# LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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### CHAPTER XXX.

Lafitte, while waiting for Baptistine to return with implements for making a grave, left Shapira to look after the prisoner, and drew Barbe aside in order to question here more closely.

He was, after hearing what she had to say, convinced that she was not mistaken in her statement, although there were no papers—nothing in the way of further identification—found upon the dead man.

Barbe acquiesced readily in Lafitte's decision that Rose de Cazeneau should never be told the truth.

Great was the disgust of Shapira and the two men who returned with Baptistine when they found that it was Lafitte's wish to bury the Englishman, as well as Zeney. Even Baptistine's black brows went up in a surprised disapproval which he wisely refrained from putting into words.

The dead were soon laid in the hastily prepared graves; the earth was shoveled over them, and some pieces of fallen trees placed above, to guard against any disturbance from denizens of the woods.

In the sunset-bathed clearing, Baptistine stood near Lafitte as the latter gave Shapira some parting orders. He was to take the English sailor to the neighborhood of La Tetes des Eaux, and let him find his way from that point to his comrades.

It was comparatively early when Lafitte's party, weary from the excitement of the day and the fatigue of their long march through the woods, betook themselves gratefully to such accommodations as Baptistine's small craft afforded for rest and sleep.

The night had closed in darkly as the boat slipped away beneath the starlight, made dimmer by the wailing forest lining either bank of the bayou.

It was some time after this that Lafitte, while picking his way along the deck, a lighted lantern swinging from his hand, came upon a cloaked female figure sitting well astern upon a coil of rope, and his foot struck sharply against a small object, sending it swiftly toward her.

Holding his lantern lower to see what this might be, the rays struck across the white hand and wrist of Rose de Cazeneau as she reached forward and picked up an exquisite ivory fan, whose jeweled sticks caught the light glimmeringly.

"Oh, it is Madame Riefet's pet fan—one Monsieur Laussat gave her in

"Can you read it?" he whispered.

place of one he broke, when she danced with him at the governor's ball."

Her voice sank lower, and a fluttering, like that made by the wings of a startled wild bird, sounded in it.

Lafitte's hand had stolen over one of hers, and now held it close.

"Why are you here, little Rose, and not asleep, like the others, as you ought to be? You must be very tired."

"I was; but I could not sleep, and came up here for some air."

She stopped abruptly, and he felt the shiver that ran through her shoulder when it touched his own.

The suppression made his voice tremulous as he asked, forcing a laugh, and taking the fan from her hand, "Do you understand the language of the fan?"

"Somewhat," she answered, wondering at his apparent change of mood. "Lazalie has told me of it."

"Ah," said Lafitte, with a touch of what might have been either playfulness or sarcasm, "then you have had an excellent teacher. Yet I doubt if she ever evolved for you a sentence I should like you to read."

"What is it?—let me try," she replied, her thoughts—as he intended they should be—diverted.

"I wonder if there are enough sticks in this small bauble," he continued, not seeming to have heard her; and bending his face closer, he counted them.

"One, two, three, four—yes, here are the eight, and five to spare, for all the fan is such a tiny one."

Then, having placed it in her hand, he added, speaking more softly, "There are the eight sticks, little Rose. Can you read what they say to you from me?"

The girl sat with bended head, her eyes fixed on the open fan she could see but indistinctly.

"Can you read it?" he whispered, lowering his face to look into hers and again possessing himself of her hand.

At the sound of his voice, with his lips so close that his breath stirred her hair—at the thrill of his touch—at the mere realization of their being alone together, a strange exultation possessed the girl, lifting her spirit from its bodily enthralment; and, half-swooning, yet acutely sensible, she read, as surely as though he had uttered them, "No words may say how I love you!"

It was as if an angel voice spoke to her inner senses; and dropping the fan into her lap, she covered her face with her hands.

"Can you read it?" he whispered once more, feeling that she was quivering, as from a nervous chill.

"No," she murmured faintly; but adding, more boldly, and in a stronger tone, "Tell me!"

He laughed, and rose to his feet. The laugh came from his exulting heart; and extending his hands to her, he said, with a new decision of manner, "Come, little Rose, this is very delightful, but not at all good for you. What would Madame Riefet say to me if she knew where you were at this moment? I will take you below; and then you must go to sleep, like a good child."

