DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

On perceiving that I was awake, a hand bell was rung by the captain, and hot coffee, accompanied by the last slice of shore-bread that remained, was brought to me by Billy, the cabin-boy, and then, after a time, I was requested to state what craft that was from which I had been taken, my name, and so forth, that Mr. Hislop might enter all the particulars among the "remarks" in his log-book.

I soon satisfied them as to all this. "And where am I now?" I inquired.

"Pretty far out upon the open sea, my lad," replied the captain with a smile, as he threw the end of his cheroot into the empty grate.

"The open sea—still the open sea!" I reiterated with dismay, which I cared not to conceal.

"Yes; we saw the last glimpse of the rugged Start on the day before yesterday, and this morning, just an hour before picking you up, we bade good-bye to old England, for the Lizard Light was bearing—you had the dead watch, Hislop; how did it bear?"

"About twelve miles off, on the weather quarter."

"How shall I return home?"

They both laughed as I despairingly made this inquiry.

"By the way you left it, I suppose; that is by water," said Capt. Weston.

"You spoke of the Start; what is that?"

"A cape of the Channel, on the southeast coast of Devonshire, about nine miles to the southward of Dartmouth," he replied, while casting a casual glance at a chart which lay on the table

I had thus, before being rescued so providentially, drifted more than a hundred miles from Erlesmere, and it was marvelous that the schooner had floated so far unseen.

"Well, what is to be done now?" asked the captain. "We are bound for the West Indies, but we may put you aboard the first craft that passes us, homeward-bound; or you are free to remain, if we cannot do better for you."

I thought of my mother, my father, my two sisters; and my heart was so full of gratitude to heaven for preserving me to the end, that I might see and embrace them all again, that I had no words to reply. After a time I exclaimed:

"Home, home!—let me go home to Erlesmere!"—weeping as I spoke, for the thought of them all made me a very child again.

The captain and mate exchanged glances of inquiry.

"It's no use piping your eye now, my lad," said the former, coming toward my berth; "but answer me quietly. You said that your name was Rodney?"

"Yes."

"And you spoke of Erlesmere; are you a son of old Dr. Rodney, the rector?"

"Do you know my father, then?" I exclaimed.

"Can't say exactly that I have the honor of being known to him; but I know of him, right well. Why, Master Rodney, I have sailed your uncle's ships many a time, and know his gloomy old office in the city, as well as the buoy at the Nore; so you are as safe and as welcome aboard the Eugenie as if in the old rectory house at home."

This was pleasant intelligence, at all events; but my earnest desire was to return—a design which was not fated to be speedily gratified.

For several days we passed only outward-bound vessels, or others which were at such a distance that the task of signaling and speaking with them would have delayed the Eugenie longer than Capt. Weston could risk. Two that passed near us, when we showed our ensign, replied by displaying the tricolor of France or the red and yellow bars of Spain; so there was nothing for me now but to remain contentedly on board the Eugenie, which was bound for Matanzas with a solid cargo of steam machinery and coal.

The master had no doubt of getting a return freight direct for London; thus six or eight months might elapse before I could return to Erlesmere.

I gradually became reconciled to the novelty of my situation; I looked forward hopefully to the time when the sorrow of those I had left behind would be alleviated, and began to enjoy to the utmost the prospect of a voyage in a spanking brig to the shores of Cuba.

CHAPTER V.

The Voyage to Cuba.

I resolved not to be an idler or lobbolly boy, and was allowed by Captain Weston to take my watches and share of deck duty with the rest of the crew; and at intervals I worked hard at a Spanish grammar with Marc Hislop, who would read "Don Quixote" in the original, with a fluency that even my old tutor at Eton might have envied.

We were now clear of the Channel; and, after a hard battle with the wind and sea, we left the long roll of the mighty Atlantic.

On the third night after my rescue, we encountered dark and cloudy weather, with a strong gale, which set all the cabin afloat. My watch was over, and I had just turned in, when I heard the voice of Capt. Weston, who was on deck, shouting through his trumpet to "close reef the maintopsail, hand the mainsail, foresail, and foretopsail. Look alive there, lads," he added, "or as sure as my name is Sam Weston, I'll give the volt to the last man off the deck!"

