

**CONSTIPATION RELIEVED**  
**PRICE 25 Cts.**  
 Mailed postpaid on receipt of price

You can't have a beautiful complexion if your blood is impure or if you suffer with indigestion or any stomach or liver ailment.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills regulate the bowels, correct indigestion, constipation, biliousness, torpid livers, jaundice, sallow and dull complexions. They purify the blood and clear the skin of pimples, sores and most eruptions.

One pill is a gentle laxative; two pills a thorough physic. They do not gripe, they do not weaken. Price 25c.

**MUNYON'S REMEDY CO.,**  
 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

**No Need of Intense.**

The two neighbors who were passing the little cottage heard sounds as of a terrific conflict inside and stopped to listen.

Presently they heard a loud thump, as if somebody had fallen to the floor.

"Grogan is beating his wife again!" they said.

Bursting the door open they rushed into the house.

"What's the trouble here?" they demanded.

"There ain't no trouble, gentlemen," calmly answered Mrs. Grogan, who had her husband down and was sitting on his head. "Gwan!"—Chicago Tribune.

**WOMEN'S KIDNEYS**

Are the Source of Most of Women's Sickness.

Mrs. Rebecca Mock, 1795 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I believe I would still be a victim of kidney troubles but for Doan's Kidney Pills, for when I started using them I was in constant pain with my back, and no other remedy had been of any use. The kidney secretions were irregular, and I was nervous and lacked energy. But Doan's Kidney Pills gave me prompt relief and continued use cured me."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Why Bread is Dear.**

The demand is greater than the supply, says James J. Hill in Outlook. We have reached the end of our virgin wheat land and our fields are shrinking while our population is increasing. That is where conservation touches us practically; but we need not worry. Nature is going to take care of things. Necessity will punish us and remedy matters in her own stern way if we do not mend our methods. When wheat does not average so much an acre it is not worth raising. Now consider a moment where this trend of things is leading us. Do you know how long it took England to mend her methods—to raise her averages from twelve and fifteen to twenty-five and thirty and forty bushels an acre? It took her almost fifty years. In fifty years what population will we have to feed? And we have not even begun to mend our methods. It is the supremely big question of the day. Shall we act now and save ourselves national disaster, or wait till necessity compels us—and then act? Compare agricultural interests to any other national interests to-day! What were the total returns from the farms of the United States last year? Seven billion dollars! Compare that to the returns from the forests—\$1,250,000; and our farm averages are not a third of what they ought to be, of what they could be made by simple rational methods. Other countries have tumbled and quadrupled their yield. So could we.

**PRESSED HARD.**

**Coffee's Weight on Old Age.**

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in North Carolina says:

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago, I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in Digest.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**The Redemption of David Corson**

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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**CHAPTER II.**

At the moment when Stephen was sounding the horn to summon the young mystic to his supper, a promiscuous crowd of loafers with chairs tilted against the wall of the village tavern received a shock. They heard the tinkle of bells in the distance, and looking in the direction of this unusual sound, saw a team of splendid coal-black horses dash round a corner and whirl a strange vehicle to the door of the inn.

There were two extraordinary figures on the front seat of the wagon. The driver was a sturdy, thick-set man whose enormous mustache suggested a crow with outstretched wings. As if to emphasize the ferocious aspect lent him by this hairy canopy which completely concealed his mouth, Nature had duplicated it in miniature by brows meeting above his nose and spreading themselves, plume-like, over a pair of eyes which gleamed so brightly that they could be felt, although they were so deep-set that they could scarcely be seen.

This fierce and buccaneerish person summoned the dozing hostler in a coarse, imperative voice, flung him the reins, sprang from his seat, and assisted him her hand with an air of utter indifference, bestowed upon him neither smile nor thanks, and dropped to the ground with a light flutter like a bird. Turning instantly toward the tavern, she ascended the steps of the porch under a fusillade of glances of astonishment and admiration. Young and beautiful, dressed in a picturesque and brilliant Spanish costume, she carried herself with the ease and dignity of a princess, and looked straight past the staring crowd. Her great, dreamy eyes did not seem to note them.

