

A Michigan Miracle.

MRS. HARRIET A. BEGOLE TELLS OF AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING.

Lost Her Voice and Did Not Speak Aloud for Nearly Thirteen Years—How Her Speech Was Restored.

The Ypsilanti Commercial, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Many things appear miraculous that are really the result of natural laws the workings of which can be accurately predicted. A striking example of this occurred in a prominent Michigan family recently, and in this case there can be no question as to the truthfulness of the narrative since it is attested by Mrs. Harriet Begole, of Ypsilanti, Mich., a sister-in-law of Mr. Joshua Begole, who was governor of Michigan in 1883-84. When interviewed Mrs. Begole said:

"In 1886 I suffered from a severe illness brought on by a hard cold. During this illness my voice left me and I did not speak again above a whisper for nearly 13 years.

"I was treated by five local physicians and afterward went to New York and consulted the leading specialists there. They diagnosed my case as partial paralysis, stating that the left side of my throat was entirely paralyzed and the right side partially so. I returned home utterly disheartened.

"For nearly eight years I have suffered from a severe stomach disorder and about a year ago I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for this trouble. I was much benefited by the first box and so was encouraged to persist in their use. My stomach trouble became greatly improved and to my surprise I regained control of my vocal organs. I have used five boxes of the pills and last November I spoke aloud for the first time in almost 13 years. I am now 71 years of age and have full control of my voice. I feel so grateful that I wish to make known to others the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

(Signed)

MRS. HARRIET A. BEGOLE."

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of May, 1899, at Ypsilanti, Mich.

JOHN P. KIRK, Notary Public.

Washburn Co., Mich.

There is nothing surprising in this cure, remarkable as it is, to those who know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are so compounded that they act simultaneously on the blood and nerves. They tone up the system and cannot be excelled as a corrective or a disordered digestion as was proved in the above case. Their power in rebuilding wasted nerve tissue makes them invaluable in the treatment of partial paralysis, and to this fact Mrs. Begole owes the restoration of her voice after years of useless but expensive treatment.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Two of the biggest steamers afloat are being built at New London, Conn., for the Pacific coast and Oriental trade. Capacity, 33,000 tons.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came out the other day after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLING, Baird, Miss.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Good, Never Causes Weakness or Gripes, 10c. 25c. 50c.

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Without interfering with your regular duties, you can make money by means of our offer of \$17.50 FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Send for full particulars.

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WISDOM'S CURE FOR

WHEEZY, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION



A DOUBLE CHANGE OF OPINION.

HE was a minister of the Episcopalian fold—an "Anglican priest," as he would have expressed it—and he believed most ardently in the wisdom and advisability of a celibate priesthood.

"The church demands and should receive absolute singleness of devotion from her priests," was the way he stated the matter to his friends.

She was an artist, firm in the belief that a real devotion to art admitted of no other loves or devotions.

"One cannot serve the gods and at a family altar," was her manner of stating the case.

They met upon the transatlantic steamer coming over, and the inevitable happened.

He had been in England, studying the semi-monastic orders of the Anglican church in that country. She had been sketching in France and Germany, closing her trip with a flying visit to London and Liverpool. He was from New York; she from Chicago. Their principles were exactly alike, only they didn't know it. But it only took them ten days to discover this fact.

He was attracted to her because of a certain high purity of face and bearing which set her far apart from the merry, charming, but decidedly flirtatious other women who sat at her table—and his. She came to the conclusion that he undoubtedly "had something in him," because of the quiet reserve of his manner. A long acquaintance with



QUITE ALONE ON THE ROCKING DECK.

Art had taught her that it is the face—as the picture—which holds something in reserve that usually proves worthy of study and cultivation. Besides, the high vest and large silver cross, which stamped him as a ritualist among ritualists, and, therefore, mostly likely a believer in celibacy, made her feel perfectly, delightfully safe in enjoying his company. Mirable Aneston often found it necessary to be extremely careful in her intercourse with the other sex. She was a pretty girl and decidedly charming; since she did not intend to marry—or thought she did not, which amounted to the same thing—it behooved her to be careful how she raised false hopes.

Rupert Hazard—Father Hazard, as he preferred to be called—felt correspondingly safe in talking with Miss Aneston, because self-consciousness seemed to be so entirely lacking in her make-up. They began by talking about art, literature, and the deeper problems of social economics. They didn't begin to talk of love, even in the abstract, until Liverpool had been left behind for seven days. The young woman who had made and broken two engagements in that time led them in this direction unconsciously.

Neither of them were gossips, but the thing seemed incredible—to people who hadn't crossed the ocean often enough to become accustomed to this sort of phenomena—that they couldn't help thinking of it, having been informed of the fracture of the second engagement by their respective stateroom stewards—and several other persons. As the young woman, apparently well on the way toward a third deep-sea engagement, passed by the sunny corner where they were comfortably discussing the condition of the poor in London, New York and Chicago, Mirable spoke out suddenly.