He took her hand, and she permitted him to lead her down the narrow stairway to the cabin below.

"Some day—and soon," he said, as he left her at the door of her little stateroom, "I will tell you, if indeed you know not already, what the fan said."

There was a smile in his voice; and something else, as well, that made her lashes droop to touch the flushed cheeks.

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Madame Riefet found little to cavil at in the neat and comfortable, if somewhat primitive arrangements at Shell Island, which Lafitte and his party reached the afternoon following their departure from La Tete des Eaux.

Madame and the two girls were quartered in his own cabin, the prevailing atmosphere of which was—owing to the jumble of foreign furnishings that filled it—teak-wood and lacquer.

Rose de Cazeneau was beside Lazalie, on one of the settees, with the Spanish girl's arm around her; and the two were watching the flames, before which sat Madame Riefet.

After the excitement of the previous day, and not yet having recovered from their fatigue, the ladies were disposed to be more silent than usual; but presently Lazalie remarked, glancing around her, "How cheerful and pleasant it seems here! it is almost as if Captain Jean had known we were to come, and had prepared for our reception."

"If so, then I wish he might have

(To be continued.)

## WHO SHALL BE CALLED SANE?

### If It Were Left to Their Neighbors, Few, Indeed.

Who is insane" asks Stephen Smith, M. D., LL. D., in Leslie's Magazine. No one, or, every one, according as we ask the question. No one in an asylum will admit that he or she is insane. Each in turn would resent such an insinuation. Certainly, no one out of an asylum will assent to the charge of being insane. And yet, both parties readily recognize the insanity of others. An intelligent old lady, once the head of a ladies' seminary, wished me to discharge her from an asylum, alleging that all the patients in the hall believed her sane. Seven women were privately asked their opinions as to her sanity, and all declared that she was very insane, while asserting their own sanity. When informed of the result of the test, the old lady accurately described the special peculiarities of each of her accusers. So, in every community, the private gossip is much concerned about those who are called "strange," "peculiar," "deranged," unbalanced," "light-headed," "addle off," "out-of-gear," "wrong-in-the-upper-story," "cranks." Few, if any, escape for a lifetime, one or the other of these epithets. Without, as within the asylum, no one recognizes his or her own mental deviations, but readily detects the mental aberrations of others.

### Big Alaskan Bear.

Alaska is particularly rich in bears and most of them belong to a group known as the Alaskan brown bears, of which the Kodiak bear is one. So wide is his reputation that sportsmen from all over the world spend thousands of dollars in order to add a skin to their collection of trophies. The weight of a full grown Kodiak bear is not known, although specimens have been killed that were estimated to weigh between fifteen and eighteen hundred pounds, and some hunters claim that they will go as high as twenty-two hundred. While at Kodiak several summers ago I measured the skin of one of these huge animals which stretched the tape nine and a half feet from the nose to the tail, and ten and a half feet across the outstretched front paws. Mr. A. C. Goss, who handles all of the brown hands of the Alaskan Commercial Company at Kodiak, told me that he had seen skins that were three feet longer.—J. Alden Loring in Recreation.

### Odd Newspaper Names.

The names of American newspapers are a study in nomenclature. In Arkansas are the Buzz Saw and the Back Log; California, the Condor, the Wasp and the Tomahawk; Colorado, the Rattler, and Yesterday and Today; Iowa, the Postal Card, the Unit, the Nucleus and the Firebrand; Kentucky, the Salt River Tiger, the Push, the Boomerang; Missouri, the Missing Link and the Cyclone; Nevada, the Rustler. Oklahoma rejoices in the Dinner Bell and the Plain People. South Dakota has a Plain Talker. In West Virginia is the Irresponsible. Missouri has the Crank and the Entering Wedge. Wyoming reads Bill Balon's Budget.

### English Actors Form Union.

An effort is being made to form an Actors' Union in England. Every actor and actress in the country is being asked to join. Seymour Hicks and H. B. Irving are at the head of the movement.

## Out of Time

### The Goat.

The goat is an amusing beast,
On circus posters nursed;
His head is the butt end of him—
He travels butt end first.
'Tis true he feedeth on tin cans
And eateth brie-a-brac,
And wears a bored expression,
And eternally says: "Ba-a!"