When she and her companion had entered the hall and closed the door behind them, every tilted chair came down to the floor with a bang, and many voices exclaimed in concert, "Who is she?" Curiosity was satisfied at 8 o'clock in the evening, for at that hour Doctor Paracelsus Aesculapius, as he fantastically called himself, opened the doors of his traveling apothecary shop and exposed his "universal panacea" for sale, while at the same time, "Pepeeta, the Queen of Fortune Tellers," entered her booth and spread out upon a table the paraphernalia by which she undertook to discover the secrets of the future.

When the evening's work was ended, Pepeeta at once retired; but the doctor entered the bar-room, followed by a curious and admiring crowd. He was in a happy and expansive frame of mind, for he had done a "land office" business in this frontier village which he was now for the first time visiting.

He looked over the crowd with an inclusive superiority and waved his hand with an inclusive gesture. The motley throng of loafers sidled up to the bar with a deprecatory and automatic movement. They took their glasses, clinked them, nodded to their entertainer, muttered incoherent toasts and drank his health. The delighted landlord, feeling it incumbent upon him to break the silence, offered the friendly observation: "S-s-see you s-s-tutter. S-s-stutter a little m-m-my own self."

"Shake!" responded the doctor, who was in too complacent a mood to take offense, and the worthies grasped hands.

"Don't know any w-w-way to s-s-stop it, do you?" asked the landlord.

"No, I d-d-don't; t-t-tryed every-thing. Even my 'universal p-p-panacea' won't do it, and what that can't do can't be d-d-done. Incurable d-d-disease. Get along all right when I go slow like this; but when I open the throttle, get all b-b-balled up. Bad thing for my business. Give any man a thousand d-d-dollars that'll cure me," the quack replied, slapping his trousers pocket as if there were millions in it.

"Co-co-couldn't go q-q-quitte as high as that; but wouldn't mind a hu-hundred," responded the landlord, cordially.

"Tell you what it is, b-b-boys," said the quack, "if it wasn't for this impediment in my s-s-speech, I wouldn't need to work more'n about another y-y-year!"

"How's that?" asked someone in the crowd.

"C-c-cause if I could talk as well as I c-c-can think, I could make a fortune 'side of which old John Jacob Astor's would look like a p-p-penny savings b-b-bank!"

"You could?"

"If I can find a man that can do the t-talking (I mean real talk, you know; talk a crowd blind as b-b-bats); I've got something better'n a California g-g-gold mine."

"Better get Dave Corson," said the village wag from the rear of the crowd, and up went a wild shout of laughter.

"Who's D-D-Dave Corson?" asked the doctor.

"Quaker preacher. Young feller 'bout 20 years old."

"Can he t-t-talk?"

"Talk! He kin talk a mule into a trottin' boss in less'n three minutes."

"He's my man!" exclaimed the doctor, at which the crowd laughed again.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, turning upon them savagely, his loud voice and threatening manner frightening those who stood nearest, so that they instinctively stepped back a pace or two.

"No offense, Doc," said one of them; "but you couldn't get him. He's pious."

"Pious! What do I care?"

"Well, these here pious Quakers are stiff in their notions. But you kin judge for yourself 'bout his talkin', fer there's

goin' ter be an appinted Quaker meetin'-to-morrow night, and he'll speak. You kin go an' listen, if you want to."

"I'll be there, boys, and d-d-don't you forget it. I'll hook him! Never saw anything I couldn't buy if I had a little of the p-p-proper stuff about me."

"I say, Doc, that daughter of yours knows her biz when it comes to telling fortunes," ventured a young dandy, whose head had been turned by Pepeeta's beauty.

"D-d-daughter!" snapped the quack, turning sharply upon him; "she's not my daughter, she's my wife!"

