THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR.

A Difficulty Discovered in the Renting of Skyscrapers.

The business and professional men who contemplate hiring an office in the business end of the metropolis can, if they are not superstitious, secure quarters at a comparatively low rental. A few days ago rents on the thirteenth floor of a recently built sky scraper were reduced a third. The cut was forced by the dread with which some folk of the class named regard the number 13. Other tall office buildings are in the same predicament, and thirteenth-floor offices are said to be a drug on the market. This is a new and unexpected problem for landlord and agent to solve, and if the 13 hoodoo hits all the high structures as hard as it has hit one on Nassau street, the architect of the future will have to scratch the thirteenth floor off his plans or put the roof on at the twelfth story. The agent of this tall and elegantly equipped pile couldn't for the life of him imagine why the thirteenth floor remained vacant. Business men, lawyers, all kinds of professional men were anxious to take offices on every floor save the thirteenth. Those above it were full, like those below it; but up to a few weeks ago not a soul would venture into the handsome suites on that floor.

Finally, the thirteenth floor began to be regarded with some degree of mystery, even by the superintendent and his staff. It was noticed that all who came to look at the offices there were delighted with them until they happened to discover that they were on the thirteenth floor. Then they gracefully, though mysteriously, transferred their inspection to some other floor. Then it dawned upon the heads of the high house that the superstitious aversion to No. 13 was the secret, and the agent finally decided to balance the superstitions of would-be tenants against their cupidity by reducing thirteenth-floor is how the agent expects to get around the hoodoo that men who seem to be sound mentally attach to the tricky 13. In strange contrast is the fact that daring aerial artists now filling an engagement at a music hall here are No. 13 on the programme and laugh at the bad luck which some of their admirers declare is bound to come before they leave town. The Thirteen club doesn't seem to be fulfilling its mission here. —N. Y. Correspondent Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

Built a Monument in the Cemetery for the Purpose.

A splendid monument of Pierre Cabochard, grocer, stands in a conspicuous position in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. It bears a pathetic inscription, ending:

"His inconsolable widow dedicates this monument to his memory, and continues the same business at the old place, 167 Rue Mouffetard."

A gentleman had the curiosity to call at the address given, says Tit-Bits.

"I came to see the widow Cabochard," said the caller.

"Well, sir, here she is," said the man.

"I beg pardon," said the gentleman, "but I wish to see the lady herself."

"Sir," was the answer, "I am the widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand," quoth the visitor. "I allude to the relict of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at Pere la Chaise."

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and therefore never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money; and, though no one was buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. What can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

BEST with a big B. Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham is in a class by itself. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco

Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

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No. 180 Top Buggy

PIANO or CORNING BODY, ENDS or BREWSTER Spring, 3 or 4 bow LEATHER QUARTER Top, Patent leather fasteners, head lining of best wool broadcloth, felt seams and closed corners on quarters, width 2 ft. 8 in. SPRING BACK, cloth or fancy leather trimmings, wing cushions. Narrow wheels, with it spokes. No. 3 in. tread, 15-16 in. double collar, straight axle, and fantail bed, 4 and 5 feet long. Of spring of best quality. Body is 28½ in. wide by 55 in. long, made of best seasoned ironed ash frame and poplar panels, thoroughly glued, screwed and plugged. Fenders extra heavy full length. All forgings, clips, bolts etc., made of best Norway iron. Painting and finishing first-class throughout. Bodies painted a rich black, gears Brewster green, black or carmine immediately striped. Each buggy complete with shafts, leather cloth, back curtain, robe carpet, anti-rattlers, etc. A written warranty with each buggy.

