Tea at \$1.75 Per Pound.

There is a brand of Chinese tea worth \$1.75 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking.

The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,000,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

As the woman by the grave looked after them her lips formed into a slow line of anguish. "Poor girl!" she breathed, "poor girl!" and then she suddenly dropped down in the grass and tore her heart out in sobs such as had never before shaken her frame, for these were mingled with pity for another.

And in the birth of that new emotion the old one of