THE FROZEN DEEP

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VII.

"REMOUSE the doctor," he repeated. "Suppose the doctor should be frozen? He hadn't a halperth of warmth in him last night, and his voice sounded like a whisper in a speaking trumpet. Will the bones do now? Yes, the bones will do now. Come to the saucepan with you," cried John Want, suiting the action to the word, "and flavor the hot water if you can!" When I remember that I was once an apprentice at a pastry-cook's—when I think of the gallons of turtle-soup and this hand has stirred up in the saucepan with two, and when I find myself mixing bones and hot water for soup, and turning into ice as fast as I can, if I wasn't of a cheerful disposition I would feel inclined to grumble. John Want! John Want! Whatever had you done with your natural senses when you made up your mind to go to sea?"

A new voice hailed the cook, speaking from one of the bedplaces in the side of the hut. It was the voice of Francis Aldersley. "Who's that croaking over the fire?"

"Croaking?" repeated John Want, with the air of a man who considers himself the object of a gratuitous insult. "Croaking? You don't find your own voice at all altered for the worse, do you, Mr. Frank? I don't give him." John proceeded, speaking confidentially to himself, "more than six hours to last. He's one of your grumblers."

"What are you doing there?" asked Frank.

"I'm making bone soup, sir, and wondering why I ever went to sea."

"Well, why did you go to sea?"

"I'm not certain, Mr. Frank. Sometimes I think it was natural perversity, sometimes I think it was false pride at getting over sea-sickness; sometimes I think it was reading Robinson Crusoe and books warning of me not to go to sea."

Frank laughed. "You're an old fellow. What do you mean by false pride at getting over sea-sickness? Did you ever get over sea-sickness in some new way?"

John Want's dismal face brightened in spite of himself. Frank had recalled to the cook's memory one of the noteworthy passages in the cook's life.

"That's it, sir!" he said. "If ever a man cured sea-sickness in a new way yet, I am the man—I got over it, Mr. Frank, by dint of hard eating. I was a passenger on board a packet-boat, sir, when first I saw blue water. A nasty lopp of sea came on at dinner time, and I began to feel queer the moment the soup was put on the table. 'Sick?' says the captain, 'Rather, sir,' says I. 'Will you try my cure?' says the captain. 'Certainly, sir,' says I. 'Is your heart in your mouth yet?' says the captain. 'Not quite, sir,' says I. 'Mock turtle soup,' says the captain, and helps me. I swallow a couple of spoonfuls, and turn as white as a sheet. The captain cocks his eye at me. 'Go on deck, sir,' says he, 'get rid of the soup, and then come back to the cabin.' I got rid of the soup and then came back to the cabin. 'Cod's head-and-shoulders,' says the captain, and helps me. 'I can't stand it, sir,' says I. 'You must,' says the captain, 'because it's the cure.' I crammed down a mouthful and turned paler than ever. 'Go on deck,' says the captain. 'Get rid of the cod's head, and come back to the cabin.' Off I go and back I come. 'Boiled leg of mutton and trimmings,' says the captain, and helps me. 'No fat, sir!' says I. 'Fat's the cure,' says the captain, and makes me eat it. 'Lean's the cure,' says the captain, and makes me eat it. 'Steady,' says the captain. 'Sick,' says I. 'Go on deck,' says the captain; 'get rid of the boiled leg of mutton and trimmings, and come back to the cabin.' Off I go, staggering—back I come more dead than alive. 'Devilled kidneys,' says the captain. I shut my eyes and got 'em down. 'Cure's beginning,' says the captain. 'Mutton chop and pickles.' I shut my eyes and got them down. 'Broiled ham and cayenne pepper,' says the captain. 'Glass of stout and cranberry tart. Want to go on deck again?' 'No, sir,' says I. 'Cure's done,' says the captain. 'Never you give in to your stomach and your stomach will end in giving in to you.'"

Having stated the moral purpose of his story in those unanswerable words John Want took himself and his saucepan into the kitchen. A moment later Crayford returned to the hut, and astonished Frank Aldersley by this question:

"Have you anything in your berth, Frank, that you set a value on?"

Frank looked puzzled. "Nothing that I set the smallest value on—when I am cut of it," he replied. "What does your question mean?"

"We are almost as short of fuel as we are of provisions," Crayford proceeded. "Your berth will make good firing. I have directed Bateson to be here in ten minutes with his ax."

