THE SECRET

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I can't tell you," he said. "I can't get the wash of the sea out of my ears, I can't get the shining stars all night, and the burning sun all day, out of my brain. When was I wrecked? When was I first adrift in the boat? When did I get the lilies in my hand and fight against hunger and sleep? When did the gnawing in my breast, and the burning in my head, first begin? I have lost all reckoning of it. I can't think; I can't sleep; I can't get the wash of the sea out of my ears. What are you baiting me with questions for? Let me eat!"

Even the sailors pitied him. The sailors asked leave of their officer to add a little drink to his meat.

"We've got a drop of grog with us, sir, in a bottle. May we give it to him?"

"Certainly."

He took the bottle fiercely, as he had taken the food—drank a little—stopped—and considered with himself again. He held up the bottle to the light, and, marking how much liquor it contained, carefully drank half of it only. "This done, he put the bottle in his wallet, along with the flask.

"Are you saving it up for another time?" said Steventon.

"I'm saving it up," the man answered. "Never mind what for."

He looked round the boat-house as he made that reply, and noticed Mrs. Crayford for the first time.

"A woman among you!" he said. "Is she English? Is she young? Let me look closer at her!"

He advanced a few steps toward the table. "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Crayford," said Steventon.

"I'm not afraid," Mrs. Crayford replied. "He frightened me at first—he interests me now. Let him speak to me if he wishes it."

He never spoke. He stood, in dead silence, looking long and anxiously at the beautiful English women.

"Well?" said Steventon.

He shook his head sadly, and drew back again, with a heavy sigh. "No!" he said to himself; "that's not her face. No! not found yet."

Mrs. Crayford's interest was strongly excited. She ventured to speak to him. "Who is it you want to find?" she asked. "Your wife?"

He shook his head again.

"Who then? What is she like?"

He answered that question in words. His hoarse, hollow voice softened little by little into sorrowful and gentle tones.

"Young," he said; "with a fair, sad face—with kind, tender eyes—with a soft clear voice. Young, and loving and merciful. I keep her face in my mind, though I can keep nothing else. I must wander, wander, wander—restless, sleepless, homeless—till I find her! Over the ice and over the snow; tossing on the sea, tramping over the land; awake all night, awake all day; wander, wander, wander till I find her."

He waved his hand with a gesture of farewell, and turned wearily to go out. At the same moment, Crayford opened the yard door.

"I think you had better come to Clara," he began—and checked himself, noticing the stranger. "Who is that?"

The shipwrecked man, hearing another voice in the room, looked round slowly over his shoulder. Struck by his appearance, Crayford advanced a little nearer to him. Mrs. Crayford spoke to her husband as he passed her.

"It's only a poor mad creature, William," she whispered; "shipwrecked and starving."

"Mad!" Crayford repeated, approaching nearer and nearer to the man. "Am I in my right senses?" He suddenly sprang on the outcast, and seized him by the throat. "Richard Wardour!" he cried, in a voice of fury. "Alive! Alive to answer for Frank!" The man struggled. Crayford held him.

"Where is Frank?" he said. "You villain, where is Frank?"

The man resisted no longer. He repeated vacantly—"Villain?"—and "Where is Frank?"

As the name escaped his lips, Clara appeared at the open yard door, and hurried into the room.

"I heard Richard's name!" she said. "I heard Frank's name! What does it mean?"

At the sound of her voice the outcast renewed the struggle to free himself, with a sudden frenzy of strength which Crayford was not able to resist. He broke away before the sailors could come to their officer's assistance. Half way down the length of the room he and Clara met one another face to face. A new light sparkled in the poor wretch's eyes; a cry of recognition burst from his lips. He flung one hand up wildly in the air. "Found!" he shouted, and rushed out to the beach before any of the men present could stop him.

Mrs. Crayford put her arms round Clara and held her up. She had not made a movement; she had not spoken a word. The sight of Wardour's face had petrified her.

