

"An Ill Wind"

By HONORE WILLISIE
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"Open switch. Banged into coal chute. Engineer and fireman killed. Let of coals passers hurt. You are the only firemen. Better get out of this!" And he led the way up to the steep embankment down which the train had plunged, then trotted off down the track, leaving them alone beside the tangle of trucks and rails that marked the path of the wreck.

Wilton picked up a forgotten lantern and for the first time turned to look at the girl whom he had rescued. Then he gave a great gasp of astonishment. "Betty Aliss! Where on earth!"

"Jack Wilton! Where?"

The two stood silent in a heavy hand grasp. Suddenly Jack fell to trembling, and for a moment a pale smile shined.

"Betty Aliss," he repeated, "to think that some one that I knew and—that I knew was in this catastrophe and so near death! It makes me—it makes me—"

Here Betty broke the tension with a trembling little laugh that was none the less merry.

"But we are both safe and sound, so what's to worry us? Let's find out where we both came from and—Then suddenly she became sober. "First, let's go see if we can be of any use down there." And she glanced beyond Wilton, where flitting lanterns and a confusion of voices marked the place of real catastrophe. Together they hurried down the tracks, to find that all that could be done was being done for the sufferers and that now all that was possible was to wait for the wrecking train.

Wilton drew Betty away from the crowd.

"We can't help," he said, "and you are shivering with the cold. I'm going back to get your coat and my traps and yours. Then we will make a camp here on the bank."

A few minutes later found them toning before a brisk little fire that Wilton had kindled, while over in the east low streamers of pink illuminated the dull outlines of a mining village.

"Shall we try to find shelter in the town?" asked Wilton.

"Oh, no," answered Betty. "Let's wait here."

Wilton spread his hands contentedly to the flames, while he stared so intently at the girl opposite that her eyes wavered. Yes, it was the same Betty of five years before—yet not the same Betty. She of five years before had been a child of eighteen. The woman of twenty-three before him was the fulfillment of all the earlier promises of loveliness. Wilton's heart beat more quickly as he looked at the glowing sweetness of her face.

"Betty," he said abruptly, "Betty, why have you never written me all these years?"

Betty looked at him quickly. This firm, clear-cut face was different from the jolly boy's features she had remembered, and there was a new, compelling quality in his tones that she rather liked.

"Because, Jack," she answered slowly, "because you never wrote me."

"Oh, but I did," he replied, "three different times!"

"I never received the letters," she said. "You might have known that Aunt Jane would take care of that."

Wilton walked up and down restlessly half a dozen times and threw some sticks on the fire before stopping in front of the girl. "And now," he continued, "would you mind telling me why you sent me away from you five years ago?"

"That was not Aunt Jane's fault," Jack, she said eagerly. "Indeed, you must not blame her for that. She could pursue her own methods, but she never would influence me in my own purposes."

"Thank heaven for that!" Interrupted Jack grimly. "You sent me away."

Betty lifted her head bravely. "I sent you away," she said, "that you might prove to be the whether or not you were a man. You were only a college student then."

Jack thrust his hands more deeply into his pockets. He was holding in well, considering the food tide within. The sunrise and freight piled with each other in lighting up the sweet mobility of her face. Yes, it was the same dear Betty.

"And now," he said, a little hoarsely, "see how useless it was, for you don't know what the years have done for me, and you are five years grown away."

Betty rose slowly and looked into his clear, dark eyes. She looked at the fine, firm mouth, the clean-cut tanned face, the straight, strong alertness of his figure. She spoke slowly and softly.

"Yes," she said, "we did not write to each other, but," here she smiled a little, "your face tells me all that I want to know."

Jack took an eager step toward her. "And now," he said, "tell me that I have loved you always, loyally, for the long five years?"

Betty's voice trembled a little. "Yes, Jack, I do. But the rest of her reply was lost in Jack's arms."

Imagination.

He visited the tomb where his beloved was laid. Carrying a lighted candle and kneeling by her coffin, he exclaimed passionately: "Would I could die! Would I could die!" Just then the wind closed the door and extinguished the light. The bereaved lover who had just prayed for death rushed to the door. He could not open it. He tore at it, knocked, kicked, struggled, calling loudly for help. No answer, only the utter silence and darkness of the tomb. His wish to die was forgotten. He sank down and wept. His tears were not for his beloved, but for himself. He felt pangs of hunger. He thought of his candle and cut it into four parts. He ate the first quarter the first day, the second the second day, the third on the third, the last quarter the fourth day. No more, and he must die of starvation. He made one more desperate effort to burst the door, when it suddenly opened, and the keeper of the cemetery stood before him. The sunlight blinded him. He fell from exhaustion. He had been there just four hours!—Pearson's Weekly.

