

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N. J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering. —Mrs. GROOMER JONES, Box 40, Marlton, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Lost Great Wealth.
Dickens was one of the most successful financially of all authors. His was no case of genius starving in a garret. "Pickwick" placed him above want at 25, and for a period of thirty £36-7 he received a princely income from his writings. His American tour brought him \$50,000. His estate at his death in 1870 was estimated at \$400,000. That his grandchildren should now be in need of the trifling pension bestowed on them is a painful illustration of the vicissitudes of family fortune.—New York World.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.
To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys for neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these troubles. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving electricity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 3, Notre Dame, Ind.

TAXES ON WEALTH.
Inheritance and Income Imposts in England and France.
An interesting statement furnished by the chancellor of the exchequer appeared in yesterday's parliamentary papers, the London Chronicle says. Mr. Lloyd George, replying to a question of Mr. Barnard, said:
"An estate of £25,000,000 if passing to strangers in blood would be liable, on a rough estimate, to death duties amounting to £1,120,000 under the existing English law, £1,165,000 under the budget proposals and £1,020,000 under the French law."
"If such an estate passed in the direct line the death duties might be roughly estimated at £700,000 under the existing English law and £791,000 under the budget proposals and £246,000 under the French law."
"Supposing a person possessed of £5,000,000 to be in receipt of an income therefrom at a rate of 4 per cent or £200,000 per annum, he would pay in income tax (at the present rate of 1s in the pound) £10,000. Under the budget proposals he would pay £11,600 income tax and about £4,900 super-tax—in all £16,500."
"Under the French income tax proposals, as I am informed, an income of £200,000 would pay 4 per cent to begin with, i. e., £8,000, together with a 5 per cent super-tax, which would involve a further charge of £10,000, or £18,000 in all."

RUSSIAN'S ODD WAGER.
The Eight Different Methods of Locomotion by Which He Won.
A man named Duboroff has just won a highly original wager at Kief, says the St. Petersburg correspondence of the London Evening Standard. He had undertaken to appear daily during eight days in the streets employing each time a different mode of locomotion.
He commenced by running down the steps of his dwelling and along the boulevard on his hands. The following day he hopped through the town on one leg.
Stilts, a skipping rope, roller skates and a bath chair all followed in turn. One day he was conducted through the principal thoroughfares by a small boy who led him on a string.
The finest of his exploits was undoubtedly a recent performance, when, turning successive somersaults in the air for nearly a mile, he arrived amid enthusiastic cheers at the cafe where his friends were waiting to bestow the prize upon him.
Mrs. Dickenson, the new hostess of the Beech Tree, Terriers, Bucks, England, is a lineal descendant of Bacon.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER III.

True to his determination, the doctor devoted the night following his advent into the little frontier village to the investigation of the Quaker preacher's fitness for his use. He took Peepeta with him, the older habitues of the tavern standing on the porch and smiling ironically as they started. The meeting house was one of those conventional weather-boarded buildings with which all travelers in the Western States are familiar. The rays of the tallow candles by which it was lighted were streaming feebly out into the night. The doors were open, and through them were passing meek-faced, soft-voiced and plain-robed worshippers.

Keeping close together, Peepeta light and graceful, the doctor heavy and awkward, both of them thoroughly embarrassed, they ascended the steps as a bear and gazelle might have walked the gang-plank into the ark. They entered unobserved save by a few of the younger people who were staring vacantly about the room, and took their seats on the last bench. The Quaker maidens who caught sight of Peepeta were visibly excited and began to preen themselves as turtle doves might have done if a bird of paradise had suddenly flashed among them. One of them happened to be seated next her. She was dressed in quiet drabs and grays. Her face and person were pervaded and adorned by simplicity, meekness, devotion; and the contrast between the two was so striking as to render them both self-conscious and uneasy in each other's presence.

The visitors did not know at all what to expect in this unfamiliar place, but could not have been astonished or awed by anything else half so much as by the inexplicable silence which prevailed. If the whole assemblage had been dancing or turning comersaults, they would not have been surprised, but the few moments in which they thus sat looking stupidly at the people and then at each other seemed to them like a small eternity. Peepeta's sensitive nature could ill endure such a strain, and she became nervous.

"Take me away," she implovingly whispered to the doctor, who sat by her side, ignorant of the custom which separated the sexes.
He tried to encourage her in a few half-suppressed words, took her trembling hand in his great paw, pressed it reassuringly, winked humorously, and then looked about him with a sardonic grin.