The minutes passed, and there rose a sudden burst of cheering from the sailors on the beach, near the spot where the fishermen's boats were drawn up. Every man left his work. Every man waved his cap in the air. The passengers, near at hand, caught the infection of enthusiasm, and joined the cry. A moment more, and Richard Wardour appeared again in the doorway, carrying a man in his arms. He staggered, breathless with the effort that he was making, to the place where Clara stood, held up in Mrs. Crayford's arms.

"Saved, Clara!" he cried. "Saved for you!"

He released the man, and placed him in Clara's arms. Frank! Footsore and weary, but living! Saved—saved for her! "Now, Clara," cried Mrs. Crayford, "which of us is right? I, who believed in the mercy of God—or you, who believed in a dream?"

She never answered; she clung to Frank in speechless ecstasy. She never even looked at the man who had preserved him—in the first absorbing joy of seeing her lover alive. Step by step, slower and slower, Richard Wardour drew back and left them by themselves.

"I may rest now," he said faintly. "I may sleep at last. The task is done. The struggle is over."

His last reserves of strength had been given to Frank. He stopped, he staggered, his hands wavered feebly in search of support. But for one faithful friend he would have fallen. Crayford caught him. Crayford laid his old comrade gently on some sails strewed in a corner, and pillowed Wardour's weary head on his own breast. The tears streamed over his face. "Richard! Dear Richard!" he said. "Remember—and forgive me."

Richard neither heeded nor heard him. His dim eyes still looked across the room at Clara and Frank.

"I have made her happy," he murmured. "I have held down my weary head now on the mother earth that fosters on her children to rest at last. Sink, heart, sink, sink to rest! Oh, look at them!" he said to Crayford, with a last grief, "they have forgotten me already."

It was true! The ingenuity was all with the two lovers. Frank was young, and handsome, and popular. Officers, passengers, and sailors, they all crowded round Frank. They all forgot the shipwrecked man who had saved him—the man who was dying in Crayford's arms.

Crayford tried once more to attract his attention to win his recognition, while there was yet time.

"Richard, speak to me! Speak to your old friend!"

He looked round; he vacantly repeated Crayford's last word.

"Friend?" he said. "My eyes are dim, friend; my mind is dull. I have lost all but one thought—the memory of her. Dead thoughts—all dead thoughts but that one! And yet you look at me kindly. Why has your face gone down with the wreck of all the rest?"

He paused. His face changed; his thoughts drifted back from present to past. He looked at Crayford vacantly, lost in the terrible remembrances that were rising in him, as the shadows rise with the coming night.

"Hark ye, friend!" he whispered. "Never let Frank know it. There was a time when the fiend within me hungered for his life. I had my hands on the boat. I heard the voice of the Tempter speaking to me. 'Launch it, and leave him to die!' I waited, with my hands on the boat and my eyes on the place of her sleep. 'Leave him!' leave him!' the Voice whispered. 'Love him!' the lad's voice answered, moaning and murmuring in his sleep. 'Love him, Clara, for helping me!' I heard the morning wind come up in the silence over the great deep. Far and near, I heard the bubbling of the floating ice, floating, floating, to the clear water and the balmy air. And the wicked Voice floated away with it—away, away, away, forever! 'Love him!' love him, Clara, for helping me.' No wind could float that away! 'Love him, Clara—'"

His voice sank into silence; his head dropped on Crayford's breast. Frank saw it. Frank struggled up on his bleeding feet, and parted the friendly throng round him. Frank had not forgotten the man who had saved him.

"Let me go to him!" he cried. "I must, and will, go to him! Clara, come with me."

Clara and Steventon supported him, between them. He fell on his knees at Wardour's side; he put his hand on Wardour's bosom. "Richard!"

The weary eyes opened again. The sinking voice was heard feebly once more.

"Ah! poor Frank. I didn't forget you, Frank, when I came here to die. I remembered you, lying down outside in the shadows of the boats. I saved you your share of the food and drink. Too weak to get at it now! A little rest, Frank! I shall soon be strong enough to carry you down to the ship."

The end was near. They all saw it now. The men reverently uncovered their heads in the presence of Death. In an agony of despair, Frank appealed to the friends round him.

