

# LYDIA'S

## MAJESTIC PAIN EXPELLER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa—"I was troubled for a long time with inflammation, pain in the back, headaches and nervousness. I had taken so many medicines that I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. A friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I restored me to health. I have no more pain, my nerves are stronger and I can do my own work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me after everything else had failed. I recommend it to other suffering women."—Mrs. W. H. Scales, 605 W. Howard st., Creston, Iowa.

Thousands of uncollected and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ailments should not lose sight of these facts: the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat you as if you were strictly confidential. For 30 years it has been helping sick women in all ways. Free of charge. Do not hesitate—write at once.

# TRIPSON'S

## THE BEST MEDICINE

### FOR COUGHS & COLDS

A Terrible End.  
"He met with a hard death."  
"How was that?"  
"Suffocated by his own hot air in telephone booth."

The Lady and the Hobble.  
"Do you think the hobble gown will remain long in vogue?"  
"If it doesn't you can cast it aside."  
"Yes, but I hate to lose the learning to hobble."—Suburban Life.

ONE PAIR OF GOLD-FILLED BEAUTY PINS will be sent you FREE, also our new Premium List—Buy three packages of Jellison at the each and cut out and send to us the red diamond trade mark on each package; also tell us your favorite way of serving JELLISON. This offer is made to induce you to try JELLISON, the perfect jelly dessert. YOUR GROCER SELLS JELLISON, or will get it for you. See BURLINGTON CO. CANNING CO. LIST, PREMIUM DEPARTMENT.

A Woman's Letter.  
"Women, I do generally admit, write better letters than men."  
M. Marcel Prevost has discovered the reason for this superiority. The obvious meaning is never the one you should read into a woman's letter. There is always a veiled meaning. Woman makes use of a letter, just as she employs a glance or a smile, in a way that is carefully thought out, and with an eye to effect. And after all, does a woman's last serve to cover her head? Does a woman's part keep off the sun? Why, then, should a woman's letter serve to convey her real thoughts to the person addressed, just like the letters of some honest grocer, who writes, "I send you five pounds of coffee" because he really does send you five pounds of coffee?

A FASHION PUZZLE.  
This is merely two ladies of fashion endeavoring to identify each other.

# The Taste Test—Post Toasties

Have a dainty, sweet flavour that pleases the palate and satisfies particular folks.

The Fact— that each year increasing thousands use this delicious food as good evidence of its popularity.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the pkg. with cream or milk—a convenient, wholesome breakfast dish.

# "The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO. LAM.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

# The Repentance of Hartz

## A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service

It was something in the fall of 1889 that a stranger came trucking along the turnpike. He was dressed in a red coat and a red face was covered with a stubby growth of blonde whiskers. He wore a broad flat cap and a long brown lined duster a little out of season. A bundle tightly rolled in black cloth was slung over his back. He stopped in the middle of the road. Looking about, his eyes rested upon a weather-beaten sign board upon which had been painted the picture of a black bear resting upon its haunches. For more than a hundred years this sign board had been a landmark for the trucker and the passenger to enter the little town that was standing some 15 or 20 feet back from the road. It took Mr. Herman Weisgarber several minutes to decipher the inscription beneath the faded picture. When he had succeeded, as he thought, he muttered feebly, "That's the black bear, der black bear was inn, und I must myself will walk in mit." He stepped up to the sign board and struck his chest with his fist. He then turned to the driver of the truck and said: "I have a letter for you, it is from the German language. It was a box on widow on the one hand and a specially counterfeiter on the other. He was a long-time rogue, but was honest and unsuspecting. With her the world was good with him; it was not so good with her behind him. The widow Hartz was at together too unsophisticated to penetrate the dark recesses of the hollow heart of the counterfeiter. She suddenly into the affairs of her life. She judged him by her own heart and lifted him out of the misery so that he could stand upright as a man who sailed contentedly."

He greeted her in his own tongue, in which she replied, and the conversation was now carried on in the German language. It was a box on widow on the one hand and a specially counterfeiter on the other. He was a long-time rogue, but was honest and unsuspecting. With her the world was good with him; it was not so good with her behind him. The widow Hartz was at together too unsophisticated to penetrate the dark recesses of the hollow heart of the counterfeiter. She suddenly into the affairs of her life. She judged him by her own heart and lifted him out of the misery so that he could stand upright as a man who sailed contentedly."