To Peepeta's relief, the silence was at last broken by an old man who rose from his seat, reverently folded his hands, lifted his face to heaven, closed his eyes and began to speak. She had never until this moment listened to a prayer, and this address to an invisible Being wrought in her already agitated mind a confused and exciting effect; but the prayer was long, and gave her time to recover her self-control. The silence which followed its close was less painful because less strange than the other, and she permitted herself to glance about the room and to wonder what would happen next. Her curiosity was soon satisfied. David Corson, the young mystic, rose to his feet. He was dressed with exquisite neatness in that simple garb which lends to a noble person a peculiar and serene dignity. Standing for a moment before he began his address, he looked over the audience with the self-possession of an accomplished orator. The attention of every person in the room was at once arrested. They all recalled their wandering or preoccupied thoughts, lifted their bowed heads and fixed their eyes upon the commanding figure before them.

This general movement caused Peepeta to turn, and she observed a sudden transformation on the countenance of the dove-like Quaker maiden. A flush mantled her pale cheek and a radiance beamed in her mild blue eyes. It was a tell-tale look, and Peepeta, without divining its meaning, smiled sympathetically.

But the first word which fell from the lips of the speaker withdrew her attention from every other object, for his voice possessed a quality with which she was entirely unfamiliar. It would have charmed and fascinated the hearer, even if it had uttered incoherent words. For Peepeta, it had another and a more mysterious value. It was the voice of her destiny, and rang in her soul like a bell. The speech of the young Quaker was a simple and unadorned message of the love of God to men, and of their power to respond to the Divine call.
Each sentence had fallen into the sensitive soul of the fortune teller like a pebble into a deep well. She was gazing at him in astonishment. Her lips were parted, her eyes were suffused and she was leaning forward breathlessly.
When at length David stopped speaking, it seemed to Peepeta as if a sudden end had come to everything; as if rivers had ceased to run and stars to rise and set. She drew a long, deep breath, sighed and sank back in her seat, exhausted by the nervous tension to which she had been subjected.
The effect upon the quack was hardly less remarkable. He, too, had listened with breathless attention. He tried to analyze and then to resist this mesmeric power, but gradually succumbed. He felt as if chained to his seat, and it was only by a great effort that he pulled himself together, took Peepeta by the arm and drew her out into the open air.

For a few moments they walked in silence, and then the doctor exclaimed: "P-p-peeta, I have found him at last!"
"Found whom?" she asked sharply.

irritated by the voice which offered such a rasping contrast to the one still echoing in her ears.
"Found whom? As if you didn't know! I mean the man of d-d-destiny! He is a snake charmer, Peepeta! He just fairly b-b-bamboozled you! I was laughing in my sleeve and saying to myself, 'He's bamboozled Peepeta; but he can't b-b-bamboozle me!' When he up and did it! Tee-totally did it! And if he can bamboozle me, he can bamboozle anybody!"
"Did you understand what he said?" Peepeta asked.

"Understand? Well, I should say not! But between you and me and the town p-p-pump it's all the better, for if he can fool the people with that kind of g-g-gibberish, he can certainly f-f-fool them with the Balm of the B-Blessed Islands! First time I was ever b-b-bamboozled in my life. Feels queer. Our fortune's made, P-p-peepeta!"
His triumph and excitement were so great that he did not notice the silence and abstraction of his wife. His ardent mind invariably excavated a channel into which it poured its thoughts, digging its bed so deep as to flow on unconscious of everything else. Exulting in the prospect of attaching to himself a companion so gifted, never doubting for a moment that he could do so, reveling in the dreams of wealth to be gathered from the increased sales of his patent medicine, he entered the hotel and made straight for the bar-room, where he told his story with the most unbounded delight.

Peepeta retired at once to her room, but her mind was too much excited and her heart too much agitated for slumber. She moved restlessly about for a long time and then sat down at the open window and looked into the night. For the first time in her life, the mystery of existence really dawned upon her. She gazed with a new awe at the starry sky. She thought of that Being of whom David had spoken. Questions which had never before occurred to her knocked at the door of her mind and imperatively demanded an answer. "Who am I? Whence did I come? For what was I created? Whither did I come? For what was I created? Whither am I going?" she asked herself again and again with profound astonishment at the newness of these questions and her inability to answer them.