$45.00 is our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICE for this fine buggy. Never before sold for less, but to introduce our work in your locality we have decided to make a special coupon offer to every reader of this paper an opportunity to get a strictly first class $75.00 buggy at the lowest price ever offered. On receipt of $40.00 and coupon we will ship this handsome buggy, securely packed and crated and delivered on board cars. Do not miss this opportunity to get a thoroughly High Grade Up-to-Date Buggy at the lowest price ever offered. Remember we do not offer it as a "cheap buggy," but as a strictly high-grade vehicle. If you want a cheaper buggy or some other style, write for our large illustrated catalogue showing 200 different styles of Vehicles, Harness, etc. We can sell you a top buggy as low as $20.00, better ones for $30 and upwards. Money refunded if not as represented after arrival and examination. Coupon must positively accompany the order to obtain this special price.

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CLARENCE.

An aching under the bandage around his head, where the spent bullet had grazed his scalp, and the sound of impossible voices in his ears were all he knew as he struggled slowly back to consciousness again. Even then it still seemed a delusion, for he was lying in the hospital of the headquarters, with officers of the division staff around him, and the division commander himself standing by his cot, and regarding him with an air of grave, but not unkindly concern. But the wounded man felt instinctively that it was not the effect of his physical condition, and a sense of shame came suddenly over him, which was not dissipated by his superior's words. For, motioning the others aside, the major general leaned over his cot, and said:

"Until a few months ago the report was that you had been captured in the first rush of the rear guard, which we were rolling up for your attack, and when you were picked up, just now, in plain clothes on the slope, you were not recognized. The one thing seemed to be as improbable as the other," he added, significantly.

The miserable truth flashed across Brant's mind. Hooker must have been captured in his clothes—perhaps in some extravagant sally—and had not been recognized in the confusion by his own officers. Nevertheless he raised his eyes to his superior.

"You got my note?"

The general's brow darkened. "Yes," he said, slowly, "but finding you thus unprepared—I had been thinking just now that you had been deceived by that woman—or by others—and that it was a clumsy forgery. He stopped, and seeing the hopeless bewilderment in the face of the wounded man, added, more kindly: "But we will not talk of that in your present condition. The doctor says a few hours will put you straight again. Get strong—for I want you to lose no time—for your own sake—to report yourself at Washington."

"Report myself—at Washington!" repeated Brant, slowly.

"That was last night's order," said the commander, with military curtness. Then he burst out: "I don't understand it, Brant! I believe you have been misunderstood, misrepresented, perhaps maligned—and I shall make it my business to see the thing through—but these are the department orders. And for the present—I am sorry to say you are relieved of your command."

He turned away, and Brant closed his eyes. With it it seemed to him that he closed his career. No one would ever understand his explanation—even had he been tempted to give it, and he knew he never would. Everything was over now. Even this wretched bullet had not struck him fairly, and culminated his fate as it might. For an instant he recalled his wife's last offer to fly with him beyond the seas beyond this cruel injustice—but even as he recalled it he knew that flight meant the worst of all—a half confession. But she had escaped. Thank God for that! Again and again, in his hopeless perplexity, this comfort returned to him. He had saved her. He had done his duty. And harping upon this in his strange fatalism, it at last seemed to him that this was for what he had lived, for what he had suffered, for what he had fitly ended his career. Perhaps it was left for him now to pass his remaining years in forgotten exile, even as his father had, his father—his breath came quickly at the thought—God knows, perhaps as wrongfully accused. It may have been a providence that she had borne no child, to whom this dreadful heritage could be transmitted.

There was something of this strange and fateful resignation in his face, a few hours later, when he was able to be helped again into the saddle. But he could see in the eyes of the few comrades who commiseratingly took leave of him a vague, half-repressed awe of some indefinite weakness in the man that mingled with their heartfelt devotion to a gallant soldier. Yet even this touched him no longer. He cast a glance at the house and at the room where he had parted from her, at the slope from which she had passed, and rode away.

And then, as his figure disappeared down the road, the restrained commentary of wonder, surmise and criticism broke out:

"It must have been something hightg bad, for the old man, who swears by him, looked rather troubled. And it was deuced queer, you know, this changing clothes with somebody—just before the surprise!"

"Nonsense! It's something away back of that! Didn't you hear the old man say that the orders for him to report himself came from Washington last night? No," the speaker lowered his voice, "Strangeways says that he had regularly sold himself out to one of them d—d secesh woman spies! It's the old Marc Antony business over again."

