EX-AUDITOR GENERAL STONE AND OTHERS.

Speak of the Benefit Received From the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Times Republican, Lansing, Mich.

We are very much pleased to give to our readers to-day the results of several interviews with citizens of Lansing as to the merits of the ever popular Pink Pills. In this connection the first business interview to this part of the State is attracted immediate attention owing to the unanimous affirmative Mr. Williams' Dr. Pink Pale People. The name signified in a measure the purpose for which the pills were first heralded. Since their introduction probably no other medicine has equalled it in the list of sales. Its this fact to the popularity of Pink Pills due to the name? Yes and no. The individuality of the name undoubtedly hastened their introduction, but their fame is due only to their great merit. It was a surprise to your reporter to find so many people ready to talk, for them; and if any reader of this article has doubts as to the truthfulness of the statements how many of his friends can say with us and see before the deservedly popular medicine. The first gentleman interviewed was the Ex-Auditor General of the State, Geo. W. Stone, of Lansing, who spoke as follows:

"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now for a period of about four years, beginning when I was Auditor General. Whenever I am hungry or feel down, as I am occasionally, from business, worry and overwork, I have taken them and I always have been able to find anything so good, although I have tried everything, including strychnine, iron and quinine and other remedies. For statement shows the value of Pink Pills' intense nervous disorders.

"I have had paralysis for about ten years. I began to take Williams' Pink Pills about three months ago. I have taken them every remedy, I could hear of, but these pills did more and do me anything else I ever tried. I noticed their good effects first because they removed the bloating which troubled me. I was very nervous. The slightest excitement or loud noise would cause great drops of sweat to stand out on my hands and face. This condition has also been greatly improved by the use of the pills."

Here follows an account of another cure of paralysis.

"I was taken with a stroke of paralysis one year ago last April, and for ten months was not able to walk down town, a distance of three quarters of a mile. About August 1, 1896, after having had doctors and baths and tried many remedies I began to take Williams' Pink Pills. When I had taken them for a time I began to improve and soon felt more like myself. Before I began to take the pills I could not articulate plainly and could not write my name. My feet and legs were by useless as a new born baby. I am now able to speak, write and walk as well as ever. My strength is not entirely restored, but my general health is good and I am gaining rapidly. I have recommended the pills to several of my friends and they cannot say too much for the benefit they have derived from them."

DAVID T. NICHOLS,
212 Ionia Street.

The following interview was had with Mr. A. L. Landon, of 329 Larch Street, N. Lansing:

"I had pain in my back, accompanying kidney and urinary trouble. I began to take Williams' Pink Pills about a year ago and was relieved of my trouble, and I am satisfied that the pills did me more good than any other remedy I have taken."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It is the day for the noblest self, mind and to the noblest society.

Doubles the Pleasure of a Drive.

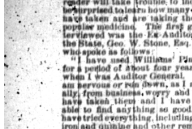
A fine carriage doubles the pleasure of driving. Intending buyers of carriages or harness can save dollars by sending for the 1897 catalogue of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Mexico has expended over $500,000,000 in public improvements within the last 15 years, besides meeting other obligations.

The City of Mexico is the finest of summer resorts. Its elevation is 7,350 feet, and its average temperature 62 degrees.

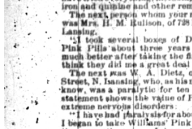
WOMAN'S POWER.

IT SHAPES THE DESTINIES OF MEN AND NATIONS.



Where Men Are at a Disadvantage, and "Only a Woman Can Understand a Woman's Ills."

Woman's beauty, love and devotion, rule the world. Grand women; strong mentally, morally and physically, whose amiable disposition and magnetic influence urge men to deeds of grandeur and heroism. Such women are all-power-



sickly, ailing women have little ambition; their own troubles occupy their thoughts, and their one object is to get well.

They have no confidence in themselves, and only too often lose faith in their physicians.

