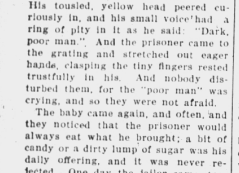
THE JAILER'S BABY.

It was all the fault of the baby. So the jailer said, and so everybody believed. At the same time it was declared absurd that a baby should be allowed companionship with a murderer, and beyond all decency that bottles of laudanum should be left within its reach. Indeed, there was a great deal of talk, and much disappointment over the affair. Not since the lynching of the negro Tilly, two years before, had there been a hanging in the jail. And this time it was to have been conducted on the strictest principles of the hangman's code. So very proper were all the arrangements that the citizens spoke of the coming "execution" with quite the decorum which an eastern town would use to discuss a pink tea. Small wonder then that everybody—especially those holding tickets of admission—was outraged. In fact, so much was said that the jailer resigned and he and his wife—with the baby, who had done all the mischief—moved to another town. The jailer's wife declared that his nerves seemed dreadfully upset about the whole thing and she was glad he had given up the "jail business." Farming was nicer work anyhow, she allowed, and the baby seemed to thrive better. As for the baby himself, he told me in strict confidence just how it happened.

The prisoner had never made the slightest effort to escape. From the time sentence was pronounced he seemed to begin to die. He would sit for hours without moving a muscle—would neither eat nor drink. A horrid sort of stupor possessed him. From which the kind-hearted jailer was powerless to rouse him, until one day he thought of his baby, Ted, the only bit of sunlight in the gloomy house of bondage. The lovely child blossomed like a Sharon rose in this desert of sin and death, and the very sight of him might, so the jailer thought, bring peace and healing. So one day the baby was brought to the death-watched cell. His tousled, yellow head peered curiously in, and his small voice had a ring of pity in it as he said: "Dark, poor man." And the prisoner came to the grating and stretched out eager hands, clasping the tiny fingers rested trustfully in his. And nobody disturbed them, for the "poor man" was crying, and so they were not afraid.

The baby came again, and often, and they noticed that the prisoner would always eat what he brought; a bit of candy or a dirty lump of sugar was his daily offering, and it was never rejected. One day the jailer came, too, and they both watched the boy. He was playing horse with a piece of pine



THE MAN SEIZED IT.

board. The prisoner glanced at it and said, grimly: "Won't they need that in the yard?"

The jailer could not answer, but kept his gaze on the baby, who had distracted the attention of the guard in the corridor. The prisoner grasped the door with both gaunt hands, and, putting his ashen lips as near the jailer's ears as the bars would allow, said, sullenly: "Have you any idea of how you are going to die?"

The jailer was alarmed and distressed. He had hoped to lead the prisoner to forget his impending doom, if only for a respite of an hour, but this question showed him how poorly he was succeeding. He pretended not to hear, and made a move as if to go, but the child ran to him and, putting the stick through the bars, lisped: "See, horsy?"

A smile distorted his face as the man took the piece of wood, then let it drop with a shudder, speaking rapidly and low: "Dying is bad enough, I suppose, under any circumstances, but none of us is heroic when forced to sit, day by day, for a certain hour, while we are to begin the process of 'rotting in cold obstruction.' God! can you think, man, how it feels? What devilish irony in the fate that I, who have always hated any public display"—he choked and the baby laughed—"should die in this way—should perform the tragedy of my life before a gaping crowd. I tell you, man, it must not—shall not—be!"

His voice sank to a whisper, but his face was so livid with fear and threat that the jailer grasped his baby and moved a pace from the cell door. The man behind it laughed a dry, high-pitched laugh.

"I beg that you won't be frightened. I am not going to do anything violent, except to myself, if possible. Do you mean, man? Except to myself. Listen to me. Every night you pray that baby may never be in such a devil-ridden hole as this cell. By those prayers, and as you hope for mercy for him, I charge you have pity and listen to me. I have thought of escape. I do not fear death. What would life be to me now? I killed him for her, and now—now I must die for him. Be it so, but not that way"—and he pointed to the bit of wood the child had dropped—"God! not that way!" Then as the jailer moved a little nearer, the man staggered to his feet and whispered hoarsely: "An old bottle, I could break it in pieces; or a rope—but no, the guard would see me. Some drug—anything, so it be strong enough, but bring it—oh, let me have it before—before they come to me!"