In order to comprehend the relationship of this strangely mated pair, we must go back five or six years to a certain day when this same Doctor Aesculapius rode slowly down the main street of a small city in Western Pennsylvania, and then along a rugged country highway. A couple of miles brought him to the camp of a band of gypsies.

Around a campfire was a picturesque group of persons, all of whom, with a single exception, vanished at the approach of the stranger. The man who stood his ground was a truly sinister being. He was tall, thin and angular; his clothing was scant and ragged, his face bronzed with exposure to the sun.

"Good morning, Baltasar," said the visitor.

The gypsy acknowledged his salutation with a frown.

"I wish to sell this horse," the traveler added, without appearing to notice his cold reception.

The gypsy swept his eye over the animal and shook his head.

"If you will not buy, perhaps you will trade," the traveler said.

"Come," was the laconic response, and so saying the gypsy turned towards the forest which lay just beyond the camp. The "doctor" obeyed. A moment later he found himself in a sequestered spot where there was an improvised stable; and a dozen or more horses gazing up from their feed whinnied a welcome.

A little rivulet lay across their path, and up from the margin of it where she had been gathering water crosses there sprang a young girl, who cast a startled glance at him, then bounded swiftly toward a tent and vanished through the opening. This keen admirer of horses was equally susceptible to the charms of female beauty. So swift an apparition would have bewildered rather than illumined the mind of an ordinary man. But the quack was not an ordinary man. He was endowed with a certain rude power of divination which enabled him to see in a single instant, by swift intuition, more than the average man discovers by an hour of reasoning. By this natural clairvoyance he saw at a glance that this face of exquisite delicacy could no more save be colored in a gypsy camp than a fine cameo could be cut in an Indian wigwam. He knew that all gypsies were thieves, and that these were Spanish gypsies. What was more natural than that he should conclude with inevitable logic that this child had been stolen from people of good if not of noble blood!

"Baltasar!" he said.

"The gypsy turned.

"You are a girl-thief as well as a horse-thief. You stole this girl from the family of a Spanish nobleman. I am a representative of this family and have followed your trail for years. You thought I had come to get the horse. You were mistaken; it was the girl!"

"Perdita!" exclaimed the gypsy, taken completely off his guard.

"Lost indeed," responded the quack, scarcely able to conceal his pride in his own astuteness. And then he added slowly: "She must be a burden to you, Baltasar. You evidently never have been able or never have dared to take her back and claim the ransom which you expected. I will pay you for her and take her from your hands. It is the child I want and not vengeance. What will you take for her?"

The doctor drew a leather wallet from his pocket and held it up tantalizingly. Its influence was decisive.

"Pepeeta! Pepeeta!" called the gypsy.

Out of the door of the tent she came, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her fingers picking nervously at the tinsel strings which fastened her bodice.

"Gif me so money and take her."

The doctor counted out the gold, and then approached the child. For the first time in his life he experienced an emotion of reverence. There was something about her beauty, her helplessness and his responsibility that made a new appeal to his heart.

Yielding to the gentle pressure of his hand, she permitted herself to be led away. Not a good-bye was said. The doctor lifted the child upon the horse's back and climbed into the saddle. The beautiful child trembled; she also wept. She was parting from those whose lives were base and cruel; but they were the only human beings that she knew. She was leaving a wagon and a tent, but it was the only home that she could remember.

To have a fellow-being completely in our power makes us either utterly cruel or utterly kind, and all that was gentle in that great rough nature went out in a rush of tenderness toward the little creature who thus suddenly became absolutely dependent upon his compassion. After they had ridden a little way, he began in his rough fashion to try to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Pepeeta. You ought to be thankful that you have got out of the clutches of those villains. You could not have been worse off, and you may be a great deal better! They

were not always kind to you, were they? I shouldn't wonder if they beat you sometimes! But you will never be beaten any more. You shall have a nice little pony, and a cart, and flowers, and pretty clothes, and everything that little girls like. I don't know what they are, but whatever they are you shall have them. So don't cry any more! What a pretty name Pepeeta is! It sounds like the toughest name in the world myself. It's a regular jaw-breaker—Doctor Paracelsus Aesculapius! What do you think of that, Pepeeta! But then you need not call me by the whole of it! You can just call me Doctor, for short. Now, look at me just once, and give me a pretty smile. Let me see those big black eyes! No? You don't want to? Well, that's all right. I won't bother you. But I want you to know that I love you, and that you are never going to have any more trouble as long as you live."

