MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By STODDARD DAYTHORNE

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

For answer Dick steps up to the first vehicle at the curb, the driver has crawled inside, for the night air is cool and there can be no telling how long his patron may be detained; some people seem to enter that office and never come out again, so far as the public knowledge goes.

"Is this the vehicle that brought the two ladies from the Grand Continental?" he asks, in French.

The driver answers in the negative, and they pass on to the next, where the same question is repeated and another disappointing reply given. Thus a third and fourth vehicle goes in review, without any success. Only two more remain, and the last of these happens to be their own fiacre. So Dick takes the remaining chance, and wins!

When he puts the same question to the man, the Jehu replied in the affirmative; he brought two ladies from the hotel mentioned, and is hired to wait for them.

"Is there anything wrong about that?" he demands, feeling a trifle alarmed, perhaps, because he may have brought as a fare here some anarchist people who have designs upon the prefect's life.

"That's all right, you are to wait for them," with which curt remark Dick walks on, accompanied by his men, entering their own vehicle and ride away.

"What do you suppose brought Miss Westerly to the prefect's office this night?" says Dick, slowly.

"I've agreed she was hunting some one in Paris, and wondered why she had not thought to visit M. Marquand before. She has evidently come to the same conclusion he has, hence her presence at the seat of law and order. As plain as day, my boy."

"Well, I hope she may find what she seeks," remarks Dick, with a queer little chuckle, as they alight in front of their lodging-house, pay the driver, and retire.

MISS PAULINE INTERVIEWS THE PREFECT OF POLICE

CHAPTER V.

"Indeed! Now, you tell me news. I am all attention, Mademoiselle Westerly."

"A younger sister, by name Beulah, was believed to have been drowned years ago when a child, with her French nurse. Recent events have aroused my interest anew—I have learned that this nurse is alive, that she has been seen in Paris. I seek her now to discover the truth—whether my sister was really drowned, and she died in deadly fear, or perhaps kidnaped the child, hired by some enemy of my father."

"You interest me, mamselle. Was your father a man to make enemies?" holding a pencil with which he occasionally makes memoranda in short hand upon a tablet of paper.

"He was always interested in Mexican mines, and met all manner of men, making numerous trips to Mexico and the South-west."

"I see. Now, the name of the nurse."

"Antoinette Duval."

"Can you give a description of her?"

"Only as I remember her. She was a woman of middle age then, and had a peculiar droop to one eye."

"Ah!"

"The left, if I remember correctly, monsieur."

"Ah! go on, my dear young lady."

"There was also something peculiar in her gait—I believe she limped a little. You see I was but five months old when Antoinette and Beulah disappeared."

"No signs of either were ever found?"

"Nothing."

"Your father exhausted every means to discover the missing ones, I presume?"

"Nothing that a father's love for his child or a wealthy man's gold could do was left undone; but without success. We never heard any really favorable reports—all clues proved to be false, and finally the search was given up in despair. The blow had much to do with my poor mother's death a few years later on."

And Miss Pauline presses a dainty kerchief against her eyes as the memories thus aroused almost overcome her.

"Can you give a description of the child?" pursues the prefect.

"I can do better. Fortunately they had this photograph taken some weeks before."

The man carefully examines the picture,

"A bright looking child," he remarks, writing; "quite a contrast to yourself, mamselle."

"Yes; Beulah took after my father, who was black-eyed, while I resemble my mother."

"Pardon, but your mother must have been a very handsome woman, mamselle."

"She was—I—that is——" in confusion as she catches the pointed compliment; she was a sweet lady whom every one loved. My father idolized her, and was a different man after he lost her."

"Is there anything more? How old would the lost girl be had she lived?"

"Just eighteen a week ago."

"There was nothing about her by means of which she could be distinguished—it is an old joke, this birthmark business, but we depend upon it very much in such cases. Think for a minute of your friends, there is hardly one of them who has not some distinguishing mark—by means of which they could be identified."