"Very attentive and considerate on your part," said Frank. "What is to become of me, if you please, when Bateson has chopped my bed into firewood?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I suppose the cold has stupefied me. The riddle is beyond my reading. Suppose you give me a hint."

"Certainly. There will be beds to spare soon—there is to be a change at last in our wretched lives here. Do you see it now?"

Frank's eyes sparkled. He sprang out of his berth and waved his fur cap in triumph.

"See it!" he exclaimed; "of course I do! The exploring party is to start at last. Do I go with the expedition?"

"It is not very long since you were in the doctor's hands, Frank," said Crayford, kindly. "I doubt if you are strong enough yet to make one of the exploring party."

"Strong enough or not," returned Frank, "any risk is better than pining and perishing here. Put me down, Crayford, among those who volunteer to go."

"Volunteers will not be accepted in this case," said Crayford. "Captain Helding and Captain Ellsworth see serious objections, as we are situated, to that method of proceeding."

"Do they mean to keep the appointments in their own hands?" asked Frank. "I, for one, object to that."

"Wait a little," said Crayford. "You were playing backgammon the other day with one of the officers. Does the board belong to him or to you?"

"It belongs to me. I have got it in my locker here. What do you want with it?"

"I want the dice and the box for casting lots. The captains have arranged—most wisely, as I think—that Chance shall decide among us who goes with the expedition, and who stays behind in the hut. The officers and crew of the Wanderer will be here in a few minutes to cast the lots. Neither you nor any one can object to that way of settling the question. Officers and men alike take their chances together. Nobody can grumble."

"I am quite satisfied," said Frank. "But I know of one man among the officers who is sure to make objections."

"Who is the man?"

"You know him well enough, too. The Bear of the Expedition"—Richard Wardour."

"Frank! Frank! you have a bad habit of letting your tongue run away with you. Don't repeat that stupid nickname when you talk of my good friend, Richard Wardour."

"Your good friend? Crayford! your liking for that man amazes me."

Crayford laid his hand kindly on Frank's shoulder. Of all the officers of the Sea-Mew, Crayford's favorite was Frank.

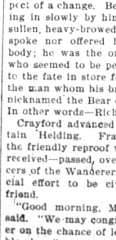
"Why should it amaze you?" he asked. "What opportunities have you had of judging? You and Wardour have always belonged to different ships. I have never seen you in Wardour's society for five minutes together. How can you form a fair estimate of his character?"

"I take the general estimate of his character," Frank answered. "He has got his nickname because he is the most unpopular man in his ship. Nobody likes him—there must be some reason for that."

"There is only one reason for it," Crayford rejoined. "Nobody understands Richard Wardour.—I am not talking at random, Remember, I sailed from England with him in the Wanderer, and I was only transferred to the Sew-Mew long after we were locked up in the ice. I was Richard Wardour's companion on board ship for months, and I learned there to do him justice. Under all his outward defects, I tell you there beats a great and generous heart. Suspend your opinion, my lad, until you know my friend as well as I do. No more of this now. Give me the dice and the box."

Frank opened his locker. At the same time the shrill cry of the snowy waste outside was broken by a shouting voice hailing the hut—"Sea-Mew, a-hoy!"

CHAPTER VIII.



THE sailor on watch came to the door. There, plodding over the ghastly white snow, were the officers of the Wanderer approaching the hut. There, scattered under the merciless black sky, were the crew, with the dogs and sledges, waiting the word which was to start them on their perilous and doubtful journey.

Captain Helding, of the Wanderer, accompanied by his officers, entered the hut—in high spirits at the prospect of a change. Behind them, lounging in slowly by himself, was a dark, sullen, heavy-browed man. He neither spoke nor offered his hand to anybody; he was the one person present who seemed to be perfectly indifferent to the fate in store for him. This was the man whom his brother officers had nicknamed the Bear of the Expedition. His other words—Richard Wardour.

Crayford advanced to welcome Captain Helding. Frank—remembering the friendly reproof which he had just received—passed over the other officers of the Wanderer, and made a special effort to be civil to Crayford's friend.

"Good morning, Mr. Wardour," he said. "We may congratulate each other on the chance of leaving this horrible place."

"You may think it horrible," Wardour retorted. "I like it."

"Like it? Good heavens! Why?"

"Because there are no women here."

Frank turned to his brother officers without making any further advances in the direction of Richard Wardour. The Bear of the Expedition was more unapproachable than ever.

