

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



TWO LIVING PICTURES MEET.

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 STRANGE MEETING.

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 Dement, of Iroquois, Ill., Mrs. Minnie Smith, of Lowell, Oregon, and others. Some of these letters are printed below. They told her of 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 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, cholera, 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 one-cent stamp 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 1000 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 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 firmities of age come on apace. To retard and ameliorate these is one of the benign effects of "Foster's Stomach Bitters," a medicine to which the aged and infirm can resort as a safe, salutary and invigorant. It contracts 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 Edinburgh 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 souls 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 a great 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 proven 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. The twins 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.

Cox's Cough Balm. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

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.

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 Gran'ther Hill, by Rowland Robinson; and The Face of Death, by L. Douglass. No recent series of papers in the Atlantic has attracted more wide attention than George Birkbeck Hill's A Talk over Autographs. 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.

TARIFF FOR ENGLAND.

SHODDY FACTORIES RUNNING DAY AND NIGHT IN YORKSHIRE.

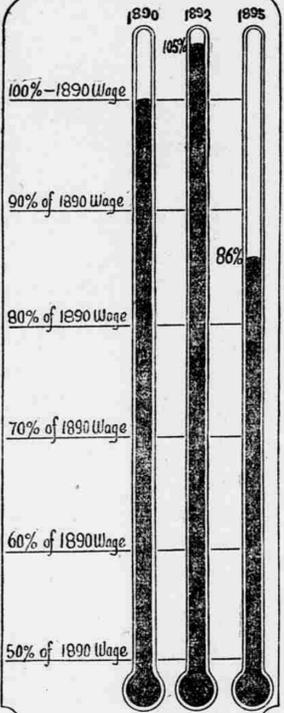
Hope for "Blissful Ignorance" Here While Selling Us Their Rags—Clothes that Won't Wear Sent Here by Wholesale.



Bradford, Eng., Oct. 12, 1895. Ever since I took cognizance of the daily public life of Bradford and its surrounding manufacturing districts, I must frankly admit that I never saw Yorkshire in such "fettle" as she is today. Talk about the people being morbid and walking about with their hearts in their pockets. All that sentimental feeling and "funeralism" was buried last December 31, when the (supposed) last of McKinleyism was consigned to its long resting place.

Ever since January 1 dawned the barometer has commenced to rise, and today, throughout the manufacturing district of Yorkshire, the trade mercury stands at the maximum heat. Nobody knows this more than our daily press, and a thought or two on what has been sent forth this week cannot prove

The Rise and Fall of Wages.



amiss. One of our own town dailies devotes its leader to "Our Freshening Trade," while the Leeds Mercury of the same day waxes eloquent over the "decidedly increased activity" of the trade of Dewsbury and Batley.

It is acknowledged by everyone in trade that Bradford, Huddersfield, Dewsbury and Batley have not been so busy for this last quarter of a century. From morn till night the rattle of the shuttle is to be heard, and in many of the factories of the two latter towns work is being continued all through the night. The repeal of the McKinley tariff and the substitution of a lower scale of import duties have opened your markets properly to the heavy shoddy made goods of Bentley and Dewsbury. The Mercury admits that "it is to this almost entirely that the improvement in the woolen trade of Bentley is due," and it also admits the same in regard to the trade of Dewsbury.

For me to here set forth what is the staple product for these two districts

Free Trade, No Home.



would be reckoning too fast upon the ignorance of your up-to-date readers, but I'm in place in saying that presidents and low worsteds are being shipped to your side in very large quantities, and unless I'm mistaken will add no dignity to the person of the wearers, and yet the margin of profit on these sales is said to be extremely small, and judging by the falling to pieces of one or two Bradford manufacturers, who have made entirely for your market, but who have called their creditors together this last fort-

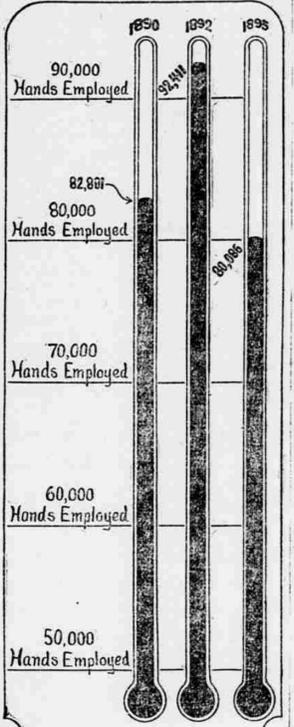
night, there isn't much "fat" being got out of this big trade.