Not a word had the jailer spoken during this plea of agony. Then the guard came up with the little one.

"The kid wants to kiss 'man,'" and the prisoner stretched his arms through the grating and stroked the curly head. The beautiful baby face lit up with an angel's smile. "Bye-bye man," he said, and his father carried him away, with no sign of response to the wild look of entreaty in the eyes of the doomed man.

Next day the baby came again. This time he passed the guard, returning his challenge, "Hullo, two-year-old!" by only a dignified stare. He toddled up to the prisoner's cell, and the first glimpse of the yellow head brought the wretched occupant forward. His attention was attracted to the small tin can the child carried. "See there!" And the little one proudly tapped it against the iron grating. With feverish haste the man seized it, and with an effort wrenched off the cover. Inside was a small bottle containing a brown liquid, which he smelled, then sighed as with infinite relief. A second's hesitation, a glance upward, which was more a despairing inquiry than a prayer, and he raised the phial to his lips. Then he crawled to the cot and crouched upon it, while the baby tip-toed to see. Only the baby! No pitiless crowd of ghouls; no vultures watching the dying struggles of their prey; only the baby! And to the dying man's vision the aureole of hair and beckoning hands were those of a heavenly spirit.

The phial dropped to the floor, the shaven head sank back, and the prisoner was free.—Gertrude Gunning.

HAS A CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

How a Certain New Orleans Man Entertains His Friends.

"I have a chamber of horrors at my lodgings," said a man about town who takes great pride in his fantastically decorated apartments, "that has proved a tremendous hit with all callers. To be absolutely accurate, it is a cabinet rather than a chamber, and consists primarily of an old cupboard. The history of the collection it contains is somewhat peculiar, although it is not the history with which it is generally accredited. One day, when I was prowling around the place, I ran across a lot of old rubbish in the closet. It was such debris as old shoes, hats, broken crockery, and so on, and I was about to chuck it out, when I had an inspiration. I thereupon cleaned up the cupboard and arranged this plunder on the shelves, each article bearing a label. For instance, a broken hatchet was inscribed, 'Weapon used by Li Yen, the notorious Chinese highbinder, in the commission of eleven murders.' A rusty tin cup was ticketed as 'The cup from which Mrs. Deborah Simkins poisoned her husband and six children.' Visitors were cautioned to beware of the arsenic which still adhered to the bottom. One of my old razors, spoiled by chiropodistic exploits, figured as 'the celebrated suicide razor with which seven men had taken their lives.' Then followed a detailed list of the victims. Several innocent sections of clothes line courted fame as various hangman's nooses, and a tin platter was put in the collection as the plate from which a certain notorious murderer devoured his last meal. One of my year-before-last's shoes was labeled 'Shoe worn by Jack the Ripper and left in the room of his last victim,' and a discarded four-in-hand did duty as 'a necktie taken from the corpse of Billy the Kid, the celebrated Apache desperado.' These are merely a few samples. The outfit included a little of everything, from cigar stumps to tin cans, and occasionally I would pick up some picturesque addition on the street. Altogether the cabinet has proved the most attractive feature of my establishment, and I have noticed that it exerts an extraordinary fascination upon lady visitors. A number of little parties have been organized especially to see it, and everybody goes away delightfully thrilled. The scheme is something I would recommend to anybody on the lookout for pleasing novelties."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Home for Families of Bandits.

Not actuated by remorse, but by pure philanthropy, Jim Jenkins, hunter of outlaws, has concluded to devote all his money to the maintenance of a home for the orphans and widows of men he has run to earth, in particular, and of criminals of the great Southwest in general. Jim Jenkins, now of Kansas, is now 65 years old and has spent forty years as a scout and hunter of bandits and train robbers. In this way he has made about $50,000. Among the distinguished outlaws he has chased were Jesse James and his brother, Bob Ford, Bill Dalton and Bill Cook, while he was the leader of the band that caught Cherokee Bill in 1895. In the Dalton raid in Coffeyville, Kas., Jenkins was shot eight times. He estimates his bag of bad men at about 150. The home, which is being built on a 5,000-acre farm owned by Jenkins, near Pryor Creek, I. T., is to cost $20,000.—Buffalo Express.