All irregularities, whites, bearing-down pains, nervousness, headache, backache, "blues" distaste for society, nausea in cars, palpitation, emaciation, heavy eyes, "all gone" feeling, dread of impending evil, sleeplessness, etc., should at once be removed and vigorous health guaranteed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has for twenty years saved women from all this. Hear this woman speak:

"I wish to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done for me. I had falling of the womb and leucorrhœa, and they have cured me of both. I am a well woman. I suffered dreadfully with such dragging pains in the lower part of the back, that extended around the body, irritation of the bladder, pain when walking and painful menstruation; I weakened terribly. I had been treated by two doctors without much help, and it only took five bottles of your Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash to cure me. I can recommend them to all women suffering with complaints like these."—Mrs. VANNATTA, 2827 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some reformers waste their time in seeking to remove sun spots.

No-To-Bac for Fifty-Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. and $1. All druggists.

What are our faults to some are our virtues to others.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"What a break of luck for you, my good brother," he observed, when the table was over. "If you had gone to Paris, you would have played duck-duck-drake with the whole consignment, and three months hence you would have followed; and you would have come to me in a procession like the last time. But I give you warning—Blade may weep and Hend ratlock-nate—it will not serve you twice. Your next collapse will be fatal. I thought, I had told you so, Stasie? Hey? No sense?"

The Doctor winked and looked furtively at Jean-Marie; but the boy seemed apathetic.

"And then again," broke out Casimir, "what children you are—vicious children, my faith! How could you tell the value of this trash? It might have been worth nothing, or next door."

"Pardon me," said Jean-Marie, "you have your gauge flow of spirits, I perceive, but eyeis less than your usual deliberation. I am not entirely ignorant of these matters."

"Not ignorant ignorant of anything ever I heard of," interrupted Casimir, bowing, and raising his glass with a sort of pert politeness.

"At least," resumed the Doctor, "I gave my mind to the subject—that you may be willing to believe—and I remarked that our capital would be doubled." And he described the nature of the find.

"My word of honor!" said Casimir, "I half believe you! But much would depend on the quality of the gold."

"Pure," said Jean-Marie, "absolutely pure, was—" And the Doctor, in default of language, kissed his finger tips.

"I would not take your word for it, Stasie," resumed Casimir, "in the case of a paper question; but in the case of business. 'You are a man of very rosy views. But this robbery,' he continued—"this robbery is an odd thing, of course. I pass over your confusion about gangs and landscape-painters. For me, that is a dream. Who was in the house last night?"

"None but ourselves," replied the Doctor.

"And this young gentleman?" asked Casimir, jerking a nod in the direction of Jean-Marie.

"He?" said the Doctor bowed.

"Well, and, if it is a fair question, who is he?" pursued the brother-in-law.

"Jean-Marie," answered the Doctor, "combines the functions of a son and stable-boy. He began as the latter, but he rose rapidly to the more honorable rank in our affections. He is, I may say, the greatest comfort in my life."

"Ha!" said Casimir. "And previous to becoming one of you?"

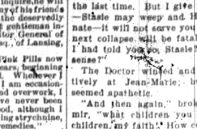
"Jean-Marie has lived a remarkable existence," interposed Desprez. "I frequently formative, replied Desprez. "If I had to choose an education for my son, I should have chosen such another. Beginning life with mountebanks and thieves, pursued by the law of society and friendship of philosophers, he may be said to have skimmed the volume of human life."

"Faith!" repeated the brother-in-law, with a meditative air.

The Doctor could have bitten his tongue out. He foresaw what was coming, and prepared his mind for a vigorous defense.

"Did you ever steal yourself?" asked Casimir, turning suddenly on Jean-Marie, and for the first time applying a single eyeglass which hung round his neck.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a deep blush.



CHAPTER XV.

CASIMIR turned to the others with pursed lips, and nodded to them meaningly. "Hey?" said he; "how is that?"

Jean-Marie is a teller of the truth, returned the Doctor, throwing out his hands.

"He has never told a lie," added Madame. "He is the best of boys."

"Never told a lie, has he not?" reflected Casimir. "Strange, very strange. Give me your attention, my young friend," he continued. "You knew about this treasure?"

"He helped to bring it home," interposed the Doctor.

"Desprez, I ask you nothing but to hold your tongue," returned Casimir. "I mean question this stable-boy of yours; and if you are so certain of his innocence, you can afford to let him answer for himself. Now, sir!" he remarked, putting his eyeglass straight at Jean-Marie, "you knew it could be stolen with impunity? You knew you could not be prosecuted? Come! Did you or did you not?"