"Don't be fooled and made to believe that rheumatism can be cured with local applications. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the only positive cure for rheumatism. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets, Hinkle's Drug Store.

SHIFTING CHINATOWN

Strange Section That San Francisco Knew So Well.

DISTRICT OF THREEFOLD ASPECT.

One Was the Chinatown That Ladies Saw, Another Was the Exhibition City For Bold Tourists, and the Third Belonged to the Chinese—Its Mystery and Splendor Gone Forever.

There were three Chinatowns in San Francisco—the place of wonderful art that ladies knew and loved, the land home of dreaming sins and shabby voluptuousness that tourists saw of nights, and the real oriental mystery of unpeppable sins and strange refinements of shuddering pleasure that was the Chinatown of the Chinese, says the Kansas City Star.

The more dollar sign is useless in valuing the treasures in art that were stored in those polygott houses and shops crowded together on the city hillsides. It used to be possible to walk for days and weeks in that alien town among an alien people without counting anywhere near the end of the things they had to show. The streets of the vicinity had been narrow enough before the Cantonese contingent captured it, but a few years after their capture began they had burrowed and warrened and built and painted and colored until it glowed like the east in its rainbow dress.

From the ugly facades of the frame houses wonderful Chinese balconies burgeoned out, grinning with strange garryoes carved in wood and design. In their midst stood shops with hanging clothes so colored and woven that they had the appearance of the west, and the drab textiles of the west seemed dingy in comparison, trembling under the weight of mammoth lanterns that swung from frail brackets on their eaves. Where there were no balconies to nod to each other across the streets the walks were hidden in great squares of red sprinkled with Chinese characters, and there were no daring signs there were open windows, glowing with things in gold and purple and beaten brass and carved ivory. The dividing walls between many of the shops had been cut away entirely, and where the walls were not gone archways and doorways had been carved out, so that the streets were a cat-corn of little piazzas.

Everwhere, silent footed, snave and smiling, were the Chinese merchants, dressed in silk jackets of such gorgeous refinement that western raiment never can approach, shining in soft black silk, blazing in golden silk frogings and flowerings, free from any touch of vulgarity, the men of another age and world. Leaning against the walls, standing on the floors, laughing from the ceilings, set out in countless rows on countless shelves were things to make an artist craftsman weep at the utter impotence of his own poor efforts—great brass candlesticks, marvels of exotic design and immaculate execution; vases, gongs, cabinets and grinning temporal gods beaten in brass and copper and gold and silver, perfect in contour and free from the mark of any tool; gowns, kimonos, shawls, wrappers of silk so thin as to be transparent, so strong as wire, beaped with silk flowerings half an inch thick, too exquisite for the hand of man or woman to have loomed them.

They looked as though they must have grown in some magic garden hanging somewhere in a world of dreams. It was a goldcock of decorative art, the Eldorado of all the craftsmen, and it had taken those smiling, gentle, subtle people just 3,000 years to achieve it all.

And every day that the gentle ladies were gone the night came down and the lanterns were lighted, and the red flare from paper covered windows was sung in gaudy patches across the black tunnels of myriad streets. Then came the men tourists, blundering, heavy footed and curious, avid for strange degeneracy where only the cynicism of a thousand years laughed at their primitive sights. Under the gathering candlelight and under the mark of yellow men slunk silently about, marking their tickets for the fantan games, listening to the music of the hoops of brass tokens that dined onto the bare deal tables from big canvas bags, slipping away silently to solace themselves for their losses with the fumes from the blessing opium pill that is such a very present help to stoical philosophy.

On rows of benches, piled like the bunks in an old ship's castle, where the air was sweet with the sweet factor of the sucking pipes, the dreamers building their castles in the clouds, swimming on golden visions to the land of everlasting mysteries no man has ever seen, wrapped in the bliss that only poppies give.

And when the trippers with their guides and when the tired Chinaman turned him to his job and the hidden voices of a thousand years. The policeman, bribed and cosened to the chin, lay them down to sleep, while the slinking emissaries of the warning tongs went to and fro and up and down in the land, carrying in their hands the silent messengers of death. Women were there of another race, dreaming on poppies, too, ministered by the tender hands that caress and never smite, but soothe extinction with a crooning song, and over them hung always the insoluble mysteries of the east.

The Chinese Chinamen of those hours between the night and morning were very, very old; so old that to count their years in centuries would be meaningless. They were tired; too weary of the fatality of philosophy, cynical at all efforts for further knowledge, having behind them the histories of lost peo-

AN EMPEROR'S TASTE.

