

**IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.**

**Women Obtain Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Help.**

She Has Guided Thousands to Health—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Fred Seydel.



It is a great satisfaction for a woman to feel that she can write to another telling her the most private and confidential details about her illness, and know that her letter will be seen by a woman only, a woman full of sympathy for her sick sisters, and above all, a woman who has had more experience in treating female ills than any living person.

Over one hundred thousand cases of female diseases come before Mrs. Pinkham every year, some personally, others by mail, and this has been going on for twenty years, day after day. Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman of such experience, especially when it is absolutely free.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence of women, and every testimonial letter published is done so with the written consent or request of the writer, in order that other sick women may be benefited as they have been.

Mrs. Fred Seydel, of 412 North 34th Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Over a year ago I wrote you a letter asking advice, as I had female ills and could not carry a child to maturity. I received your kind letter of instructions and followed your advice. I am not only a well woman in consequence, but have a beautiful baby girl. I wish every suffering woman in the land would write you for advice, as you have done so much for me.

Just as surely as Mrs. Seydel was cured, will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure every woman suffering from any form of female ills.

No other medicine in all the world has such a record of cures of female troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Therefore no prudent woman will accept any substitute which a druggist may offer.

If you are sick, write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helpful.

**The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION**

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Trenchant Tragedy," "Anita," Etc.

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**CHAPTER IX.—Continued.**  
"Your chief is out of danger," finally said the doctor, turning to Pearson and Sharkey. "With proper care he will be able to be moved on a stretcher in two or three days."

"Your duty is done then, doctor," replied Pearson, who seemed to be the leader, now that the captain was disabled. "Now, in the matter of your joining our band; which would you prefer; to depart or to continue with us?"

"I am willing to join you, providing—" began the doctor.

"Providing we will guarantee you protection, an ample salary, and a chance at some future time to obtain revenge upon a certain doctor whom you have a grudge against, is that it?" interrupted Pearson.

"That is it," said Schiller.

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to our cause?"

"I am."

"This well."

Evidently they had prepared for such a ceremony as that which followed, for they escorted the doctor into yet another room leading off from the one they were in. Here were fully as many horses stabled as there were men accommodated in the other room. In one corner was a pile of brush and decayed corn stalks.

"You will now repeat after me the oath that binds us together, bearing this in mind, that our promises to you will be fulfilled only after you have proved yourself worthy of it!"

"I do solemnly swear," said Pearson.

"I do solemnly swear," repeated the doctor in a firm voice.

"That I will not betray any of the secrets signs, haunts, modes of gaining a livelihood, the character of a brother, to anyone who is not entitled to know them; nor will I let any one else betray any of the secrets, if in my power to prevent, even if I have to

ror struck on hearing that such was not the case, and that they had not sent for the doctor.  
"Armed citizens have patrolled the railroad track up and down for miles, but could find no trace of blood to bear out the statement of the girl that her father had been hurt in crossing the track, and up to this time all is wrapped in mystery as to the disappearance of the two."

**CHAPTER XI.**

**The True Facts of the Disappearance of Dr. Huntington and Daughter.**

Dr. Huntington, after his interview with Thaddeus Whalen, was driven off in the carriage of the driver; down well-lit Main street, then off on Forest avenue, crossed the railroad track which circumscribed the town, and as the lay rails of the summer sun appeared behind the high trees at the edge of the wood, the twain came in sight of Squire Briggs' house. As the driver made no sign of slackening up to allow the doctor to alight, the medical man attempted to get out while the vehicle was in motion.

"The wounded person is at the hired men's quarters down at the far end of the farm," said the driver, placing a restraining hand upon the doctor's arm.

"Why, I thought the old cabin was deserted—too dilapidated to be of service as a dwelling," said the doctor suspiciously. He did not recollect of having ever seen the driver, his rig or his team before. If it had not been for fear of making a mistake, he would have refused to go further, and it was not without misgiving that he rode the few rods further, through a narrow lane, running through a narrow strip of timber.

The cabin spoken of was situated at the edge of the wood, in a far corner of the vast farm field. It was an old-fashioned log hut of one room, size about forty by fifty feet, with a fireplace in one end, and a window on one side. The house and yard that enclosed it had not been tenanted for a considerable period. The former looked as if tumbling to decay, while grass had grown over the path leading from the tumbled down gate to the front door. The window was boarded up, but through the cracks in the window and the cracks in the walls caused by the mud falling away from between the logs, shone a dim light, which could not have been seen very far.

Arriving at the end of the lane, the team was hitched to the fence, and the doctor and driver walked toward the house door. There was a sound as of shuffling feet on the inside of the door, motioning to the doctor to enter first.

The scene presented to the gaze of the doctor was one gotten up especially for his benefit, and calculated to throw him completely off his guard, which it did. On a rude bunk, placed before the fireplace, rested the form of a man, supposed to be wounded. Near the head of the bunk, on a three-legged stool, sat a tin cup, containing what looked like water. On the head of an upturned barrel in a candlestick, burned a candle that furnished the flickering light which illumined the rude interior. All these things were apparent to Dr. Huntington because plainly seen—but he did not see the form of a man behind the door.

The driver motioned again to the doctor to enter, and the doctor did so. As he crossed the threshold, the door was closed behind him. The supposed dying man quickly turned and blew out the light and while the doctor stood undecided how to act, he was pounced upon from behind, his arms pinioned, a rough gag thrust into his mouth, and he was thrown roughly upon the floor.

The candle was lit again and over the doctor stooped Dr. Schiller, the hated enemy and one time rival to the love of the woman Dr. Huntington had married.

**(To be continued.)  
UNCLE SAM IN BUSINESS.**

Likely to Do Things on a Large Scale When He Operates at All.  
Uncle Sam may not set up as a business man, but when he does go into business he is likely to do it in a large way, as he does for instance at the New York navy yard, where are located the largest naval storehouses in the United States.

In the general storehouses there is carried a stock of material, merchandise and supplies of the most varied character, including lumber, cordage, and provisions, clothing, shoes and libraries, including many articles of ship supplies and everything required for the sailors' personal wants amounting in value to upward of \$10,000,000. The business done in these storehouses during the fiscal year ended in 1904 amounted to more than \$30,000,000.

Supplies are received here from many sources and from here they are shipped to all parts of the world. The shipments in the course of the fiscal year 1904 aggregated 21,000 gross tons and comprised more than 450,000 packages.

The official who administers this business, of a volume that would be counted big among the biggest businesses done by private concerns, is known as the General Storekeeper, this post being occupied by a pay director of the United States navy.

**She Was It.**  
Miss Gaddie—Your brother and I were partners in a little game of whist at Hoyle's house last evening.  
Miss Knox—Oh! I thought it might be you.  
Miss Gaddie—Why, what did he tell you about it?  
Miss Knox—He just said he had had a rubber at whist.

**The Patriot.**  
A resident of Ava, N. Y., was talking about the late Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the war of 1812.  
"At the age of 100," said the Ava man, "Mr. Cronk still had an alert mind. Above all things he was a patriot. He believed firmly in the supremacy of our republic."  
"An English traveler, out of curiosity, came to Ava to see Mr. Cronk one day. The old patriot praised America extravagantly and condemned England as an outworn and dying nation."  
"The Englishman stuck this talk as long as he could. Then he said, hotly: "Suppose our superb fleet were to land 25,000 British marines in New York—what would you Yanks do then?"  
"Do?" said Mr. Cronk. "Why, dern it, our police would arrest 'em."—New Orleans States.

**Profits of the Packers.**

There has been a great deal of disappointment because the Garfield report shows that the profits of the packing industry only amount to about two per cent of the volume of business transacted. There is no doubt, however, that the report is correct. The census reports compiled by the government in 1900, before the agitation regarding the "beef trust" began, throw considerable light on this question. It appears from the census that the packing industry is conducted on a smaller margin of gross profit than any other industry in America. The gross margin of profit of 871 flour and grist mills in Illinois, in the census year, was nearly seven per cent on the volume of business. The gross margin of fifty-one wholesale slaughtering and meat packing establishments in Illinois was only about one-third as large, or a little more than two per cent on the volume of business.

The millers have not been accused of being in a "trust," and combinations would seem impossible in a business where there are several thousand mills in the United States competing actively for the flour trade, but it appears that the gross profits of the millers are larger than the gross profits of the packers. It may turn out that the agitation regarding the packing industry will show the same result as the devil found in shearing the pig: "All squeal and no wool."—American Homestead.

**Ill-Natured London Journal.**  
"Americans," says a London journal "are coming over in greater swarms than ever and soon the streets will be full of curiously quiet-looking men in wierd coats with padded shoulders ending on the hips, long boots blobby at the tips and straw hats wit no roofs, and women with brown faces and eyes with very white whites, green vells floating in the breeze and accents that sets one's teeth on edge."

**Important to Mothers.**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

We suffer most from ills that never happen.—Gascoigne Proverb.

Those Who Have Tried It will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quantity or Quality—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

If canes were to go out of fashion some young men would have no visible means of support.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

One kind word a day is some men's limit.

**A Great Family Newspaper.**  
The American Homestead. An ideal family newspaper. Serial and short stories. All the important news. Home, farm, and agricultural departments conducted by editors of national reputation. Regular price \$1. Special rate of 10 cents per year for 30 days. Address AMERICAN HOMESTEAD, Omaha, Neb.

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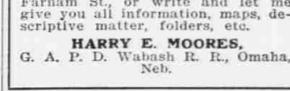
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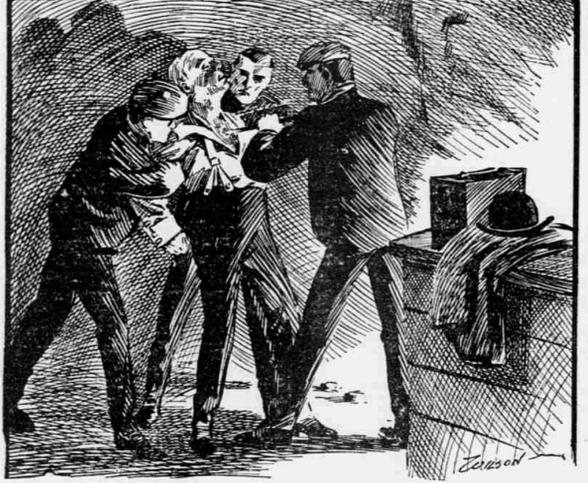
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On his bared breast was burned in living flesh the initials "C. C."

kill, or be killed in the defense of the same. That I will never see a worthy brother wronged, nor knowingly wrong him; that I will do everything in my power to promote the interests of my associates, to uphold and hold together my kind. That I will abide by the laws, and in every way do my best to improve the common lot of my fellows. That I will yield up my life to them, my body to molder and rot, should I fall in my duty to you! Amen! Do you so promise?"

"I promise!" was the answer.  
"Then I will create you a member of the CONVICTS' CLUB. Bare your heart!"

Two of the desperadoes stepped to the doctor's side, while he feebly attempted to carry out the order, but through this ordeal he was as helpless as a child.

A red hot branding iron was brought from the stove, and before the doctor could cry out, or offer resistance, he was seized and held securely while on his bared breast was burned in the living flesh the initials "C. C."

"You are now the equal of any of us, and your life belongs to the king of the convict country!"

**CHAPTER X.**

**Abduction of Doctor and Pearl Huntington.**

Dr. Huntington heard of the pardon of Dr. Schiller, and was gratified in one sense of the world. He was not a hard-hearted man and really felt sorry for his guilty brother. Dr. Huntington recalled the words spoken by Dr. Schiller in reference to being revenged, and was constantly in fear of the result. But as the years went by after Schiller's release and no sign was made, Huntington felt easier.

Dr. Huntington was now a prosperous man, and a very successful practitioner. He had tasted the fruits of honest toil and enjoyed the flavor. He owned a beautiful residence, furnished throughout in sumptuous style, was blessed with a handsome and worthy helpmate, and still more handsome daughter. He has ceased to care for old England and his aristocratic family and had passed them from memory—a happy and contented man, engrossed in his profession, working for the best interests of his fellow townsmen and neighbors.

The daughter grew up to be an honor and credit to her parents. She was

Forest avenue, came along, and asked if the doctor was to appear at Miss Reynolds' reception, which was held last evening, at which the doctor was to speak. The doctor replied: "Ah! Thad, glad you came along, as I don't know when I can get off. I'm called to attend a man who has been hurt down at Squire Briggs' house."

"Dr. Huntington jumped into the wagon, the impatient driver whipped the horse into a spirited gait and disappeared. This is the last time Dr. Huntington was seen.

"Mrs. Huntington and daughter were preparing for the reception, only waiting for the return of the doctor. An old friend of the family, Mrs. Lillie Thompson, of Oak street, dropped in shortly afterward, and the two older heads, getting tired of waiting, resolved to walk on toward the hall, thinking that the doctor and his daughter, who was to wait for him, would overtake them before their destination was reached. But neither the doctor nor his daughter attended the reception.

"At 9 o'clock, no word having been received from the doctor, Mrs. Huntington grew uneasy. Unable to enjoy herself, on account of the strange absence of her husband, Mrs. Huntington requested Mr. Whalen to escort her home. Arriving, they were surprised to find the house deserted—but upon the center-table in the parlor was found a note from Miss Huntington. It read: "Dear Mamma—Papa has been hurt in crossing the railroad track, and I have gone to him."  
**PEARL.**  
"Upon reading the letter Mrs. Huntington became greatly excited and exclaimed: "This is Schiller's work!" (Schiller, you will recollect, was the doctor who was convicted of malpractice and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, upon the testimony of Dr. Huntington.)  
"Oh! fudge!" said Mr. Whalen.  
"But Mrs. Huntington, even from the first, would not believe that her husband was hurt."  
"Mr. Whalen succeeded in temporarily pacifying Mrs. Huntington, and calling upon Sylvester Smith, the two proceeded to the home of Squire Briggs to see if any one really had been hurt at his home, and were hor-

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**"OUR FAMILY" SHOES**  
"OUR FAMILY" SHOES  
will fit every foot in your family, and the price will please you as well. They are made of best leather for long wear; have style and snap. Ask your dealer to show you the "Family" line. If he does not handle it write to us direct and we will see that you are supplied.  
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