These were the kindest words the child had ever had spoken to her, or at least the kindest she could remember. They fell on her ears like music and awakened gratitude and love in her heart. She ceased to sigh, and before the ride to town was ended had begun to feel a vague sense of happiness.

The next few years were full of strange adventures for these singular companions. The quack had discovered certain clues to the past history of the child whom he had thus adopted, and was firmly persuaded that she belonged to a noble family. He had made up his plans to take her to Spain and establish her identity in the hope of securing a great reward. But just as he was about to execute this scheme, he was seized by a disease which prostrated him for many months, and threw him into a nervous condition in which he contracted the habit of stammering. On his recovery from his long sickness he found himself stripped of everything he had accumulated; but his shrewdness and indomitable will remained, and he soon began to rebuild his shattered fortune.

During all these ups and downs, Pepeeta was his inseparable and devoted companion. The admiration which her childish beauty excited in his heart had deepened into affection and finally into love. When she reached the age of 16 or 17 years, he proposed to her the idea of marriage. She knew nothing of her own heart, and little about life, but had been accustomed to yield implicit obedience to his will. She consented and the ceremony was performed by a Justice of the Peace in the city of Cincinnati, a year or so before their appearance in the Quaker village. An experience so abnormal would have perverted, if not destroyed her nature, had it not contained the germs of beauty and virtue implanted at her birth. They were still dormant, but not dead; they only awaited the sun and rain of love to quicken them into life.

The quack had consorted with the passing years, but Pepeeta, withdrawing into the sanctuary of her soul, living a life of vague dreams and half-conscious aspirations after something, she knew not what, had grown even more gentle and submissive. As she did not yet comprehend life, she did not protest against its injustice or its incongruity. The vulgar people among whom she lived, the vulgar scenes she saw, passed across the mirror of her soul without leaving permanent impression. She performed the coarse duties of her life in a perfunctory manner. It was her body and not her soul, her will and not her heart which were concerned with them. What that soul and that heart really were, remained to be seen.

(To be continued.)

**A Moral Lesson.**

Mike Powers, the Athletics' catcher, said at a recent baseball banquet in Philadelphia:

"All the talk there has been in New York about crooked foot races and crooked umpires and crooked fights—all this vague, formless talk about crookedness makes me think of a South Carolina meeting I once attended. At the end of this meeting it was decided to take up a collection for charity. The chairman passed the hat himself. He dropped a dime in it for a nest egg. Well, gentlemen, every right hand there entered that hat—every right hand—and yet, at the end, when the chairman turned the hat over and shook it, not so much as his own contribution dropped out.

"'Fo' de lan's sake!' he cried. 'Ah's eben los' de dime Ah statted wiv'!"

"All the roses of faces looked puzzled. Who was the lucky man? That was the question which tormented all. Finally the venerable Calhoun White summed up the situation.

"'Breddern,' he said, solemnly, rising from his seat, 'dar' pears ter be a great moral lesson roin' heah some whar.'"

**A Case for Sympathy.**

Two matrons of a certain western city whose respective matrimonial ventures did not in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked:

"Hattie, I met your 'ex,' dear old Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you."

"Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?"

"Indeed, he did; and said so most frankly!"

"Honest?"

"Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though, he said, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's.

**Proof He Was "Dazed."**

He had pleaded the "detained at the office" and the "balancing the books" excuses so often that they had become transparent, so when he arrived home late on a recent evening he determined to lean on the truth.

"Theodore, you've been drinking!" said his indignant wife.

"Selina, m' dear, I cannot tell a lie—I—" stammered the delinquent.

"Then you're even more intoxicated than I thought. Go to bed."

**Profanity at the Telephone**

The Court of Appeals of Iowa is reported to have decided that a telephone company cannot refuse to provide service for a householder because he swears at the operator, or, apparently, because he is in the habit of eavesdropping on party lines, says the New York Sun. The text of the decision is not at hand and its full effect therefore cannot be stated, but evidently the company is declared to be without power as a censor of the language and manners of its customers. What recourse a telephone operator assailed with indecent, violent or profane language would have the newspaper despatches do not set forth. It might be in a prosecution for disorderly conduct, threats and even assault. For the creature who listens to conversations over the line he uses, boiling in a mush is not too severe a punishment.

The temptation to profane and violent language over the telephone is felt and acknowledged even by those strong men who resist it. Why is the number busy at the moment when we want to arrange for tomorrow's picnic? Probably it isn't at all; that lazy girl is simply neglecting us and flirting with some clerk over the wire. Then comes strong language; a relief for the feelings, it may be, but we have been informed that it reaches the ears not of the operator for whom it is intended but of a callous person whose sole duty it is to listen to the abusive outbursts of irate customers.

There was once a popular series of stories of "flirtatious operators." What basis had these yarns? We never encountered an operator who was other than coldly businesslike. Our instinctive "Thank you!" is cut in halves by the pulling of a plug or lifting of a jack, or whatever mechanical action disconnects the wire. "Will you please?"—we begin when our watch has run down. "Ask information" comes over the wire with a decorousness that is anything but enticing. "I am much obliged" is cut off in the flower of its polite youth by the final click. It may be that our voice is not attractive to the young woman at the central office.

As for swearing at a telephone operator, it belongs in the same class with kicking the door on which a night groping householder has banged his head. The instinct to such useless acts goes deep into human history. Professor THISANDTHAT asserts that it is a survival from that stage of development in which each rock, tree, river, pool and mountain had its spirit to be propitiated or punished as the victim of its good will or malice believed discreet. But who has not longed "to take it out" of the transmitter and receiver when the essential great blandly informed him from twelve miles away, just as the butler was announcing dinner, that, "he had been forced to change his plans and couldn't get over tonight?" Of course profanity is never defensible, but men are weak. Let the man of the house send his wife to the telephone when the guests are arriving. She does not swear, though only Heaven knows how she restrains herself from hot words a thousand times a day.

There are, of course, timid souls who are valorous at the other end of seven miles of wire. These are they who, having got a number they did not want, arrogantly tell the man who has risen from his easy chair to answer the jingling bell to "ring off" in a tone that conveys their conviction that he is disturbing them on purpose, and that they would punch his head gladly could they reach him; but to such profanity is of no avail. Answer them calmly; give your full name, business address and home address; remark that you will be at any spot at any hour that may suit their convenience; declare that you are out of condition, but still willing to have a go with any person who boasts his prowess from a safe distance; and add that the extermination of muckers is a subject of the deepest interest to the man who keeps his temper and his decent manners when telephoning.

**INDIANS' SUDDEN WEALTH.**

They Wanted Their Money in Greenbacks for Display.

Wealth has suddenly come to the French River Indians through the sale of the valuable timber on their lands near Lake Nipissing. For many years the late chief of the Ojibways sternly repulsed the advances of the lumbermen, but his son has yielded to their solicitations, and it is stated that altogether the band will ultimately be entitled to something like \$200,000. The distribution is being made by Indian Agent Cockburn at Sturgeon Falls. The assembled braves listened stolidly to the explanations of the agent that the piece of paper each received meant that a large sum of money was in the Quebec bank to their credit, which could be obtained when required. A short lecture on banking and the convenience of the savings department followed, after which the

recipients marched solemnly to the bank and drew the face value of the checks.