N Was the Origin of a Common Saying in Austria.

An anecdote which was current in Ferdinand I. of Austria at one time greatly delighted his subjects and gave rise to a common saying. One summer day he was hunting in the Syrian mountains and was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. He sought refuge in a farmhouse whose occupants were just then at dinner, and his party was caught by some smoking dumplings made of coarse flour. He tasted them, liked them and asked for more and when he got to Vienna, to the honor of the royal cooks, he ordered the same dumplings to be served up daily. The courtiers were scandalized that such a coarse dish should figure on the menu, and even his physicians remonstrated against the use of such food.

The emperor had always been the most plump of men, but he now showed that he had a will of his own and persisted in gratifying his own fancy. Finally the physicians pretended that it was dangerous to his health to be living on dumplings and insisted on his giving them up. The hitherto docile sovereign stamped his feet and declared that he would never sign another official document if his diet were denied him.

"Emperor I am," he shouted, "and dumplings I will have!"

To prevent a stoppage of the government machinery opposition was with drawn, and his majesty clung tenaciously to his dumplings. Then the imperial phrase became proverbial, and thereafter when any one insisted on gratifying a silly whim some one was sure to say:

"Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!"

GIRL BURIED FOUR DAYS.

Found Alive and Unhurt in Ruins of Santa Rosa.

Compared to the population, it is now believed that in Santa Rosa, Cal., the greatest loss of life occurred from earthquake and fire, even if that city does not lead in the actual number of victims. In a letter received at Los Angeles from a former Los Angeles man the writer says in part:

"This town is in awful shape. There is not a single brick or stone building standing, and scores of fine residences are in ruins. Fire broke out in the business district right after the shock and burned dead and living alike. There were three big three-story hotels, but, while all of them fell, only one took fire. From the St. Rose they took out nine bodies today. They found a little girl in these ruins. She was unhurt, but very hungry and thirsty, having been buried four days and nights. The timbers had lodged so that they protected her.

Causes of this kind have been numerous. There would undoubtedly have been a great many lives saved if they could have been got out in the first twenty-four hours, but the task was so great it was an impossibility.

RED WINE ON FLAMES.

When Water Gave Out, the Liquor Won in Frisco Fire.

Red wine, hundreds of gallons of it, was used in the fight on the flames in the Latin quarter on the slope of Telegraph hill in San Francisco, and the wine won, says a special dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The only available water supply was a well dug half a century ago. When the flames seemed almost conquered the pumps sucked air and the fire began to gain. The Italian residents broke in their cellar doors, and barrel after barrel of red Italian wine was rolled out and their heads smashed in. The bucket brigade then turned from water to wine.

Moses mentions an iron furnace, and Job speaks of it as being taken out of the earth. Thousands of years before the opening of the Christian era the Egyptians used iron in making sickles, knives and such things. Sparta first used iron for money. Britain also used it as a medium of barter and exchange prior to the conquest by the Romans.

The Britons before the time of Christ used to export iron to Gaul, and after the Roman conquest the conquerors established extensive smelting works, which existed at least as late as the Saxon conquest.—St. James' Gazette.

RELATING TO IRON.

Discovery of the Metal, According to Various Authorities.

The Bible speaks of Tubal Cain as the discoverer of iron and the father of smiths. The Egyptians imputed to Hephaestus the same honor, while Pliney mentions it having been discovered by Deucalion on Mount Ida after the forests on the mountain side had been destroyed by lightning. This was about 1,432 years B. C. Jeremiah and Ezekiel both mention iron in their scriptural writings, the latter specially mentioning two qualities of the metal and calling one bright iron, which was probably steel.

WOMAN'S FAITHFUL COMPANION IN SAN FRANCISCO'S DAYS OF TERROR.

"A dog, evidently the pet of some one, attended me during the San Francisco earthquake," said Miss Alice Childs of Brooklyn, who recently arrived at Denver.

She was on the fourth floor of the Palace hotel at the time of the shock and was so frightened that she did not know what to do. I started for the street, when a big St. Bernard dog came down one of the corridors and escorted me downstairs. He stayed with me Wednesday (April 18) night, guarding my bed in the street, and went with me to the ferry Thursday. "I could not coax him on the boat," she said, "but I would take \$1,000 for that key. I. L. Weinstein, a New York traveling man, the other morning as he exhibited a brass key marked "No. 80." "It's the only relic I have of the earthquake. Before I had been out of the city long a man offered me \$100 for it, but I would not sell it for ten times that."

