

Barkaches of Women

are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.

Efforts to bear the dull pain are heroic, but they do not overcome it and the barkaches continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

does this more certainly than any other medicine. It has been doing it for thirty years. It is a woman's medicine for woman's ills. It has done much for the health of American women. Read the grateful letters from women constantly appearing in this paper.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Metal never rusts in the waters of lake Titicaca. A chain or anchor can be left in it for two weeks and it will be as clean and bright as when it came from the foundry, which is probably owing to action of some of the chemical salts in the water.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In males, the average weight of the full-grown human brain is about 49 or 50 ounces; in females, 44 ounces.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Warranted

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PURIFIER

Tested and True.

**WATCH & CHAIN
FREE**

To fully introduce our famous "SOUTHERN BELLE CIGARETTES" we give to each person buying a box of 50 cigars for \$2.50 and express charges, an elegant nickel plate case, stem wind, stem set, open face watch, American make, which with proper care should last for years; also a plated watch chain and charm. Send us your name and full address—no money. We will send cigars, watch, chain and charm. If, after examination, you are satisfied, pay your agent \$2.50 and express charges. These goods sent anywhere in the U. S. at these terms. The Southern Belle is as good as many 10c cigars now offered. Address National Cigar Co., St. Louis, Mo. When ordering please give the name of this paper without fail.

**PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION**

How Bob Came to Be a Detective

SO you wish to become a detective?

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you consider yourself able to give points to any man in the force, don't you?"

"No, sir. I am only anxious to have a fair trial. I believe that I can become a useful member of the force after I have had a little experience."

"Well, sir, I am not fond of employing green men; but as you seem to have a modest opinion of yourself, I have some hope of making something of you. The chief has requested me to give you a trial, and so I shall have to do so. I shall give you a tough case to begin on, and if you make a success of it you shall have a permanent position on the force."

"Thank you, sir. I shall do my best."

"The only clew which I can give you is this paper. It came into my possession entirely by accident. It was seen to fall from the pocket of a man who had been implicated in several burglaries, and one of my men, who happened to be standing near, picked it up and handed it to me. I think there is more in it than appears on the surface. Take it with you, and see what you can make of it."

Bob Westbrook took the envelope which the inspector—to whom he had made application for a position in the detective force—gave him, and left the office.

He had never done any detective work before, and had only been on the police force about eight months, but he was very ambitious, and desired to become a detective.

Going home, he retired to his room, and proceeded to examine the letter. The direction was as follows:

MR. ALBERT SINCLAIR,

General Postoffice,

London, E. C.

The postmark was that of Bayswater, and the date Jan. 10. Inside was the following letter:

Bayswater, Jan. 10.—Dear Albert: Meet Mary Owen as you promised me, and ask her to come at noon the day she gets the message. I have made a corner in some of the securities of which I spoke when at Tottenham the other week. If you court her, the house in Gloucester road shall be yours soon. On Monday, I expect to spend the evening with you without fail, and at that time I shall bring nine others. Expect us at 8 o'clock sharp. I shall then indicate to you how we had better divide the work, so that the profits may be large as possible.

"JIM," 6.

Bob read the letter over carefully several times, but could find nothing suspicious about it except the figure "6" in the lower right-hand corner of the page.

This puzzled him not a little, and as he studied the letter more the conviction grew upon him that underneath this apparently innocent communication there lurked some mysterious communication, which might prove the key to a deed of villainy.

In vain he puzzled over the letter; in vain tried every combination which his ingenuity could suggest. He applied heat in hopes of bringing out a sympathetic ink; but again in vain. He went to bed that night thoroughly puzzled and almost discouraged.

In the morning he again started to work, but in a more systematic manner. He tried every other line with no result; every third line, then every fourth line, and so on, but still with no result. Then he began and tried every other word, but he met with failure.

Just at this point the mysterious figure 6 caught his eye. He started, as a sudden thought struck him. Could this be the key to the mystery? He would try, and accordingly he began, and then, with the first word, took every sixth word of the letter.

The result was certainly startling. When he finished he found that he had the following communication:

Dear Albert: Meet me at the corner of Tottenham Court road, Monday evening at 9 o'clock, to divide profits. JIM.

There evidently must have been some powerful motive of concealment here, else why should this note have been written, and the true meaning so carefully hidden?

Bob felt much elated at his success, and determined to make one of the party at the corner of Tottenham Court road on Monday evening.

On the appointed evening, a few minutes before 9 o'clock, a man was walking up and down the pavement at the rendezvous named in the letter.

He was evidently expecting some one, and every few minutes would look at his watch impatiently. After he had been waiting about ten minutes, another man walked slowly up the street.