When he has quit this world of sin,
Eternally stopped buttin',
We greet him in our dining-room—
He comes disguised as mutton;
He has the cutest little tail,
A set of horns, also;
They're each at different ends of him—
At the butt ends, you know.

I would not care to meet a goat
And pat it on the head,
I hate trained nurses all the while
Tiptoeing round my bed;
My father and my mother too—
It worries them like sin;
A goat's the impolitest beast—
He's always butting in.

—Houston Post.

### Relics of a Past Age.

An interesting discovery has been made at the farm of Whitehouse, Skene, tenanted by Mr. Robert Allan. While one of the farm servants was removing some gravel from a field he came upon a fine specimen of a stone coffin, containing the bones of a full-grown person and two urns, which are in a state of good preservation. The smaller one is in the form of a cone, and is nine inches high by about two and a half inches wide at the base; the other is bell-shaped, and is about seven inches high by six inches wide. Both vases are made of a very fine clay and ornamented, designs being nicely cut by some sharp instrument on either side of both urns. The stone coffin is also well preserved, and measures four feet four inches in length, by two feet wide and twenty-eight inches high. The cist lies from east to west, the head being towards the sea. The skull is complete, the teeth being perfect in both jaws. The slabs of which the cist is made have been left exactly as they were discovered. Many people have already paid a visit to see the interesting relics, but no one has yet been able to suggest when the interments had taken place.—London Telegraph.

### Where Fish Come From.

"In my garden," said a resident of Brooklyne, "I dug last fall a hole three feet deep, thirty feet long and thirty feet wide. I filled the hole with water; I made an artificial lake out of it. To-day that artificial lake is full of fish. Where did they come from? I didn't put them there."

"The question you ask me," replied the biologist, "has been asked me many times before. Innumerable men, building artificial lakes, have, like you, been mystified to find these lakes spontaneously producing hosts of fish.

"This is the secret of the matter. Fish-eating birds, the gull and hawk and so on, settle on these new waters, drop into them from their bills fish spawn—the crumbs, so to speak, of a recent meal—and these crumbs propagate, become fish. Thus in time we have an apparent miracle, an artificial lake spontaneously producing hundreds of finny denizens."—Boston Herald.

### Convict's Display of Ingenuity.

With nothing but a jackknife to work with, one of the convicts at the prison at Wethersfield, Conn., has recently finished two wooden models of locomotives. These models are each about eighteen inches long, including the tender, and perfect in every detail. Nothing except wood is used in the models, yet they may be operated by turning a crank under the engine. The wheels go around, the pistons slide back and forth, the cab windows may be moved, the bell rung and the engine and tender uncoupled. The convict had nothing to work by except his own memory.

### Australian Railroad Deadheads.

It is nice to have a gold pass attached to one's watch chain which franks one first class over the railways of a continent, and sends every ticket collector's hand to his cap. Such is the happy lot of Australian ministers and ex-ministers, but the "deadheads" are now so many that the question of restricting the issue of passes has been engaging the premier's conference at Hobart. The loss of railway revenue runs into many thousands of pounds. In Victoria alone there are eighty ex-ministers with free passes. One has had his pass since 1857. He must be the record "deadhead" of the world.

### Ancient Bedchambers.

In the seventeenth century Englishmen thought it injurious to sleep in rooms facing the sun, so most of the rooms faced north and east, opening off a passage or else out of each other. At the head of the stairs slept the master and his wife, and all the rooms tenanted by the rest of the household were accessible only through that. The daughters of the house and maid servants lay in rooms on one side, say the right, with the maids in those most distant; those of the men lay on the left, the sons of the house nearest the chamber of the master and the serving men farthest away.

### Drank Rebel Chief's Blood.

His Excellence the Viceroy of the Two Kuang, at Kuelin, a short time ago, at the execution of a famous rebel chief, stepped forward and caught some of the blood and drank it.

Whether he wished to become impregnated with the courage of the robber, or whether it was a feeling of revenge that prompted the act, can only be surmised.—Canton Times.