"I did," answered Jean-Marie, in a miserable whisper. He sat there changing color like a revolving pharos, twisting his fingers hysterically, swallowing the draughts of guilt.

"You knew where it was put?" resumed the inquisitor.

"Yes," from Jean-Marie.

"And you have been a thief before," continued Casimir. "Now, how am I to know that you are not one still? I suppose you could climb the grate, sir?"

"Yes," still lower, from the culprit.

"Well, then, it was you who stole these things. You know it, and you dare not deny it. Look me in the face! Raise your smeak's head and look me!"

But in place of anything of that sort Jean-Marie broke into a dismal howl and fled from the arbor. Anastasie, as she pursued him, and exclaimed on the victim, found time to send one Parthian arrow—"Casimir, you are a brute!"

"My brother," said Desprez, with the greatest dignity, "you take upon yourself a license——"

"Desprez," interrupted Casimir, "for Heaven's sake be a man of the world. You telegraph me to leave my business and come down here on yours. I come. I ask the business, you say. Find me this thief! Well, I find him; I say 'There he is!' You come and like it, but you have no manner of right to take offense."

"Well," returned the Doctor, "I grant that; I will even thank you for your mistaken zeal. But your hypothesis was so extravagantly monstrous——"

"Look here," interrupted Casimir; "was it you or Stasie?"

"Certainly not," answered the Doctor.

"Very well; then it was the boy. Say no more about it," said the brother-in-law, and he produced his cigar-case.

"I will say little much more," returned the Doctor; "if that boy came and told me so himself, I should not believe him; and if I did believe him, so implicit is my trust, I should conclude that he had acted for the best."

"Well, well," said Casimir, indulgently. "Have you a light? I must be going. Add by the way, I wish you would let me sell your Turks for you. As I always told you, profits are small. Tell you so again. Indeed, it was partly that that brought me down. You never acknowledge my letters—an unpardonable habit."

"My good brother," replied the Doctor blandly, "I have never denied your ability in business; but I can perceive your limitations."

"Egad, my friend," I can return the compliment, observed the man of business. "Your limitation is to be downright irrational."

"Observe your positive position," retorted the Doctor with a smile. "It is your attitude to believe through thick and thin in one man's judgment—your own. I follow the same opinion, but certainly only with open eyes. Which is the more irrational?—I leave it to yourself."

"Oh, my dear fellow!" cried Casimir, "stick to your Turks, stick to your stable-boy, go to the devil in general in your own way and be done with it. But don't ratiocinate with me—I cannot bear it. And so, ta-ta. I might as well have stayed away for any good I've done. Say good-bye from me to Stasie, and to the sullen hang-dog of a stable-boy, if you insist on it. I'm off."

And Casimir departed. The Doctor that night, dissected his character before Anastasie. "One thing, my beautiful," he said, "he has learned one thing from his lifelong acquaintance with your husband: the word ratiocinate." It skines in his vocabulary, like a jewel in a muck-heap. And, even so, we continued, with a sigh, "poor Jean-Marie must have observed he uses it as a sort of taunt, in the case of to ergotize, implying, as it were—the poor, dear fellow's case of sophistry. As for the cruelty to Jean-Marie, it must be forgiven him—it is not his nature, it is the nature of his life. A man who deals with money, my dear, is a man lost."

With Jean-Marie the process of reconciliation had been somewhat slow. At first he was inconsolable, insisted on leaving the family, went from parlors to kitchen to stable-loft; and it was only after Anastasie had been closeted for an hour with him, alone, that she came forth, sought out the Doctor, and with tears in her eyes, acquainted that gentleman with the glad news. They passed

"At first, my husband, he would hear of nothing," she said, "Imagine! if he had left us! what would the treasure have been to us? Horrible! Heaven has brought all this about! At last, after he has sobbed his very heart out, he agrees to stay on a condition—we are not to mention this matter, this infamous episode, to him or to the society or the robbery. On that agreement only, the poor, cruel boy will consent to remain among his friends."

"But the inhibition," said the Doctor, "this embargo—it cannot possibly apply to me?"

"To all of us," Anastasie assured him.

"My cherished one," Desprez protested, "you must have misunderstood it. It cannot apply to me. He would naturally come to me."