"Now I think of it," said the younger subaltern, "he did seem mightily taken with one of those quadroons or mulattoes he issued orders against—I suppose that was a blind for us! I remember the first day he saw her; he was regularly keen to know all about her."

Maj. Curtis gave a short laugh. "That mulatto, Martin, was a white woman, burnt-corked! She was trying to get through the lines last night and fell off a wall, or got a knock on the head from a sentry's carbine. When she was brought in Dr. Simmons set to washing the blood off her face the cork came off, and the whole thing came out. Brant hushed it up—and the woman, too—in his own quarters! It's supposed now that she got away somehow in the rush!"

"It goes back further than that, gentlemen," said the adjutant, authoritatively. "They say his wife was a Lowling secessionist four years ago in California, was mixed up in a conspiracy, and he had to leave on account of it. Look how thick he and that Miss Faulkner became before he helped her off!"

"That's your jealousy, Tommy; she knew he was, by all odds, the biggest man here, and a good deal more, too—and you had no show!"

In the laugh that followed it would seem that Brant's eulogy had been spoken and forgotten. But as Lieut. Martin was turning away a lingering corporal touched his cap.

"You were speaking of those prowling mulattoes, sir. You know the general passed one out this morning."

"So I have heard."

"I reckon she didn't get very far. It was just at the time that we were driven in by their first fire, and I think she got her share of it, too. Do you mind walking this way, sir?"

The lieutenant did not mind, although he rather languidly followed. When they had reached the top of the gully the corporal pointed to what seemed to be a bit of striped calico hanging on a thorn bush in the ravine.

"That's her," said the corporal. "I know the dress. I was on guard when she was passed. The searchers, who were picking up our men, haven't got to her yet—but she ain't moved or stirred these two hours. Would you like to go down and see her?"

The lieutenant hesitated. He was young and slightly fastidious as to unnecessary unpleasantness. He believed he would wait until the searchers brought her up—when the corporal might call him.

The mist came up gloriously from the swamp like a golden halo. And as Clarence Brant, already forgotten, rode moodily through it toward Washington, hugging to his heart the solitary comfort of his great sacrifice, his wife, Alice Brant, for whom he had made it, was lying in the ravine, dead and uncared for. Perhaps it was part of the inconsistency of her sex that she was pierced with the bullets of those that she loved, and was wearing the garments of the race that she had wronged.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

It was sunset of a hot day at Washington. Even at that hour the broad avenues which diverged from the capitol like the rays of another sun were fierce and glittering. The sterile distances between glowed more cruelly than ever, and pedestrians, keeping in the scant shade, hesitated on the curbstone before plunging into the Sahara-like waste of crossings. The city seemed deserted. Even that vast army of contractors, speculators, place-hunters and lobbyists, which hung on the heels of the other army, and had turned this pacific camp of the nation into a battlefield of ignoble conflict and contention—more disastrous than the one to the south—had slunk into their holes in hotel back bedrooms, in shady arrooms, or in the negro quarters of Georgetown, as if the majestic, white-robed goddess, enthoned upon the dome of the capitol, had at last descended among them, and was smiting to right and left with the flat and flash of her insufferable sword.

Into this stifling atmosphere of greed and corruption Clarence Brant stepped from the shadow of the war department. For the last three weeks he had haunted its anterooms and audience chambers, in the vain hope of righting himself before his superiors, who were content, without formulating charges against him, to keep him in this disgrace of inaction and the anxiety of suspense. Unable to ascertain the details of the accusation, and conscious of his own secret, he was debarred the last resort of demanding a court-martial, which he knew could only exonerate him by the exposure of the guilt of his wife, whom he still hoped had safely escaped. His division commander, in active operations in the field, had no time to help him at Washington. Elbowed aside by greedy contractors, forestalled by selfish politicians and disdaining the ordinary method of influence, he had no friend to turn to. In his few years of campaigning he had lost his instinct of diplomacy without acquiring a soldier's bluntness.