"Doesn't it seem strange that people will play and trifle with the most sacred and holy things of life?" she said, with a smiling tone.

The Rev. Rupert Hazard came out of

his reverie concerning the good work which the church was destined to accomplish among the poor of his own parish neighborhood and sighed.

"It does, it does," he returned, seriously.

This was the opening wedge. From love in the abstract to the question of love of a more ordinary and personal aspect was but a little step. (It never is.) A day later they were telling each other why love was not for them. Two days later each knew that the other had decided never to marry. Three days later the Accomplished Traveler, overbearing a fragment of their conversation, smiled sympathetically as she promenaded on.

"Do you know," the young clergyman was saying, "that, while celibacy has always seemed almost necessary for the priesthood to me (it had seemed absolutely necessary until a few days before), I fall to see how an unmarried, and, perhaps, lonely, existence will cause you to paint better pictures."

"Why?" and the girl's tone was earnest as it was astonished. "I don't see how you can think otherwise. Art demands all the best of one, and no second-rate or second-hand devotion, if one is really to serve and minister to the beautiful. But it has always seemed to me," she added, meditatively, "that an unmarried minister has lost a fine chance, at least, of getting close to the hearts of his people. I wonder which of us is right—or neither, or both?"

Then came the big storm, and after that all things looked different. Mirable was anything but a coward, but she couldn't help feeling a little nervous as the great ship trembled and staggered and rolled under the force of the tremendous waves. The young minister, whose faith was of the real and assertive kind, soothed and reassured her as she sat, trembling but silent, in the music room looking out at the angry waters. The girl was duly comforted and strengthened, and the pleasant feeling of half dependence and intimacy, both of his thoughtful kindness, lasted even after the sun had decided to shine again. And the young minister had also learned something while the storm was raging. It was with a really meek and humble heart that he assisted her to the upper deck, just as soon as this was possible, and stood by her side as she took mental notes of the waves and their form and color.

"Mirable," he said presently—he had learned her name some days before—"I have a confession to make to you. I have found out—the Lord has taught me—that my views upon the question of celibacy have been mistaken. I now agree with you that a clergyman is better with a wife, and I hope—I hardly dare hope, but still I long to—that you will be my wife, some day, by and by."

They were quite alone on the rocking deck. The weather was still too rough for others less interested in art—and one of its exponents—to venture out. The girl, meditating, found that she, too, had changed her opinions in regard to several matters.

"If I tell you," she said at last, as bravely, as shyly, "that I no longer believe that love and marriage lessen one's chances of becoming a great artist, you must not fancy that it is because I am ready to say yes to the question you may want to ask me, possibly, some time. But it has seemed to me, lately—"

"Dear one, let me ask that question now," the man at her side broke in, impulsively. "Will you, dear child and sweetheart, promise to become my wife?"

Again the girl was silent, thinking, thinking. She no longer believed, as she had said, that an unmarried existence was necessary for the highest art, but still—she thought of the picture she was longing to paint, the wondrous thing of graces, nymphs, perhaps, even bacchanals—and wondered how it would do for a minister's wife to paint and exhibit this thing. And yet—with love in the balance—

She turned to him, smiling. "I will not promise now," she said, quietly; "it is far too early and we know far too little of each other for me to make any such promise, for one thing, and, besides, I have a picture I must paint first. It will take me until well on into next summer. (All this happened last autumn.) And you must not write to me, nor ask me to write to you, until the end of June anyway. Then, if you want to risk the trip on such slight encouragement, you may

come to Chicago, and—if you care to ask me that question again—I may possibly think about it."

The next day he came, and soon her studio will be in New York instead of Chicago, and there will be a new name upon the door.—Chicago Tribune.

EXTRA PAY FOR THE TARS.

Captain Given to Swearing Arranged a Benefit for His Crew.

The owner of one of the big sloops that has sailed many races in these and contiguous waters is said to be ruining the cleanest and most dignified of all sports by raising the wages of his sailors to an unprecedented height. There is to be a general protest all along the line. He explains the situation in this way: "I am given to the most awful swearing whenever I get on salt water and several of my best men left a year ago on account of it, vowing they never would ship again in my boat if I intended to take active command. Well, as I believe in sailing my own vessel, they kept their word. This season I made a new deal, which was no less than an agreement with my crew that their wages should be doubled provided they never resented by look or deed my swearing. You see, I can now go on deck and cuss out the whole lot of 'em without having one so much as seem injured. It is a great pleasure to be able to vilify, abuse and browbeat a fellow whenever you please and call him all the names in the calendar with a certainty that he won't come back at you."