This threat, so unusual in one so good-natured, together with the bellowing of the wind, the flapping of the wetted canvas, the rattle of the blocks and cordage, and the laboring of the brig, which was so deeply laden that every timber groaned, all gave such indications of a rough night that I sprang from my berth and proceeded to dress again in haste.

To my astonishment, at that moment I heard the hoarse rattle of the chain cable, as it rushed with a roaring sound through the iron mouth of the hawse hole; then I was sensible of a violent shock, which made the brig stagger, and tumbled me headlong against the panelled bulkhead which separated the cabin from the afterhold.

Hislop, who had been dozing on the cabin-locker in his storm jacket, started up with alarm in his face.

"Have we come to anchor?" I asked.

"Anchor in more than three hundred fathoms of water!" he exclaimed, as he rushed on deck, whither I followed, and found that a very strange incident had occurred.

In the murky obscurity of the stormy night a large Dutch lugger, in ballast apparently, and running right before the wind, with steering canvas set, came suddenly athwart us, and hooked the anchor from the cathead on our larboard bow—by some unwonted neglect it was not yet on board, nor had the cable been unbent—with her starboard fore-rigging, and thus bore away with it, until the chain came to bear, when there was a tremendous shock. Several feet of our bulwark were torn away, and two seamen, Tattooed Tom, and an old man-o'-war's man named Roberts, were nearly swept into the sea, where, in such a night, and amid the confusion of such an incident, they would inevitably have perished unaided.

Then we heard a shout, mingled with a crash upon the bellowing wind, as the Dutchman's foremast snapped by the board, and then, fortunately, our anchor tumbled from his side into the sea, where it swung at the whole length of the chain cable.

We manned both windlass and capstan—got the anchor, which was drifting, roused to the cathead, hoisted it on board, unbent the cable, and stowed it in the tier; but long ere all this was done we had lost sight of our lubberly friend, who, when last seen, was tossing about like a log in the darkness, and drifting far astern of us. But for some defect in the bowls and notches of the windlass collar, I am doubtful if the chain would have run out so freely; but as to this I cannot say.

We had hard squalls and a sea that ran high until daybreak; there was lightning, too; red and dusky; it seemed at times to fill the whole horizon. We could see for an instant the black summits of the waves as they rose and fell between us and the glare; and when it passed away, all again would be obscurity and gloom.

"More canvas must be taken off the brig, sir," suggested Hislop, looking aloft and then over the side, where the foam-flecked sea whirled past us.

"Well, in with the trysail, foretopsail, and maintopsail," ordered Weston.

As the light of dawn stole over the angry sea, through clouds of mingled mist and rain, the gale abated, and all but the watch went below.

Calm weather and heavy rains succeeded the gale; but the Eugenie steadily kept her course, and two days after, when spanking along before a fine topgallant breeze, we picked up a bottle, which was described by the watch, floating and bobbing in the water a few fathoms distant from the brig. She was at once hove in the wind, and Hislop went in the stern boat to bring the bottle on board.

As the most trivial incident becomes of interest on board of ship, where the daily occurrences are so few, and the circle of society so limited, considerable concern was excited by the appearance of this bottle, which seemed to have been freshly corked; and on its being broken, we found a scrap of paper—torn apparently from a notebook—whereupon a hurried and agitated hand had pencilled this brief notice:

"The Mary, clipper ship, of Boston, 20th Nov., 1837, momentarily expected to go down—pumps worn out, and the leaks gaining—Captain and first mate, with all the boats, washed away—God help us!"

"The 20th of November? It was on that night we encountered the heavy gale," said Weston.

We had been on the skirt of the tempest, as Hislop maintained, while the Yankee ship had probably suffered all the fury of it. From the main-crosstrees Capt. Weston swept the sea with his telescope, in vain, for any trace of her; so if that unfortunately scrap of paper told truth, all was doubtless over long since with the Mary and her crew.

In the cabin that night a conversation on the probabilities of her destruction or escape led to a recurrence to the miraculous manner in which the unlucky Dutch schooner had floated so long with me; and I mentioned to Weston and Hislop the additional terrors I had endured by the effect of imagination, and a recollection of the strange incidents told me by Capt. Zeervogel; but they ridiculed the story of the poor man, chiefly, I thought, because "it was the yarn of a Hollander."

"Though I am a Scotchman," began Hislop—

"And come of a people naturally superstitious," suggested Weston, parenthetically—

"As all large-brained races are," retorted the mate, while filling his clay pipe with tobacco.