The nearly level rays of the sun forced him at last to turn aside into one of the openings of a large building—a famous caravansary of that hotel-haunted capital—and he presently found himself in the luxurious barroom, fragrant with mint and cool with ice slabs, piled symmetrically on its marble counters. A few groups of men were seeking coolness at the small tables, with glasses before them and palm-leaf fans in their hands, but a larger and noisier assemblage was collected before the bar, where a man, collarless and in his shirt sleeves, with his back to the couter, was pretentiously addressing them. Brant, who had moodily dropped into a chair in the corner, after ordering a cooling drink as an excuse for his temporary refuge from the stifling street, half regretted his enforced participation in their conviviality. But a sudden lowering of the speaker's voice into a note of gloomy significance, seemed familiar to him. He glanced at him quickly, from the shadow of his corner. He was not mistaken—it was Jim Hooker.

For the first time in his life, Brant wished to evade him. In the days of his own prosperity his heart had always gone out towards this old companion of his boyhood; in his present humiliation his presence jarred upon him. He would have slipped away, but to do so he would have had to pass before the counter again, and Hooker, with the self-consciousness of a story-teller, had an eye on his audience. Brant, with a palm leaf fan before his face, was obliged to listen.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Hooker, examining his glass dramatically, "when a man's been cooped up in a rebel prison, with a death line before him that he's obliged to cross every time he wants a square drink, it seems sort of like a dream of his boyhood to be standin' here comf'ble before his liquor, alongside o' white men once more. And when he knows he's bin put to all that trouble jest to save the reputation of another man, and the secrets of a few high and mighty ones, it's almost enough to make his liquor go agin him!" He stopped theatrically, seemed to choke emotionally over his brandy smash, but with a pause of dramatic determination finally dashed it down. "No, gentlemen," he continued, gloomily. "I don't say what I'm back in Washington for—I don't say what I've bin sayin' to myself when I've bin picking the weevels outer my biscuits in Libby prison—but of you don't see some pretty big men in the war department obliged to climb down in the next few days my name ain't Jim Hooker, of Hooker, Meecham & Co., army beef contractors, and the man who saved the fight at Gray Oaks!"

The smile of satisfaction that went around his audience—an audience quick to seize the weakness of any performance—might have starfled a vanity less oblivious than Hooker's, but it only aroused Brant's indignation and pity, and made his position still more intolerable. But Hooker, scornfully expectorating a thin stream of tobacco juice against the spittoon, remained for an instant gloomily silent.

"Tell us about the fight again," said a smiling auditor.

Hooker looked around the room with a certain dark suspiciousness, and then in an affected lower voice, which his theatrical experience made perfectly audible, went on: "It ain't much to speak of, and if it wasn't for the principle of the thing I wouldn't be talkin'. A man who's seen Injin fightin' don't go much on this here West Point fightin' by rule-of-three—but that ain't here or there. Well, I'd bin out a-scoutin'—just to help the boys along, and I was sittin' in my wagon about daybreak, when along comes a brigadier general, and he looks into the wagon flap. I oughter to tell you first, gentlemen, that every minit he was expectin' an attack—but he didn't let on a hint of it to me. 'How are you, Jim?' says he. 'How are you, general?' says I. 'Would you mind lending me your coat and hat?' says he. 'I've got a little game here with my pickets, and I don't want to be recognized.' 'Anything to oblige, general,' says I, and with that I strips off my coat and hat, and he peels and puts them on. 'Nearly the same figure, Jim,' he says, lookin' at me. 'Suppose you just try on my things and see.' With that he hands me his coat—full uniform, by God—with the little gold cords and laces and the epaulets with a star, and I puts it on—quite innocent like. And then he says, handin' me his sword and belt: 'Same inches round the waist, too, I reckon,' and I puts that on, too. 'You may as well keep 'em on till I come back,' says he, 'for it's mighty damp and malarious at this time around the swamp.' And with that he lights out. Well, gentlemen, I hadn't sat there five minutes before bang! bang! rattle! rattle! kershiz! and I hear a yell. I steps out of the wagon; everything's quite dark, but the rattle goes on. Then along trots an orderly leadin' a horse. 'Mount, general,' he says. 'We're attacked—the rear guard's on us!'