For a long time she sat in the light of the moon, and reflected on these mysteries with all the power of her untutored mind. But that power was soon exhausted, and vague, chaotic, abstract conceptions gave place to a definite image which had been eternally impressed upon her inward eyes. It was the figure of the young Quaker, idealized by the imagination of an ardent and emotional woman whose heart had been thrilled for the first time.

She began timidly to ask herself what was the meaning of those feelings which this stranger had awakened in her bosom. She knew that they were different from those which her husband inspired; but how different, she did not know. They filled her with a sort of ecstasy, and she gave herself up to them. Exhausted at last by these vivid thoughts and emotions, she rested her head upon her arms across the window sill and fell asleep. It must have been that the young Quaker followed her into the land of dreams, for when her husband aroused her at midnight a faint flush could be seen by the light of the moon on those rounded cheeks.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following morning the preacher-ploverman was afield at break of day. The horses, refreshed and rested by food and sleep, dragged the gleaming plowshare through the heavy sod as if it were light snow, and the farmer exulted behind them.
David tied the reins to the plow handles and strode across the fresh furrows. Vaulting the fence and leaping the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, he ascended the bank and approached a carriage from which a man had hailed him. As he did so the occupants got out and came to meet him. To his astonishment he saw the strangers whom he had noticed the night before. The man advanced with a bold, free demeanor, the woman timidly and with downcast eyes.

"Good morning," said the doctor.
David returned his greeting with the customary dignity of the Quakers.
"My name is Dr. Aesculapius."
"This is welcome."
"I was over to the m-m-meeting house last night, and heard your s-s-speech. Didn't understand a w-w-word, but saw that you c-c-can talk like a United States Senator."
David bowed and blushed.

"I came over to make you a proposition. Want you to yoke up with me, and help me sell the 'B-B-Balm of the Blessed Islands.' You can do the t-t-talking and I'll run the b-b-busines; see? What do you s-s-say?"
Gravely, placidly, the young Quaker answered: "I thank thee, friend, for what thee evidently means as a kindness, but I must decline thy offer."
"Decline my offer? Are you c-c-can't say? Why do you d-d-decline my offer?"
"Because I have no wish to leave my home and work."
Although his answer was addressed to the man, his eyes were directed to the woman. His reply, simple and natural enough, astounded the quack.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean that you p-p-prefer to stay in this p-p-pigstye of a town to becoming a citizen of the g-g-great world?"

"I do."

"But listen; I will pay you more money in a single month than you can earn by d-d-driving your plow through that b-b-black mud for a whole year. I have no need and no desire for more money than I can earn by daily toil."

"No need and no desire for money! B-b-bah! You are not talking to sniveling old women and crack-b-b-brained old men; but to a f-f-feller who can see through a two-inch plank, and you can't p-p-pass off any of your religious d-d-drive on him, either."
This coarse insult went straight to the soul of the youth. His blood tingled in his veins. There was a tightening around his heart of something which was out of place in the bosom of a Quaker. A hot reply sprang to his lips, but died away as he glanced at the woman, and saw her face mantled with an angry flush.

Calmed by her silent sympathy, he quietly replied: "Friend, I have no desire to annoy thee, but I have been taught that 'the love of money is the root of all evil,' and believing as I do I could not answer thee otherwise than I did."

"Well, well, reckon you are more to be pitied than b-b-blamed. Fault of early education! Talk like a p-p-parrot! What can a young fellow like you know about life, shut up here in this seven-by-nine valley, like a man in a b-b-barrel looking out of the b-b-bung-hole?"
Offended and disgusted, the Quaker was about to turn upon his heel; but he saw in the face of the man's beautiful companion a look which said plainly as spoken words, "I, too, desire that you should go with us."

"This look changed his purpose, and he paused.

"Listen to me now," continued the doctor, observing his irresolution. "You think you know what life is; but you d-d-don't! Do you know what s-s-s-great cities are? Do you know what it is to p-p-possess and to spend the money which you d-d-despise? Do you know what it is to wear fine clothes, to see great sights, to go where you want to and to do what you p-p-please?"
"I do not, nor do I wish to. And thee must abandon these follies and sins, if thee would enter the Kingdom of God," David replied, fixing his eyes sternly upon the face of the blasphemer.

