

A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION

ASTONISHING FACTS BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

Prominent Citizens Corroborate Various Statements Made—Druggists Also Interviewed—Many Testimonials as to the Cures Effected by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Herald, Clinton, Iowa.

For the purpose of thoroughly investigating the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have been widely advertised, a reporter was detailed to visit three towns, taken at random, between Clinton and Cedar Rapids. Clarence, Stanwood and Mechanicsville were the places selected and thither our representative went. Clarence is a village of seven or eight hundred people, with two drug stores, run respectively by Geo. E. Smith and W. H. Blair. Both of these gentlemen spoke enthusiastically of the Pink Pills. Mr. Blair said he handled them extensively, that they had become a staple article of trade among druggists, and now he would as soon think of conducting a drug business without quinine as Pink Pills. He then asked if the Herald man had called on Mrs. Curley, and recommended him so to do, as hers was looked upon in Clarence as a most remarkable case of recovery from advanced stomach trouble. Mrs. Curley told her story briefly as follows:

"A year ago the doctors gave me up to die, with disease of stomach, and I was very near death. While I was in bed, a friend persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, though I had very little faith in them. After using part of a box I wanted to give it up, but my people made me keep on, and before I had used up the fourth box I was cured."

Mrs. Peter Gortner is another who has been greatly helped by the Pink Pills. Mr. Gortner is a retired farmer, and he and his wife occupy a pretty cottage in the southern part of the town. Mrs. Gortner said: "While my case is not as wonderful as that of Mrs. Curley, I think and know indeed that Pink Pills have cured me no less truly. My nerves were weak for many years, and I suffered greatly as a result. Something like a year ago I was affected with stomach trouble, largely dependent, I think, upon the condition of my nervous system. Hearing of the cure in Mrs. Curley's case, I consulted her, and on her advice tried the Pink Pills. They have cured me. My stomach no longer troubles me, and my nervous system is restored. We always keep them on hand, now, and my husband and I use them whenever we are threatened with any trouble of this sort. I recommend Dr. Williams' remedy whenever I have opportunity. Mrs. Laura Neely is one of my friends who has used the pills with particularly good results."

Mrs. Neely was visited. Her story was very similar to that of Mrs. Gortner. Her nervous system had been almost shattered, she was threatened indeed with spinal meningitis. Pink Pills had relieved and strengthened her. She told of several other cases within her circle of acquaintance where the pills had been used, and in every case speedy relief and cure followed.

At Mechanicsville, the reporter found only additional testimony as to the merits of Pink Pills. The proprietor of the Palace Drug Company assured him that no proprietary medicine had a greater sale than this. This company buys the pills in wholesale quantities. C. E. Gould also sells large quantities of the medicine. Both druggists told of many cases in which the remedy had been very successful. Among these cases was that of Michael Zerbe, a retired farmer, living in the village. The case was one of rheumatism, and was cured by one box of the pills.

Zerbe himself said: "I was in bad shape with rheumatism in the spring. I was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One box relieved me, took the disease out of my blood, and in fact cured me. I am now as well as ever." The visitor found Mr. Zerbe at work about his home, and he seemed the picture of rugged health, despite the fact that he assured the reporter that he had been but a few months before bent and bowed with rheumatism.

The results of the experiment cannot be regarded as anything less than marvelous. Of those visited not one refused to recommend heartily the pills, and everyone could suggest many others whom the reporter was unable to visit, but whom he was assured were just as well satisfied as to their merits and just as enthusiastic in their praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The University of Bonn, by the will of the lately deceased widow of Privy Councillor Prof. Dr. Schafer, is made the recipient of a sum of 100,000 marks.

Nothing

so Clean,
so Durable,
so Economical,
so Elegant
as

S. H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDINGS.

You have to pay the same price for the "just as good." Why not insist on having what you want—S. H. & M.

