The CONVICT CONVOY; or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

The few days following the thrilling incidents narrated above were comparatively happy ones for Louis Lang. In the duel with Whalen he had been pricked and cut a little; the wound in his head gave him slight pain and trouble. The strain on his nerves and his sensitive nature prostrated him temporarily. For a week or so he played the invalid. Perhaps he would have convalesced quicker or perhaps not at all if he had not been waited upon and tenderly nursed by Pearl Huntington and the good doctor, her father. There was something besides bodily sickness and pain that called him, and that was love.

The lack of the care and encouragement of a loving companion was what had made our hero the devil-may-care sort of an individual such as he appeared when Jim Denver met him in the basement saloon when the twain formed the co-partnership of attempting to win fame and a million. And Louis had fallen in love with Pearl Huntington.

Pearl was Louis' ideal of a woman; beautiful, graceful and pure. He was not a frivolous youth, but sensible and staid; and she of a frank, lovable disposition, fearless, yet of that variety of womankind known as "tender and clinging," withal not dependent nor weak.

Louis was sitting in an easy chair, while Pearl was busying herself tidying up the sitting-room. They had been having another chat of the nature similar to the one recorded between them on the evening of the duel.

"I do not delude myself, Miss Huntington," said Louis, looking at her longingly, "into the belief that you really love me; it was gratitude, not love, that prompted you to say so!"

She stopped her work and looked at

He rose from the chair, steadying himself against the back.

him questioningly, then said as if in excuse for having made the statement: "There are a thousand women in this place who would be pleased to marry you!" Now that Louis was safe she was resolved not to allow him to draw her into a second admission of love without first finding out his true feelings in advance.

"But there is none here that I would be pleased to marry!" returned Louis.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I do not love them—I do not consider them proper women."

"Then you do not think there are many pure women here?"

"Just as many, if not more, here than men," he answered.

"And there are 'pure' men here?" she asked.

"If you mean by 'pure,' common, ordinary men who have never committed crime, yes," he replied.

"There are no men here that I would care to marry," she retorted.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, I do not love—— (Besides, they are criminals now!" was her rather incoherent reply.

"Then you do not believe that there may be honorable men here, men like your father, for instance?"

"Oh, that may be, but they are very few."

"Then you would not marry a criminal if you really loved him?" he asked.

"Not if I could help it!" she said—but hastily checking herself for fear of treading on dangerous ground and giving offense where none was intended, she added, "But please do not take my remarks as personal!"

Louis bit his lip and went on with the conversation as if the remark had not been made. "You do not believe in reforming the fallen by marrying and then teaching them how to be good by good example?"

"No! Let them reform first!"

"You think it possible to reform? Don't you imagine that some of our so-called criminals have been made so through no fault of their own—that they would not be here, for example, if not detailed by force?"

"Bad company sometimes makes weak-minded persons rogues!"

"Would you call it murder to kill a man in self-defense? Take my fight in the arena, for example. Was that murder?" he asked.

"No," she replied quickly, "that was not murder. You were forced to fight for your life. You gave him a chance. But if he had killed you while you were pleading for his life, that would have been murder!"

"Then you cannot call it murder, under any circumstance, if you kill someone who is trying to kill you. If a man springs upon you with the intent to kill you and you kill him instead! That is not murder?"

"No," she replied, "that is not murder."

"Does it make any difference where this happened, in the arena, in the street, or in the saloon?"

"Saloons are not the proper places for anyone," she said spiritedly, "and I know to what you are alluding. You are trying to justify yourself. But you need not attempt. Golden has explained to me your life—I believe you only killed in self-defense. Even Golden did not know the true facts of the case."

"Then why are you so distant? If I am guiltless in your eyes, why do you shun me?" He forgot that it was man's privilege to make the first advance.

"Am I distant?" she asked, drawing near to him. "I did not know it! I have tried in every way to show you that I appreciate what you have done for me and my father."

"Oh, I know you appreciate," said Louis, irritably, "and I ought to be content with that. It is not to be expected that the likes of you would really care for the like of me! Possibly I would have been content with that if you had not said 'I love you!' But I understand it was pity, not love, you considered it your duty; I understand—I do not delude myself!"