The one who had been waiting advanced hurriedly, and seizing him by the arm, drew him into the shadow of one of the houses, and said, in a low, eager voice:

"Well, what news?"

"Nothing much," said the other man, "except that I have been unable to dispose of all the swag."

"How much money have you raised?"

"One thousand pounds."

"Good! You have some of the jewelry still?"

"Yes. I only sold the diamonds."

"Do you think you can get rid of the rest safely?"

"No, not just now. I think we had better divide them just as they are, and when the excitement is over we can dispose of them."

"All right. You say you have one thousand in cash?"

"Yes. Come down to John's and I'll give you your share."

The men then started down the road together.

No sooner had they moved off than a figure emerged from a dark doorway and followed them at a distance.

The figure was that of Bob Westbrook.

The men entered a door in front of which hung a red lamp. Following them Bob also entered.

He found himself in a room which was partly a public house and partly a restaurant. On one side of the room were several stalls, in which were tables and seats. Curtains covered the front so that the occupants were concealed from the view of those in the room.

As Bob entered he saw the men whom he had been following enter one of the stalls. Ordering a milk punch he took his seat in the stall adjoining that which the men had entered.

As he seated himself he heard the



HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE YOU RAISED?

men on the other side of the thin board partition conversing in low tones.

"The terms were share and share alike, so there are £500 for your share."

"How much do you think the rest of the stuff ought to be worth?"

"Fully £2,000, I think. We made a big haul this time."

"Yes, and it was well done, too. I wonder how old Fairchild looked when he came down to the office in the morning, and found his safe opened?"

"He must have felt pretty bad, for I see by the papers that the police have no clew to the fellows who did the job."

"I don't think I ever did such a clean job or such a safe one. But when shall we divide the jewelry?"

"Meet me at the same place to-morrow night as you did to-night, and I will bring the swag with me. We can then go somewhere and divide."

"All right. What time?"

"Nine o'clock—same as to-night."

"I'll be there. Good-night."

So saying, the men left the saloon and separated.

II.

Bob felt that he had made an important discovery. About a week before a diamond and jewelry merchant off Holborn had been robbed of a large amount of jewelry. The thieves had left nothing by which they could be traced, and although Mr. Fairchild, the owner of the place, had offered a large reward, they had thus far escaped detection.

The following morning Bob walked into the inspector's office.

"Well?" said the inspector.

"I should like to have the use of three officers, in plain clothes, this evening, sir."

"You have discovered something, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Will you be kind enough to permit me to defer an explanation until to-morrow morning, sir? I wish to complete the job before I make any report."

"Then you expect to capture the criminals to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you do so, I shall have to acknowledge that you are a born detective. You shall have the men."

That night Bob stationed his men out of sight near the doorway where he had hidden himself, on the preceding night, and waited for the arrival of the thieves.

He had arranged a signal with the

men who were concealed, and at that signal they were to arrest the persons whom he designated.

As the clock struck 9, the two thieves approached from different directions, and met at the corner.

One of them carried a satchel, which was apparently very heavy, judging by the way in which he carried it.

As they stood a minute, talking, a drunken man came rolling down the street, and in endeavoring to pass them, gave a lurch, and struck heavily against the man carrying the satchel, almost knocking him down, and causing him to drop it.

"Whasser mean, sir, by (hic) get'n in a gent'l'm'n's way? Yer drunk, sir (hic)."

"You fool, you're drunk yourself! Go on about your business!"

So saying, the thief stooped to pick up his satchel, when a violent push from behind threw him flat upon the pavement.

At the same instant a shrill whistle rang out upon the night air, and before the two thieves fully realized what had happened they were securely handcuffed and on their way to the station.

Behind them walked Bob, carrying the satchel, and entirely recovered from the effects of the liquor from which he was apparently suffering only a moment before.

The next morning Bob appeared at the inspector's office, carrying a satchel.

The inspector looked up from his desk, at which he was writing, and said:

"Well, Westbrook, what have you captured? Something worth the trouble, I hope?"

"I don't know that it's much of a capture, sir," said Bob.

"Well, what was it?"

"Only the robbers of Fairchild's jewelry."

The inspector grasped him by the hand and shook it warmly.

"My dear fellow, permit me to congratulate you! You have discovered what has puzzled some of the best men in the force. How did you do it?"

Bob then related his experience with the letter and his subsequent adventures.

When he had finished his story the inspector said:

"Westbrook, from this hour you are detective, attached to the regular force. I think the thieves will have cause to rue the day."

The inspector was right. Many a criminal has Bob since brought to justice, and often have the criminal classes had cause to rue the day when he was made a detective.—Spare Moments.