"What, you say is the truth; I had never thought of it before. I cannot remember anything peculiar about Beulah—she was only two years old —unless it might be the fact that her left thumb nail was a little disfigured because of the thumb being crushed."

"That is enough to distinguish her," says the grave official, writing. "You spoke of your father having enemies —do you know whether he had ever injured any one particularly?"

"So far as I know, his enemies were all business, ones, for he was a keen though accredited an honest business man. These parties were really rivals, and perhaps strove to outwit him, even as this Senor Lopez thinks it no wrong to endeavor to work against me."

"Ah! how long have you known him?"

"The senor since I was a child—his family once owned the El Dorado, until his father, I believe, sold a little more than half, mostly to my father, though a few shares went to another party, finally falling into the hands of this missing Mr. Danvers. At the time the mine was believed to have been worked out, when, truth to tell, it was only tapped and grew richer every year."

The prefect nods his head; he is thinking.

That brain is accustomed to dealing with intricate questions, and can quickly analyze problems that might stagger ordinary persons.

Pauline watches the prefect with both curiosity and eagerness; she wonders what he thinks, and if he has already an idea that will prove advantageous to her. It seems incredible, and would be altogether too good to be true.

"Mamselle, you have done well to put your case in my hands. I promise nothing—it is my way—but I have a belief that I may aid you. Perhaps you might not be averse to learning where the owner of the ten shares may be; my agent may run across him in his labors," with a twinkle in his eye.

"I should be pleased to meet him before they get hold of him, although he may turn out to be the very sort of person they want. Of course, you do not work in this way for nothing."

The prefect shrugs his shoulders as only a thorough Frenchman can.

"Ah! we are employed by Paris, mamselle—what we do for you will cost you nothing except the pay for incidentals"—the emphasis employed is significant enough to Pauline, who immediately takes out her pocket-book and extracts two bills of a hundred francs each.

"When you come to cover the incidentals, let me know, I beg of you, and I will double it," she says, sweetly.

"Ah! mamselle, it will be a pleasure for the gentleman whom I shall put upon this case to serve you," he says, with a smile of admiration, for the woman who can be bewitching and yet adhere strictly to business is not met every day.

"Then I will return to the hotel," rising.

The prefect is a gentleman; he springs to his feet, and opens a door.

"This way out, mamselle; your maid will join you in the passage way beyond. We never allow visitors to depart the same way they entered," and while Miss Pauline cannot grasp the reason for this just at the time, later on she sees things in a different light and recognizes the fact that the police officials of Paris know their business, considering that they deal with a very clever class of rogues and swindlers, the keenest in the world.

(To be continued.)

PARLOR MAID TOO ECONOMICAL.

Had No Idea of Wasting Fresh Water on Fish.

Mrs. M. W. Swift, the president of the National Council of American Women, was making a brief address on the subject of Christmas gifts.

"Don't give "presents," she said, "that demand on their recipient's part a certain special kind of knowledge. Don't, for instance, give a Japanese toy to a woman who scarcely knows the dersiands fox terriers. Don't give A white Persian monkey to a woman who can't keep a cat. Don't give an aquarium of Ceylonese gold fish to—"

Mrs. Swift bit her lip to hide a smile.

A friend of mine in Santa Barbara got from her husband last Christmas a superb aquarium of goldfish," she said. "The fish did well till my friend changed her parlor maid. Then they began to thin and to weaken.

"One morning, finding two of the fish afloat on their backs at the surface of the aquarium, my friend called the new maid to her.

"'Harriet,' she said, 'have you given the fish any fresh water lately?'

"'No, ma'am,' Harriet answered. 'They haven't relished the water I gave them last month yet.'"

The Colonies of England.

They wish to be on the most cordial terms with the home government. As in 1897, 1897 and 1902, they will send, together, to confer about common interests. In a crisis like the Boer war some of them will vote money and send men to aid England. In all questions relating to peaceful development they are more than willing to confer and cooperate with the English ministers. But they do not propose to bate a jot of their control over their own affairs. "Our lady of the Snows" only speaks for all the great self-governing colonies—nations, they might better be called—when she says:

"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

It means something when this failure of a misdirected British imperialism falls in with the assertion of old-fashioned principles of self-government elsewhere. Signs multiply that the wave of empire is receding.