"Good-bye, d-d-dead man! I have always hated c-c-corpses! I am going where men have red b-b-blood in their veins."
With these words he turned on his heel and started toward the carriage, leaving David and Peepeta alone. Neither of them moved. The gypsy nervously plucked the petals from a daisy and the Quaker gazed at her face. During these few moments nature had not been idle. In air and earth and tree top, following blind instincts, her myriad children were seeking their mates. And here, in the odorous sunshine of the May morning, these two young, impressionable and ardent beings, yielding themselves unconsciously to the same mysterious attraction which was uniting other happy couples, were drawn together in a union which time could not dissolve and eternity, perhaps, cannot annul.

(To be continued.)

DOGS AS PASSENGERS.

Hard Problem Considered by Interstate-Commerce Commission.

Tribulations are besetting the dog. As a traveler, while he is not an outcast, he and his owner are subject, on many steam and electric railways, to regulations that amount to cruelties, a Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Telegram says.

It is not unlikely that the interstate commerce commission in the near future may be called upon to provide uniform regulations for the carrying of dogs on interstate trains. The rules governing the transportation of dogs are merely what each individual line proposes to make them and a movement has been begun to bring about reform regulations that will be fair to passengers and just to the dogs.

Some railroads charge a specified fare for a dog; others transport the dog as baggage, and yet others make no charge, although they differentiate between little dogs and big ones. A few lines permit the owners of "small dogs" to take them into the passenger cars with them; other lines relegate all dogs to the baggage cars, where they are in danger of being crushed by falling trunks; and in some instances the roads require that a dog shall be crated, whether placed in the baggage car or carried by the owner. In practically every case a permit must be obtained.

Commissioner Prouty of the interstate commerce commission, in a letter replying to a recent inquiry as to whether the regulation of the Pullman company that dogs shall not occupy the car is a just and reasonable one, said:

"I am inclined to think it is and that the company is not obliged to distinguish between a small dog and a large one, for the reason that it would be impossible to draw the line if any dogs were permitted in the car."
"The writer has a dog of his own, which is small and inoffensive and which he transports every year from Washington to Newport, Vt. While I am certain this little dog would inconvenience nobody, I have always thought best to submit to the regulation of which you complain."

Crime.

She—I can't bind myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if, six months hence, I feel as I do now, I will be yours.

Ardent Adorer—I could never wait that long, darling. Besides, the courts have decided that dealing in futures, without the actual delivery of the goods, is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Carlyle.

CATS AND CHINA.

They Do Not Fit Together in the Same House.

"Aunt Eunice," said young Mrs. Billings, putting down her pen and pushing back the pile of scribbling-paper in front of her, "Aunt Eunice, why does a woman who loves china want to marry a man who adores cats?"
Aunt Eunice went on with her placid knitting, and deftly avoided a direct answer.

"Is that a conundrum?" she asked. "I never guessed one in my life. And if it's the theme of a problem novel, Nan, you needn't tell me, because I don't like them."

Mrs. Billings laughed. "No, it isn't a conundrum," she said. "It's a catastrophe—almost, and it looks as if it might resolve itself into a problem novel at any moment. I'm the woman—I love china; Ned's the man—he adores cats; and the result is that three of my best soup-plates and four of my cherished oatmeal-saucers have been smashed to atoms in the last fortnight. You know, Hilma feeds the cats, but Ned is always sure that she never gives them enough, and so, as soon as he gets back from his recitations, he feeds them again. In the shed, of course, and with my best china, and then Hilma comes along on her earnest Swedish feet and does the rest. I'm getting discouraged—"

Here the library door opened and Professor Billings stood on the threshold, a broken plate in his hand, his manner wavering between nonchalance and anticipation.

"Another victim, Nannie," he tried to say, cheerfully. "Hilma walked heavily again. Fortunately it's an old—"

But Mrs. Billings had flown to his side and was examining the fragments.

"Old! I should say it was! That's just the trouble!" she cried, with tragedy. "It's my best, my only piece of real pink luster. O Ned, how could you take it?" There were tears in her voice and in her eyes, too.

"Nan, I'm awfully sorry!" said her abject husband. "I promise I'll never take anything but a tin dipper after this," and his air of subdued and sincere melancholy was so genuine that Mrs. Billings smiled in spite of her grievances.

"Very well," she scolded, "but don't ever let me hear you say again that 'The Ring and the Book' is your favorite poem, because it isn't. It's 'I love little pussy!'—Youth's Companion."

SHIELD PROTECTS RIDER FROM FIRE OF ENEMY.



ARMORED MILITARY BICYCLE.