"Well, what were you about to say?" asked Weston. "But first fill your glass and pass over the tobacco bag."

"I was simply about to reiterate that I don't believe in ghosts, or value them any more than I do the Yankee sea serpent, a rope's end, or a piece of old junk; I never saw one, or knew a man who had seen one; but every one has heard of a man that knew another man who saw, or believed he saw, a ghost. It is at variance with the laws of nature, which are so ordered that no such erratic spirit can be."

"I don't know about that," replied Weston; "earth and water have their inhabitants, so why not the air also?"

"And why not the fire?"

"There you go, right before the wind, into the troubled sea of argument—you Scotchmen are all alike."

"Ghosts are at variance with the workings of Divine wisdom, and we all know what Jones of Nayland says thereupon."

"No, we don't," said Weston; "what the deuce was he—what port did he hail from?"

"He who cannot see the workings of a Divine wisdom in the order of the heavens, the change of the seasons, the flowing of the tides, the operation of the wind and other elements, the structure of the human body, the circulation of the blood, the instincts of beasts, and the growth of plants, is sottishly blind and unworthy the name of man."

"You hear him, Mr. Rodney," said Weston; "now he has got both his anchor and topsails a-trip; he can pay out whole speeches in this fashion, all at a breath, as fast as the chain-cable running through the hawse-pipe."

Being fresh from Eton, I was not going to let our learned Scotch mate have it all his own way, when Weston resumed:

"If you will listen you shall hear a strange story in which I bore a prominent part."

"As last ghost?" said I.

"No; but you will soon acknowledge whether or not I had cause for fear."

And after he had replenished his glass and pipe, Capt. Sam Weston began in this manner:

"About fifteen years ago I found myself at Matanzas, in Cuba, the same port we are bound for now—adrift, without a ship, and almost without a penny in my pocket, among foreigners, Spaniards and mulattoes, mestees and quadroons, black, white and yellow. I had gone there as second mate of a ship from Boston, but the tyranny of our skipper wellnigh drove me mad. During the voyage he had nearly killed three of our men for being slow in sending down the top-gallant yards on a squally night. He beat them until they were black and blue with a handspike, and kept them for forty-eight hours, lashed to ringbolts in the ice-scuppers, that the sea might break over them, as he said, and cure their sores.

"When I interfered to save a poor cabin boy, whom he had hung up by his heels from the main-boom, and was scourging with a heavy colt till his back was covered with blood, he produced a bowie knife and revolver threating to 'shoot or rip me up.'

"Just at that moment we were passing a Spanish ship of war which was at anchor in the bay, about half a mile from us, and had the red and yellow jack of Castile and Leon flying at his gaff peak. One of the poor fellows who had been so severely beaten was then in the foretop, so I hailed him to make a signal of distress to the Spaniard."

(To be continued.)

OAKEY HALL FOUND HIMSELF.

Woke Up Months After Leaving New York in London Lodgings.

Oakey Hall was once connected with an American paper in London. His aim here was to achieve a high name at the English bar, says Julian Ralph, writing from London to the Providence Journal. He was the son of an Englishman and therefore he was in English law an Englishman whenever he chose to declare himself. He made no success because he lived wholly in the past and his mental inclinations were solely reminiscent. From the day of his mysterious disappearance from New York he lost the power to utilize his brain in any way that could earn him a living. When he returned from Europe after that disappearance he and I were closeted for months together in the office of Mr. Hulbert's New York World. Then it was that he told me the truth about his disappearance, and without knowing whether or not it has been published in America, I will repeat it briefly. He said that one morning he woke up in a hall bed room in Mayfair, in the heart of London, and as lay in bed looking with wonder at his surroundings, a woman knocked and entered the room. She asked him if he would have his usual breakfast. He inquired what his usual breakfast was, and she, astonished in her turn, told him that he always had a penny worth of tea, a penny roll, a penny pot of butter and an egg which cost a penny. He asked her to sit down and then, by cross-examining her, he found that he had lived a whole season in that house under a name he never knew; that he appeared to be a "city man" (English for a man in business); that he went out every morning, came back every evening, went very frequently to the theater and was the quietest, most irreproachable of all her lodgers. "In a word," he said, "I had lived the life of another man for months, unconscious of my own identity, unrecognized by any one and fulfilling the well rounded half of a dual existence."