GENTLEMANLY WARRIORS.

Savages Supplied Their Enemies with Food and Ammunition.

We are accustomed to speak of the humane and chivalrous manner in which modern fighting is carried on, and to congratulate ourselves upon the advance which has been made in this respect, says the London Mail.

But is this advance as great and as real as we imagine? For example, how do our present-day customs of war compare with the old-time fighting methods of the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand? It will surprise a good many people to hear that when a band of Maori warriors was going to fight the warriors of another tribe it was not unusual for the numbers it was proposed to place in the field to be communicated to the enemy; moreover, one side often provided the other with arms and provisions, so that the enemy might not be placed at too great a disadvantage.

Here are a few stories which illustrate the generosity which the Maoris of former days displayed toward their enemies. A chief was asked why when on a certain occasion he had command of the road, he did not attack the ammunition and provision trains of the English. The Maori, utterly astonished at such a question, exclaimed: "Why, you fool, if we had stolen their powder and food, how could they have fought?"

Another chief, who considered that he had been insulted by the chief of a neighboring tribe, said that the other chief, had he not been much the stronger of the two in arms and ammunition, would not have dared to act in so insulting a manner. This speech came to the ears of the neighboring chief, who thereupon divided his arms and ammunition into two equal parts, and sent one-half, along with an invitation to fight, to chief No. 1.

On another occasion a chief who was fighting against us, and who was short of guns and powder, sent this message to the governor: "My custom with regard to my enemy is, if he have not a weapon I give him one, that we may fight on equal terms. Now, O governor, are you not ashamed of my defenseless hands?" A clergyman who lived a long time in New Zealand relates how in one of the intertribal wars the besieged sent word to the enemy that they were short of provisions, and the besiegers at once handed over a supply of food.

Rich People in Berlin.

Berlin has fourteen persons whose annual income exceeds \$250,000.

There is electricity in a kiss, says a scientist. Perhaps that is why kissing shocks some folks.

Double Trouble



The complication of

SPRAINS

and

BRUISES

is a very sore trouble, but doubly, or separately, as sprain or bruise, there is no remedy known the equal of

St. Jacobs Oil

for a
PROMPT, SURE CURE

The Only Way.

Mrs. Bowers—I shall select a necktie for you when I am in town today, John.

Mr. Bowers—Before you select it will you have the clerk blindfold you?

Mrs. Bowers—Blindfold me? Are you crazy?

Mr. Bowers—Not by being blindfolded there is a chance that you may strike one that I could wear!—Puck.

The news from Lick observatory that the North star, 255,000,000 miles away from us, has been found to be not one star, but three—swinging around in great orbits like the moon, earth and sun—is another remarkable result of the application of photo-spectroscopy to the telescopic study of the heavens.

Spectroscopic and other observations show the fixed stars to be self-luminous bodies—stars to the other systems of planets. An analysis of their light indicates the presence of the same chemical elements that exist in our own sun and earth, together with others unknown in our solar system.

If all the dressmakers known to exist in America worked 24 hours of each day for a whole year without stopping for sleep or meals, they would still be able to make only one dress apiece for less than seven-eighths of the women in America.

The meteorological department of the government of India has now four first-class observatories, 174 general stations, and 2,280 rainfall stations from which regular monthly statements are received.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Experiments by E. Klein indicate that, contrary to common belief, such germs as those of the cholera, typhus and diphtheria do not survive more than three or four weeks after burial in the ground.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Conscientious.

"I suppose you will vote according to your own conscience in this matter."

"I will," answered Senator Sorghum. "And my conscience tells me that it is always wrong to waste good money."

—Washington Star.

You Will Never Know

what good ink is unless you use Carter's. It costs no more than poor ink. All dealers.

In Belgium organ grinders are compelled by law to play each morning before the police magistrates, who must be satisfied that their instruments are in tune. An organ which is out of tune must be put in order before a license is issued to the player.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winter because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

Senator Culberson, of Texas, said recently that 15 years ago he had his picture taken and a sudden death followed in his family. Ten years ago the same coincidence was noted, and since then the senator avoids the camera.

The hottest mines in the world are the Comstock. On the lower levels the heat is so great that the men cannot work over 10 or 15 minutes at a time. Every known means of mitigating the heat has been tried in vain. Ice melts before it reaches the bottom of the shafts.

There are 45 states and six territories in the Union, not including our new possessions. Utah was the last state to be admitted into the Union, the date of admission being January 4, 1896.

According to the Iowa State Register, that state has 200 more financial institutions than any other state in the union. The banks are generally small, however.