In the meantime the lot had become thronged by the able-bodied officers and men of the two ships. Captain Helding, standing in the midst of them, with Crayford by his side, proceeded to explain the purpose of the contemplated expedition to the audience which surrounded him. He began in these words:

"Brother officers and men of the Wanderer and Sea-Mew, it is my duty to tell you, very briefly, the reasons which have decided Captain Ebsworth and myself on dispatching an exploring party in search of help. Without recalling all the hardships we have suffered for the last two years—the destruction, first of one of our ships, then of the other; the death of some of our bravest and best companions; the vain battles we have been fighting with the ice and snow and cold and boundless desolation of these inhospitable regions—without dwelling on these things, it is my duty to remind you that this, the last place in which we have taken refuge, is far beyond the track of any previous expedition, and that consequently our chances of being discovered by any rescuing parties that may be sent to look after us is, to say the least of it, a chance of the most uncertain kind. You all agree with me, gentlemen, so far?"

The officers (with the exception of Wardour, who stood apart in sullen silence) all agreed, so far.

The Captain went on: "It is therefore urgently necessary that we should make another, and probably a last, effort to extricate ourselves. The winter is not far off, game is getting scarcer and scarcer, our stock of provisions is running low, and the sick—especially, I am sorry to say, the sick in the Wanderer's hut—are increasing in number day by day. We must look to our own lives, and to the lives of those who are dependent on us, and we have no time to lose."

The officers echoed the words cheerfully.

"Right! right! No time to lose."

Captain Helding resumed: "The plan proposed is, that a detachment of the able-bodied men and officers among us should set forth this very day and make another effort to reach the nearest inhabited settlements, from which help and provisions may be dispatched to those who remain here. The new direction to be taken, and the various precautions to be adopted, are all drawn out ready. The only question now before us is—who is to stop here, and who is to undertake the journey?"

The officers answered the question with one accord: "Volunteers." The men echoed their officers—"Aye, aye, volunteers."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMEDIES FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

There is no doubt that many people who would otherwise spend their holidays in visiting foreign countries are deterred by the fear of sea sickness, an effective remedy for which does not yet appear to have been invented. Although various means of relief have obtained a degree of credit in this distressing and severe affection of the stomach, still the greatest relief is usually to be gained by remaining perfectly quiet and motionless, and by exposing the body to the fresh air on deck instead of retiring to the cabin.

A little wine or spirit diluted with water will frequently succeed in checking the vomiting and nausea, and the same effect has been known to arise from eating two or three fresh apples, while any very strong impression made on the mind by exciting a powerful influence on the brain is at once capable of arresting the progress of sea sickness, such, for instance, as an alarm of fire or other risk to which the vessel may be suddenly exposed. It may not be generally known that deaf mutes never suffer from sea sickness, a fact which is perfectly well understood by those who have had charge of these unfortunates.

The result of inquiries that have been made into the reason of this immunity tends to show that the absence of sensibility in the auditory nerves is the occasion of the entire freedom of deaf mutes from sea sickness. Both physiological experiment and pathological observation point to that part of the inner ear known as the semi-circular canals as exercising a controlling influence over the maintenance of the erect posture and the sense of equilibrium. As those functions are frequently disturbed on shipboard by the rapidly changing motion of the ship, it seems probable that this has much to do with sea sickness, if it is not the sole cause of it.

CURING DRUNKENNESS.

We believe the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any cure for confirmed habits of inebriety unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or in a minor degree satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man:"

"I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on. I satisfied the cravings and I gathered a feeling or stimulus and strength.

"I continued this cure and persevered until the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."

How Big Your Feet Should Be.

It is quite easy to tell if your feet are the proper size. Every person, unless deformed, has a bone of the exact normal length of the foot, and by comparison the largeness or smallness of the foot can be seen. The foot in length should be the length of the ulna a bone in the forearm, which extends from the lump in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow.

For the twenty-three years of the French revolutionary wars, culminating with Waterloo, Britain spent over $250,000,000 on an average annually.

A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight.

—At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Our representative called at 36 Battle Creek Avenue, the residence of S. I. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts. Mr. Robbins tells of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says, "I am sorry my wife is not at home this P. M., but you already know better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as $900.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on, such as a pain in through the kidneys and back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician; however, I got some and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see their action; the attack was warded off, and she continued taking them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years, the pain in the back and others in the kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day goes by that we do not mention the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinions. If it were not for the pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

SITTING AND SINGEING.