It was a queer way of making love—but then the circumstances were unique. They were married—but neither felt that they offered for (that word) that such was the case. They were in love, but neither would believe it of the other. They were almost strangers, yet each felt that they had known each other for ages.

Pearl really loved Louis, or that there could be no doubt, but there was pleasure for her in having him tell her that he loved her. She must be won in the regular way, no matter the torture—the bliss would come later. "Louis Lang," she said in a strained voice, she did not know whether he would interpret her words in the way she intended or not, "you have fairly won me for a wife; I am yours!" She placed one hand on the arm of his chair and leaned over him, presenting her cheek as if to be kissed!

"You understand me well enough," he said, gently, yet firmly removing her arm from the chair. "You know that I won't claim your love on a technicality. When I married you—then—I did not marry for love. At that time I protected you out of the respect I bore you and your class. You are mine (fiercely), but do you suppose that I would claim you for my wife? Never. Though it is hard to love, and not to have your love returned!"

"Ah! Then you do love!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. She refrained from throwing herself into his arms. "What would you have me say? 'I love you,' if I do not?"

"No, if you do not! That's just it. But do not hold out delusive hopes by saying, 'I could love you if you were not a criminal!'" He rose from the chair, steadying himself against the back. "You know you said it in that way! How do you know you would love me?"

"You are so brave!" she said.

"You love power!" he retorted. He longed to tell her that he was no criminal. There might have been a stain upon his name at one time, but that he was guiltless of any wrong.

Pearl meant to draw him out. There was a glimmer of the truth in her mind. "I must, I can't know, whether my love is being thrown away!" she said to herself, striving to keep down her heart-throbs. "Criminals are not men; they allow something beside their minds to control them! Their faults overpower them! they are mere children!"

"If you really loved!" he said, bitterly, "you could not see these faults. 'Love is blind,' 'Love is all goodness,' love is forgiveness. I know that you do not love!"

"I cannot think of you as a criminal!" she said, relenting a little, and paving the way for his admission, if he intended to make one.

"That's better," he replied, brightening up. "If you really believed it! Perhaps I have been mistaken in you. Why do you come to this conclusion?"

"Because——"

"Because why?" he asked eagerly, as a hopeful gleam came in his eyes.

She edged a little closer to him; then impudently threw her arms around his neck. "Because I do love you! You are so noble, so brave. But at first I wanted you to tell me that you loved me! Oh, so much!"

He caught her in his arms and gazed into her face. "Then you don't despise me—and don't think me a criminal?"

"No," she replied, resting her head on his shoulder. "But I wanted you to tell me so, and not force me to guess it all."

"Believe, it is all I ask now," he said, kissing her. "The future can care for itself!"

The lovers were interrupted in their tete-a-tete by a knock at the door. Pearl, in answering the knock, was surprised to see the king. "You here, Dr. Schiller?" she exclaimed.

"Is your husband at home?" asked the doctor blandly.

Calm at the king himself, yet wondering upon what errand he had come, she said, "Yes. Will you walk in?" And Dr. Schiller and Louis Lang at last confronted each other on equal terms.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Lang asked.

"Grant me a private conversation," said Schiller.

Louis dismissed his wife with a wave of his hand. "Now, sir, your pleasure!"

Late that evening Dr. Schiller and Louis Lang shook hands at parting. Both seemed highly elated at something which transpired during the time they were together. Lang kept his eyes on the retreating form of Schiller until lost in the darkness, then he called to Pearl. "Ask your father to step into the parlor a moment. I have something of importance to say to him!"

(To be continued.)

DISPENSING JUSTICE IN CHINA.

Severe Punishment Meted Out to Convicted Wrongdoers.

A reporter on the staff of the Shanghai Times tells how justice is dealt out to offenders in the police court of that Chinese city: "Business appeared very dull at the Shanghai slave market yesterday, as Yang Wo Zung and Ng Ah Kung were unsuccessful in their attempt to dispose of two girls which they offered for the ridiculously low sum of $80, after having kidnaped them from their home in Pootung. This case was a very intricate one, the kidnapees having charged owners several times. After going exhaustively into the evidence the court pronounced that the accused were convicted upon the charge of having attempted to sell the children and they were remanded for further inquiries previous to being sentenced. The children were ordered to be sent to the Refuge for Slave Girls.