Woman's Idea of Success.

A Kansas woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of $250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled an niche and accomplished his task; who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—Kansas City Star.

Much Ado About Nothing.

While the commander-in-chief of the British fleet was superintending battle practice recently on board one of the cruisers of the Mediterranean fleet one of the guns missed fire. Mindful of recent accidents, the crew preferred to wait half an hour before opening the breech. As an extra precaution Lord Charles Beresford ordered the gun to be well secured and waited an hour. At the end of that time, with great care and numerous orders as to caution, the breech was opened. Then it was discovered that the men had forgotten to put in the ammunition.

A Bad Break.

"I hear that English nobleman has discontinued his attentions to Miss Nuritch."

"Yes, he quieted himself with old Nuritch's chump asked the old fellow if he ever followed the hounds."

"Well?"

"Well, Nuritch was a dogcatcher before he made his pile."—Catholic Standard and Times.

TOLD BY VETERANS

Immortality.

I that had life ere I was born,
Into this world of dark and light,
Waking as one who wakes at morn
From dreams of night,

I am as old as heaven and earth;
But sleep is death without decay,
And since each morn renews my birth
I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,
Though it at last outworn shall lie,
This that is servile to the years,
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,
When I put off its gift of flesh,
Still in immortal youth shall wake
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.
—A. St. John Adcock, in the Monthly Review.

One Stripling's Bravery.

John Puryear of Richmond, one of Mosby's stripling riders, fought like a demon, says a veteran. John W. Munson, one of the historians of Mosby's rangers, says of him:

"Puryear had no admiration for cautious people, no sense of fear, and got the slightest judgment. All that he knew about war was what he gathered in each mad rush through the ranks of the enemy, with a long black hair flying in the wind and his revolver hot with action. He rode his horse like a centaur, and no enemy ever existed that he would not engage, hand to hand, hip and thigh.

"After one of his most daring rushes Mosby said to him:

"'Puryear, I am going to make you a lieutenant for gallantry.'

"Puryear swept his plumed hat in a bow that was royal in its grace.

"'But,' continued the colonel, 'I don't want you ever to command any of my men.'

"Puryear repeated his courtly salutation as if the leadership of Mosby's command was being conferred upon him.

"This same Puryear was once captured by Union cavalry, commanded by Capt. Richard Blazer, who had been sent out "to clean out Mosby's gang." Lieut. Cole attempted to obtain some information from him, and after failing had him strung up to a tree limb and half hanged. He was drawn into the air three times, but was stolcal throughout the torture. Not long after Mosby attacked Blazer, and in the melee Puryear escaped and joined his own command.

When Blazer's forces were routed Puryear rode after Lieut. Cole. He chased him around an old blacksmith shop, overtaking him just as he was surrendering to "Johnny" Alexander. Puryear shouted that the man had ordered him to be hanged, when Alexander claimed him as a prisoner. Then, mad with passion, he shot him through the chest and stood back to contemplate his work. Cole fell limply against Alexander's horse and sank gradually to the ground. He was dead in less than a minute. Then Alexander took out the dead man's pistols and showed them to Puryear; they were empty. Puryear began to sob like a child and collapsed. His rash act was a weight on his conscience ever afterward.

Old Comrades Revisited.