"Get something to strengthen him for God's sake! Oh, men! men! I should never have been here but for him! He has given all his strength to my weakness; and now, see how strong I am, and how weak he is! Clara! I held by his arm all over the ice and snow. He kept watch when I was senseless in the open boat. His hand dragged me out of the waves, when we were wrecked. Speak to him, Clara! speak to him." His voice failed him, and his head dropped on Wardour's breast.

She spoke, as well as her tears would let her. "Richard! have you forgotten me?"

He rallied at the sound of that beloved voice. He looked up at her, as she knelt at his head.

"Forgotten you?" Still looking at her, he lifted his hand with an effort, and laid it on Frank. "Should I have been strong enough to save him, if I could have forgotten you?" He waited a moment, and turned his face feebly toward Crayford. "Stay!" he said. "Some one was here and spoke to me." A faint light of recollection glimmered in his eyes. "Ah, Crayford! I recollect now. Dear Crayford! Come nearer! My mind clears; but my eyes grow dim. You will remember me kindly for Frank's sake? Poor Frank! why does he hide his face? Is he crying? Nearer, Clara—I want to look my last at you. My sister Clara! Kiss me, sister, kiss me before I die!"

She stooped and kissed his forehead. A faint smile trembled on his lips. It passed away; and stillness possessed the face—the stillness of Death.

Crayford's voice was heard in the silence.

"The loss is ours," he said. "The gain is his. He has won the greatest of all conquests—the conquest of himself. And he has died in the moment of victory. Not one of us here but may live to envy his glorious death."

The distant report of a gun came from the ship in the offing, and signaled the return to England and to home.

THE END.

RELATING TO HEALTH.

If dyspeptics would take the precaution of resting before meals it would materially aid their digestive powers. Daily naps are good for persons who are troubled by the American disease, dyspepsia. Sleep is food for the nerves; early hours should be observed and the whole system invigorated if recovery is wished.

Fewer limbs are amputated nowadays than ten years ago. Such is the verdict of one of London's largest hospitals. While surgical operations have increased 50 per cent they have become more conservative and science now devotes itself to the saving of limbs which ten years ago there would have been no option but to cut off. At the same time mortality has decreased owing to improved methods of nursing and better sanitation. Only 2 per cent of the operations today are amputations.

In view of the many changes which have been going on in the early-to-bed, early-to-rise idea the following opinion from a recruitment medical authority would be of interest. He takes up the old statement that an hour before midnight is worth two hours after, and gives his opinion as follows: "I had an opportunity to make some study of this subject in my naval service during the late war. On shipboard the ship's company officers and men alike stand four-hour watches day and night, and to get the required amount of rest are obliged to get their sleep irregularly; to so arrange it that the same man shall not be obliged to take the late watches continually, the 'dog-watch' of two hours is interpolated, thus adding to the irregularity in watching the results for over two years I could never discover that the watch, officers and men, were not as well refreshed by the sleep as were the unofficial and pay officers, who stand no watch and have hours of rest after those of any householder." It seems to make but little difference to those who have given careful attention to this subject whether people sleep at one time or another, so that they get a sufficient amount of sleep.

ENGLAND'S GARDEN.

The little Isle of Wight, which is called the garden of England, has one of the highest ladies of the land as its governor, inasmuch as Princess Beatrice, daughter of the Queen of England, is the resident governor and takes as much interest in the affairs of the tiny domain as any man ever has who occupied the same position.

Women rule in the land. The station is kept by a woman—Whippingham station—and the inspector of the capable elderly stationmistress that no man helps her sell tickets or care for the tiny and picturesque station. From the station a charming country road winds along a mile to the royal village of Whippingham which is rustic but well-kept and within the Osborne domain. The postoffice is very quaint with its thatched Gothic roof and whatever letters are waiting to be called for are shown in the window like merchandise. A woman presides over the land and to another woman is intrusted the care of the village church.