"Tseu Chong Sung, a runner, was charged with attempting to extort money from Taung Wong Sze at 80 Park road, on the 20th ult. Tseu will not do any sprinting for a week, as he is to be scientifically touched upon the spot by the official hammer for 500 times, after which he goes into the cool, calm seculsion of the municipal cloisters for one week.

"Chang Ah Ong was charged with stealing 120 pairs of the upper parts of Chinese silk shoes, valued at $60. Chang gets 200 blows and a month's imprisonment."

Pleasant for the Caller.

Admiral Evans at a dinner at Narragansett said, apropos of disappointment:

"The poor fellow's feelings in this raisfortune must have resembled those of a young planter whom I knew in my youth in Virginia.

"The young man was in love with a girl of great beauty. She had many suitors and to all of them she was more partial than to my friend. But he, though snubbed continually, remained very faithful.

"One Sunday evening when he called, the girl's little brother admitted him. The youngster led him into the parlor, went upstairs to announce his name and then, returning, said:

"'Sit down, Mr. Sparker. She will see you in a few minutes.'

"Sparker said in a relieved and cheery voice:

"'I am glad of that. I was afraid she might have to be excused, as she has done so often before.'

"'No fear of that this time. I played a trick on her,' said the little brother.

"'How was that?' Sparker asked.

"'Why,' said the lad, 'I pretended you were someone else.'"

Tramp Was a Thinker.

A Philadelphian was praising the late Mary Mapes Dodge.

"Wise woman as she was," he said, "Mrs. Dodge could never bring herself to see that organized charity was the only sort that did good. She considered organized charity rather cold. She believed in the charity spirit, which, she said, was best fostered by the direct personal contact of recipient and giver.

"Hence, she never refused a beggar. And, defending herself from my attack one day, she narrated a conversation that she once overheard between two Maryland tramps, or 'peach plucks.'

"These peach plucks, as they lay under a tree on a superb afternoon, philosophized:

"'Bill,' said the first, 'why is it that poor people is always willin' to help us, while rich folks always turns us down?'

"The other, with a mirthless laugh, replied:

"'Them that don't mind givin' things away is the ones that stays poor.'"

An International Catastrophe.

Major Smith was seated at the dinner table with his guests on Thanksgiving Day. The colored waiter was just entering with a smoking hot turkey, when he slipped and fell to the floor, together with a crash of dishes.

The Major, arising from the table, held up his hands and said:

"Gentlemen, a great calamity has just befallen us; here we have the downfall of Turkey, the breaking up of China, the spilling of Greece and the humiliation of Africa."

What He Had.

"Mamma," said little Jimmie one evening while the family were at the supper table, "can you guess what I have here under the table?"

"Jimmie, I hope you aren't acting rudely," said his mother and, whispered to him softly, "since there's company, too."

"Well, since you can't guess it, I'll tell you," he said, "it's a stomach ache."

Completing the Quotation.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—"Papa, what is the rest of the old saying about people living in glass houses should not—what papa?"

Prof. Broadhead—"Should not have neighbors within a stone's throw, I imagine, my son."—Puck.

VETERANS

Peace.

The last death missile has been hurled;
The tattered battleflags are furled;
The laurels have cleared away.
The wearied hosts have stacked their arms;
The bugle blares no wild alarms,
Nor drumbeat wakes the day.

The guns are hushed; the blades are sheathed;
The valiant heroes' brows are wreathed
With laurels nobly won.
The grass grows green on nameless graves,
Where sweetly slumber fallen braves,
Their duties dearly done.

The war dogs, monarchs of the deep—
In leash, upon the billows' sleep,
Their mighty voices stilled.
Their battle lore has been fiercely fought;
Their deeds of darkest death been wrought;
Their thirst for vengeance filled.

Let victors and let vanquished raise
Their voices in eternal praise
To God who gave them birth.
Let foe, united, stand in hand,
Before their sacred altars stand
And welcome Peace on Earth.
—New York Press.

Last of Nine Heroic Brothers Dead.

The last of nine brothers, eight of whom gave their lives to their country on the battlefields of the civil war, Nathaniel W. Failing, was buried yesterday, his death being indirectly caused by terrible wounds he received while fighting by the side of his brothers at bloody Chickamauga, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Herald.