Comrade William A. Mackenzie of Mackenzie Post No. 399, which post was named for his brother, who was killed June 11, 1861, soon after the civil war began, has been passing his vacation among his old comrades in the West. He served in Company B, Seventy-eighth regiment, Illinois Volunteer infantry, and was in Gen. Sherman's army. Comrade Mackenzie was accompanied by his wife. They visited Comrade F. B. Frazier of Canton, Ill.; Comrade John C. Frank of Fountain Green, Ill.; Comrade Charles L. Wilson of Macomb, Ill.; Comrade H. E. Selby of Golden, Ill., all of whom attended the reunion of the Seventy-eighth regiment and seventy-two comrades signed a petition to buy a book containing the history of the regiment. The regiment was in the battles of Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Rome, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, all in Georgia. The Atlanta campaign was 110 days long, during all of which time the regiment was under fire and on the march to the sea. The regiment participated in the battles of Averysboro, N. C., and opened the battle of Bentonville, N. C. On Sept. 1, 1862, 1,002 men were mustered in; 400 men were killed and wounded out of this number; twenty-four died in rebel prisons, seventy-seven in hospitals and four months and disease. Comrade Mackenzie never had to go to a hospital, never had a furlough to go home and never left his company during the three years. The regiment was mustered out at Washington, D. C., June 7, 1865, with 393 men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Friends the Enemy.

"I know something of that night before the battle of Chickamauga," said the High Private. "The night was cold and the morning of the 19th of September foggy. Some of the boys of the Fifty-second Ohio were astir as early as 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, hunting for water. They found it at Jay's sawmill and the rebs found the same spring about the same time.

"McCue of Company G mingled with some of the rebs, as in the darkness and fog it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from enemy. McCue, as he filed his canteen, said sociably to the man who was filling his canteen on his right that things looked squally in front, or that they would look squally as soon as day broke. The canteen filler on McCue's right agreed, but said, comfortingly, 'We all left General Lee to help you all, and I reckon we all know how, because, we had some powerful squalls with the Yanks up in Virginia this summer.'

"In answer to what corps he belonged to the reb replied, 'Long-street's.' Thereupon the corporal closed up like a clam and hiked back to his company. He told the story to his captain, who sent him to Major J. T. Holmes to report. Holmes sent McCue to Colonel Dan McCook, commanding the brigade, and McCook sent Capt. Swift of his staff to withdraw the pickets under Fahnestock. The pickets, being hotly engaged at the time, the order was not delivered, and Fahnestock extricated his men from a perilous position."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gen. Butler's Kind Act.

Gen. Green B. Raum, who is trying to give encouragement to men over forty years of age—that class that Dr. Osler says would serve their country best by turning up their toes to the daisies—is still an active, hale and hearty man, though much older than the allotted three score years and ten. He served conspicuously in the war between the states.

He told a story the other day of the humane feeling of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, says a writer in the Chicago American. When at New Orleans he executed the first and last man to be put to death for traitorism during the conflict. It is a curious part of history which involves the fidelity of one man only, during that awful internecine strife, lasting nearly five years and embracing on the two sides more than 45,000,000 persons. Yet there were developed no traitors to either cause—except the one, a man by the name of Mumford, who betrayed federal secrets at New Orleans. He was promptly tried and shot.

Soon after the surrender Gen. Butler was in Washington. Gen. Raum then was commissioner of internal revenue. It was about the time that the employment of women in the departments was becoming popular.

"Gen. Butler said to me," relates Gen. Raum: "'General, there is a woman here, homeless, in poverty, in distress. I have a letter from her sent to me at Boston, asking me to intercede in her behalf for a position in one of the bureaus. Her name is Mrs. Mumford, and she is the widow of the only man shot for disloyalty during the recent war. I do not think this nation wishes to visit the sins of husbands upon either widows or children. I therefore ask you to appoint Mrs. Mumford to some place that will afford a living.'

"'And I made room for her,' said Gen. Raum. 'I gave her a position at $900 a year, and, for all I know, she is still on the pay roll of the government.'"

John C. Linehan's Death Regretted.

The recent death of Past Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief John C. Linehan makes another gap in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, and adds one more to the large list of well-known and much-loved comrades who have left us during the past year.

Comrade Linehan suddenly developed Bright's disease, was prostrated at the time of Commander-in-Chief Blackmar's funeral and had to be sent home. The disease developed rapidly, and those who attended the national encampment at Denver, who sorely missed him, received the sorrowful information that he would never be able to attend another encampment.