FAMOUS BUCKSPORT CAPTAIN.

Profits from His Fishing Fleet This Year About $20,000.

"Tom Nick," or "Cap'n Tom," is said to have made $20,000 at least, clear profit, this year out of his fishing fleet. So say the wisest of the Bucksportera, and they refer to Capt. Thomas Nicholson of that town and to his business prosperity. Cap'n Tom is one of the few men in Bucksport, Me., who are worth more than $100,000, and when he started in life he hadn't a cent or a soul to give him a helping hand, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The story of Cap'n Tom's life is a story of thrift, tireless industry and rapid money making. All along the eastern coast, from Maine to Boston, he is known as a remarkable man. When he was 13 years of age he made his first trip to sea—went fishing on the Grand Banks in a Bucksport schooner, and for some years he continued to catch codfish on shares, as one of the crew. The shares were liberal in those days, however, and the men who were willing to work extra hours, stealing the time from their watch below, used to make a good deal of money by cutting out the cods' tongues and sounds and pickling them for the home market, those parts of the fishes being, by custom, "thrown in" to "fat up" the men's wages.

Cap'n Tom is a bachelor, aged about 40 years. Often he may be seen at work in his little office at 8 o'clock in the morning. He talks and apparently thinks of nothing but his fishing vessels.

India has more than 400 Christian Endeavor societies.

SERPENT ENTERED THE EDEN OF PITCAIRN ISLAND

Double Murder Done In the Home of the Mutineers' Descendants—First Serious Crime in 110 Years.

For the first time in all its romantic history, Pitcairn Island has been the scene of a murder. For nearly 110 years the mutineers of the Bounty and their descendants lived on Pitcairn an ideal existence. Then a young man named Christian, a descendant of the leader of the mutineers, killed a young woman and her little child and threw their bodies into one of the ocean caves. He wanted to get rid of the woman and child in order that he might marry another young woman on whom he had cast his eyes. The rulers of the island had decided that if he married any one it must be the young woman of whose child he was the father; that, in fact, he was to all intents and purposes the girl's husband. One evening Christian met the young woman and her child in the forest and killed them. He was suspected of the crime and accused, whereupon he confessed.

It was the first capital crime ever committed on the island, and the islanders were much excited over it. The British government was asked to send to the place some one with judicial authority to try the murderer. From officers of the British man of war Royalist information has been received of the trial, by a special commissioner sent out for the purpose.

Though the settlement of Pitcairn Island was the result of a crime, the descendants of the original settlers have lived in an ideal state of tranquility and brotherly love. The people were religious, and such lures of the evil one as intoxicating liquors and tobacco were not allowed to be brought to the island. For over a hundred years Pitcairn Island lay sleeping in the warm waters of the South Pacific, and its people feared God, kept the Commandments and were happy.

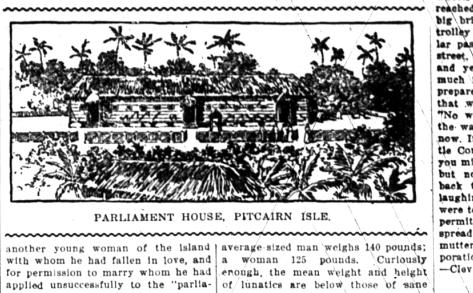
The crime which was responsible for the settlement of Pitcairn Island was the mutiny of the crew of the British warship Bounty in 1789. That mutiny was led by Fletcher Christian, master's mate of the ship. The first murderer of Pitcairn island was Harry A. Christian, a descendant of Fletcher Christian. When, under the lead of Fletcher Christian, the crew of the

THE PITCAIRN ISLAND MURDERER.

Bounty seized the ship, they put the captain, Bligh, and certain others who had refused to join them into an open boat and set them adrift. The captain and his party, after a severe and hazardous experience, reached Timoor island, in the South Pacific, where they were picked up by a passing ship and taken back to England. The mutineers, after setting the captain adrift, sailed for Pitcairn island.

Pitcairn is only two miles long and about a mile and a half wide. It lies in the South Pacific, between Australia and the coast of South America, out of the path of commerce. Though expeditions were sent out by the British government to find the mutineers of the Bounty, all trace of them was lost until one day, many years after, when a sailing ship happened to find herself in the vicinity of Pitcairn island, and sent a boat ashore for water and fruit. A curious isolated civilized community was found there, living under the rule of a venerable patriarch, John Adams, the last survivor of the mutineers of the Bounty. Adams had taught the natives to read and write, and begged that missionaries be sent out to aid him in his work. From being wild and reckless mutineers, the sailors of the Bounty, before they died, became religious enthusiasts, and when they died they left a God-fearing community in their children and grandchildren.

For 110 years crime was practically unknown on Pitcairn island. Then Harry A. Christian murdered a young woman and her year and a half old child. It was the first serious crime that had ever been committed on the island. Christian met the woman and child walking in the bush one Sunday evening and killed them in cold blood. After dark he returned to the scene of his crime to drag the bodies down the steep face of a cliff to the rocks below, where he threw them through a "blow hole" into a cove where the pounding surges of the Pacific soon tore them to pieces. The murderer, when accused, confessed his crime, and it is believed that his object was to be free to marry another young woman of the island with whom he had fallen in love, and for permission to marry whom he had applied unsuccessfully to the "parliament" of the island.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, PITCAIRN ISLE.

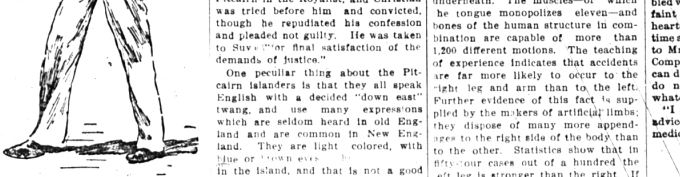
This island parliament is an executive committee of seven members, presided over by a president. The parliament and the president are elected by popular vote, the women voting as well as the men. All the inhabitants of the island are descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty and of native women they found there, except one family, and that is a family the head of which is named Coffin and of course must have sprung from Nantucket. There are 141 souls on the island, and the families are five in number. They are the Christians, the Youngs, the McCoys, the Buffets and the Coffins. The president of the island is named McCoy. The queen of England is the "over-lord" of the island, and in the island church is an organ which she sent out to her "loving subjects of Pitcairn Island, and in appreciation of their domestic virtues," according to the silver plate on the organ. But England seldom interferes with anything concerning the government of Pitcairn.

When Christian had confessed his crime, however, President McCoy called a meeting of his "parliament," and as there was no precedent by which to be guided, it was decided to imprison the young man and appeal to England to send out and try him. So the man of war Royalist was sent to Suva in the Fiji islands to get the British judicial commissioner for the western Pacific." The commissioner went to Pitcairn in the Royalist, and Christian was tried before him and convicted, though he repudiated his confession and pleaded not guilty. He was taken to Suva "for final satisfaction of the demands of justice."

One peculiar thing about the Pitcairn islanders is that they all speak English with a decided "double-ender" twang, and use many expressions which are seldom heard in old England and are common in New England. They are light colored, with blue or brown eyes.

In the shore, where the mutineers [illegible] decided to stay on the island. Rising up back of the little settlement is a peak called the Goat House, and near its top is a cave where the mutineers used to hide when they saw a sail approaching the island. In the first few years following their crime Christian used to spend a certain part of each day on the mountain on the lookout for sails in order that "All hands might douse the fires and go aloft," when there appeared any possibility of their existence being discovered. They did not descend to the village again until not only the coast, but the offing, was well clear. But men and times are changed now on Pitcairn, and a visiting ship is warmly welcomed.

The Parliament House of the island is interesting because in it is some timber taken from the Bounty. This building has for windows two rows of portholes, which give it the appearance of a stranded ship. The house in which the president lives is the best one on the island, and is called the white house. Some of the natives of Pitcairn have visited the United States, and sailing vessels from San Francisco touch there more frequently than any other ships.



BOUNTY BAY, PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Japanese Breweries Thrive.

Japan has developed the beer brewing industry to such an extent within her borders that the Japanese brewers are in a position to compete successfully with the importers. In fact, it is announced in Munich, whence most of the Bavarian beers for Japanese consumption were shipped, that the beer trade with the land of the Mikado is about at an end. Added to the effect of the home competition the new tariff law of Japan, which goes into effect on January 2 next, will practically shut out the German trade. The new tariff places a tax of 40 per cent ad valorem on imported beers.

THE HUMAN BODY.

Many of the Facts Which Are Not Generally Known.

Human beings are of all sizes, but the tall man is less common than the short; only one man in every 208 exceeds the height of six feet, says the London Mail. For every foot of stature a man should weigh from twenty-six to twenty-eight pounds, a proportion that is not the lot of all in these hurrying, scurrying days. An average sized man weighs 140 pounds; a woman 125 pounds. Curiously enough, the mean weight and height of lunatics are below those of sane people. Another unexpected thing in this respect is that a negro's skeleton weighs more than that of an Englishman. The vitalizing power is the blood, a drop of which takes but twenty-two seconds to go the round of the body. There passes through the heart once in every three minutes an amount of this precious fluid equal to all that is contained in the body. The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing and undreamed-of truths. It is estimated that, assuming the average speed of the heart to be sixty-nine beats a minute, the blood travels 207 yards in sixty seconds; in other words, seven miles an hour, 168 a day, or 6,220 per year. If a man of 84 could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traversed in that period no less than 5,150,808 miles. The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The woman's brain begins to decline in weight after the age of 30, the man's not till ten years later. According to high authorities the nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain, exceed 10,000,000 in number. The palms of the hands and soles of the feet are composed of cushions of fat, in order that sudden jolts and violent blows may be successfully resisted, and no injury done to the muscles and bones underneath. The muscles—of which the tongue monopolizes eleven—and bones of the human structure in combination are capable of more than 1,200 different motions. The teaching of experience indicates that accidents are far more likely to occur to the right leg and arm than to the left. Further evidence of this fact is supplied by the makers of artificial limbs; they dispose of many more appendages to the right side of the body than to the other. Statistics show that in fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is stronger than the right. If a man could move his legs proportionately as fast as an ant he would travel not far short of 800 miles an hour.

Bones Are "Person" Effects.

A Swiss anthropologist recently returned from a trip through Patagonia. He had with him many cases containing skeletons and skulls that he had collected. The Swiss customs officers opened the cases, and, after long consultation, appraised the contents as "common bones," charging the scientist a 25 per cent duty. The explorer got angry and declared it a profanation to appraise human bones that way. To his surprise the customs officials were interested by his remarks, and retired for another consultation, classing them as "worn personal effects of foreign residents."

Statue 6,000 Years Old.

The earliest known statue is one that has been recovered from an Egyptian tomb. It is that of a sheikh, or headman of a village, is made of wood, with eyes of glass, and is evidently a portrait. It is 6,000 years old.

Great Opportunities.

Great opportunities come to all, but many do not know they have met them. The only preparation to take advantage of them is simple fidelity to what each day brings.

The Hebrew cubit is a little less than 22 inches.

Warm Blood

Coursing through the veins, feeds, nourishes and sustains all the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes warm, rich, pure blood. It is the best medicine you can take in winter. It tones, invigorates, strengthens and fortifies the whole body, preventing colds, fevers, pneumonia and the grip.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

A Joke That Was Lost.

Both the motor and trail car were crowded with shivering people. The mercury was away down in the vicinity of Zanesville. The windows had been freshly decorated by Jack Frost, and the stoves were bits of Little Consolidated Iron. The train reached the viaduct and the passengers pulled their caps down over their ears and took fresh grips upon the brass rails to avoid being blown into the river. At last the hollow rumble under the wheels indicated that the cars had reached the easterly division of the big bridge, and a moment later the trolley man, knowing that he had regular passengers who alighted at Water street, struck his head into the trolley and yelled: "Water." This was too much for a stout man who had just prepared to jump into the snow drift that was heaped up along the track. "No water here," he said. It passed the outer stage long ago. It's all the now. If you'd put a few sparks of Little Consolidated heat into that stove, you might bring it back to water again, but not otherwise. Then he looked back to see whether anybody was laughing or not. The other passengers were too busy shivering to laugh, so he permitted a look of disgust to overspread his countenance and jumped muttering things about bloodless corporations that are not worth printing.—Cleveland Leader.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Any man knows what the girl who doesn't think talks about, but it is impossible for him to discover what the girl who doesn't talk thinks about.

People who never get down to business seldom get up to it.

The polish on a man's coat doesn't help him to get into society.

TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

MRS. PATRICK DANKIT, West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb.

"I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away. Had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired, do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

MISS GERTIE BUNKIN, Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief.

"I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

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