Her husband had died about two years before. At this time her heart was centered on her young son, nearly twenty years of age. John Hartz, thanks to the training of his father, was honest and industrious. He was a good enough to him the farm adjoining was a sacred inheritance from his paternal grandfather. The inn was somewhat out of the way, but it was a good deal of business. He was furnishing the mother and son a living and a little to lay up for a rainy day. John's father had taught him to stand firmly for the right in all things.

Mr. Weisgarber's gray blue eyes were shining brightly beneath his thick eyebrows. He was pointing to the widow Hartz regard to himself. The word tramp, now so aptly applied to the treacherous traitor, had not been coined in the days of the little town at the foot of the Three Brother mountains. The drover was silent but not altogether convinced. His money was all right the day before, but he wasn't quite sure it was of the right stamp when he handed it over to the young man for safe keeping. Here was an example of the greed which he needed between the truth and a lie well struck to. Time rolled on and John Hartz came in terms became more and more firm. One day the sheriff came with a warrant for the "Flying Dutchman," which meant Herman Weisgarber.

"Got an Himmell? 'Oh yah dish!" he exclaimed.

A long explanation ensued and the sheriff was greatly puzzled regarding his duty. He was convinced that the accused man was innocent, and he thought it might be a safe thing to leave him at his home and go back to the county seat and report before an adjudge of the court when he needed. He was told to return at once and bring his man. When he got back to the "Black Bear Inn" Mr. Weisgarber rode away and might not return for several days, perhaps never. But the good natured sheriff didn't see it that way. He would come back again if that he might present himself voluntarily at the sheriff's office.

The mother, who was now experienced enough to satisfy her that she had made a great mistake and that she was tied to a bad man. Her life became a hell. She was suddenly disappeared. After a long search she was found dead with a rope tightly drawn about her neck hanging a stone book in the smoke house. The scene was too much for

John. He now became dazed with fear and excitement. He left the home of his boyhood on foot and made his way to Philadelphia, where he chanced to meet his step-father who was a member of a gang of counterfeiters. John was easily persuaded and he offered himself to be led along step by step until he was deep in the mire.

Our Civil war had brought a great deal of money into the country. Wild cat banks had gone out of existence and a new kind of money was in use. There was a great deal of counterfeit money going and John Hartz was one of the number engaged in it. Like the most of the men of his stamp he was unsuccessful in accumulating wealth.

A counterfeit beer stamp made its appearance in Philadelphia and I found it necessary to visit that city. The night was dark and stormy and it was about the portentous hour of 1:00 a. m. when ghosts are said to stalk abroad in ghastly white array, that four detectives left their comfortable quarters in the hotel with the expectation of making an important arrest. The man they sought was visible during the day time and a difficult man to encounter at night. He had frequently been heard of but had seldom been seen by the government detectives. When the officers reached the appointed place they scattered and took up their positions where they would attract as little attention as possible. Their mysterious mission had been fully explained: a deal was expected to be pulled off. One of the detectives was a returned convict. He had, through one of the counterfeiters, been introduced as a beer dealer who said he was willing to take his chance with bogus stamps, and he had bargained with one of the counterfeiters for five thousand counterfeiter's beer stamps, and was to receive them at a certain hour at a designated place.

When the man put in an appearance to make the delivery he was arrested. This individual, owing to the darkness of the night, was unable to see the detectives stationed about, and he walked with his carpet bag in

the left hand. There was an expression on his face that was to be definite. A fresh link in mystery's chain had now reached his heart. The scene was absolutely painful and it was seen that he was working hard. A man's character varies in accordance with the position in which he is placed. Criminals are human, like soldiers. If we would learn the dangers lurking in our pathway, we should know how they chance to slip. It became necessary to go on the witness stand and testify against his confederates. Counterfeiters as a general thing are treacherous and will stab you when a tight place; it is anything to save themselves. With John Hartz was no different. He was a man who would rather die than to give away his confederates.

When the wife was made acquainted with the proposition that had been made to her husband she approached him in language that seemed irresistible. "He hung his head. There was an expression on his face that was to be definite. A fresh link in mystery's chain had now reached his heart. The scene was absolutely painful and it was seen that he was working hard. A man's character varies in accordance with the position in which he is placed. Criminals are human, like soldiers. If we would learn the dangers lurking in our pathway, we should know how they chance to slip. It became necessary to go on the witness stand and testify against his confederates. Counterfeiters as a general thing are treacherous and will stab you when a tight place; it is anything to save themselves. With John Hartz was no different. He was a man who would rather die than to give away his confederates."