The key was for room No. 80 in the destroyed Palace hotel.

Earthquake For Havana.

Professor J. F. Novack of Vienna, who has been lecturing before the Cuban Institute of Sciences on phenomena of nature, says that his studies of the condition of plant life in the vicinity of Havana, combined with peculiarities in the sun's appearance, indicate a violent earthquake or tidal wave between May 15 and 19, which will sweep the seaward part of Havana, including the suburb of Vedado. Being questioned closely, Professor Novack said that while the conditions pointed positively to a disturbance, he could not guarantee its appearance.

Queer Scenes in the Fleeing Crowd.

Mrs. Joseph Habler and her two children, who were among those arriving at Portland, Ore., from San Francisco on the Southern Pacific free train the other day, in telling of their escape said that among the frightened crowd they surged toward the ferry just after the earthquake she saw two gray-haired women carrying a monkey in a cage between them. Another woman, with hardly a stitch of clothing upon her, carried two bird cages. At one time a man in a long coat and a woman, with a string eyes, shrieking, "It's the alarm clock!"

THE VERY BEST REMEDY FOR BOWEL TROUBLE.

Mr. M. F. Borroughs, an old and well-known resident of Bluffton, Ind., says: "I regard Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as the very best remedy for bowel trouble. I make this statement after having used it in my family for several years. I am never without it." This remedy is almost sure to be needed before the summer is over. Why not buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency? For sale by Chas. Strong, Medford; Central Point Pharmacy.

Subserice for The Mail.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 8, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, May 4, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as amended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892:

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, May 4, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as amended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892:

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BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., May 12, 1906. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned settler has filed notice of his intention to make a claim for agricultural purposes, and that said claim will be made before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Medford, Oregon, on Saturday the 4th day of August, 1906.

FRANCIS R. HASKINS, Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S FINAL NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of Peter Britt, deceased, having filed in the county court of Oregon for Jackson county his final account in the said estate, the said court has set the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, for the hearing of said final account. All persons are notified that if they have any objections to the same they will file or offer the same before said court on or before the time set for said hearing.

EMIL BRITT, Executor of the Estate of Peter Britt, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph N. Wood, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Joseph N. Wood, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, her final account and by her order, Geo. W. Dunn, Judge of said Court, Monday, July 23, 1906, at 2 o'clock P. M. is set for the hearing of the same. All persons are hereby notified to appear and file their objections to the same, on or before said day, to-wit: July 24, 1906.

LORAIN WOODY, Administrator.
Colvig & Durham, Attorneys.

CASTORIA.

The language denotes the man. A course or refined character finds its expression naturally in a course or refined phraseology.—Bovee.

Subscribe for The Mail.

Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Societies of Medford.

- I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 33, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Monday at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
- J. L. DEMMER, Rec. Sec. M. F. DUNGAN, N. G.
- I. O. O. F.—Route River Encampment, No. 58, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Monday and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.
- MARR BARKER, C. E. H. H. HARVEY, Sec'y.
- I. U. M.—Medford Workmen No. 20, meets every Thursday in Reuben's Hall, Angle blk. Sec'y: H. M. S. BERRY, Sec'y. J. F. O'BRYEN, N. G.
- Modern Woodmen—Meets first and third Friday of every month, in Reuben's Hall.
- B. GREGORY, Sec'y. J. F. O'BRYEN, N. G.
- Oliver H. Beberak, Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
- BELLE VOIGT, Rec. Sec. H. W. S. BERRY, N. G.
- A. F. Hall, No. 30—Meets first Friday of each month full moon at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall.
- W. F. ISAACS, W. M. J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.
- J. E. S.—Reuben Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall, Medford, Ore. Visiting Brothers and Sisters always welcome.
- LILLIAN BARKER, Secretary.
- K. of P.—Fallman Lodge No. 21, meets Monday evening at 8 o'clock in Reuben's Hall. Always welcome.
- W. W. LEFFERT, C. C. CHARLES FRIDMAN, K. of W. and S.
- Knights of the Macabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Friday of each month at 8 p. m. in I. O. O. F. hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Knights cordially invited to attend.
- A. A. HAMILS, Commander. W. E. YORK, K. of H.
- A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 21, meets every first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. in the building known as the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
- Mrs. J. J. JOHNS, Sec'y. JOHN DODGE, W. M. ASHBALE HUBBARD, Exc. Sec'y.
- I. O. O. F.—A. S. Bliton Lodge No. 42, meets first and third Tuesday of each month in each month in the Reuben's Hall. Visiting Brothers invited to attend.
- FRANCIS JOHNSON, P. M. L. A. JORDAN, Sec'y.
- Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in Smith's Hall, Medford, Ore.
- R. R. MOORE, C. C. W. B. JACKSON, Clerk.
- Chryseum Chapter No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Smith's Hall. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
- ELMA M. GARNEY, G. N. PAUL ANGLER, Clerk.
- F. O. E.—Meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Reuben's Hall.
- JAMES STEWART, Secretary.
- G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodmen's hall every first and third Sunday in each month at 2:15 P. M. Visiting comrades cordially invited to attend.
- A. M. L. GOOD, Commander. G. W. PUSH, Adjutant.
- W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Central hall.
- MRS. BECK, Secretary. MRS. J. MORGAN, Secretary.
- Fraternity Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. in their hall in Smith's building, Medford, Ore. Visiting Brothers and Sisters cordially invited.
- O. W. MURPHY, Pres. W. J. HOCKENOS, Secretary.
- A. O. F.—Court Medford, No. 895, meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, Angle blk, Medford, Ore. Visiting Foresters cordially invited.
- G. R. McCLINTOCK, C. M. JAMES STEWART, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