The Greatest Desire of the Busy Man in the Hot Weather, and How He Accomplished It.

Sitting at one's desk, singeing in the sizzling August heat which frequently comes in July or June, one's thoughts turn to something far more desirable, and one's ambition and determination, after the first four or five days of toil, is to get away and find the longed-for coolness and escape from care as well. Having at length sensibly concluded that it is better to work well ten or eleven months in the year and rest and recuperate the balance of the time, the next thing is to determine what part of the universe we will grace with our presence. The west is ever a drawing attraction for those living in the eastern or middle sections, and now come remembrances of stories our friends have told us about the beauties and grandeur of Colorado and the Rocky mountains. Slyly there creeps into the imagination a gurgling brook and we decide to try our skill at casting a fly on its rifles. We mentally note that while we like society, we don't yearn for it alone, and philize that we doesn't encumber one very much, anyhow. Into the trunk she goes, along with a kodak, perhaps, for we are going to see the grandest mountains and most beautiful scenery of America. We may be home in two weeks. One can do so much in two weeks.

Having made up our minds, we select the Missouri Pacific system as our means of travel, because we may as well enjoy its luxurious car service, and not run the risk to which the ocean is quickly as possible. The Colorado Short Line from Kansas City to Pueblo suits our fancy, and we are gone on a never-to-be-forgotten trip, with dull care and heat left behind and the dust and the smoke of the city out of mind while we revel in the pure mountain air. We find two weeks is a very short time, after all, and wonder how it ever occurred to us to do much in two weeks. There are more fishing streams and more additional scenery beyond, over there on the Gunnison, and in the vicinity of Wagon Wheel Gap and Animas Canon, and, finding that the Denver & Rio Grande road takes us through this greatest midst of scenery, we are bound to have a look at it. We go, perhaps extending our trip to Utah, We are charmed, we get browned, we eat enough for the whole family, and we conclude to bring the whole family along when we repeat the trip, next year.

Thus are our lives lengthened, and we bring to business renewed energy of mind and body, as well as body, and consider that we were wise when we reached the determination to take some play along with the hard work. There is no greater incentive to work well than the remembrance that we have had our vacation and enjoyed it.

F. P. BAKER.

A prominent New York paper printed, not long ago, a dispatch from Washington beginning thus: "President McKinley's Cuban policy is still a matter of much uncertainty."

Speer's Wines Endorsed by Leading Doctors.

Mr. Alfred Speer,

Passaic, N. J.

Dear Sir—Permit me to say that I have been prescribing for some time Speer's Wine with good results. Kindly send another when in need of a wholesome wine.

Very Respectfully,

D. H. YOUNG, M. D.,

Fulton, Mo.

It would pay someone to make a specialty of raising and selling family horses—horses that are brainy, level-headed and handsome.

A Noted Detroit Doctor on Speer's Brandy.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 27, 1895.

The Speer N. J. Wine Co.,

Passaic, N. J.

Gentlemen—Having tried your Port Grape Wine and Climax Brandy I would say, your product is O. K. You can set me down as indorsing it. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours Truly,

E. B. SMITH, M. D.

If a horse is out of condition there is a cause. And, if he shows any irregularity or improperly, or are his teeth sharp or worn?

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the chimerical idea they form of the happiness of others.

The real purpose of arbitration is to show that the other fellow is wrong.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

To Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

Burlington Route via. Denver.

A through Sleeping car to Colorado Springs and Pueblo via. Denver is attached to Burlington Route daily train leaving Chicago 10:35 p. m. Office, 211 Clark St.

People are apt to imagine that expense adds zest to amusement.

Men who expect favors should first throw around a few for seed.

SEEKING COOLNESS.

An Elegant Trip Where Comfort and Beautiful Scenery Abounds.

There is a route known as the Ten Thousand Island Route, traversed by the steamers Cambria and Carmonia, of The Windsor, Detroit & Soo Line, where the comfort, lower can view, as the steamers glide along, some scenery as magnificent as the world contains. These boats leave Detroit and Windsor taking a week for the round trip, the terminal points being Sault Ste. Marie and Detroit. One who has not seen the beauties of Georgian Bay has missed some rare sights.