The chapel contains a royal pew, for when the queen is at Osborne she always attends church. Opposite her pew is the marble memorial to Princess Beatrice's husband. Whippingham enjoys the distinction of being the only parish church at which the marriage of a child of the reigning monarch has taken place.

Very interesting are the queen's almshouses, a long row of cottages, connected into a rambling building covered with ivy, picturesque in every way. Here live the widows of the Osborne estate and several old couples whose days of toil are ended. One particularly bright couple are Mr. and Mrs. Jackman—he having driven a pony before the estate was purchased by the queen and having passed into her service along with the property.

Heart Burials.

The body of Louis IX., after his death at Carthage, in 1270, is related to have been boiled in wine and water, in order to preserve it for transportation, and it was then shipped by Charles of Anjou (I.) to Sicily. Here the flesh and viscera were deposited in the Benedictine abbey of Monreale, near Palermo. The heart and bones remained, by the desire of the soldiers, in the camp. Later his son Philip (le Hardi), having carried them and those of his brother Tristan into Italy, they were taken to Paris in 1271. On March 21 of that year, the bones, reduced to ashes, were deposited temporarily in Notre Dame, whence they were presently borne in state to the Benedictine abbey of St. Denis, and at each spot by the way where the bearers paused, seven in number, Philip subsequently caused a cross to be raised. Charles of Anjou dying at Foggia, 1285, his heart was sent to Angers, while his body was entombed in San Gennaro, at Naples. Philip II (le Hardi) died of pestilence at Perpignan on October 5, 1285. His flesh was buried at Narbonne. His heart was given by Philip IV. (le Bel) to the Dominicans of Paris.—Notes and Queries.

A cannon that was used on board the Kearsarge in her naval duel with the Alabama is part of the new soldiers' monument at Stamford, Conn.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Widow's Personal Property—Tough Times and the Parrot—An Unwarranted Boast — Flotsam and Jetsam.

Love's Greeting.

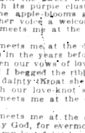
OLLY meets me at the door
When the toll of day is o'er.
When the summer sun at setting,
Flashing through the leafy fretting,
Flecks with molten gold the floor.—
With a smile of Love's begetting,
Molly meets me at the door.

Molly meets me at the door,
'Neath the porch's fragrant store,
'Neath the sweet wistaria clinging,
With its purple clusters swinging,
And the apple-blooms galore.
In her voice a welcome ringing,
Molly meets me at the door.

Molly meets me at the door,
Fair as in the years before.
When our vows of love were spoken,
And I begged the ribbon token
At her dainty throat she wore.
With our love-knot still unbroken,
Molly meets me at the door.

Molly meets me at the door.
Ah, pray God, for evermore,
Till my last faint breath is fleeting,
Till my heart has ceased its beating,
May she meet me as of yore.
Grant for aye, with cheery greeting,
Molly meets me at the door.

Ought to Have Told.



Nephew—How did you like the parrot I sent you?

Uncle—Rather touch.

Nephew—What! did you eat him? Why, he was a great talker.

Uncle—Well, why didn't he darn fool say so?

Deceived by Appearance.

An old darkey was arrested for stealing a silver dollar. The dollar was found on his person and produced in court.

"You stole this money?" asked the judge.

"Dat's what dey says, suh."

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, suh, nuttin much, ceptin' dat I kep' drivin' her in."

"Driven to it?"

"Yes, suh. You see, jedge, dat dollar had a bird on it, en it looks so much like a 'kome chicken' dat I thought I wuz in a hen roos' en de nex' thing I knowed I'd be in de calaboose."—Atlanta Constitution.

In European Style.

"This hotel is run on the European plan, isn't it?" asked the hungry-looking guest with the long hair and buckskin trousers.

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter.

"Well, I haven't time to look over the bill of fare," rejoined the other resignedly. "Bring me some English breakfast tea, a Hamburg steak, Swiss cheese, some German fried potatoes and French coffee cake or Vienna bread—I don't care a darn which!"—Chicago Tribune.

Her Advantage.