He paused, looked around his audience and then in a lower voice said, darkly: "I ain't a fool, gentlemen, and in that minute a man's brain works at high pressure, and I saw it all! I saw the little game of the brigadier—to skunk away in my clothes and leave me to be captured in his. But I ain't a dog, neither, and I mounted that horse, gentlemen, and lit out to where the men were formin'! I didn't dare to speak lest they should know me, but I waved my sword, and by G——! they followed me! And the next minute we was in the thick of it. I had my hat as full of holes as that ice strainer; I had a dozen bullets through my coat, the fringe of my epaulettes was shot away, but I kept the boys at their work—and we stopped 'em! Stopped 'em, gentlemen! until we heard the bugles of the rest of our division, that all this time had been rolling that blasted rear guard over on us! And it saved the fight! But the next minute the Johnny Reds made a last dash and cut me off—and there I was—by G——, a prisoner! Me that had saved the fight!"

A ripple of ironical applause went round as Hooker gloomily drained his glass and then held up his hand in scornful deprecation.

"I said I was a prisoner, gentlemen," he went on bitterly, "but that ain't all! I asked to see Johnston, told him what I had done, and demanded to be exchanged for a general officer. He said: 'You be d—d.' I then sent word to the division commander in chief, and told him how I had saved Grey Oaks when his brigadier ran away, and he said: 'You be d—d.' I've bin 'you be d—ded' from the lowest non com. to the commander in chief, and when I was at last exchanged—I was exchanged, gentlemen, for two mules and a broken wagon. But I'm here, gentlemen, as I was thar!"

"Why don't you see the president about it?" asked a bystander in affected commiseration.

Mr. Hooker stared contemptuously at the suggestion, and expectorated his scornful dissent. "Not much!" he said. "But I'm going to see the man that carries him and his cabinet in his breeches pocket—Senator Boompointer."

"Boompointer's a big man," continued his auditor, doubtfully. "Do you know him?"

"Know him?" Mr. Hooker laughed a bitter sardonic laugh. "Well, gentlemen, I ain't the kind o' man to go in for family influence, but," he added with gloomy elevation, "considerin' he's an intimate relation of mine by marriage, I should say I did."

Brant heard no more; the facing around of his old companion toward the bar gave him that opportunity of escaping he had been waiting for. The defection of Hooker and his peculiar inventions were too characteristic of him to excite surprise, and, although they no longer awakened his good-humored tolerance, they were powerless to affect him in his greater trouble. Only one thing he learned, that Hooker knew nothing of his wife being in camp as a spy. The incident would have been too tempting to escape his dramatic embellishment. And the allusion to Senator Boompointer—monstrous as it seemed in Hooker's mouth—gave him a grim temptation. He had heard of Boompointer's wonderful power; he believed that Susy would and could help him, Clarence, whether she did or did not help Hooker. But the next moment he dismissed the idea with a flushing cheek. How low had he already sunk to even think of it!

It had been once or twice in his mind to seek the president, and, under a promise of secrecy, reveal a part of his story. He had heard many anecdotes of his goodness of heart and generous tolerance of all things—but with this was joined—so said contemporaneous history—a flippancy of speech and a brutality of directness, from which Clarence's sensibility shrank. Would he see anything in his wife but a common spy on his army; would he see anything in him but the weak victim, like many others, of a scheming woman? Stories were current in camp and congress of the way that this grim humorist had, with an apposite anecdote or a rugged illustration, brushed away the most delicate sentiment or the subtlest poetry, even as he exposed the sham of the Puritanic morality or of epicurean ethics. Brant had even solicited an audience, but had retired awkwardly and with his confidence unspoken before the dark, humorous eyes that seemed almost too tolerant of his grievance. He had been to levees and his heart had sunk equally before the vulgar crowd who seemed to regard this man as their own buffoon, or the pompousness of position, learning and dignity which he seemed to delight to shake and disturb.