Surface Observation.

The remarks made by a countryman when he gets his first view of the ocean are not always remarkable for depth and appropriateness. A stroller on the beach of a Massachusetts seaport overheard the opening remarks of a farmer and his wife who had come from northern New Hampshire, as he subsequently learned from their conversation. "Well, I feel to be glad we've come, William," said the woman, with a sigh of pleasure, turning from the sea to face her spouse. "Would you ever have believed there was such a sight of water in one place in this world?" "No, I wouldn't," returned William. "And when you consider that we can't see any but just what's on top, it's all the more astonishin', Sarah, now ain't it?"

Booming Home Industries.

"The international peace conference has turned out to be a good thing for this country."

"How do you mean?"

"Look how many orders we are receiving from other countries for new ships and guns."—Ohio State Journal.

Compressed Flour.

An English process for compressing flour into blocks in molds, is said to render it less liable to atmospheric and insect damages, without impairing its bread-making qualities, and it requires less space.

The spear points of temptation may be use das spurs to urged us to God.

NATION'S GREETING TO DEWEY

Features of the Reception to the Manila Hero at Washington.

The central idea underlying the grand welcome to be given Admiral Dewey in Washington the first week in October is its national character. His arrival at the capital will mark his home-coming to the American people, where the officials of the government will participate, and the magnificently jeweled sword voted by congress will be presented. To that end all the arrangements will be of a simple but most dignified character. The welcome to the hero of Manila at the national capital will probably occur on Monday, October 2, although the date will depend upon what length of the celebration in New York, which is still unsettled. The principal features of the reception in Washington, as planned by the citizens, with the co-operation of the president and cabinet, will be two in number—the presentation of the sword voted by congress and a night parade. A public reception at the white house will be followed by dinner to the admiral by President McKinley. The sword will be presented by Secretary Long, at the east front of the capitol, in the presence of Mr. McKinley, and all the members of the cabinet, late in the afternoon, while the parade, consisting of organizations of all kinds, will be accompanied by an illumination of the city on a scale of beauty never before witnessed in Washington.

SWORD VOTED BY CONGRESS TO DEWEY.

The different features of the preparations are in the hands of a central body of citizens and eleven committees, embracing in all over a thousand people. Preparations for the celebration have been in hand for over a month.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad and other railroads entering Washington have agreed upon cheap rates for the celebration, and the committee expects that there will be an outpouring of patriotic citizens almost equal to the inauguration of a president.

Betrayed by His Parrot.

Victor Chevalier, a clever criminal in Paris, was run down in a shrewd way. He was known to be exceedingly fond of a pet parrot, and the police were instructed to look for a loquacious bird of this kind. After a week's search the talkative parrot was discovered in the Montmartre district. The police kept a close watch on the house, and in time the criminal appeared to have an affectionate chat with his bird.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Every woman is a good actress till she goes on the stage.

There is one thing a woman never can understand, and that is herself.

When the devil had his choice as to instruments he first picked jealousy.

If they were named anything else a woman would have just as queer a look in her face when she talked about her legs.

If there weren't any bad men to be horrible examples, probably there wouldn't be any good women to be shining examples.

Every racy story a man hears he acts like it was old to him and every woman like it was new to her, and both are making believe.

When a man can make a woman believe that he can't help thrilling at her voice she feels she has to marry him so that she can turn the current on whenever she feels like it.

The difference between a woman and a cat is that when you tease the cat you know she'll scratch you, but when it's a woman you never know whether she'll kiss you or tear your eyes out.—New York Press.

PROVERBS BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Expect poison from the standing water.

Without contraries is not progression.

To create a little flower is the labor of ages.

What is now proved was once only imagined.

He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence.

Listen to the fool's reproach. It is a kingly title.

If others had not been foolish we should be so.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood and not be believed.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

STATE TAX APPORTIONMENT

For 1899 Exceeds That of 1898 by $1,537,064.34.

$3,725,835.01 TO BE RAISED.

Equalized Valuation Placed at $1,105,100,000—Eight Counties Must Contribute Over $100,000 Apiece—Wayne Heads the List.