- Methodist Episcopal Church—Chas. T. McPherson, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. D. T. Lawton, superintendent. Class meeting follows preaching. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. My Palms, president. Regular prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. First Tuesday Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 P. M. T. L. T. Lawton, president. W. E. M. R. meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.
- Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. My Palms, president. Regular prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. First Tuesday Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 P. M. T. L. T. Lawton, president. W. E. M. R. meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.
- Christian Church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours every Sun day. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The people welcome. Rev. Jones, Pastor.
- Methodist Episcopal Church—South—H. B. Yacouby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. My Palms, president. Regular prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. First Tuesday Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 P. M. T. L. T. Lawton, president. W. E. M. R. meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.

To the Unfortunate.

Dr. Gibbon

This is the most successful Specific in San Francisco, suitable for men to cure all Sexual and Seminal Disorders, such as Gonorrhoea, Stricture, Catarrhs, etc. in all its forms, Main Diseases, Nervous Debility, etc., cured by Remedy Weakness of the Brain, Head, etc., the consequence of all the above.

In all its forms, Main Diseases, Nervous Debility, etc., cured by Remedy Weakness of the Brain, Head, etc., the consequence of all the above.

Producing the following symptoms: mallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, vertigo, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits, loss of sleep, etc. (Bottle on the face, cough, consumption, etc. cured.)

Persons suffering with any of the above symptoms should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great and successful remedy. The number of bottles to be taken varies according to the nature of the case. Persons cured will send testimonials.

Dr. Gibbon's Specific.
Solely Prepared by Dr. J. Gibbon, 1111 Broadway, N. Y.



WHEN HE GAVE A GREAT GASP OF ASTONISHMENT.

leaped to the opposite window and kicked out a pane, letting a flood of cold air. Then as quickly as his angle would permit he dashed down the aisle to the other berth.

"Let me help you, madam," he said.

"The porter has deserted us."

"It seems to be a sort of well, my berth is so tilted," answered the girl.

"If you could just lend me a hand."

In a moment a girlish form was standing beside him. "Are we killed?" she asked, her voice trembling a little in spite of her brave tone.

"Not yet," answered Wilton, "but we'd better get out at once. The gas tanks are leaking."

Together they groped down the aisle to find a brakeman forcing his way into the wreckage at the end of the car.

"Any one hurt in here?" he asked, flashing his lantern in their faces. "The porter didn't stop to see."

"All safe," answered Wilton. "What's the trouble?"

Woman's Trials.

The bitter trial in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been or she learned to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to bind marital life together, the absence of this one pledge to mutual affection is a common disappointment. Many endeavored couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift apart, one may read the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerous.

In many cases of barrenness or childlessness the obstacle to pregnancy is easily removed by the cure of weakness on the part of the woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character, but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Invalide' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription" presides. In all cases where children are desired and are absent, an effort will be made to find out the reason, as it is generally so easily removed by treatment.

All the various weaknesses, displacements, prolapsus, inflammation and degeneration, catarrhal drains and in all of nervousness and debility. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most certain remedy that can possibly be used. It costs a few cents, but it has cured thousands—more in fact than any other medicine put up for sale through druggists—for woman's use. The ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription" have received the most thorough medical tests and the largest number of practitioners. All the are printed in plain English, and are enclosed in the bottle, so that no man making use of this cure can possibly be misled. Dr. Pierce takes his responsibility on himself. He does as the formula after "Favorite Prescription" is at the most careful examination.

Pleasant Pellets are the best laxative for women.