One afternoon a few days later, in sheer listlessness of purpose, he found himself again at the white house. The president was giving audience to a deputation of fanatics who, with a pathetic simplicity almost equal to his own pathetic tolerance, was urging upon this ruler of millions the policy of an insignificant score, and Brant listened to his patient, practical response of facts and logic, clothed in simple but sinewy English, up to the inevitable climax of humorous illustration, which the young brigadier could now see was necessary to relieve the grimness of his refusal. For the first time Brant felt the courage to address him, and resolved to wait until the deputation retired. As they left the gallery he lingered in the ante-room for the president to appear. But as he did not come, afraid of losing his chances, he returned to the gallery. Alone in his privacy and shadow, the man he had just left was standing by a column in motionless abstraction, looking over the distant garden. But the kindly humorous face was almost tragic with an intensity of weariness. Every line of those strong, rustic features was relaxed under a burden which even the long, lank, ungainly figure—overgrown and unfinished as his own west—seemed to be distorted in its efforts to adjust itself to, while the dark, deep-set eyes were abstracted with the vague prescience of the prophet and the martyr. Shocked at that sudden change, Brant felt his cheek burn with shame. And he was about to break upon that wearied man's unbending—he was about to add his petty burden to the shoulders of this western Atlas. He drew back silently and descended the stairs.

But before he had left the house, while mingling with the crowd in one of the larger rooms, he saw the president reappear beside an important, prosperous-looking figure, on whom the kindly giant was now smiling with humorous toleration. He noticed the divided attention of the crowd, the name of Senator Boompointer was upon every lip; he was nearly face to face with that famous dispenser of place and preferment—this second husband of Susy! An indescribable feeling, half cynical, half fateful, came over him. He would not have been surprised to have seen Jim Hooker join the throng, which now seemed to him to even dwarf the lonely central figure that had so lately touched him! He wanted to escape it all!

But his fate brought him to the entrance at the same moment that Boompointer was leaving it, and that distinguished man brushed hastily by him, as a gorgeous carriage, drawn by two spirited horses, and driven by a resplendent negro coachman, dashed up. It was the Boompointer carriage.

A fashionably-dressed, pretty woman, who in style, bearing, opulent contentment and ingenuous self-consciousness was in perfect keeping with the slight ostentation of the equipage, was its only occupant. As Boompointer stepped into the vehicle, her blue eyes fell for an instant on Brant. A happy child-like pink flush came into her cheeks, and a violet ray of recognition and mischief darted from her eyes to his. For it was Susy!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HO USE FOR A WATCH.

David Ward Concluded That He Didn't Need Any Jewelry.

David Ward used to be fond of dropping into a certain bank after bank hours and gassing with the cashier. The latter had a handsome gold watch and a habit of holding it in his hand and twisting the stem when he was thinking of something else. Mr. Ward noticed this one day and said:

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, just winding my watch," said the cashier. "It's a habit I have."

"How can you wind it without a key?" inquired Mr. Ward.

"Because this is a stem winder," said the bank man. Then he showed the watch to Mr. Ward.

"Well, that's curious," said the old man. "No danger of losing the key or getting the keyhole clogged up with dirt! Sometimes I think I'll get a watch, but I never had one in my life; never wore any jewelry, not even a finger ring. How much would a silver watch cost with that kind of winding apparatus?"

"Oh, about $20," said the cashier.

"Well, suppose you get me one," said Mr. Ward, "and I'll pay you the next time I come in."

A few days afterward the old man had some business at the bank.

"By the way," said the cashier, "here's your watch," and he took it out of a pigeon hole of his desk. Mr. Ward looked a trifle embarrassed.

"Um, just so!" he ejaculated. "Well, between you and me, I don't think I need a watch after all. In the first place I have never worn any jewelry, and it's a trifle late in the day for me to commence. I don't need it to tell the time, for I can do that by the sun, or if the sun is obscured, I can always ask somebody that has a watch. But the main [illegible] that I don't think it's safe. If I wore a watch somebody might be tempted to knock me down and steal it. I'll be a good deal safer if I don't wear any jewelry, so you'd better take the watch back."