Auditor-General Dix has completed the apportionment of the state taxes of Michigan for the year 1899, the total of which is $3,725,835.01 and constitutes the largest levy for state purposes in the history of our state. The state tax apportioned to each county is as follows:

Alcona	$ 2,865 77
Alger	6,742 98
Allegan	52,256 13
Alpena	12,485 97
Antrim	10,967 35
Arenac	4,214 16
Baraga	5,067 24
Barry	47,200 88
Bay	82,931 54
Benzie	5,901 11
Berrien	90,868 84
Branch	61,068 33
Calhoun	97,743 36
Cass	50,572 37
Charlevoix	10,114 47
Cheboygan	12,474 67
Chippewa	15,548 86
Clare	5,900 11
Clinton	60,268 84
Crawford	3,371 44
Delta	11,880 52
Dickinson	18,543 70
Eaton	61,068 33
Emmet	10,114 47
Genesee	90,915 73
Gladwin	5,057 24
Gogebic	47,200 88
Grand Traverse	18,543 70
Gratiot	33,714 91
Hillsdale	70,801 23
Houghton	143,288 38
Huron	29,500 56
Ingham	70,801 23
Ionia	42,972 59
Iosco	6,742 98
Iron	13,485 97
Isabella	19,396 07
Jackson	192,830 48
Kalamazoo	89,344 57
Kalkaska	3,371 44
Kent	177,060 29
Keweenaw	1,314 24
Lake	2,528 62
Lapeer	47,200 88
Leelanau	4,214 16
Lenawee	101,144 74
Livingston	50,572 37
Luce	5,057 24
Mackinac	6,742 98
Macomb	62,272 59
Manistee	30,343 42
Marquette	60,686 84
Mason	15,171 71
Mecosta	19,171 71
Menominee	23,900 44
Midland	8,428 73
Missaukee	8,428 73
Monroe	53,943 86
Montcalm	32,029 17
Montmorency	2,022 83
Muskegon	27,061 40
Newaygo	14,328 81
Oakland	101,144 74
Oceana	18,857 64
Ogemaw	5,057 24
Ontonagon	9,028 62
Osceola	13,485 97
Oscoda	1,685 74
Otsego	6,742 98
Ottawa	48,886 62
Presque Isle	4,724 69
Roscommon	2,865 74
Saginaw	121,377 69
St. Clair	78,572 68
St. Joseph	59,114 47
Sanilac	50,472 48
Schoolcraft	20,887 32
Shiawassee	50,572 37
Tuscola	55,140 61
Van Buren	48,886 62
Washtenaw	101,316 21
Wayne	691,151 21
Wexford	15,171 71
Total	$3,725,835 01

The aggregate equalized valuation of all the real and personal property of the state upon which the above tax is to be levied is $1,105,100,000, this being the valuation fixed at the last session of the state board of equalization. The various objects for which the tax is levied and the amount appropriated for each are as follows:

Public debt	$ 279,277 00
University	74,000 00
State Normal college	109,255 00
Central Michigan Normal school	74,250 00
Northern Normal school	37,500 00
Michigan College of Mines	61,687 50
Soldiers' home	4,375 00
Soldiers' home	162,250 00
Home for Feeble Minded	119,435 50
State Hospital	31,000 00
School for the Deaf	137,362 50
School for the Blind	41,143 75
Michigan Asylum for Insane	12,432 00
Eastern Asylum for Insane	77,000 00
Western Asylum for Insane	59,650 00
Newberry Asylum for Insane	62,930 00
Home for Aged of Inseine	20,900 00
Jackson prison	25,500 00
Branch prison	12,300 00
Marquette prison	16,993 00
Industrial School for Boys	126,960 00
Industrial School for Girls	59,754 75
State fish commission	59,175 18
State Public School	184,183 33
Returning adjutant-general's rebate	2,000 00
Compiling adjutant-general's report	1,000 00
Printing and fuel commissioner	15,000 00
State Dairymen's association	300 00
Dairy commissioner	900 00
Michigan National Guard	89,966 64
Michigan Naval brigade	11,206 25
State Board of Health	110,000 00
State mother service	1,000 00
State Board of Corrections	124,127 50
Current expenses of prisons	110,000 00
Current expenses of asylums	503,356 24
General purposes state government	1,016,902 72
Total	$3,725,835 01

The fact that very few, even of the best informed citizens of the state have any idea of what objects are provided for by the item of $1,016,602.72, for the general purposes of the state government, which is the largest in the above budget, was fully demonstrated when it occurred that not a member of the last house, some of whom had served both before and had voted for a similar item each session, could explain it. It includes such items as the salaries of the state judiciary, state officers, department clerks, expenses of the legislature, awards of the boards of state auditors, expenses of the pardon board, cost of conveying persons to and from state institutions, care of juvenile offenders, coroners' fees, expenses of the game warden, etc.

The state tax commissioners are at Houghton and will spend several days in the copper district in an endeavor to learn why mining property, worth about $150,000,000 in the open market, is assessed at less than $50,000,000. The explanation given is that the property in question has nearly trebled in value since the state board of equalization put Houghton county in third place of assessed valuation among Michigan counties four years ago. At present the stock quotations of the Calumet & Hecla is placed at $270,000,000 and it is assessed at only $18,457,000.

Clay county, Ky., has had another killing outside of the two feuds. James and Cam Lewis began shooting into old man Shell's house on Spring creek, whereupon Shell shot James Lewis 11 times with a Winchester, killing him. Cam Lewis made his escape.

The Bad Axe school opened last week with an enrollment of 400 children out of 530 school children in the town.

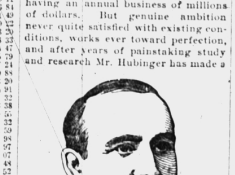
Incipient snow flurries have caused the resorters at Mackinac Island to pack up their duds and go south in a hurry.

JOHN C. HUBINGER.

Remarkable Career of a Well-Known Western Capitalist, Manufacturer and Philanthropist.

Among the leaders of the progressive element for which the middle west is famous, Mr. John C. Hubinger, of Keokuk, Ia., reigns without a peer. As a manufacturer, as an enterprising capitalist and as a philanthropist his fame has spread over many states, and his financial enterprises have developed many obscure towns into progressive, thrifty and wide-awake cities. Mr. Hubinger, although but 47 years of age, can look back upon scores of commercial victories, each one of which has benefited mankind, for his liberality is as bountiful as his business sagacity is marvelous. He was born in New Orleans, La., his parents being of French and German origin. When he was four years old, his family removed to Kentucky, in which state young Hubinger received a public school education. Almost before reaching man's estate he secured patents on a number of valuable mechanical inventions, thereby laying the foundation of his present fortune.

By inclination and force of circumstances his attention was early directed to the manufacture of starch by improved processes, and in the course of time he became the head of a concern having an annual business of millions of dollars. But genuine ambition never quite satisfied with existing conditions, works ever toward perfection, and after years of painstaking study and research Mr. Hubinger has made a



JOHN C. HUBINGER.

discovery, which he considers the crowning event of his wonderful career, and which is embodied in a new article of commerce, known as Red Cross Starch (Red Cross trade mark.) He is planning to distribute millions of packages of this starch in the housewives of America, at a merely nominal price to the consumer, in order to make its merits known without delay. Thus, for but 5 cents two large 1-lb packages of Red Cross Starch may be had, together with two magnificent Shakespearean views printed in 12 beautiful colors, or a Twentieth Century Girl Calendar; or for only 20 cents 10 packages of the starch and a handsome set of eight Shakespearean views and one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar—views alone easily worth $1.00. Watch this paper for future premium announcements, of which every lady will certainly want to take advantage.

While Mr. Hubinger will devote his best energies to the manufacture of this new and wonderful starch, he will not retire from the various financial enterprises in which he is interested—street railways, electric lighting plants and the Mississippi Valley Telephone Co., with 10,000 telephone subscribers in Minneapolis and St. Paul—nor will his augmented activity interfere with his social obligations and exercise of the splendid hospitality which he dispenses at his palatial Keokuk home. Mr. Hubinger's family, consisting of himself, wife and four children, is the pivot around which his activity revolves, and while fond of promoting great enterprises, he is still fonder of his home circle, where he spends every moment of time not taken up by business or public cares.

ARMY HORSES HARD TO GET.