It is probable there was no other Union or confederate soldier who had a record like that of Nathaniel Failing. Born at Little Washington, Pa., in 1836, he, with eight brothers, enlisted in the Union army on the same day in April, 1861, at Mechanicsburg, Ohio, where Nathaniel was employed at the cooper trade. The ages of the brothers ranged from 19 to 45 years. William, the eldest, was the father of thirteen children.

The brothers gave up their lives in the following battles: John, at Fort Donelson, Tenn., in February, 1862; James, at Pea Ridge, Ark., March, 1862; Daniel, at Shiloh, April, 1862; Louis, at Corinth, Miss., October, 1862; Henry, at Gettysburg, July, 1863; Morris, Joel and William, at Chickamauga, September, 1863.

A few days before his death Mr. Failing in an interview told the story of his life. He suffered great bodily pain, but his mind was as clear as to dates of battles as if the occurrences he related happened but a week ago.

"There was no other family that sent nine brothers to the war of the rebellion," he said. "At least I never heard of any. I have talked with hundreds of old comrades whom I met at Grand Army encampments and none of them ever heard of so many brothers being killed in the war. At the battle of Chickamauga, where Thomas, Joel and William were killed, I was at their side when they fell. I was terribly wounded there, both legs being pierced by bullets, also both hips, the right shoulder and right hand. I lay on the field for a day and a night praying that I might die and be relieved of my suffering.

"On March 13, 1864, I was ordered to leave the hospital at Nashville, and I was sent to the hospital at Columbus, Ohio, where I stayed until I was mustered out in June, 1865.

"I went back to the old home in Mechanicsburg, from where the boys enlisted, only to find that my father had moved to a little mining town near McKeesport, Pa., on the Monongahela river. He was living with one of his daughters, Mrs. William Hart. My mother had died, I was told, before father moved away.

"I was still walking on crutches when I reached my sister's home. Father was sitting in a rocker when I hobbled in, a wreck of my former self. I was so changed that he did not know me. My sister was out. Giving me his own easy chair, father at once asked me what regiment I was with. When I told him of the battle of Chickamauga he sprang to his feet and wanted to know if I had met his four sons—Morris, Joel, William and myself. He had mourned us all as dead, having read the list of killed, in which our names were included. When I made myself known to him he wept for joy.

"Returning to Mechanicsburg, I was married in March, 1866, and lived there three years, working at the cooper's trade. I then moved to Elm Grove, Dewitt county, Ill. From there I went to Clinton, Ill., and then moved to Springfield in 1881. I lived in Springfield until about two years ago. I worked for the Illinois Central Railroad company for twenty-five years."

Besides the battle of Chickamauga, Mr. Failing took part in the battles of Bull Run, the five days' siege at Murfreesboro and at Carnifax Ferry.

He enlisted in the Second Ohio Infantry and after three months' service was transferred to Company C, Thirteenth Ohio.

Saw the Monitor at Work.

"I was on the Roanoke," said the Captain, "when the Monitor came down to meet the Merrimac. In the matter of glancing shots there never was anything like that fight. I remember well how we on the Roanoke felt the night after the destruction of the Minnesota and other vessels. We knew that one more dash by the Merrimac would finish us, and we were not in a very cheerful mood when we heard the Monitor was coming.

"In fact, we knew more about the Monitor than the government ever intended we should know. That night when we saw off to the north a light that conducted itself contrary to the accepted rules and regulations, we felt the Monitor was in supporting distance. When she came up and reported for orders she seemed so ridiculously low in the water and so generally inadequate that we lost heart.

"I heard the order that carried her to her position for the night, with instructions to keep in hiding until the Merrimac came out the next morning, when the Monitor was to close in and fight. None of us on the Roanoke slept much that night. We all wanted to see the beginning of the fight, and when morning came with a heavy fog we were disconsolate. We could see, however, the heavy column of black smoke that indicated the position of the Merrimac.

"Soon the heavy column of smoke moved down the river and we knew more deviltry was afoot. To our surprise and delight the fog lifted and we saw the Monitor move swiftly toward the Merrimac as if to ram her. The scene is as vivid to me now as it was that morning, and I am sure that when the Merrimac sighted the strange craft sailing straight toward her she backed water. The Monitor did not ram, but the fight opened and continued for three hours with a halt. We could see every maneuver—could see the balls strike the Monitor and glance off.