The steamers plying over this route are comfortable and the rate of speed is set for comfort rather than speed as the line does a passenger business almost exclusively and one going on a pleasure trip sees and enjoys more when not flying over the cool waters, but going at a leisurely pace, stopping here and there, with scenes of beauty almost always in view. The passenger has the entertainments places where fish abound and where the angler would find a paradise. For those who prefer other sports and amusements the equipments are simply tooinumerous to mention.

The meals are well served and tickets include meals and a berth. Stop over privileges are liberally granted so that one can simply take his own time to make the round trip, the price for which is only $17. It is even delightful to take this delightful sea voyage during these sweltering days, but the real enjoyment and rest it affords are beyond description and they price is within the means of all. General information and circulars may be obtained of George W. Brown, Windsor, Ont.

So, almost as surely, about administration secrets, for when the President wishes to reveal his policy he doesn't tell it to correspondents, nor to "leaky" friends. Those who assume to know, whether correspondents or congressmen, are merely guessing when they pretend to disclose the intentions of the President.

Try Grain-O.

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

No man should trust himself alone with a girl who talks about affinity, and her need of daily companionship with a kindred soul.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Some young men would get along better if they had less paint to their shoes and more to their conversation.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The trouble with most schemes is that they are based upon theories that are not practical.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enthusiasm is a thing that is of no particular use unless it is of the spontaneous kind.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The man who has the least in him is generally the one who talks most about himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

If a man of wealth wants a horse he will pay a long price to secure what suits him.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Sore Lips, Sore Nipples, &c. C. E. Hazen, Cr.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

GRONOLITH PAT. LEVE—America's finest putting 7 week $17. For full description & stock of Bicycles, Sporting Goods, &c., write Sph. St., or 101 Woodward Ave., Detroit, or any G. T. Ry. agent.

The man who quarrels with his lot in life helps the devil to make him miserable.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

Originally a chancellor was a doorkeeper. Less speed travels further than much brag.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1885.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill., Jan. 5, '96.

Parlor was originally the talking place. Glaze was first manufactured at GLAZE Baron once meant only a strong man.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Byannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* *on every bear the fac-similie signature of* *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* *on the and has the signature of* *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897; Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AN INCIDENT AT THE CITY HOSPITAL.

A Woman's Life Barely Saved by a Critical Operation—Wife Restored to Health and Husband Overjoyed.

There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of an hour a very sick young woman was brought in on a stretcher. She was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. There was a hasty examination and a consultation. In less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo the operation called ovariotomy.

There was no time for the usual preparation. Her left ovary was on the point of bursting; when it was removed, it literally disintegrated. If it had burst before removal, she would have died almost instantly! That young woman had had warnings enough in the terrible pains, the burning sensation, the swelling low down on her left side. No one advised her, so she suffered tortures and nearly lost her life. I wish I had met her months before, so I could have told her of the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. As it is now, she is a wreck of a woman.

Oh, my sisters, if you will not tell a doctor your troubles, do tell them to a woman who stands ever ready to relieve you! Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., confide freely to her all your troubles, and she will advise you free of charge; and if you have any of the above symptoms take the advice of Miss Agnes Tracy, who speaks from experience and says:

"For three years I had suffered with inflammation of the left ovary, which caused dreadful pains. I was so badly affected that I had to sleep with pillows under my side, and then the pain was so great it was impossible to rest.

"Every month I was in bed for two or three days. I took seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am entirely cured. I think there is no medicine to be compared with the Compound for female diseases. Every woman who suffers from any form of female weakness should try it at once." Miss AGNES TRACY, Box 432, Valley City, N. D.

A man may love a woman enough to give up smoking when she asks him to do it for her sake, but he will never love so much again.

WOMEN WHO CAN and have a few spare hours can earn good wages (in any locality in the country). Write to L. White & Co., 134 State St., Chicago.

CROCHET PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

IT KILLS

Potato Bugs, Cabbage Worms, and all forms of insect life. Harmless to man or beast. Will not injure the most delicate plants.

Gray Mineral Ash

is fully warranted where directions are followed. Send for our little "bug book." It may save you lots of money.

National Mining and Milling Co., Baltimore, Md.

Carried in stock by all leading wholesale druggists.

$75 $50

RIDE A CRESCENT BICYCLE

Western Wheel Works, CHICAGO ILLINOIS

CATALOGUE FREE

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian **HAIR RENEWER**

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

A man sentenced to be hanged asked for a suspension of public opinion in its stead.

One dose of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry will check any case of diarrhœa if taken at the start.

Singular that a man with no money to trouble him should have money troubles.

NEW PRICES

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