### Snail's Sense of Smell.

The snail's sense of smell has been located in the horns by some observers, but authorities quite as good have regarded this conclusion as incorrect. M. Young, who has been making experiments to settle the matter, now claims to have proven that the snail's nose is distributed over the entire body.

## NO DANGER AT ALL.

### That Is, According to the Captain's Line of Reasoning.

My grandmother's brother Silas was what perhaps now might be called a crank, but in his own day and generation he was spoken of as "regular unaccountable." He lived with his sister until her death, and, when grandfather came to live with us, he insisted upon staying alone in the old house, where he could do as he pleased.

His original ways were a source of unfailing delight to me, though held in great scorn by my grandfather, who had been master of a whaler at 24 and was a man of no mean ability in other directions.

One frosty October morning I ran over the way to see what Uncle Silas was up to, and found the old man seated before a crackling red-hot stove, stirring with a long-handled spoon some dark substance in the frying pan.

Many a savory coot stew of Uncle Silas' making had I enjoyed with him and I asked eagerly, 'What you doing, Uncle Silas?"

"Powder was a leetle damp and I'm drying of her off," was the startling reply. Off I ran as fast as my little legs could carry me.

"Grandpa," I gasped as I tumbled into your kitchen, "Uncle Silas has got his powder in a pan on a red-hot stove. He's drying of her off. Come quick or he'll be blown to pieces."

Grandfather calmly pressed the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with his thumb, and, without looking up, said, soothingly, 'Sho, sonny, don't be scairt. To naught, naught can happen."—Boston Herald.

## DID THIS BIRD THINK?

### At Least, She Went Through Process Very Much Like Reasoning.

Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of the department of ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History, has had many curious glimpses into the private life of birdland.

"I was exploring one day in a region full of water birds," said he, "when I came upon a bittern's nest among the reeds, with five eggs in it. The mother, hearing me approach, had left in haste. Hoping to see her return, I hid myself and remained silent and motionless. In this position I saw a marsh rail come along and deliberately puncture two of the bittern's eggs with her bill. This seemed to be done purely in a spirit of malicious destruction, for the marsh rail made no attempt to eat the eggs. "Then she made off, and presently the mother bittern came back. One would have expected her to desert the nest after it had been so violated. But she was evidently of a philosophic turn of mind.

"She apparently reasoned thus: 'These eggs are destroyed for the purpose for which they were intended. They will never now produce young bitterns. But they the good eggs I know, for I laid them myself. It is a pity to have them wasted.'

"And thereupon she set to and deliberately ate up the two punctured eggs. Her housewifely instincts then aroused, she carefully threw all the shells out of the nest and cleaned up a portion of the contents which had been unduly spilled. She then peacefully resumed the process of incubation."

### A Great Discovery.

Clayton, Tex., May 1st.—(Special)—That a genuine cure for Diabetes has been discovered is the opinion of Mr. J. H. Bailey of this place. Speaking of the matter, Mr. Bailey says:

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills is the best remedy for Diabetes and the only one that has ever been discovered that will cure Diabetes.

"I have a genuine case of Diabetes. I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am still taking them. They have helped me so much that I am now up and able to work some. I believe that if I had conformed strictly to a Diabetes diet I would now have been completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured hundreds of cases of Diabetes and never once failed. It is an old saying that what will cure Diabetes will cure any form of Kidney Disease and that's just exactly what Dodd's Kidney Pills do. They cure all kidney diseases from Backache to Bright's Disease.

### Trying Chinese Bride's Temper.

On the day of a Chinese marriage uninvited friends and neighbors, or even perfect strangers, are allowed to come in and see the bride and they may make any remark about her, or to her, they please, says the Boudoir. Sometimes things horribly rude and disgusting are said:

To try her temper a man will say: "Fetch your husband a cup of tea!" If she does so, all will say jeeringly: "What obedient wife you are!"

If she sulks and does not do as she is told they remark: "That is a pretty vixen with which to begin married life. We cannot congratulate you on that tartar," and other words to similar effect.

Then the poor thing is made to stand on an inverted cup to show how small are her feet.

### Take Care of Your Books.

Take every book from your cases, and dust them first, "Hurriedly wav," which is by striking one with another lightly, so that the dust flies out; then dust them with a cloth. Take the same precaution with the bookcases as you do with bureaus—wipe them out with turpentine water.