"It was sent," he said, "it dogs; I swear to you it does."

"This is a painful, a very painful circumstance," the Doctor said, looking a little pale. "I cannot and will not, however, be anything but justly wounded. I feel this, I feel it, my wife, acutely."

"I knew you would," she said. "But if you had seen his distress! We must make allowances, we must sacrifice our feelings."

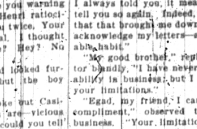
"I trust, my dear, you have never found me averse to sacrifices," returned the Doctor very stiffly.

"And you will let me go and tell him that you have agreed? It will be the true noble nature," she cried.

So it would, he perceived—it would be like the Doctor. And he jumped his spirits, triumphant at the thought. "Go, darling," he said nobly, "reassure him. The subject is buried; more—I make an effort, I have accustomed my will to these exertions—and it is forgotten."

A little after, but still with swollen eyes and looking mortally sheepish, Jean-Marie reappeared and went ostentatiously about his business. He was the only unhappy member of the party that sat down that night to supper. As for the Doctor, he was radiant. He threw into the requiem of the treasure——

"This has been, on the whole, a most amusing episode," he said. "We are not a penny the worse—nay, we are immensely gainers. Our philosophy has been exercised; some of the luxuries is still left—the most wholesome of delicacies. I have my staff. Anastasie has her new dress. Jean-Marie is the proud possessor of a fashionable keep. Besides, we had a glass of Hermitage last night; the glow still suffuses my memory. I was growing positively niggardly. Let me take the hint; we had a bottle to celebrate the appearance of our visionary fortune, let us have a second to console us for its cancellation. The third I hereby dedicate to Jean-Marie's wedding breakfast."



CHAPTER XVI.

HE Doctor's house has not yet received the compliment of a description, and it is now high time that the omission were supplied, for this house is itself an actor in the story, and one whose part is nearly at an end. Two stories in height, walls of a warm yellow, tiles of an ancient ruddy brown deeply stained with moss and lichen, it stood with one wall to the street in the angle of the Doctor's property. It was roomy, draughty, and inconvenient. The large rafters were here and there engraven with rude marks and patterns; the handrail of the stairs was carved in confirmed fantasque; a great timber pillar, which did duty to support the dining-room roof, bore mysterious characters on its darker side, runes, according to the Doctor; nor did he fail, when he ran over the legendary biography of the house and its possessors, to dwell upon the Scandinavian scholar who had left them. Floors, doors, and rafters made a great variety of angles; every room had a particular inclination; the table had tilted toward the garden, after the manner of a leaning tower, and one of the former proprietors had lessened the building from that side with a great strut of wood, like the derrick of a crane. Altogether, it had many marks of ruin; it was a house for rats to desert; and nothing but its excellent brightness—the window-glass polished and shining, the paint well scoured, the brasses radiant, the very propriety wrestled about with simplicity—could have kept its air of a well-tended, smiling veteran, sitting, crutch and all, in the sunny corner of a garden, marked it as a house in comfortable hands to inhabit. In poor or idle management it would soon have hurried into the blackguard stages of decay. As it was, the whole family loved it; and Jean-Marie, whose better inspired than when he narrated its imaginary story and drew the character of its successive masters, from the Hebrew merchant who had benefited by the Crusade to the Dutch trader, and past the mysterious engraver of the runes, down to the long-bearded, disgruntled sloper from whom he had latterly acquired it—at a ruinous expense. As for any harm about its security, the idea had never presented itself. What had stood four centuries might well endure a little longer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CALIFORNIA HISTORY

Only Accident Prevented It from Becoming Interesting.

Nothing perhaps but the accident of the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company saved northern California from becoming a Russian province, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Virtus Bering closed a life of adventure by planting the Russian flag in Alaska in 1741. Four years later Sitka was founded. Russian fur traders and hunters were the ordinary events of the day, and at whose hands the meek Aleut bent his neck to the knife as the inoffensive Peruvian half crouched before the overwhelming Spaniard. Russia sailed the stormy seas of the north in craft sewn together with thongs and caulked with moss. They belonged to the primitive order of savages, among whom bravery, outrage and cruelty