Comrade Linehan was born in Ireland, but came to this country when a child. He served in the Third New Hampshire regiment, and was a lifelong resident of that state, where he was held in great esteem. He was one of the wheel horses of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was wonderfully effective in whatever he set out to do. He was Commander of the Department of New Hampshire in 1883-4, was for many years a member of the G. A. R. National Pension Committee, and was a member at the time that the act of June 27, 1890, was passed. He was Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1887.

A Much-Needed Condition.

As the lamented Gen. Harry Heth of the late confederacy was passing through the country after his advance scouts he came upon a couple of them feasting on green persimmons up in a persimmon tree. The fruit had just begun to blush from the sun and to show the fullness of being almost ready for the finishing touches of the first frost.

Gen. Heth was one of Virginia's old school gentlemen, and never forgot the courteous training he had received. Even when among the soldiers, who, though only privates, were yet, many of them, of as good families as was the general himself. Seeing his men feasting on the green persimmons, the general thought of the condition their stomachs would be left in, and called:

"Boys, what are you doing up there?"

"Eating persimmons, general," came back the answer.

"They will draw your stomachs all up, boys," returned the general.

"That's just what we want, general, something to draw us up to suit the rations we receive," came back the ready answer.—Atlanta Constitution.

New Executive Committee.

The executive committee of the national council of administration of the Grand Army of the Republic for the present term will consist of the commander-in-chief, the adjutant general, the quartermaster general and the following members of the national council of administration: Thomas W. Scott, Springfield, Ill.; Thomas C. Sample, Allegheny, Pa.; John W. Hersey, Springfield, Mass.; Patt Clerk, Baraboo, Wis.; Charles E. Foote, Kalamazoo, Mich.; L. M. Collins, Minneapolis, Minn., and Clayland Tilden, Jersey City, N. J.

Caught a Cannon Ball.

The veterans, smoking comfortably, sat around the log fire in the armory.

"The strangest sight I ever saw," one said, "was the blocking of a cannon ball. It was at Chickamauga. A spent ball came sizzling through the air, like a baseball thrown pretty swift, and a brave Irish sapper next to me said: 'Watch me block this.' He held his spade straight, like a cricket bat, and received the ball full and true. Its course wasn't deflected, it climbed straight up the spade and took off the young soldier's head."

HER LIFE A MODEL FOR ALL.

Venerable English Lady Laid to Her Final Rest.

There was laid at rest last week in West Malvern churchyard a venerable lady, Miss Elizabeth Hutchinson, who must be the last direct personal link with the poet Wordsworth, having lived with him, and also with his widow, her father's sister, at Rydal Mount.

She was connected by a close intimacy and affection with Wordsworth's favorite daughter, Dora, or Dorina, who married Edward Quillinan. Miss Hutchinson had lived sixty years at West Malvern, her brother was the first vicar of the newly constituted parish of St. James, and Wordsworth more than once visited his nephew and niece at the vicarage.

This aged gentlewoman was not only an institution of the place, but kind of permanent ecclesiastical providence to any number of indigent headsmen and beadswomen, for her bounties were of quite a medieval or Jacobean character in their quaintness, simplicity, regularity and disproportion to her means. Well in her appeared the ancient custom of the antique world. In her 85th year she took to reading and enjoying Tennyson.—London Saturday Review.

Stumped the Judge.

"One of the most puzzling defenses and at the same time one of the worst comparisons I ever heard was when I first ascended the bench," said Judge Cabaniss. "A man was up before me for beating his wife, and, as usual, I asked the accused if he had to say before I passed sentence upon him. He said:

"'Say, judge, you're a married man, ain't you? Well, suppose you was enjoying your dinner and feelin' pretty good and suddenly your wife came up, and after telling you of all the fellers she could have married you, started chucking the dishes at you and ended by telling you that she could make a better man than you out of a piece of coal and an old hat and not half try—say, judge, what would you do?'

"I couldn't see well any way for him," concluded the judge "so I simply had to discharge him with a warning."

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief—Doctor Was Afraid to Touch Them—Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered with sores on the hands which were itching, painful and disagreeable. I had three doctors, and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."

A True Disciple.