Little insects often play great havoc with valuable books and bindings.

### Things Feminine.

Only the woman who thinks and says sweet things knows the value of a velvet tongue. Only the woman who looks with a kindly eye on her friends knows the power of a smile. And only the woman who makes a weapon of her tongue and a companion of her frown may ever fully appreciate the folly of feminine spite.—Exchange.

### Easy.

The reason why white sheep eat more than black ones has been definitely settled. There are more of them.—Chicago Tribune.

Push a worthy enterprise as far as circumstances will permit.

## TALES TOLD BY OLD POTTERY.

### Old Stoneware That Brings to Mind Half-Forgotten Customs.

Pottery students and collectors find much to charm them in the old wares they sometimes hit upon. For instance Leah Salt of Dutton, England, says the Philadelphia Record, has gathered eleven pieces of pottery illustrating the sports of bear-baiting, bull-fighting and cock fighting.

Some of them are of Nottingham make and probably date from the seventeenth century. They are all drinking vessels. The bears are shown muzzled and in various attitudes. Shakespeare has references to the sport of bear-baiting. Bear gardens, each kept by a bearward, were common in his day. Bull-fighting and cock-fighting are also illustrated. The figure of the cock is formed of the ware which is characteristic of the Asbury-Wood period and previous to the cream ware development of Josiah Wedgwood. The cock's white is shaded by patches of brown. The black eye is characteristic of the period.

Indian Head, N. W. T.,
Jan. 20th, 1904.

Immigration Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada:

Am sending you the return of two fields of wheat grown on my home farm yast year. These returns are perfectly accurate, and not over-estimated.

1 summer-fallow about one-third of my farm every year, and afterward take off two crops and summer-fallow again. The summer-fallow is ploughed twice during the summer, first shallow, afterwards deep and no weed allowed to grow. The stubble is left as long as possible when cutting the first crop, and is harrowed the following spring, drilled directly afterwards, and harrowed after drilling. This gives much better result than fall-ploughing.

Field No. 1. Quarter-section followed 1903, yield 37 bushels per acre. This wheat is netting at present time 88c per bushel.

| | |
|---|---|
| For 37 bushels, per acre..... | $32.56 |
| | Per acre. |
| Cost of summer-fallowing in 1903..... | $4.20 |
| Harrowing and seeding..... | 1.50 |
| Harvesting ..... | .65 |
| Threshing (owner's machine), 2c per bush..... | .74 |
| Hauling to elevators at 2c per bush..... | .74 |
| | $7.63 |
| Profit after allowing expenses, per acre..... | $24.93 |

Field No. 2—Stubble field, 80 acres. Have sold the wheat at 88c per bushel. Yield per acre 25 bushels, per acre..... $22.00

| | |
|---|---|
| Cost..... | Per acre. |
| Seed wheat and seeding | $1.50 |
| Cutting, stacking..... | .65 |
| Threshing (owner's machine), 2c per bush..... | .50 |
| Hauling to elevator, 2c per bush..... | .50 |
| | $3.15 |
| Profit after expense..... | $18.85 |

Profit from one plowing..... $43.78

I am sending you the yield of these two fields which are both in my home farm. I thought they might be interesting reading for you. Had 19,500 bushels of wheat on my different farms, and between 5,000 and 6,000 of oats and barley.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
(Sgd) Alfred Wilson.

Agents of the Government of Canada will be pleased to furnish full information as to rates.

### Of Masculine Gender.

Coming home from a child's theatrical entertainment recently, a little Germantown boy declared what he had liked best in the play was a saucer, says the Philadelphia Record. This first attempt at dramatic criticism was passed around and pondered on in family consultations without any satisfactory explanation. At last the boy was asked if he could himself tell what he meant by a saucer. "Why," he replied, after due deliberation, "it's the same thing as a sorceress, only it's a man."

### Why He Was Beaten.

The keeper of the only saloon at Bellport, L. I., was a candidate for justice of the peace. He pledged himself, if elected, to close his saloon and go out of the business. He was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

### Bangkok's Population.

The population of Bangkok is estimated at 500,000 souls, among whom are about 900 Europeans and Americans.

### Street Car Transfers.

Nearly 20 per cent of all street car passengers require transfers.