Burdened with wealth, they returned to the agent's office, where each Indian piled his money upon the table and joyfully regarded the stacks of greenbacks which spelled ease and comfort for some time to come. One Indian insisted on having bills of small denomination and was loaded up with a mountain of greenbacks. With a grin he staggered into the office, money bulging out of every pocket. Slowly unpacking himself, he piled his treasure on the table, making a bigger display than any of his red brothers, which afforded him the greatest satisfaction.

With difficulty the men were dissuaded from carrying off their money to the reserve, twenty miles across Lake Nipissing; but finally, after making generous purchases and paying their bills, nearly all deposited their wealth in the bank. It is stated that the sale will mean an income to some families of £600 a year. A not unnatural result of this sudden acquisition of wealth has been the frequent and prolonged visits of young bucks from other tribes, who are finding new attractions among the maidens of the Dokis families. The matrimonial market has shown quite a boom. One wedding has already taken place and indications are favorable for many more in the near future, as every Dokis maiden represents an immediately cash value of about £200 and a prospective yearly income of £60.—London Telegraph.

**TORRENT FROZE IN NIGHT**

Mountain Stream Turned to Ice in Remarkably Short Time.

The phenomenon was one that I have never before experienced—a running river frozen solid in a night. When we arrived the waters of this stream, tumbling over the great bowlders and rushing through the tortuous channels, made a deafening roar. Gradually, but almost imperceptibly, the tumult decreased, while, worn out after a hard day, we fell asleep. A few hours later, when we awoke, a deathly silence prevailed, and on looking out, to my intense surprise, I found that the rushing torrent of the previous night had been transformed into a solid mass of ice. In this region of extreme temperatures I had on other occasions seen torrents frozen, but never under such startling conditions. On looking round we found that everything we possessed was also frozen solid, including our saddle of mutton, which was merely a block of ice. We were ravenous, but we got no satisfaction from gnawing at lumps of rock which ought to have been a succulent joint, and so, despite our hunger, we had to content ourselves with a little tea—to make which we melted ice—and a few biscuits.—J. Claude White, in Wide World.

**Cubical Cantaloupes.**

C. E. Parrish on North Yakima, Wash., marketed cantaloupes here this week that are perfect cubes.

Parrish has been doing novel things with fruit and vegetables for several years, but says that his idea of growing cantaloupes in the shape of cubes is the most practical of anything he has undertaken. He had troughs made from heavy lumber and these are partitioned to make an interior size of 4 inches each way. As soon as new cantaloupes are seen to form on the vines each fruit is placed in one of the partitions in a trough. The fruit continues to grow and gradually assumes the shape of the cubical house in which it lives. To prevent the top from becoming round Parrish places a heavy top on the trough in time to avoid it.

As soon as the cantaloupes have filled up the cubic shape allotted to them, they are taken out by removing the bottom of the trough and packed away to ripen.

Parrish already has larger troughs partitioned off, in which he is growing square watermelons, and all over his apple, pear and peach trees he has hundreds of cubical shaped boxes hanging, each filling with fruit.—Charleston News.

**Chinese Pork Not Wanted.**

The first shipment of Chinese hogs to England bids fair to be the last. The Peninsular and Orient Steamship Company believed that the carcasses could be imported in refrigerating ships and that the trade might prove a competitor with frozen beef and mutton.

The carcasses sold well in the wholesale market, but the retailers find that the public will not have the meat. Some 5,000 hogs were brought over on a trial shipment and placed on sale at the shops for the first time Saturday at 25 per cent. below the prices charged for other imported hogs.

But the public prejudice, even in the poorer classes, was so pronounced that the butchers had in most cases to raise the price of other pork, such as American and European, before they were able to dispose of their stock.

**Good Roads Mean Money.**

The people need to be educated to the fact that money spent for good roads is not money thrown away, whereas money spent for makeshift improvements is worse than thrown away.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No race is safe from cholera. It is deadliest to negroes.