Mrs. Stalemate—Only to think of the way in which Mrs. Smarte snapped up that wealthy Mr. Goode! It's positively disgusting.

Uncle John—Naturally some of the other ladies are disappointed, but they had no chance against Mrs. Smarte. She's a widow, you know, and she hasn't haunted the matrimonial bargain counter the last two or three years for nothing.—Boston Transcript.

His Unwarranted Boast.

Louise—Do you know that Charley Finnicks is going around town bragging that he kissed you the other night?

Jessie—Why, the horrible story teller! He did no such thing. It was I that kissed him, and he nearly fainted when I did it, too. But that's the way with cowards. They always are the greatest boasters."—Cleveland Leader.

Very Personal.

Wilson—Has that charming widow any property?

Bilson—Yes, considerable.

Wilson—Real estate or personal?

Bilson—Personal; she has six children.

Slightly Daft.

"Bobson is certainly daft about that new baby of his."

"What has he done?"

"Why, we were all talking about the tariff at the office last Saturday, but Bobson only made one remark."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted to know if they had raised the duty on catnip tea."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ARE TEETH DISAPPEARING?

A Terrible Calamity Promised for the Coming Generations.

What is to be done about it, or will the future race be content to do without teeth? asks the Boston Herald. According to an experienced dentist, education is playing sad havoc with the teeth of the modern generation. The change in them has been apparently rapid, more so than in other physical deteriorations, and, dentistry having become a science, the cause is sought with hopes to stay the effect. Formerly, says the dentist, decayed teeth were attributed to a fondness for sweets, but this idea is a mistake. Sugar is nourishing, and taken with a wholesome diet and proper care of the teeth it doesn't harm them. The truth is that the ancient sturdy square jaw of the Anglo-Saxon race is changing through over-much study and overreduction to a V shape, which presses the teeth one upon the other and does not give them room to grow, and will in time prevent them coming at all. The horse lost his five toes through disease; man is about to lose his "wisdom" teeth through a like process. The "wisdomers" are already missing in many jaws. This, singular to relate, makes the cheek bags of English women are not averse to this V-shaped angle of chin. They are distinguished for the length and breadth of the teeth, and would gladly see their favorite dimple under the new facial form. Girton and Newnham, Radcliffe and Vassar are responsible for much of this "educated" jaw. The young men are not sorry to have less teeth to be filled, and as personal vanity plays quite a part in their physical culture they would as soon see toothless as not. But suppose more study and higher education adds this process of evolution and in the course of time the grandchildren of the students of today have jaws like elephants and never, never, never any teeth, what then? Will the dentists occupation be gone, or will they, as a wise provision, supply manufacture complete artificial sets for people from the day of their birth onward?

New Danger Signal.

French newspapers are suggesting a new system for the prevention of marine accidents which proposes to place lifeboats and signals in floating receptacles to be attached to the ends of the light buoys and bell buoys. Cliffs and dangerous shoals are very often hidden by thick fog, which does not allow light to penetrate nor sound to be heard. But, as late as while the strong smell of some chemical substances would be carried far away, and would indicate to the seafarer with a keen olfactory sense at great distance that he is nearing a dangerous coast.

A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27, says: "Upon September 1 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway will go into effect, and on that date the former will send its first fast train out of Chicago. This will be attached to the Rock Island train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Union Pacific, which will run it through to the Pacific coast over these two lines. The Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific will be the connecting lines. The train will run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new and important route call on or address C. A. Hefford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A small boy who had been vaccinated was christened. As soon as the minister stopped sprinkling water on his face and the little fellow looked up and said: "Do you think it will take?"

Port Grape Wine for the Sick.

We can confidently recommend Speer's Port Grape Wine as a superior article of wine for the sick and aged. Over 700 physicians and others are at Passaic, N. J. Medical Register.

Nothing is better than Speer's as a stimulant.

The man who plays football says that a fighting chance for his life.

Old Fine Climax Brandy.

From grape wine, has been fourteen years stored and matured for the finest trade. Its Brandies are created for its France and is as fine in flavor and smoothness as the finest Brands of Cognac. Ask your druggist for Speer's Climax Brandy.

Lover—I assure you, Herr Meyer, I can't live without your daughter. Herr Meyer—Oh, you overestimate my income.

Quizzer—And how are you getting on with that literary work you are undertaking? Lyre—I succeed in breaking the ice.

It may also be said that homelessness is only skin deep.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

Arithmetical notation: Mix the nine digits and zero was used in Hindostan in the ninth century.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It never fails. 25c.

"In China when a pupil is reciting this lesson you be turns his back to his teacher."

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Don't forget that your soul may be lost if you lose your temper.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The love of silver is still making many a man betray his Lord.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Some men are in the hands of a lawyer or doctor all the time.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Politicks and law is purty much the same in all kingdoms.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Piso Co., Warren, Pa.

Christ was God's idea of what every man should be.

Grosbeck's Bay Live—America's finest eating 1 week $1. For fishing Steamers dock, foot Randolph St., or 139 Woodward Ave., Detroit, or any G. T. Ry. agent.

Faith never takes a step without first looking up.

Norway is to have a World's Fair.

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 people can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear that they are thinking of themselves and laying little traps for approbation.

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. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

First-Actor (in a tragic whisper)—"Are we quite alone?" Second Actor (glancing grimly at the small audience)—"Almost."

Read the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

He—I know I'm a fool, but—she—"Well, you know more than I thought you did, then. I'll accept you."

Every day symptoms of digestive disorders—acid stomach, distress after eating, burning at pit of stomach, dull, heavy feeling—Brandreth Blessed Bitters never fails to correct any troubles of this sort.

Chicago authorities got after Schlatter, the "divine healer" for practicing medicine without a license.

Thousands of people are subject to bowel trouble in some of its various forms. Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy in all such cases.

Pathos sometimes is very near to humor, and some people's humor is very near to pathos.

Why continue to pass your nights in scratching, and your days in misery? Doan's Ointment brings instant, relief, and permanently cures even the worst cases of Itching Piles. It never fails.

Whenever a man makes a good guess he begins to talk about his good judgment.

R. C. Jonner, Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich., says: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil."

The greatest organ in the world with no stops—woman's mouth.

Rugs Made From Your Old Carpets.

Latest improved, the only method of making reversible rugs from your old Brussels or Ingrain carpets, with borders all around. Send for circular and prices. The Rockford Weaving Co., 621 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To learn to play the trombone it is necessary to have good lungs and indulgent neighbors.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Talent is the ability to make use of the results of some one else's genius.

The old sailor is quitin' too many friends that wants to help him.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Also Backache.

I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine, for it has done so much for me. I have been a great sufferer from Kidney trouble, pains in muscles, joints, back and shoulders; feet would swell. I also had womb troubles and leucorrhœa. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, I felt like a new woman. My kidneys are now in perfect condition, and all my other troubles are cured.—Mrs. Maggie Potts, 324 Kaufman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Backache.

My system was entirely run down, and I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright. I was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I look better than I ever looked before. I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine.—Mrs. E. F. Morton, 1043 Hopkins St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kidney Trouble.

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I had suffered many years with kidney trouble. The pains in my back and shoulders were terrible. My menstruation became irregular, and I was troubled with leucorrhœa. I was growing very weak. I had been to many physicians but received no benefit. I began the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, and the first bottle relieved the pain in my back and regulated the menses. It is the best kind of medicine that I have ever taken, for it relieved the pain so quickly and cured the disease.—Mrs. Lillian Crippen, Box 77, St. Andrews Bay, Fla.

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The Peerless makes its own galvanizing, so both the steel and cross wires and is the only absolutely dead level wire stay weaving device in the market.
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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 37—'97

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

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now Chas. H. Fletcher on every bear the fac-simile 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 Chas. H. Fletcher 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.

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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.

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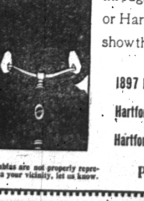

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1897 Hartfords,	$50
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If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

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