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Home Dressmaking Made Easy. A new 72 page book by Miss Emma. Shows how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

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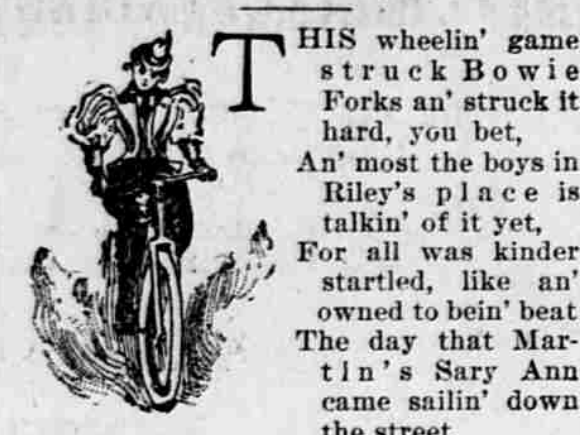
Traveling.

August 4th and 18th.
Sept. 1, 15 and 29.
Oct. 6th and 20th.

Round trip tickets to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, the Black Hills, Wyoming, Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico, will be on sale at all railroad ticket offices in Iowa and eastern South Dakota at one way rate, plus \$2.00. Tickets will be good for 21 days. Call at nearest ticket office and obtain full information, or write to J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

BLOOMERS AT BOWIE FORKS.



We knowed she'd got a two-wheeled thing, on which she aimed to ride. But not a one expected that she'd try to ride astride.

In fact, we hadn't figured on the clothes she'd likely wear. An' when she scooted through the town you'd oughter seen us stare.

She had two bags upon her legs that ended at the knees. An' not a skirt of any kind, as all the boys agrees. These bags were red an' fastened with a little belt of blue. While just above a waist of white showed 'at her heart was true.

And as she went a-scootin' by, a-sittin' there astride, Ole Martin's bosom seemed to swell with great an' joyous pride. An' puttin' down his ole clay pipe an' givin' us a smile. He said the things was bloomers an' the very latest style.

Then Six Notch Hank declared himself, like one who knewed the game, That he was shy in dealin' with a queer new-fangled name.

"An' these things may be bloomers, gents; that much," he says, "I grants. But if that's so, then bloomers is another name for pants."

MISS PEMBERTON'S PRINCIPLES.

There were two Misses Pemberton, but only one of them avowed principles, or the principle, and that was the property of Miss Pauline. Miss Griselda had never subscribed to it—openly; neither had she ever opposed it—openly, which was probably the reason the Pemberton household struck outsiders as "the dearest, coziest, most peaceful little dove-cote that ever was."

Miss Griselda, sitting quietly night after night on one side of the student lamp which stood on the center table, with her noiseless knitting needles that never clicked nor stopped, even when she talked—partly because she never talked—seemed even more placid than she was by the contract of Miss Pauline's extreme restlessness on the other side.

Miss Pauline herself declared that Griselda excited her—

"Sitting still all evening and every evening, like a dumb clockwork knitting machine, may be good for the poor folks that get the stockings," she complained, "but it's mighty hard on the poor folks that have to live with the machine. For me, it's a matter of principle to stir about some. Sister! would you please let that man or woman, whichever it is, be a few minutes behindhand in getting that stocking, and tell me what you think we ought to do about that child? This is the third meal she's had from us, as I suppose you've kept count."

Annie Bergen, sitting at the tiny table in the tiny kitchen, finishing the last crumbs of a meal large out of all proportion to the table, the kitchen, and, indeed, to everything except the appetite that attacked it, heard herself called "that child" with a vague sense of alarm. She slipped down from her chair, walked over to a door between the kitchen and the living room, knocked gently, and stood waiting for an answer that did not come.

She was a short, "stocky" little girl of twelve or fourteen, neatly and not so very shabbily dressed, whose face might be described as "honest looking." Miss Pauline's voice drowned the sound of Annie's knuckles on the door.

"No, I don't want you to leave it to me. You know my principle—never to encourage poor people to get something for nothing. If I was rolling in riches I'd think the same. But I haven't the heart, either, to turn a child away hungry."

Annie heard that—could not help but hear it, for she had pushed the door open without ceremony. "Please could I work for me board?" she inquired in one anxious breath, lest Miss Pauline should say something which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, could not be recalled.

"Gracious, child, say it slower!" "Could I work here for me board? Mother told me to ask, and say she could keep me home nights if you hadn't anywhere to let me sleep. I can sweep and dust, and make fires, and wash dishes, and redd up the house real nicely. I've tried so many houses to get work, and nobody'll believe I ain't too little."

"Annie," said Miss Pauline, slowly and judiciously, "we don't need any one to help us. I told you that yesterday, and the day before, when you asked, and we've not grown any more feeble, nor the work grown any heavier, since then. But if you are going to come here till it does, and look hungry every time you come, I don't see that we can do any better than to let you do something for your meals. It's not my principle, though, to let any one work for me for nothing. If you're going to be worth anything, you'll be worth a dollar a week to us, and you can have that and your meals."

"That's your doing," said Miss Pauline, severely, to Miss Griselda, after the radiant Annie had departed. "No, you didn't say anything, but you looked. You don't feel about these things the way I do. We're just giving that child work out of charity, and she knows it, and it's the worst thing in the

world for her. Not that being hungry is any better for her, I suppose," she quickly added, for fear Miss Griselda might say it before her.

It was not long, however, before Annie's value to the household became so dazlingly apparent that Miss Pauline ceased to charge her to Miss Griselda's account, and almost unconsciously transferred her to her own, frequently remarking in self-congratulation: "It was a lucky thought of mine to have a little girl in to help with the dishes and things. It takes considerable off sister, and Annie's a capable little creature, I must say."

Miss Griselda said nothing, but she silently approved of Annie, and characteristically showed it by quietly, almost surreptitiously, presenting her with two pairs of the stockings she knit for the poor of the City Mission. She did not tell Annie to conceal these, but she did hope that Pauline would not notice that the child wore them.

Miss Pauline's approval of Annie increased after a visit to the child's home.

"The mother goes out washing," she reported to Miss Griselda, "and leaves the little twin boys—they're nothing but babies—at a day nursery. 'Annie's dollar helps pay for that,' she said, and seemed so grateful to us. There's a younger girl, attending school, whom Mrs. Bergen says she can get in a Home, if she wants to. I told her I thought it would be an excellent thing for the child, but it only sent her apron to her eyes, so I was sorry I had said anything. She's a very nice, tidy woman, and must be quite thrifty, since she keeps the place and the children looking far more presentable than I had expected, and they don't seem to be in need."

"Did you ask?" said Miss Griselda. "No, but if they were needy they'd be quick enough to say something. We know how it is with the people who come to the City Mission."

"Yes, but do you know how it is with the people who don't come to the City Mission?"

This was a distinctly disagreeable suggestion to Miss Pauline, and it preyed on her mind so that when she "took stock" of their winter clothing before laying it away in faith and hope and hideous-smelling "moth-proof" bags, she called Annie up to her, resolutely slammed the attic door on her principles, and said, "Annie, have you any sort of wrap for these spring days?"

"Me beaver coat," said Annie, sturdily.

"But nothing lighter?"

"No'm."

"Would you like this cape?"

"Yes'm."

"Take it, then. I suppose your mother can shorten it. And if you care for this dress and skirt, you can have them, too; and here, would you like this yellow ribbon for your little sister? It's too gay for a big girl like you."

Miss Griselda had meanwhile boldly knitted a striped red-and-white tam-o-shanter for Annie, and felt a surprise she was too wary to express that it was not worn. They saw the yellow ribbon the next day, decking the person of a large-eyed child, smaller, shyer and more eager-looking even than Annie had been when she first came to them. To her Annie was delivering many orders in an important tone as she stood on the dresser, "redding up" the highest shelves.

"It's Maggie. Her school was out, so she came up to help me house clean. Here, Mag, take these bottles down cellar, and don't you break one, mind now!"