Now that automobiles have far supplanted bicycles in all kinds of service where cost is not a vital restriction, it seems rather late to armor them for military purposes, yet this is the latest design of such a machine. The iron shield protects the rider's lower extremities from rifle fire, unless running away from the enemy. The upper part of the body, hanging low over the handle bars, does not offer an easy mark to hit when running swiftly.—Popular Mechanics.

Keeping His Balance.

There is a story told among the Tartars which has a moral for the civilized men of the present day. It is to this effect: Robo, cousin of the great mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swordsman in the empire was provided for the execution, and the great mogul and his court were present as spectators.

The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke.

The executioner's work was so deftly done that, though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing.
"What, Robo, art thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the great mogul.
"My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right my head will not fall off."

The great mogul was placated. A band was put on Robo's neck and he recovered. He afterward became a loyal subject and was made cashier of the empire because, as the great mogul remarked:
"He knows that if he keeps his balance right his head will not come off."

No Joy.

Bill—I hear you were out joy-riding last night?

Jill—Joy nothing! I had my wife with me!—Yonkers Statesman.

When the stork visits a poor man too frequently, he can't get any sympathy from any woman in the world but his mother.

Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules

"Odorless and Tasteless."

QUICKLY AND SURELY RELIEVE ALL FORMS OF

KIDNEY, BLADDER, STOMACH and LIVER TROUBLES

Begin taking these Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules today. You will find relief tomorrow. Insist on the GOLD MEDAL BRAND. No other Haarlem Oil is genuine.

Holland Medicine Co., Scranton, Pa. Gentlemen: After giving your Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules a thorough trial, I find them to be the best kidney and liver remedy I have ever had the good fortune to take, and they are truly a blessing to mankind. I heartily recommend them to all sufferers of weak kidneys and liver as the superlative remedy.

Sincerely,
W. H. WARREN, 160 Bleecker St New York, March 25, 1909.

Capsules 25 and 50 cents per box. Bottles 15c and 35c, at all druggists.
HOLLAND MEDICINE CO., Scranton, Pa. Sole Importers
If your Druggist cannot supply you, write us direct.

IRISH AHEAD OF COLUMBUS.

Proofs of Celtic Invasion of America in First Century.

In a book about to be published here the well-known tradition of a pre-Columbus Irish settlement in America receives startling support, a London dispatch printed in the Detroit Free Press says. With the discovery of certain Arabian and Scandinavian maps in the Casanatensis library in Rome the habitation of America by the Celts before Columbus arrived is established beyond question.

The fact that the finder of this interesting information is a woman and the only one of her sex to be appointed by the Pope to assist the commission for the revision of the vulgate only serves to intensify the general interest in the work she is about to lay before the public.

Mrs. Marion Mullhall, author of "The Celtic Sources of the Divina Comedia" and numerous other works, is the discoverer of the hitherto only fabled account of an early invasion of America by the Irish.

The maps she uncovered among the dusty archives of the Casanatensis library are of unquestioned authenticity and show that not only did the Irish establish a Christian colony in America in the first century of Christianity, but they gave the name of their native land to that part of the country which they occupied.

Elsewhere in the book, which bears the title "Explorers in the New World Before and After Columbus," are chapters on navigators of the sixteenth century, Irish commanders in Chile and Peru, Hiberno-Spanish notables and various episodes and personalities connected with the romantic conquest of South America. The book omits no important name or event and for the first time gives their due meed to the Irish soldiers and statesmen who have borne such a notable part in South American history.

The concluding chapter deals with the rise and fall of the Jesuit mission in Paraguay.

Mrs. Mullhall, who enjoys the signal honor of being the only woman of any nationality to have received the Pope's unique commendation, is one of Ireland's most distinguished women. By his recognition of her genius for research the holy father has conferred a well-merited honor, so her countrymen declare, on one of the most gifted women of the day. Mrs. Mullhall is the widow of the late Dr. Micheal Mullhall, famous as a statistician.

Trust Troubles.

Oh Trust—Isn't it a shame they are hounding us so? It makes me burn with indignation.

Ice Trust—It certainly is a frost for me.

Sugar Trust—And talking about sending me to jail and I so used to refining influences!—Baltimore American.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Agrees with Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find 'Grape-Nuts and albumen water' very nourishing and refreshing."

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomachs can assimilate without any distress.

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fog—a 10-day trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding and in this way ending the trouble.

"There's a Reason," and trial proves. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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