"We could see also the heavy shot of the Monitor strike the Merrimac. Some of them glanced off and some of them didn't. We saw that the wash around the deck was broken and when at last the Merrimac turned tail and went up the river. We cheered like wild men. We knew the terror of the Confederate fleet had been worsted, and when the Monitor came past the Roanoke we could see the only scar dents in her armor to indicate that she had been in a fight. But, great Scot! it made us nervous to watch her, kneeling this way and that. As for glancing shots, we couldn't count them."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Prize Fighter Not Good Soldier.

"It is a mistake to think a prizefighter is a good soldier," said Major S. G. Brock, who went through the war in the Army of the Potomac. "When I was Captain of Company H, Sixty-seventh Ohio, we had a strapping big fellow named Frank Blaine with us. Blaine was an expert boxer, and he had all his comrades terrorized because of his agility with his fists.

"The boys became afraid to box with him, and Blaine dropped into the habit of knocking them around out of pure devilment. I reprimanded him frequently, of course, and he would laughingly retort that he was trying to train the soldiers' muscles.

"At the battle of Winchester, in 1862, our company, like others, was rushing into action. While climbing over a fence I noticed a man lying down with his face to the earth. He did not seem to be wounded, and I investigated. I pulled his head up, and found that it was Frank Blaine, the prizefighter. I said:

"'Are you hurt, Frank?'

"'N-n-n-o, sir,' he chattered.

"'Then why don't you go on with the boys?'

"He stood up and looked at me with trembling lips. His face was white as chalk.

"'The God's truth is, Captain,' he said, 'I'm scared to death.'

"I saw that his fright had mastered him, in spite of his strong will. He dreaded the charge of cowardice almost as bad as death, but he just gave way in one supreme moment of terror. There were little men of the company, not half the size of Frank, who were fighting gallantly in front. There were men there whom I had seen Frank knock half-way across the camp, and yet they were doing their duty in a way that ought to have shamed the big bruiser.

"I finally got him into the line and he faced the music fairly well. It was a terrifically hot fight and happened to be the only one of the Civil War where Stonewall Jackson was defeated. After the battle Frank came to me and pleaded with tears in his eyes not to tell the boys and I promised, on condition that he would quit knocking them around.—New York Telegraph.

Brothers Long Separated.

The Robertson brothers, Solon and C. C., separated in Manchester, N. H., soon after the close of the civil war in 1865 and did not again meet until the 23 of August in Middleboro, Mass.

C. C. Robertson then visited his brother Solon in Manchester, N. H., and the two went to the Back Bay district of Boston, where the work of filling in that part of Boston had just begun when they parted in the 60's.

They are the sons of Samuel and Esther York Robertson of Bethel, Me. C. Robertson, after having been in New England, went to Hamilton, Ont., where he engaged in railway construction. While there he married Miss M. J. Jefferson. About twenty-six years ago he moved from Hamilton to Huntington, Ind., where he now lives. During this time Solon, who has been engaged in railroading as brakeman, conductor, fireman and engineer. He has been a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman for twenty-five years. During the civil war he enlisted, in 1862, at Charlestown as a musician, and was assigned to the USS Colorado. He was honorably discharged in 1864.

His brother Solon enlisted in 1861 as private in Co. G, First Maine infantry. He was taken sick at Portland, was discharged and came home to Bethel. After recovering he re enlisted in the Fourth Maine battery and before being mustered out of the service was made a sergeant.—Boston Herald.

Membership Is Now 232,455.

Adjt. Gen. J. E. Gilman stated in his report to the G. A. R. that the membership June 30, 1905, was 232,455. The deaths during the year were 9,152. The net loss for the year was 14,885. The number under suspension June 30 was 19,563. The total expenditures for relief were $98,863 Speaking of Gen. Blackmar, the adjutant general said: "His virtues were many and his faults were few. He was the noblest type of a free born American."

Quartermaster General Charles Burrows reported receipts (including balance of $10,692) of $26,261 and expenditures of $15,344, leaving the balance Aug. 2, 1905, $10,927.

Inspector General Lee S. Estelle reported that there are 28,554 members in the national homes and 13,741 in the state home.

GREAT PREACHER'S FINE TACT.

Henry Ward Beecher Drew Lesson From Humorous Incident.

A very little girl was taken by her parents to a prayer meeting at Plymouth church presided over by Mr. Beecher. In giving out a hymn Mr. Beecher requested every person present who could sing to do so.

The response not having been sufficiently hearty during the first verse, Mr. Beecher before the second again exhorted all to sing.

"Come, brethren, if you have the grace of God in your hearts, let it come out in your voices. Sing! All together now! Sing!"

The little girl took this as personal appeal and hastily bethought herself of the song dearest to the heart; the cry of a fruit lover who often brought fruit to her home. Accordingly, when the verse began she let forth her voice in a shrill cry of "Straw-ber-ries! Straw-ber-ries! Straw-ber-ries!" The congregation faltered, stopped and laughed, but Mr. Beecher, not at all disconcerted, called out, "that's right, little girl. That's right. If you can't praise God in anything but strawberries, then sing strawberries."

Best in the World.

Cream, Ark., Oct. 9th.—(Special.)—After eighteen months suffering from Epilepsy, Backache and Kidney Complaint, Mr. W. H. Smith of this place is as well man again and those who have watched his return to health unhesitatingly give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In an interview regarding his cure, Mr. Smith says:

"I had been low for eighteen months with my back and kidneys and also Epilepsy. I had taken everything I knew of and nothing seemed to do me any good till a friend of mine got me to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I find that they are the greatest medicine in the world. Now I am able to work and am in fact as stout and strong as before I took sick."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys cleanse the blood of all imprifities. Pure blood means good health.

Close Schools for Circus.

The Ramsbottom (England) education committee granted all the school children of the town a half holiday on the occasion of the visit of a circus, in order "to give the poorer children an opportunity of seeing unfamiliar animals."

BIG PUBLISHER SUED.

Chicago, Oct. 16.—The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of a widely known proprietary medicine, has brought suit in the Superior Court of the City of Chicago against the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, alleging that it has been damaged to the extent of $250,000 by a recent article in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The suit is based on a statement recently made in that journal that a testimonial as to the merit of the remedy manufactured by the plaintiff, alleged to have been given by Congressman George H. White of South Carolina, was fraudulent, denial from Mr. White that he ever gave such a testimonial also being printed.

The Peruna company declares that Congressman White did give the testimonial in good faith, and that it has two original letters from Mr. White. It declares that Mr. White was led to repudiate the testimonial through a misunderstanding.

This is the second large damage suit that has been filed against the Curtis Publishing company since it inaugurated its attacks on "Patent Medicines."

Matrimony vs. Female Labor.

One objection to trained female labor, says the Medical Press and Circulator, is that the service is liable to be disorganized by epidemics of matrimony among the employes. Nurses are by no means exempt from this weakness, and of late a disposition has shown itself in certain hospitals to discourage the admission of young women who are "engaged," on the ground that the fact of their future being settled and engaged indisposes them to that self-abnegation and single minded devotion to duty which are held to constitute the stock in trade of those who propose to take up nursing as a profession. Some of the young women prefer the uncertain independence of the single state, but the majority assuredly only await the opportunity to disqualify themselves for the nursing profession.

How They Told Time.

Three boys were told to go and take the exact time by the town clock. The first came back and said: "It is 12 o'clock." He became in after life a bookseller. The second was more exact. He said it was three minutes after 12. He became a doctor. The third looked at the clock, found out how long it took him to walk back to the house, returned to the clock, then added the time of his walk to the time shown, and reported the result thus: "It is at this moment 12 hours, 10 minutes and 15 seconds." That boy came to distinction as Helmholtz, the scientist.—New York Tribune

"GOLD GOLD."

"Good," He Says, "But Comfort Better."

"Food that fits is better than a gold mine," says a grateful man.

"Before I commenced to use Grape-Nuts food no man on earth ever had a worse infliction from catarrh of the stomach than I had for years.

"I could eat nothing but the very lightest food and even that gave me great distress.

"I went through the catalogue of prepared foods but found them all (except Grape-Nuts) more or less indigestible, generating gas in the stomach (which in turn produced headache and various other pains and aches) and otherwise unavailable for my use.

"Grape-Nuts food I have found easily digested and assimilated, and it has renewed my health and vigor and made me a well man again. The catarrh of the stomach has disappeared entirely with all its attendant ills, thanks to Grape-Nuts, which now is my almost sole food. I want no other." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

You Have No Right to Suffer

From Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble.

Q. What is the beginning of sickness?

A. Constipation.

Q. What is Constipation?

A. Failure of the bowels to carry off the waste matter which lies in the alimentary canal where it decays and poisons the system. Eventually the results are death under the name of some other disease. Note the deaths from typhoid fever and appendicitis, stomach and bowel troubles of every kind.

Q. What causes Constipation?

A. Neglect to respond to the call of nature promptly. Lack of exercise. Excessive brain work. Medicines that impair digestion.

Q. What are the results of neglected Constipation?

A. Constipation causes more suffering than any other disease. It causes rheumatism, colds, fevers, stomach, bowel, kidney, lung and heart troubles. It is in the one disease that starts all others. Indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, loss of sleep and weakness, piles, fistula, fever, appendicitis and hernia, are caused by Constipation. Hemorrhoids and tumors are due to it, physicians, but few sufferers realize their condition until it is too late. Women are the most confirmed invalids as a result of Constipation.

Q. Do physicians recognize this?

A. Yes. The first question your doctor asks you is: "Are you constipated?" That is the secret.

Q. Can it be cured?

A. Yes, with proper treatment. The common error is to resort to pills, such as pills, salts, mineral water, castor oil, injections, etc., every one of which is injurious. They weaken and increase the trouble. You cannot cure this by your own experience.

Q. What then should be done to cure it?

A. Get a bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic at once. Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure Constipation and Stomach Trouble in the shortest space of time. No other remedy has before been known to cure Constipation positively and permanently.

Q. What is Mull's Grape Tonic?

A. It is a Compound with 40 per cent. of the juice of Concord grapes. It exerts a peculiar strengthening, healing influence upon the intestines, so that they can do their work unaided. The process is gradual but sure. It is not a physic, but it cures Constipation, Dyscntery, Stomach and Bowel Troubles. It is a rich, fruity grape flavor, it is pleasant to take. As a tonic it is unequaled. It builds up the system against disease. It strengthens and builds up waste tissue.

Q. Where can Mull's Grape Tonic be had?

A. Your druggist sells it. The dollar bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size.

Good for Ailing Children and Nursing Mothers.

A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

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A Siamese lover must announce his first visit to his lady love four months in advance, and when the day arrives and he proposes the maiden must wait decorously for two hours before giving him her answer, although she surely has decided before his arrival. What would impetuous American lovers think of such proceedings?

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It has been said by more than one authority that, if all the articles in our museums and some of the great private collections were examined and thoroughly overhauled by experts, it would be found that a great proportion were spurious.

AWFUL NEURALGIA

Mr. Porter Thought He Should Go Mad But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

"It seems like a miracle that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have cured my neuralgia," said Mr. Porter. "They are certainly a marvelous medicine and I am always glad to recommend them.

"For two years," he continued, "I had suffered almost unendurable pains in my head. They would start over my eyes and shoot upward most frequently, but they often spread over my face, and at times every nerve in my head and face would be full of agony. Sometimes the pains were so intense that I actually feared they would drive me mad.

"My eyes would constantly pain and there was always a burning sensation over my forehead, but the other pains varied, sometimes they were acute, and again they were dull and lingering. I could not sleep. My temper was irritable and I got no pleasure out of life.

"I tried remedy after remedy, but finding no help in any of them, I became a despairing man. Even when I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had no great hope of a cure.

"That was in December of 1903. To my surprise, a change in my condition took place right away. The pains grew less intense and the acute attacks were further apart, so I kept on using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The improvement began with the first box, and when I had used six boxes I stopped. My cure was complete and has lasted ever since."

Mr. Charles H. Porter lives at Raymond, N. H. He is one of many grateful people who have found that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure diseases of the nerves that have stubbornly resisted every other remedy tried. Not only neuralgia, but sciatica, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia yield to them. They are sold by all druggists, or may be obtained directly from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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