This bold yachtsman learned the trick from an irascible contractor. Among his office employees was a delicate, meek, mild, milk-and-water youth who drew \$35 a week for the privilege of being sworn at. Whenever the boss wanted to let off steam, as he called it, he would ring for this queer character and overwhelm him with abuse of the vilest sort. Finally, however, he got tired of the arrangement, saying that there was no variety or spice in cussing a darned fool who couldn't answer back. "Why don't you say something, — you?" he exclaimed one day in a towering rage, lifting his hand as if to strike. The meek one said: "Hold on, you — — — you; don't you dare to hit me. It ain't in the contract and if you touch me I'll fill you full of holes." The boss was stunned by this exhibition of spirit, discharged the man then and there, hired him over again at \$45 a week and made him his confidential clerk. And he never has cursed him since.—New York Press.

IN UPPER BURMA

Weddings and Funerals Are "Bunched" and Celebrated Together.

The Karens, of Upper Burma, not only delay their weddings till they can celebrate twenty or thirty at once, but make the same occasion serve for their funerals as well. When a man dies his body is cremated and the ashes are kept until the time for the formal funeral. When a bad harvest or a prolonged rainy season occasions the need of a little excitement, and some enthusiast arranges a burial-wedding, the ashes are arranged along a low, narrow platform, while the men stand on one side, the women on the other. There are no mourners, for the dead men have been forgotten during the convenient interval, and the dresses suggest only the pleasanter side of the double function.

Proceedings are commenced by a sort of poetic competition between the men and the fairest maid. If the latter is not satisfied with the compliments paid her she avoids the embarrassment of a direct refusal by bidding her suitor come for her "before he is awake." In this case he consoles himself with a pipe, and, after a short interval, transfers his addresses to some less exacting lady. As soon as the young people are equally paired off the elders compete for the more valuable portion of the dead man's property. Jewels or weapons are set swinging by a string, while the claimants pass in single file. The one who is nearest when the pendulum stops swinging secures whatever is attached to it. When each has thus secured a memento of the day the rest is handed over to the children to be smashed up with all the crockery of the deceased and buried with their ashes on some neighboring hill.

Crooked Houses in Holland.

There are many buildings in cities in Holland which were originally and unmistakably built out of the straight. For instance, not far from the Hotel Vieux Doelen, where the delegates to the peace conference stayed, there is an extension being built to one of the churches, and, although the walls are not yet completed, they lean outward more than twelve inches. Another instance of this is found in some of the corner houses, whose walls lean out over each street. In many cases new houses are evidently put up to match the houses alongside. Strangely enough, though, there are comparatively few cases on record of collapse.

A man appeared in town the other day selling a new kind of rat! Why should people be willing to buy rats, even if they are a new kind?

People are becoming mighty tired of personal recollections of great men.

Humors

They take possession of the body, and are Lords of Misrule.

They are attended by pimples, boils, the itching tetter, salt rheum, and other cutaneous eruptions; by feelings of weakness, languor, general debility and what not. They cause more suffering than anything else.

Health, Strength, Peace and Pleasure require their expulsion, and this is positively effected, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which radically and permanently drives them out and builds up the whole system.

Fighting the Japs and Chinamen.

The federated trades in Portland have taken steps to have the Japs and Chinamen driven out under a new exclusion act.

DON'T GET FOOT-EGASE, GET FOOT-EASE.

A powder. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, Damp or Frosted Feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Don't get foot-egase get Foot-Ease. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The tallest man in the world is Lewis Wilkins, a young farmer who lives near St. Paul, Minn. His height is 8 feet, 11½ inches.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Half Cat, Half Rabbit.

The Payette, Idaho, Independent tells of a family there that claims to have a bunch of kittens that are half rabbits. The story does not say whether there are some cats and some rabbits, but infers that the case is one of cross blood.

May She Get Both.

Walla Walla is moving for a big basket factory and fruit drier.

LIEUTENANT PETERSON

Says Peruna Is the Finest Tonic and Invigorator He Ever Used.

Lieutenant Charles Peterson, Hook and Ladder Co. No. 21, writes the following letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., from 827 Belmont avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

"Last year I had a severe attack of la grippe which left me very weak, so that I was unable to perform my duties. Several of my friends advised me to build up on Peruna, and I found it by far the finest tonic and invigorator I had ever used. In two weeks I was strong and well, and if ever I am exposed to unusual hardship incident with my duties as fireman, I take a dose or two of Peruna and find that it keeps me in good health."

Charles Peterson.



The above is only one of fifty thousand letters we have on file attesting the merits of Peruna.

There are a great multitude of people in all parts of the land who have entirely lost their health as a result of la grippe; who have recovered from an attack, but find themselves with weakened nerves, deranged digestion, and with very little of their former powers. There is no disease known to man that leaves the system in such an outrageous and exasperating condition as la grippe.

For this class of sufferers, Peruna is a specific. Peruna should be taken according to directions and in a few weeks the sufferer will be entirely restored to his accustomed health.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free copy of "Facts and Faces."