"Well, give her some supper before she goes," was Miss Pauline's incautious injunction, for which she afterward excused herself to Miss Griselda with the perturbed query:

"How could I know she was going to come again the next day, and the next, and the next? She putters around, and I suppose thinks she helps, but we don't need her, and Annie don't need her, more than a coach needs a fifth wheel; and she getting dinner and supper here regular as can be! You know I don't grudge the child her food: it's the principle of the thing. I call it cool of Annie, and not to be encouraged."

"Annie's no more than a child."

"Well, then, of her mother. It is no more nor less than a scheme to make us give Maggie her meals, and I'm not going to do it. Either her work is worth money, and we've no right to it for nothing, or it isn't, and then she's no right to her board, any more than if she brought those twin brothers of hers, and maybe that'll be the next thing."

Nevertheless, the word of dismissal was not said. Miss Pauline's failure failed her as the mouse-like little creature crept around after Annie like her shadow, doing whatsoever any one commanded her.

"She doesn't eat but a bite of bread and butter, that I can see," confessed Miss Pauline. "It's only principle makes me feel I must send her away. And then, sister, have you noticed Annie wearing any of the things I gave her?"

"No, no," unwillingly owned Miss Griselda. "She wears that same old flannel shawl, and you gave her a cape, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid—" she vaguely recalled all she had heard, read and herself said about the possibility of good clothing given to the poor finding its way to the pawnshop, and continued—"afraid we're going to be disappointed in that family. I'll tell Maggie this very day that we don't need her here, and she mustn't expect to get her victuals provided this way."

The difficult thing was done, kindly enough, and taken, as the two children took all orders, with a quiet "Yes'm," and then the kitchen that had known Maggie knew her no more. Her sister went about her work with swollen eyelids and a dull, apathetic manner,

which smote the Misses Pemberton with some remorse.

"I wasn't so very sharp, was I?" asked Miss Pauline of Miss Griselda. "I had a good mind to ask her what she meant by pawning those clothes, but dear me, I haven't the heart now, if I had the mind."

"How do you know she has pawned them?" asked Miss Griselda, nobly covering the tam-o-shanter with the mantle of charity.

Miss Pauline was able to answer that question sooner than either expected. The following evening, as they walked home from prayer meeting along a gaily-lighted street that they sometimes took for a short cut, their attention was attracted by a glittering window pane, over which hung three brazen balls. There their eyes caught the oddly striped tam-o-shanter, conspicuous among the pathetic collection of hostages flung to the wolves of want, as the Russian mother flung one child to save the rest.

"She did pawn it!" cried Miss Pauline, in subdued tones, compounded of triumph and dismay. "Sister, we must go immediately to the house and tax them with it."

What different aspects "it" might present to those to whom the pawnshop is enveloped in a lurid halo of disgrace, and to those to whom it is but a means to a necessary end, naturally did not occur to either of these estimable ladies, as they indignantly hastened to the very humble abode of the Bergen family.

The mother opened the door, looking so pale and haggard that they asked in alarm whether she had been ill.

"No, ma'am, not ill. Won't you come in, ladies?"

The room had, somehow, a desolate look, neat as it was, and an air of almost funereal quiet, which even the hoisterous voices of the twins playing in one corner could not dispel.

"Where's Annie?" asked the Misses Pemberton.

"In—in the closet," said her mother, rather stiffly, in a tone which forbade curiosity on the subject.

"And where's Maggie?"

"Oh, she's in a Home! They've gone and took her to a Home—my little, only sister!" It would be impossible to convey in written words the grief and despair in Annie's voice and face as she burst from the closet, where she had been softly crying, and confronted the astonished ladies.

"She's in a Home!" she reiterated, with a tragic emphasis. "We haven't got her and she hasn't got us! I know she's crying for us every night of her life."

The tears in Miss Griselda's eyes convinced Miss Pauline that her own must be forced back. "Why did you send her, if it breaks your heart so?" she asked.