Still this volume of trade is furnishing additional employment for our factory workers, who sadly needed it. Although the Leeds Mercury is very explicit, yet it only voices the same sentiments cherished by thousands on this side, but which sentiment, I think, should become the personal property of all true-hearted Americans. Let this paragraph be soberly read and pondered:

"As to whether the makers of heavy woollens will for any length of time be able to maintain their present hold in the American markets, there prevails some difference of opinion amongst Dewsbury manufacturers. The head of one large firm does not take an optimistic view of the situation. The fact that the Americans have for years been manufacturing a large proportion of the cloth they require shows that they have no small producing power, and that they may soon be able to adapt their factories to the production of the particular class of goods now being so extensively imported by their country. It is, of course, very desirable, in the interests of the British manufacturer, that our cousins across the mill pond should continue to remain in blissful ignorance. Knowing as we do Brother Jonathan's go ahead, never-to-be-beaten temper, however, this seems highly improbable. There is also the important fact to be taken into consideration that, whilst in England raw material, owing to the increased demand for it, is advancing, in America the tendency is for it to decline, because the home manufacturers are using less of it. The cost of carriage and the high duties which yet remain upon British heavy woollens demand that we should produce more cheaply than the Americans themselves.

"This being so," says the large Dew-

The Ups and Downs of Labor.



bury manufacturer referred to, "how are we to continue to do so if the cost of our raw material is greater than theirs?" On the other hand there are manufacturers in the district who believe that some years must elapse before the Americans can produce low worsteds and mantlings of such a quality and such a price as to shut English goods out of their markets, and in the meantime other markets may be opened to this country."

Blissful ignorance! I should think so. But there cannot be much true soul blissfulness when these very manufacturers rejoice to know that the domestic makers are much chagrined by not being able to meet them fully on their own ground. But for my own part I am glad to know that domestic makers have a higher ideal than the shoddy makers of Batley and Dewsbury. If the sheep and wool industry had no better friends than these manufacturers of "cotton and shoddy" our farmer friends would fare very badly. But while saying keep out of such an ignominious blending of materials altogether, I would ask: How long is this to continue?

But, do you ask, what is the real actual difference in the value of manufactured textiles which are today landed in New York as compared with the days of the McKinley tariff? Let me definitely state. Presidents and beavers from this district had, even before the McKinley bill was passed, to pay a duty of nearly 200 per cent. A president cloth weighing 28 ounces to the yard, which could be sold in this country by the manufacturer at 36 cents a yard, would have to realize over \$1.14 a yard in New York to pay the producer. In the first place there would be 35 cents a pound specific duty to pay upon it equal to 2s. 2d., or 52 cents a yard. In addition there would be a 50 per cent. ad valorem duty, or 18 cents a yard. In addition there would be 5 to 10 per cent. for commission and carriage, thus bringing the price up to the prohibitive figure mentioned.—American Economist.

The Coward's Cry. There is a striking resemblance between the attacks of old on the abolitionists and those of today on the upholders of protection. "Leave well enough alone; don't disturb the country by agitation; the people need repose," etc., were the cries then as now.

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 air and warmth. No laws are laid down for breakfast, tea and the 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, 4 1/2 x 9 in., lithographed in nine bright colors. The retail price of this calendar is 50 cents. Those who subscribe at once, sending \$1.50, will also receive the paper free every week from the time the subscription is received to January 1, 1896. Also the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and the Companion for the year, 5 weeks, to Jan. 1, 1896. Address The Youth's Companion, 100 Columbus Ave., Boston.

The Potato's Genesis Unsolved.

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.

Current 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.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKETT, Van Slen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20, '94.

Isn't the biggest horn that makes the best music.

The man with the heaviest mustache often has the lightest 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, Riato 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 to or address, H. C. ARN, 611 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

Queer Names. "A Crick"—"A Stitch"—"A Twist"—"A Jam"—"A Hal"—"Raw Spots"—"Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—are all well known of flesh, bone, and muscle, and easily cured by **St. Jacobs Oil.**

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.