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It was one of the kind of conspiracies that are a direct fraud upon the government, and I was very anxious to get it out of the way. It particularly meant the engraver of the plates from which the stamps were printed. I was not a little surprised when I learned that the whole detective force had caught up with John Hartz. This was the first time I had met him. He had for several years maintained a reputation for the detectives as a person who could not under any circumstances be made to squeal. I could well afford to turn him loose if he would furnish the information leading to the capturing of the important men behind him.

The squarer in cases of this kind is usually the most powerful ally of the detective art. While these officers have little respect for him they are delighted to avail themselves of his services. It was with the most prominent feature in the prisoner's past career. He laid claim to the possession of a principle which he had stood up for. He had been arrested several times for passing counterfeit money and had on several occasions persistently refused to squeal on his confederates. He preferred rather to sacrifice himself than to assist the government in any manner. I had up to that time never met a man under like circumstances who would not by some means be made to squeal, but I pointed John Hartz up one side and the other until broad daylight without eliciting

the slightest information. I had feared his liberty and \$1000 in money as an inducement, but he stubbornly refused to give up anything. He deluded himself into the idea that treachery among a gang of criminals was such a rare thing that the unlawful deeds performed by them would be learned from the prisoner that he had a family. When this was mentioned to the little, coming to the conclusion that I was ready to let him up. Before doing this I suggested the idea of taking him to see his wife and children. Early in the morning I procured a carriage, and after a 20 minutes' drive we stopped in front of the residence of the man which we entered, ascending the stairs to the second floor.

"Knocking at a door to our right we found the woman sitting at a table. A woman wearing a black wrapper, and we entered the room which was dark and dismal as a tomb. Two or three chairs were scattered about. A mattress spread upon the floor and covered with rags, constituted the furnishings. Peeping from beneath the tattered covering I saw the bright eyes and curly heads of two young children.

"I think the Cuticura Remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on his head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it had no good. In a few days the head was so swollen, my mother was so distressed, the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents it from falling out."

Music Hall Losing Vogue.  
Music halls have increased very little in the last few years. Some have gone back to drama. Others have been converted into picture palaces. Many a man who swears at a big monopoly is nourishing a little one.

# HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Will purify your blood, clear your complexion, restore your appetite, relieve your tired feeling, build you up. Be sure to take it this spring.

# Don't Persecute your Bowels

Get out all harmful matter from your system. Hood's Sarsaparilla. Small Pills, Small Doses, Small Price. Genuine and no other. Signal Brand.

# FENN'S ADJUSTABLE POST HOLE AUGER

is warranted to dig faster in any soil than any other on the market. Diggs, dirt-work, hole, handles, auger, and hard pan with a better than any other, and will go through soil like a knife. No castings to break or rick to work. Money back if it fails to do work as claimed. Write for free book and circular. The Fenn Mfg. Co., Charlotte, N.C.

# Quick Relief

for an upset stomach, hic, coughs, a sick headache, constipated bowels, or a bilious attack is secured by using BEECHAM'S PILLS

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

# Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become so complicated and broken down, we need remedies which have gone on from the early age, through countless generations, remedies are needed to restore to us the vigor and vitality which we have lost. To reach the spot of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glysteric compound, extracted from native minerals. It is sold for over forty years with great success in all cases. For more information, write to Dr. J. C. Root, 115 South Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For more information, write to Dr. J. C. Root, 115 South Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# A MINISTER SPEAKS

His Statement Should Convince the Most Skeptical.

Kidney sufferers should take Green's Sarsaparilla. It is the best medicine for the kidneys. It is the best medicine for the kidneys. It is the best medicine for the kidneys.

They did very good work. I have strongly recommended them. I have strongly recommended them. I have strongly recommended them.

A Cautious Answer.  
"Now Johnny" said the governor's clerk, "what is the capital of Portugal?"  
"I dunno, Miss Flanders," said Johnny, "but from what I hear tell of the abundance of the land, they ain't much left."—Harper's Weekly.

A Cup of Curried Tea before retiring will insure that important system of daily cleaning of the system.

Many a man who swears at a big monopoly is nourishing a little one.

Small Pills, Small Doses, Small Price. Genuine and no other. Signal Brand.

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