A statesman from the South, who is a confirmed lover of the sport, and who has more than once accompanied ex-President Cleveland on his fishing trips, relates how on one occasion, when reference was made to the proverbial patience of fishermen, Mr. Cleveland was reminded of a good story.

"A friend of mine," said Mr. Cleveland, "was once traveling on foot through a section of West Virginia well known for its excellent fishing grounds, when he chanced upon an angler of the old school—a venerable old countryman, who sat on the bank, looked as if time and the world might pass away without disturbing his content.

"Have you fished long in this stream?" pleasantly asked my friend.

"Twenty-three years," was the laconic response of the fisherman, who scarcely looked up.

"Get many bites?" was the next question.

"Still gazing intently along the rod he held, the old angler replied:

"Two years ago in this very spot I had a fine bite."—Harper's Weekly

Most Important Part Done.

A story is told of a German shoemaker who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots fish not quite done, but der heel is made out."—London Tit-Bits.

THE LITTLE WIDOW.

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was in such a weak state that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In two months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema, very bad, first spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

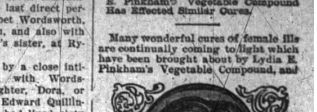
There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

ALL SICK WOMEN

SHOULD READ MRS. FOX'S LETTER

In All Parts of the United States Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Effected Similar Cures.

Many wonderful cures of female ills are continually coming to light which have been brought about by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and



through the advice of Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., which is given to sick women absolutely free of charge.

The present Mrs. Pinkham has for twenty-five years made a study of the ills of the sex, she has consulted with and advised thousands of suffering women, who to-day owe not only their health but even life to her helpful advice.

Mrs. Fannie D. Fox, of 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham

"I suffered for a long time with female trouble, and finally was told by my physician that I had a tumor. I did not want to submit to an operation, so wrote you for advice. I received your letter and did as you told me, and to-day I am completely cured. My doctor says the tumor has disappeared, and I am once more a well woman. I believe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine in the world."

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She asks nothing in return for her advice. It is absolutely free, and to thousands of women has proved to be more precious than gold.

Early English Football.

The American game, however, can hardly be more violent than was the game as originally played in England. Three doctors, and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."—Westminster Gazette.

Largest Chain Cable.

The largest chain cable ever made is being constructed for one of the new Cunard turbiners. Each link weighs 160 pounds.

PAIN IN THE JOINTS

Rheumatic Tortures Cease When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood.

The first sign of rheumatism is frequently a pain and swelling in one of the joints. If not combated in the blood, which is the seat of the disease, the poison spreads, affecting other joints and tissues. Sometimes rheumatism attacks the heart and is quickly fatal.

The one remedy that has cured rheumatism after it stays cured is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills expel the poison from the blood and restore the system, so that the poisonous matter is passed off as nature intended.

Mrs. I. T. Pitcher, of No. 130 Monmouth street, Newark, N. J., suffered for about three years from rheumatism before she found this cure. She says: "It began with a queer feeling in my fingers. In a little time it seemed as though the finger joints had lumps on them and I could not get my fingers on.

"Then it grew worse and spread to my knees. I could not stand up and I could not sleep nights. My suffering was more than I can describe. I got a great deal of medicine, but nothing even gave me relief until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I took them on account of a cure in a case that was exactly like mine and my husband got me some of the pills. I took them for three weeks before I really felt better but they finally cured me."

Mr. Pitcher, who is a veteran and a member of E. D. Morgan Post, No. 207 of New York, substantiates his wife's statement and says that she now walks without difficulty, whereas a year ago he was compelled to push her about in a wheeled chair. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pitcher are enthusiastic in their praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

For further information, address the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

When offered something else instead of

Kemp's Balsam

stop and consider: "Am I sure to get something as good as this best cough cure?"

If not sure, what good reason is there for forfeiting chances in a matter that may have a direct bearing on my own or my family's health?"

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

PATENTS for PROFIT

Must fully protect an invention. Booklet and Best Advice FREE. Highest references. Correspondence confidential. Established 1865. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25c.