Purchasing Department Finds Difficulty in Meeting the Requirements.

The entire northwest is being ransacked by agents of the war department in quest of horses suitable for the cavalry and artillery of the army. The horses procured are for the most part brought to Chicago, where they are inspected, and then distributed wherever there is need of them. Among the requirements are the color of the animal, its weight and height. The owner must stand the expense of having the two front shoes removed, furnish a halter and have the animal weighed. "It would require the animals to be molded," said a horse trader at the stockyards. "As yet there are few horses in the west that exactly come up to the requirements of the order, and an owner having a horse that would answer the style that is wanted by the army demands a larger price than the government offers to pay." The local horsemen state that the government will have to make some allowance on the order or it will not get the requisite number from this territory. Horses are being secured that will come up to the requirements in many respects, but it is feared that they will be turned down by the government buyer the same as they were last year.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Dog's Bath Tub.

A sagacious dog lives at a red brick house on Belleview avenue, near Sixteenth street, in Kansas City. He is a full-grown pointer. At the corner of Seventeenth street, a block and a half from the home of this dog, is an iron watering trough set into the sidewalk near the curb. The trough is always full of water. The leaps into the trough and squats down till the water, which is more than a foot in depth, is almost over his back.

An Awful Misfortune.

Jeweler's Weekly: Mrs. Skinner—"Wasn't that sad about Mrs. Richman?" Mrs. Goode—"What?" Mrs. Skinner—"Her husband was drowned with his six-carat diamond stud on, and his body cannot be found."

Twenty-Five Hanged.

Twenty-five women have been hanged in England during Queen Victoria's reign.

A man has organizations; a woman has management.

A TALE OF TOE.

But the Animal Was Killed and the Toe Recovered.

A bronze-visaged, middle-aged man joined the party. Several of the group recognized him as the captain of one of the big tramp steamers which ply between Philadelphia and foreign ports and a place in the circle was at once made for him. "We've been killing time telling stories," some one explained. "Suppose you turn in your contribution." The captain thought a moment and then smiled. "I was thinking of something that happened on my last voyage," he finally said. "We had on board as a cook a big colored fellow, whose principal companion was a little yellow cur dog. One day, while the cook was preparing some beef for dinner he let the heavy cleaver fall with which he was doing the chopping slip from his grasp. It fell to the floor with a thud and the cook emitted a howl of anguish that was heard all over the ship. The cleaver had struck one of his bare feet and sliced the big toe off as neatly as any surgeon could have done it. Here was a chance for the yellow dog, and he seized it. Making a dive for the severed toe, he swallowed it in one gulp and then made a bee line for the deck. This was more than the cook, crazed with pain, could stand, and he hurled the cleaver at the dog. His aim proved true and his curship passed out of existence then and there. At this juncture the ship's doctor came up to find out what all the row was about. When he learned the truth he laughed. 'I'll fix that for you,' he exclaimed to the cook; 'wait till I get my instrument case.' Within five minutes he had held a post-mortem on the dog and recovered the lost toe. Washing it with antiseptics, he skillfully stitched it back in place again and the cook hobbled back to his quarters minus the dog, but with as many toes as he had ever had. That's about the only story I recall just now, gentlemen. It has the merit of being true, however, and if you don't believe it come down to the ship any time and I'll show you the cleaver. The cook has quit the sea and I don't know his present address."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PROGRESS.

With time, comes progress and advancement in all lines of successfully conducted enterprises. Success comes to those only who have goods with superior merit and a reputation. In the manufacture of laundry starch for the last quarter of a century J. C. Hubinger has been the peer of all others and today is placing on the market the finest laundry starch ever offered the public under our new and original method.

Ask your grocer for a coupon book which will enable you to get the first two large 10 cent packages of his new starch, RED CROSS; TRADE MARK brand, also two of the children's Shakespeare pictures painted in twelve beautiful colors as natural as life, or the Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all absolutely free.

All grocers are authorized to give ten large packages of RED CROSS STARCH, with twenty of the Shakespeare pictures or ten of the Twentieth Century Girl Calendars, to the first five purchasers of the Endless Starch Chain Book. This is one of the grandest offers ever made to introduce the RED CROSS laundry starch, J. C. Hubinger's latest invention.

Lightning Statistics.

Lightning caused the death of 361 persons in the United States last year and a property loss of $1,441,880. Few of the deaths occurred in cities. The annual number of thunderstorms at given localities in this country averages between thirty-five and forty-five. The maximum is in the southeastern states.

A CAPABLE mother must be a healthy mother. The experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation. Correct and practical counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

CAPABLE MOTHER-HOOD

MRS. CORA GILSON, Yates, Manistee Co., Mich., writes:

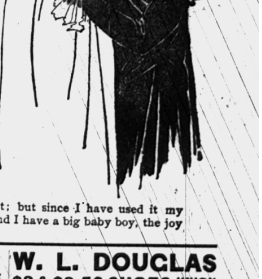
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy, dragging pains in my back, menses were profuse and painful and was troubled with leucorrhœa. I took patent medicines and consulted a physician, but received no benefit and could not become pregnant.

"Seeing one of your books, I wrote to you telling you my troubles and asking for advice. You answered my letter promptly and I followed the directions faithfully, and derived so much benefit that I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. I now find myself pregnant and have begun its use again. I cannot praise it enough."

MRS. PERLEY MOULTON, Thetford, Vt., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine. I took several bottles of it before the birth of my baby and got along nicely. I had no after-pains and am now strong and enjoying good health. Baby is also fat and healthy."

MRS. CHAS. GERBIG, 304 South Monroe St., Baltimore, Md., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was unable to become pregnant; but since I have used it my health is much improved, and I have a big baby boy, the joy and pride of our home."



CARTER'S INK
Is scientifically compounded of the best materials.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
REGULATE THE LIVER

CHEAP FARMS
DO YOU WANT A HOME?
100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved land sold on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see or write. THE TRUMAN MILL STATE BANK, Gratiot Center, Mich., or the Truman Mose Estate, Crescent, Gratiot Co., Mich.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE
Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES
THE BEST SHOE FOR THE MONEY in the world. Name and price stamped on bottom.
Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Largest makers of $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Write for catalog. If your dealer should keep W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES, you can obtain them of us by mail. Catalog free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Ayer's Pills
Look at yourself! Is your face covered with pimples? Your skin rough and blotchy? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

The Latest in Shower Bath.

A Scotchman was once advised to take shower baths. A friend explained to him how to fit up one by the use of a cistern and colander, and Sandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and being asked how he enjoyed the bath: "Man," said he, "it was fine. I liked it rale weel, and kept mysel' quite dry, too." Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain quite dry, he replied: "Gracious, ye dinna, surely, I was sae daft as to stand abiow the water without an umbrella?"—Tit-Bits.

Got Her Doll.

A little English girl dropped her doll in a very deep hole not long ago and wrote to Queen Victoria that she thought it had dropped through the earth, and, as she had heard the other side belonged to the queen, she wished the queen would order it sent back. She did not get her own doll back, but she got another one, a great deal finer.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Canada Favoring the Jap.

While Canada's tax on Chinese immigrants is to be increased, Japanese are to be permitted to come in free only for imperial reasons.

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.

Well Informed.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you name the chief product of the Philippine islands?" Johnny—"Yes'm. Trouble."—Life.

Myself Cured, After Repeated Failures.

I will inform humanity for 10c. Morphine, Laudanum, Opium, Cocaine, of never failing, harmless, home cure. Mrs. M. H. Baldwin, Box 1312, Chicago, Ill.

One can acquire an elastic tread by constantly wearing rubber soles.

How soon we forget the people who have tossed us bouquets.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The more stupid a person the more content he is with himself.

All Intestinal Troubles Prevented.
Ten cents worth of Jerychon saves forfigures in doctor bills and prolongs life. Buy a box of Cas-a-rets Candy Cathartic, Druggists, 25c. 50c.

The more horse sense a man has the less he bets on the races.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 42-8 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

Gossip is a cartridge fired from the gun of idle curiosity.

"There are no cross babies if sick babies in families that use Brown's Teething Cordial."

Women are very dangerous to fool with, and men are worse.

A lie is always in a hurry, but the truth is willing to wait.

W.N.U.—DETROIT—NO.38—1899

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.