"Must is must," said Mrs. Bergen, quietly. "It was all I could do, with the washing and Annie's dollar, to keep the roof over our heads, especially when one of the twins was sick and I had to stay home, you know."

"Annie never told us about it."

"No'm. I've always tried to teach 'em not to talk about their troubles, and wear out people's patience with whining. You see Annie got her meals from you, and when Maggie was there helping her, and me getting mine where I worked, and the children being fed at the nursery, we could get along, though I had to pawn some things I'd have been glad to keep."

"You don't deny having pawned the clothes we gave you, then?"

Mrs. Bergen looked surprised. "Why should I deny it?" she asked, simply. "It was more than once they helped the rent out, or bought a bucket of coal, though it hurt me to see Annie going without the warm cape these sharp spring nights. But oh, it hurts me more to lose my little Maggie, and her getting adopted out, maybe, and forgetting me, her own mother!" and her calmness suddenly broke down into tears and sobs.

So would Miss Griselda's have done if Miss Pauline had not given her arm an authoritative shake.

"Where's that Home?" she demanded of Maggie's mother. "I'll go down right away and bring her back, if I have to kidnap her. She shall have three meals a day at our house, or four if she wants them. Annie, stop crying for your sister, and watch for her at the window. I'm going to bring her back, I tell you."

"You know, sister—" began Miss Griselda, timidly, as they hurried away from the house faster than they had hastened toward it.

"Well?"

"You know Maggie will be getting something for nothing, just as she did before; and though I never said so, I always felt you were entirely right in your principle—"

"Griselda Pemberton!" Miss Pauline's eyes were flashing. "I'd be ashamed to talk in such a hard-hearted way—grudging a cup of cold water—or her bit of breakfast or dinner, which is the same thing—to 'one of these little ones!' We're not called on, you and I, to run this world on principles, but on facts, taking them as they are. Maggie's a fact, and we're going to take her; and if we are wrong, why, that's another fact, and folks can just get reconciled to it. Are you coming in the day of this Home with me, or will you stay outside and hug your principles?"

—Louise Betts Edwards, in Youth's Companion.

His Opinion.

Great is the Blarney stone. An exchange says that a lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was at the same time an ardent admirer of Ireland, once said to a party:

"Really, I think I was meant for an Irishwoman."

"Madam," said a son of Erin, "thousands would back me in saying that you were meant for an Irishman."

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway has had plans under way for several months for the erection of a new station and terminal facilities in Richmond, Va., on which it designs to spend \$2,000,000.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

Maple sugar was first made in New England in 1752.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Early Celtic rings were made in interlaced work, often of very intricate patterns.

A sickly, pimple-covered skin is often transformed, as if by magic, into the full bloom of radiant health by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Of druggists.

For headache, bathing behind the ears with hot water often proves of immense benefit.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

They are grumbling in Paris that bicycling spoils the shape of the ballet dancers.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap contains all the good properties of Dobbins' Electric cream, and one of the best floating soaps. No chapped hands where this soap is used. Same price as adulterated soaps without Borax. Red wrapper.

Anglo-Saxon rings were fashioned after knotted cables, the knot being worn on the outside of the hand.

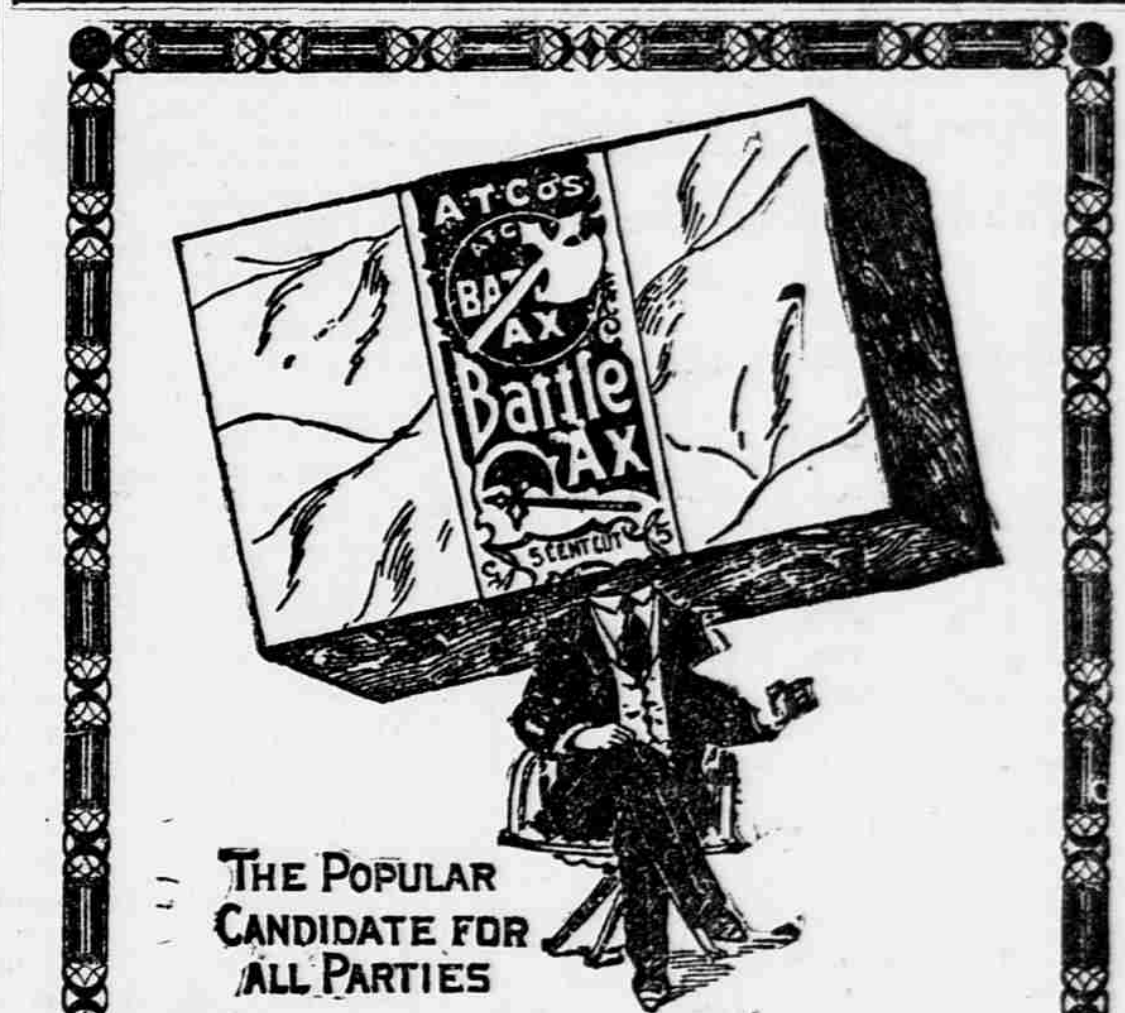
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Cromwell's ring bore his crest, a lion rampant.

"Forbid a Fool a Thing and That He Will Do."

Don't Use

SAPOLIO



THE POPULAR
CANDIDATE FOR
ALL PARTIES

**Battle Ax
PLUG**

"Battle Ax" is popular with all parties because of its remarkably fine flavor, its high quality and the low price at which it is sold.

The people of the United States know a good thing when they see it, and they won't pay 10 cents for other high grade tobaccos while they can get "Battle Ax" for 5 cents.

Old age

comes early to the clothes that are dragged up and down over the wash-board. It's ruinous. Nothing else uses them up so thoroughly and so quickly.

This wear and tear, that tells so on your pocket, ought to be stopped. Get some Pearl-line—use it just as directed—no soap with it—and see how much longer the clothes last, and how much easier and quicker the work is. Pearl-line saves the rubbing.

Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearl-line, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.