## ECZEMA FOR TWO YEARS.

### Little Girl's Awful Suffering With Terrible Skin Humor—Sleepless Nights for Mother—Speedy Cure by Cuticura.

"My little girl had been suffering for two years from eczema, and during that time I could not get a night's sleep, as her ailment was very severe. I had tried so many remedies, derived no benefit, I had given up in despair. But as a last resort I was persuaded to try Cuticura, and one box of the Ointment and two bottles of the Resolvent, together with the Soap, effected a permanent cure.—Mrs. I. B. Jones, Addington, Ind. T."

It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general.

### $100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Bubonic plague has broken out at Sydney and Brisbane, Australia.

## A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 87 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say, Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief, by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Temper your feelings to the condition of the one who has offended.

It is more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one.

### Let Everybody Work

And the world would be more happy and contented. Just consider how much pain and trouble results in your body when your liver or stomach stop working. Happily, you can soon set them to work again, cure your pains, and restore yourself to health and contentment, with Dr. Caldwell's (laxative) Syrup Pepsin. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50c and $1.00. Money back if it fails.

There are two times when a man doesn't know if he is getting his money's worth or not—when he is buying a monument or diamonds.

### Health is Your Heritage.

If you feel sick, depressed, irritated; if food disagrees with you; if you are constipated, or get tired easy, something is wrong. There is no reason why you should not be restored to perfect health if you will write for a trial bottle of Vernal Palmettona, made from Saw Palmetto Berries which possess wonderful curative powers for all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder. Thousands of sufferers have been permanently cured. Write for free sample. Vernal Remedy Co., Le Roy, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

### Aged Vegetarian.

There is a man of eighty-six in New York who has not tasted meat for thirty-eight years. He expects to live twenty-five or thirty years longer. He has brought up a large family on vegetables alone. His eldest son, who was in childhood very delicate, with an obvious consumptive tendency, became a vegetarian with his father thirty-eight years ago, and is a fine, vigorous, hearty man, educating his children in the same regimen.

### Remarkable Boat.

A boat with fin-shaped propellers on its sides, to make it sink and rise at will, has been invented by an Englishman and successfully experimented with.

## THE END OF THE GRIP

### REACHED AFTER EIGHT YEARS OF COMPLICATED TROUBLES.

**Deafness, Hissing Sounds in Head, Stomach Disorder, Palpitation of Heart and Debility Overcome at Last.**

Mr. Newman certainly had a very tough time with the grip, and it is no wonder that he thinks that the remedy that cured him can't be beat. His case shows how profoundly grip poisons the system and how obstinately it resists all ordinary efforts to eradicate it.

Few cases can be worse than Mr. Newman's for he had head, heart and stomach troubles combined with great weakness. He recently said:

"The attack of grip which I had eight years ago left me in a very bad fix. I became nearly deaf and my head ached continually and was filled with hissing and roaring sounds. My heart fluttered and had regular running-away spells. My stomach was so sore that I could hardly bear a touch on that part of my body. I had a great deal of pain in the region of my liver and the doctor said that organ was enlarged. My kidneys ached so at times that I could hardly stand."

"Didn't you give up and go to bed?" he was asked.

"No, I simply wouldn't. My head and my back ached dreadfully, but I obstinately dragged myself about, kept growing worse and finally ran down to almost nothing."

"What did you do to get relief?"

"First I tried a doctor, but he did me no good. Then I took all kinds of advertised preparations but found none helpful until I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As soon as I got them I knew that I had at last hit the right remedy for my case. The very first box did more for me than anything else I had ever taken. They relieved relief right away and in three months they positively cured me. I think I was scarcely ever in better health in my life than I am at present."

Mr. William A. Newman is a well-known Camden county farmer, living at Sagrada, Missouri. His case was a severe test for any remedy, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills met every requirement. Other remedies merely drive the poison of the grip into hiding. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills drive it out of the system. They are sold by every druggist.


# DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Save $10.- Per Cow
EVERY YEAR OF USE

Over All Gravity Setting Systems
And $3. to $5. Per Cow
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Now is the time to make this most important and profitable of dairy farm investments. Send at once for new 1905 catalogue and name of nearest agent.

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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION