LUXURY OF SHABBINESS.

Being Occasionally in Old Clothes Brings a Delightful Sense of Freedom.

There is a luxury in shabbiness which exceeds any feeling which has its root in pride. It is the luxury of a kind which loves above all things to avoid trouble, and to feel the advantage of a sort of disguise which increases real freedom of action. When Haroun-al-Rashid went about in Bagdad in the disguise of a merchant he probably felt twice as powerful as he did when he sat on the throne of the Caliphs, for he felt twice as free. He was free to act like an ordinary citizen, and yet free also to assume his sovereign power at pleasure. To ordinary men the comfort of shabbiness, where shabbiness is not imposed upon them by their narrow income, is that they feel really at liberty to spend exactly as they please, without conforming to anybody else's judgment of what it would become them to do. Besides, even the richest man or woman is unwilling to expose good clothes to injury or ruin, whereas it is sometimes quite a relief to find a suitable occasion for finally repudiating clothes of which one is weary, partly because they are so shabby, more because like old servants, they are so presuming, and seem to claim a right over you, and take for granted that you can never turn off such old and tried friends.

Now, if the conventions of society restrict your liberty in one way, the habits of which you have got weary restrict it in another, and you never feel so free as when you are dressed in shabby clothes, for the protection of which you feel no kind of anxiety, and which you would not be sorry for an opportunity of finally discarding. The last uses of a shabby suit are the pleasantest ones. You feel no responsibility for them, and yet you are not willing to find an opportunity for a rupture with a disguise which you begin to think a little unworthy of you. In shabby clothes you persuade yourself that your dignity is all interior, and that you have no need of dress to sustain it. But none the less you anticipate without unmixed regret the prospect of assuming a costume more in proportion to your intrinsic merits. And when you can combine the freedom of a nearly worn-out dress with the anticipations of casting off the chrysalis and coming forth like a butterfly, you are probably at the high-water mark of self-satisfaction. To unite the keen sense of being above dress with an equally keen sense of being fully entitled to dress well, and of the intention to justify that title is perhaps the very acme of any luxury that clothes can confer. You enjoy your proud superiority doubly, first in parading your indifference to the "accidents" of dress, and next to the immediate prospect of properly asserting that superiority on a fitting and near occasion.—N. Y. Ledger.

Eve Still Loves Serpents.

What is it that makes the daughters of Eve admire the snakeskin? One would think that they would want to get as far away from it as possible but, on the contrary, every woman who can afford it is wearing a snakeskin something about her person. Bags and purses, cardcases and belts, the backs of gift books, toilet accessories and everything else that a woman can get covered with snakeskin goes. The skin has come to cost as much as Russia leather, and "snake farms" are now much more valuable as revenue producers than wheat farms. It is worthy of note that no woman of the swell set has yet taken to wearing a tanned rattler's hide around her hat, as the Mexicans do, but that will probably be the beginning of the end of a not very pretty fashion at best. The skin takes a high polish and is as durable as alligator skin.—Chicago News.

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CLARENCE.

It was past midnight, when, without undressing, he threw himself upon his bed in the little convent-like cell to snatch a few moments of sleep. Its spotless, peaceful walls and draperies affected him strangely as if he had brought into its immaculate serenity the sanguine strain of war. He was awakened suddenly from a deep slumber by an infinite sense of alarm. His first thought was that he had been summoned to repel an attack. He sat up and listened. Everything was silent except the measured tread of the sentry on the gravel walk below. But the door was open. He sprang to his feet and slipped into the gallery, in time to see the tall figure of a woman gliding before the last moonlit window at its furthest end. He could not see her face, but the characteristic turbaned head of the negro race was plainly visible.

He did not care to follow her, or even alarm the guard. If it were the spy or one of her emissaries, she was powerless now to do any harm, and under his late orders and the rigorous vigilance of his sentinels she could not leave the lines—or indeed the house. She probably knew this as well as he did; it was, therefore, no doubt, only an accidental intrusion of one of the servants. He re-entered the room and stood for a few moments by the window looking over the moonlit ridge. The sounds of distant cannon had long since ceased. Wide awake and refreshed by the keen morning air, which alone of all created things seemed to have shaken the burden of the dreadful yesterday from its dewy wings, he turned away and lit a candle on the table. As he was rebuckling his sword belt he saw a piece of paper lying at the foot of the bed from which he had just risen. Taking it to the candle he read in a roughly scrawled hand:

"You are asleep when you should be on the march. You have no time to lose. Before daybreak the supports of the column you have been foolishly resisting will be upon you. From one who would save you, but hates your cause."

For a moment he was transfixed. The handwriting was unknown, and evidently disguised. It was not the purport of the message that alarmed him, but the terrible suspicion that flashed upon him that it came from Miss Faulkner! She had failed in her attempt to pass through the enemy's lines—or she had never tried to! She had deceived him, or she had thought better of her chivalrous impulse and now tried to mitigate her second treachery by this second warning, and he had let her messenger escape him!

He hurriedly descended the stairs. The sound of voices was approaching him. He halted and recognized the faces of the brigade surgeon and one of his aids-de-camp.

"We were hesitating whether to disturb you, general, but it may be an affair of some importance. Under your orders a negro woman was just now challenged stealing out of the lines. Attempting to escape, she was chased there was a struggle and scramble over the wall, and she fell, striking her head. She was brought into the guard house unconscious."

"Very good, I will see her," said Brant, with a feeling of relief.

"One moment, general. We thought you would perhaps prefer to see her

For the face that lay there was his wife's.

alone," said the surgeon. "For when I endeavored to bring her to and was sponging her face and head to discover her injuries her color came off! She was a white woman, stained and disguised as a mulatto."

For an instant Brant's heart sank. It was Miss Faulkner.

"Did you recognize her?" he said, glancing from the one to the other. "Had you seen her here before?"

"No, sir," replied the aid-de-camp. "But she seemed to be quite a superior woman—a lady, I should say."

Brant breathed more freely. "Where is she now?" he asked.

"In the guardhouse. We thought it better not to bring her into the hospital among the men, until we had your orders."

"You have done well," returned Brant gravely. "And you will keep this to yourselves for the present, but see that she is brought here quietly and with as little publicity as possible. Put her in my room above, which I give up to her, and any necessary attendant. But you will look carefully after her, doctor," he turned to the surgeon, "and when she recovers consciousness let me know."

He moved away. Although attaching little importance to the mysterious message—whether sent by Miss Faulkner or emanating from the stranger herself—which he had reasoned was based only upon a knowledge of the original plan of attack—he nevertheless quickly dispatched a small scouting party in the direction from which the attack might come, with orders to fall back and report at once. With a certain half irony of recollection he had selected Jim Hooker to accompany the party as a volunteer. This done he returned to the gallery. The surgeon met him at the door. "The indications of concussion are passing away," he said, "but she seems to be suffering from the exhaustion following some great nervous excitement. You may go in—she may rally from it any moment."

With the artificial step and mysterious hush of the ordinary visitor to a sickbed, Brant entered the room. But some instinct greater than this common expression of humanity held him suddenly in awe. The room seemed no longer his—it had slipped back into that austere conventual privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another strange suggestion—it seemed almost a vague recollection—overcame him like some lingering perfume, faint, far off and pathetic, in its dying familiarity. He turned his eyes almost timidly towards the bed. The coverlet was drawn up near the throat of the figure to replace the striped cotton gown, stained with blood and dust, which had been hurriedly torn off and thrown aside. The pale face cleansed of blood and disguising color, the long hair still damp from the surgeon's sponge lay rigidly back on the pillow. Suddenly this man of iron nerves uttered a faint cry, and with a face as white as the upturned one before him, fell on his knees beside the bed. For the face that lay there was his wife's.

Yes! hers. But the beautiful hair that she had gloried in—the hair that in his youth he had thought had once fallen like a benediction on his shoulders—was streaked with gray along the blue veined hollows of the temples; the orbits of those clear eyes, beneath their delicately arched brows, were ringed with days of suffering; only the clear cut profile, even to the delicate imperiousness of lips and nostril, was still there in all its beauty. The coverlet had slipped from the shoulder; its familiar marble contour startled him. He remembered how in their early married days he had felt the sanctity of that Diana-like revelation, and the still nymph-like austerity which clung to this strange, childless woman. He even fancied that he breathed again the subtle characteristic perfume of the lace embroideries, the delicate enwrappings in her chamber at Robles. Perhaps it was the intensity of his gaze—perhaps it was the magnetism of his presence—but her lips parted with a half sigh, half moan. Her head, although the eyes were still closed, turned on the pillow instinctively towards him. He rose from his knees. Her eyes opened slowly. As the first glare of wonderment cleared from them, they met him—in the old antagonism of spirit! Yet her first gesture was a feminine pathetic movement with both hands, to arrange her straggling hair. It brought her white fingers, cleaned of their disguising stains, and a sudden revelation to her of what had happened; she instantly slipped them back under the coverlet again. Brant did not speak, but with folded arms stood gazing upon her. And it was her voice that first broke the silence.

"You have recognized me! Well, I suppose you know all," she said with a weak half-defiance.

He bowed his head. He felt as yet he could not trust his voice and envied her her own.

"I may sit up, mayn't I?" She managed by sheer force of will to struggle to a sitting posture. Then as the coverlet slipped from the bare shoulders, she said, as she drew it with a shiver of disgust around her again: "I forgot that you strip women—you northern soldiers. But I forgot also," she added, with a sarcastic smile, "that you are likewise my husband—and this is your room."

The contemptuous significance of her speech dispelled the last lingering remnant of Brant's dream. In a voice as dry as her own he said: "I am afraid you will now have to remember only that I am a northern general and you a southern spy."

"So be it," she said, gravely. Then, impulsively, "but I have not spied on you."

Yet the next moment she bit her lips as if the expression had unwittingly escaped her; and with a reckless shrug of her shoulders she lay back on her pillow.

"It matters not," said Brant, coldly. "You have used this house, and those within it to forward your designs. It is not your fault that you found nothing in the dispatch box you opened."

She stared at him quickly; then shrugged her shoulder again. "I might have known she was false to me," she said bitterly, "and that you would wheedle her soul away as you have others. Well—she betrayed me! For what?"

A flush passed over Brant's face. But with an effort he contained himself. "It was the flower that betrayed you! The flower whose red dust fell in the box when you opened it on the desk by the window in yonder room. The flower that stood in the window as a signal. The flower I myself removed and so spoiled the miserable plot your friends had concocted."

A look of mingled terror and awe came into her face. "You changed the signal," she repeated, dazedly; then in a lower voice: "That accounts for it all!" But the next moment she turned again fiercely upon him: "And you mean to tell me that she didn't help you—that she didn't sell me—your wife—to you for—for what was it?—a look—a kiss?"

"I mean to say that she did not know the signal was changed and that she herself restored it to its place. It is no fault of hers nor of yours that I am not now a prisoner."

She passed her thin hand dazedly across her forehead. "I see," she muttered. Then again bursting out passionately, she said: "Fool! you never would have been touched! Do you think that Lee would have gone for you—with higher game in your division commander? No! Those supports were a feint to draw him to your assistance while our main column broke his center. Yes, you may stare at me, Clarence Brant. You are a good lawyer—they say a dashing fighter, too. I never thought you a coward, even in your irresolution, but you are fighting with men drilled in the art of war and strategy when you were a boy outcast on the plains." She stopped, closed her eyes and then added wearily: "But that was yesterday—to-day, who knows? All may be changed. The supports may still attack you. That was why I stopped to write you that note an hour ago—when I believed I should be leaving here forever. Yes! I did it!" she went on, with half-wearied, half-dogged determination. "You may as well know all. I had arranged to fly, your pickets were to be drawn by friends of mine, who were waiting for me beyond the lines. Well! I lingered when I saw you arrive—lingered to write you that note. And—it was too late!"

But Brant had been watching her varying expression, her kindling eye, her strange masculine grasp of military knowledge, her soldierly phraseology, all so new to her, that he scarcely heeded the feminine ending of her speech. It seemed to him no longer the Diana of his youthful fancy, but some Pallas Athene who now looked up at him from the pillow. He had never before fully believed in her unselfish devotion to the cause, until now, when it seemed to have almost unsexed her. In his wildest comprehension of her he had never dreamed her a Joan of Arc, and yet that was the face which might have confronted him, exalted and inspired, on the battlefield itself. He recalled himself with an effort.

"I thank you for your would-be warning," he said, more gently, if not tenderly, "and God knows I wish your flight had been successful. But even your warning is unnecessary. For the supports had already come up; they had followed only the second signal and diverged to engage our division on the left, leaving me alone. And their ruse of drawing our commander to assist me would not have been successful, as I had suspected it and sent a message to him that I wanted no help."

It was the truth—it was the sole purport of the note he had sent through Miss Faulkner. He might not have disclosed it, but so great was the strange domination of this woman still over him that he felt compelled to assert his superiority. She fixed her eyes upon him. "And Miss Faulkner took your message," she said, slowly. "Don't deny it! No one else could have passed through our lines, and you gave her a safe conduct through yours. Yes! I might have known it. And this is the creature they sent me for an ally and confidant!"

For an instant Brant felt the sting of this enforced contrast between the two women. But he only said: "You forget that I did not know you were the spy, nor do I believe that she suspected you were my wife."

"Why should she?" she said, almost fiercely. "I am known among these people only by the name of Benham—my maiden name. Yes! you can take me out and shoot me under that name, without disgracing yours. Nobody will know that the southern spy was the wife of the northern general. You see I have thought even of that!"

"And thinking that," said Brant, slowly, "you have put yourself—I will not say in my power—for you are in the power of any man in this camp, who may know you, or even hear you speak. Well—let us understand each other plainly. I do not know how great a sacrifice your devotion to your cause demands of you. I do not know what it seems to demand of me. Hear me, then! I will do my best to protect you and get you safely away from here; but, failing that, I tell you plainly that I shall blow out your brains and my own together."

She knew that he would do it. Yet her eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awakening light; she put back her hair again and half-raised herself upon the pillow to gaze at his dark, set face.

"And as I shall let no other life but ours be periled in this affair," he went on, quietly, "and will accompany you myself, in some disguise, beyond the lines, we will take the risks together—or the bullets of the sentries that may save us both all further trouble. An hour or two more will decide this. Until that time your condition will excuse you from any disturbance or intrusion here. The mulatto woman you have sometimes personated may be still in this house; I will appoint her to attend you. I suppose you can trust her, for you must personate her again, and escape in her clothes, while she takes your place in this room as my prisoner."

"Clarence!"

Her voice had changed suddenly; it was no longer bitter and stridulous, but low and thrilling, as he had heard her call to him that night in the patio of Robles. He turned quickly. She was leaning from her bed—her thin white hands stretched appealingly toward him.

"Let us go together, Clarence," she said, eagerly. "Let us leave this horrible place—those vulgar, cruel people, forever! Come with me! Come with me to my people, to my own faith, to my own house, which shall be yours! Come with me to defend it with your good sword, Clarence, against those vile invaders with whom you have nothing in common and who are the dirt under your feet. Yes! Yes! I know you! I have done you wrong; I have lied to you when I spoke against your skill and power. You are a hero—a born leader of men! I know it! Have I not heard it from the men who have fought against you, and yet admired and understood you, aye, better than your own? Gallant men, Clarence! Soldiers bred, who did not know what you were to me, nor how proud I was of you, even while I hated you! Come with me! Think what we would do together, with one faith, one cause, one ambition! Think, Clarence, there is no limit you might not attain! We are no niggards of our rewards and honors, we have no hirelings' votes to truckle to; we know our friends! Even I, Clarence, I—" there was a strange pathos in the sudden humility that seemed to overcome her—"I have had my reward and know my power. I have been sent abroad, in the confidence of the highest, to the highest. Don't turn from me. I am offering you no bribe, Clarence, only your deserts. Come with me! Leave those curs behind and live the hero that you are!"

He turned his blazing eyes upon her. "If you were a man!" he began, passionately, then stopped.

"No! I am a woman and must fight in a woman's way," she interrupted, bitterly. "I entreat, I implore, I wheedle, I flatter, I fawn, I lie! I creep where you stand upright, and pass through doors to which you would not bow. You wear the blazon of honor on your shoulder. I hide mine in a slave's gown. And yet I have worked and striven and suffered! Listen, Clarence—" her voice again sank to its appealing minor. "I know what you men call 'honor'—which makes you cling to a merely spoken word and an empty oath. Well, let that pass! I am weary; I have done my share of this work, you have done yours. Let us both fly; let us leave the fight to those who shall come after us and let us go together to some distant land where the sounds of these guns or the blood of our brothers no longer cry out to us for vengeance! There are those living there—I have met them, Clarence—" she went on, hurriedly, "who think it wrong to lift up fratricidal hands in the struggle, yet who cannot live under the northern yoke. They are—" her voice hesitated, "good men and women—they are respected—they are—"

"Recreants and slaves, before whom you, spy, as you are, stand a queen!" broke in Brant, passionately. He stopped and turned back toward the window. After a pause he came back again toward the bed, paused again, and then said in a lower voice: "Four years ago, Alice, in the patio of our house at Robles, I might have listened to this proposal, and, I tremble to think, I might have accepted it. I loved you; I was as weak, as selfish, as unreflecting, my life as purposeless, but for you, as the creatures you speak of. But give me now at least the credit of a devotion to my cause equal to your own, which I have never denied you. For the night that you left me I awoke to a sense of my own worthlessness and degradation—perhaps I have even to thank you for this awakening—and I realize the bitter truth. But that night I found my true vocation, my purpose, my manhood—"

A bitter laugh came from the pillow on which she had languidly thrown herself. "I believe I left you with Mrs. Hooker—spare me the details."

The blood rushed to Brant's face, and then receded as suddenly.

"You left me with Capt. Pinkney, who had tempted you, and whom I killed!" he said, furiously.

They were both staring at each other. Suddenly he said: "Hush!" and sprang towards the door, as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed along the passage. But he was too late; it was thrown open to the officer of the guard who appeared standing on the threshold.

"Two confederate officers arrested hovering around our pickets. They demand to see you."

Before Brant could interpose two men, in riding cloaks of confederate gray, stepped into the room with a jaunty and self-confident air.

"Not demand, general," said the foremost, a tall, distinguished-looking man, lifting his hand with a graceful deprecating air. "In fact, too sorry to bother you with an affair of no importance except to ourselves. A bit of after-dinner bravado brought us in contact with your pickets, and of course we had to take the consequences. Served us right, and we were lucky not to have got a bullet through us. Gad! I'm afraid my men would have been less discreet! I am Col. Lagrange, of the Fifth Tennessee; my young friend here is Capt. Faulkner, of the First Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none for me! I—"

He stopped, for his eyes suddenly fell upon the bed and its occupant. Both he and his companion started. But to the natural unaffected dismay of gentlemen who had unwittingly intruded upon a lady's bedchamber, Brant's quick eye saw a more disastrous concern superadded. Col. Lagrange was quick to recover himself, as they both removed their caps.

"A thousand pardons," he said, hurriedly, stepping backwards to the door. "But I hardly need say to a fellow-officer, general, that we had no idea of making so gross an intrusion! We heard some cock-and-bull story of your being occupied with an escaped or escaping nigger—or we should never have forced ourselves upon you."

Brant glanced quickly at his wife. Her face had apparently become rigid on the entrance of the two men; her eyes were coldly fixed upon the ceiling. He bowed formally and with a wave of his hand toward the door, said:

"I will hear your story below, gentlemen."

He followed them from the room, stopped to quietly turn the key in the lock, and then motioned them to precede him down the staircase.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Stub Ends of Thought.

What man has done, woman thinks she can do.

If the men didn't oppose the women in their efforts to gain their rights the women wouldn't think they had any rights to gain.

It is harder work holding back when one starts going down the hill than it is to get up when one starts going up.

A pretty woman is the prettiest thing on earth—to the eye.

A wife may easily love herself enough to make her husband unhappy.

The more a bachelor thinks of matrimony the less of it he does.

A pair of soft brown eyes in a man's heart makes him blind all over.

Melody is the soul of music, while harmony is its mind.

Love is the great inexplicable, and marriage sometimes makes it more so.

Faith in men and things is one of mankind's slipperiest possessions.—Detroit Free Press.

Vice Regal Invitations.

An invitation from the lord lieutenant in Ireland is supposed to be, like one from the queen whom he represents, a command. Irish society, however, does not always treat it as such, but, according to convenience, either honors it in the breach or the observance. A "society" person may throw over a previous engagement in favor of a vice regal invitation without being considered to have committed a breach of manners. He may also refuse the vice-regal invitation if so minded. Irish society is not servile on this point, but exercises common sense and the liberty of choice in the matter of amusing itself.

STARVING ON BEEF TEA.

Likely to Disturb Many Old-Time Cherished Delusions.

It is generally believed that beef tea and animal broths of all kinds are nourishing. The most recent medical authorities assure us that this is a mistake. In order to combat what it calls "The Beef-Tea Delusion," Modern Medicine publishes an article consisting largely of quotations from a high modern authority. We reproduce several paragraphs below:

"The late Dr. Austin Flint remarked on one occasion that thousands of patients have been starved to death while being fed on animal broths, beef tea, etc. No error could be greater than the notion very commonly held by the laity, and still quite too largely entertained by the members of the medical profession, that beef extracts, beef tea, bouillon, animal broths, etc., are peculiarly nourishing in character. We can adduce no better evidence to the contrary than is afforded by the following paragraphs from 'Bunge's Physiological and Pathological Chemistry,' one of the latest and most reliable authorities:

"'We must guard against supposing that meat bouillon possesses a strengthening and nourishing influence. In regard to this, the most delusive notions are entertained not only by the general public, but also by medical men.

"'Until quite recently the opinion was held that bouillon contained the most nutritive part of meat. There was a confused idea that a minute quantity of material—a plateful of bouillon can be made from a teaspoonful of meat extract—could yield an effectual source of nourishment, that the extractives of meat were synonymous with concentrated food.

"'Let us inquire what substances could render bouillon nutritious. The only article of food which meat yields to boiling water is gelatine. It is well known that albumen is coagulated in boiling, the glycogen of meat is rapidly converted into sugar, and this again into lactic acid. The quantity of gelatine is, moreover, very small; for a watery solution which contains only one per cent. of gelatine coagulates on cooling. Such coagulation may occur in very strong soups and gravies, but never in bouillon. Bouillon, therefore, contains much less than one per cent. of gelatine. In preparing extract of meat, the quantity of gelatine is reduced as much as possible, because it is in a high degree liable to putrefactive changes, and therefore likely to interfere with the preservation of the preparation. The other constituents of bouillon are decomposition products of foodstuffs—products of the oxidations and decompositions which take place in the animal organism. They cannot be regarded as nutritious, because they are no longer capable of yielding any kinetic energy, or at most such small amount that it is of no importance whatever.

"'Nevertheless, until the most recent times, creatin and creatinin, which are among the chief constituents of meat extract, were regarded as the source of energy in muscle. This assertion was shown to be untrue by the researches of Meissner and of Noit, who proved conclusively that creatin and creatinin are excreted in the urine twenty-four hours after their absorption, without loss. A material which is neither oxidized nor decomposed cannot form a source of energy, apart from the fact that the quantity of creatin and creatinin which is absorbed in bouillon is so small that it could not possibly be seriously regarded as the source of muscular energy.'"

A DOUBLE CASE.

Remarkable Cure of a Boston Man who was Afflicted with Salt-Rheum and Rheumatism.

BOTH PROMPTLY CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

Those who have had the misfortune to be afflicted with salt-rheum, more especially when it has come in early childhood, can appreciate what it is to "doctor" for this almost incurable trouble. They almost all testify that they have "doctored" for years, and often with some of the leading physicians, spending large sums of money without obtaining relief. When this is complicated with an attack of rheumatism, especially in the case of a man whose avocation is one that exposes him to it, the serious nature of his physical ills may be imagined, and also the potent efficacy of such a remedy as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has proved able to conquer such a concensus of bodily problems, and to put the man into a condition of vigor as a substitute for one of a most disheartening outlook.

In view of the circumstances it is not surprising that many in Boston, especially those of the railroad men, who have been familiar both with the individual and the attendant circumstances, should make so much comment on the cure wrought in the case of Mr. James Freeman, for a number of years past employed as a brakeman on the Old Colony Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. This gentleman had been afflicted with salt-rheum from infancy and his blood had a decided tendency to humors, in addition to which the exposed character of his occupation promoted an aggravated attack of muscular rheumatism which threatened to destroy his usefulness and deprive him of this means of livelihood.

But learning of the remarkable testimony which had been given to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People whenever tried for these and kindred difficulties, particularly such as arise from an impoverished or disordered condition of the blood, he was induced to try them, and the result has been so gratifying that he has became a pioneer in recommending them to his fellow workmen, who through his words and the manifest results of his example have shown a constantly increasing use of the pills.

In view of the degree of attention which the case attracted, particularly in its effect of promoting the use of the pills among men who are not in the habit of taking medicine, the circumstances were deemed worthy of personal investigation, and accordingly a reporter made a call at the cosy home of Mr. Freeman, at 233 Shawmont Avenue, Boston, Mass., where he and his wife were found to be thoroughly free and unreserved in stating the facts, and most cordial in appreciation of the Pink Pills.

"Yes, it is true," he said in response to inquiry. "I have the greatest satisfaction in giving my word as to what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I have no personal interest in speaking about the matter except that I feel grateful for the cure they have caused, and I think it is only right that I should try and let others have the same opportunity for benefit as myself." In regard to the origin of his use of the Pink Pills he remarked:

"I was first led to try them on account of a certificate from a Montreal man which was published in the papers, and I thought the same thing that had done so much for him would help me.

"I needed to take the Pink Pills for the condition of the blood and for rheumatism. The fact is that my blood has been of a very humory nature and I have been troubled with salt-rheum from infancy. My head was covered with it and a good deal of my hair came off. It was very uncomfortable and nothing that I could do seemed to cure it.

"Then came my rheumatic trouble during three months of last winter. I think it came from exposure in the railroad yard during bad weather. It was muscular rheumatism and was located principally in my right arm so that I could hardly lift it that high."

Here Mr. Freeman raised his outstretched right arm slowly to a position below the middle of his breast and gave a graphic idea of the difficulty and distress which accompanied that effort before taking the Pink Pills.

"I began to receive benefit from the first time that I took the pills, and I have never known them to fail of doing good. The trouble with a good many people is that they think they do everything by taking the first small quantity of any remedy. I am not one of those who are satisfied with that kind of sampling, and when I became satisfied that they were the right thing for me I resolved to use them with fullest effect. I soon secured about 25 boxes. I bought them mostly from Janes' Apothecary Store on Washington Street. One of the first good effects I found was an increase of appetite and the benefit of a general tonic. My blood became purer and better, and the effects of the muscular rheumatism rapidly disappeared. As I took no other medicine the whole effect must have come from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was so gratified with their effect that I must have bought altogether about eighty boxes.

"The result was that I was enabled to attend to my work as a brakeman on the cars, which you know requires a pretty free strength in the arms, and I found my general health and spirits toned up.

"In the early periods of taking the pills I took one as a dose, and latterly I increased to two and then three, the toning effect being all the stronger without any disagreeable effect.

"I was so pleased with the results of the Pink Pills in my case that I recommended them to all the railroad men and others within my knowledge that I knew would need their benefit. As a consequence quite a number began their use, and from all that I hear their effects were very satisfactory, so that I doubt not they would be willing to reinforce my certificate with their own testimony."

Mr. Freeman's remarks were corroborated at intervals by his wife, who was a participant in the conversation and manifestly shared his genuine enthusiasm for the curative effects of which she had been a witness, and for which the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has become synonymous.

He certainly looked well and no one could imagine by his appearance and manifestation of energy the double siege of rheumatism and salt-rheum from which the Pink Pills has rescued him.

"I am so satisfied," he said, "as to the true results which the Pink Pills have brought me that I can readily give an affidavit before a Notary to that effect. All who know me and the circumstances of my case will, however, feel convinced without the need of that."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid 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.

Beware Of the Knife.

Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Marshfield, Mo., writes: "For six years I have been a sufferer from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here, my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S.S.S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, though I am not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S.S.S. long ago, I would have escaped years of misery and saved over $150."

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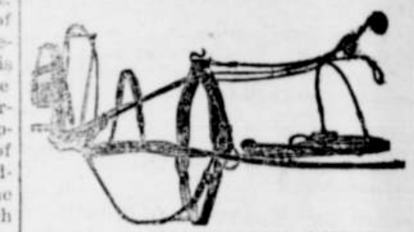

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