And the cashier did so. — Detroit News.

A DAY IN BED.

May Be Indulged In with Profit by Tired Housewives.

If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, over-worked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a whole day in bed seems absurd to the tired mother and housewife at least determine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.—Chicago Chronicle.

Malgre Soups.

Are not a success unless they contain some element to take the place of stock. Milk is the best substitute for this. A broth made of beans or peas or any of the "pulses" is almost as nourishing as a broth of meat. Most vegetable soups, however, must be made with a foundation of stock to have any excuse for existence. Cream soups are frequently made of rich milk, with water, instead of milk and stock. Such soups, if agreeable in flavor, are satisfactory at this season because they are light and do not load down the digestive powers like the heavier broth and thickened soup of winter. The excellent fashion of to-day is to relegate such heavy soups to the luncheon table even in winter, and use nothing heavier than a consomme for a dinner.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Tragedy at the Altar.

A singular incident is reported from Chrastian, Bohemia. A loving pair were in church to be united for life. While the priest pronounced the nuptial blessings one of the candles on the altar suddenly went out. This, according to popular tradition, heralds the advent of some great misfortune. The young, beautiful, and just before a so supremely happy bride, uttered a heart-rending cry and fell senseless into the arms of her distressed lover. She died a few minutes after, still enveloped in her bridal veil.

Sciatic Rheumatism

It Shortened the Patient's Leg Two Inches, and so Affected the Nervous System that He Continually Shook as with the Palsy.

After Six Years of Torment He Succeeds in Finding a Remedy for the Horrible Disease.

From the Egyptian Press, Marion, Illinois.

There is no name in this section of the country, connected with the medical world, that is better known to the public than that of Mr. Monroe Peterson. He is situated in a nice, comfortable home, with a good farm, about four miles west of Johnson City, Ill., He is now fifty-eight years old, in a healthy condition, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Not a more upright and honorable citizen does our nation afford, and he is looked upon with wonder, because of his healthy condition after so long a period of misery and suffering.

The cause of Mr. Peterson's long suffering was a hurt which he received in a fall, while running a drill in 1861, being a soldier at the time. He has been crippled in his right leg ever since that date. Sciatic rheumatism then set in, and his leg began to slowly wither away and draw up in the joint, and now it is about two inches shorter than the other. It began to grow worse and, finally, his whole body began to shake like a person with the St. Vitus' dance. His first severe attack was about six years ago.

There is no disease in the power of human endurance more awful in its pains and afflictions than sciatic rheumatism. Sometimes its pain may be a slow, steady one, while, at other times, it comes with jerks and wrenches that seem to twist the body out of all shape of recognition. It seems to contract the muscles, drawing the body almost in a knot. While this is probably the worst stage of sciatic rheumatism, it is sometimes found in milder forms. So it was with Mr. Peterson, but with it was associated a feeling and condition almost as uncomfortable and unbearable. The body was in a continual shake, rendering it impossible for him to do anything. He had lost all control of his muscles. On application to a physician for relief, he was told that the affliction might last him all his life, or, on the other hand, it might leave him entirely at an unexpected moment.

For over three years he was not able to write a word, so severe was his shaking. He could not even sign his vouchers, thereby having to make his mark and witness it. At this time he could not walk a step without aid, nor even sit down in a chair without assistance. So severe was the shaking of his head that it almost caused him to go blind. He could not distinguish a person a rods distance in front of him. He came very nearly losing his mind, and his friends thought, as a last resort, that he would have to be taken to a hospital. When he was taken to town for examination by a physician, he had to be examined in the buggy, so difficult was it for him to get out. Oftentimes it would seem that life was nearly extinct, and his feet and hands would have to be bathed in warm water and rubbed in order to restore the circulation. For two years he was not able to feed himself at the table. His ever faithful and dutiful wife put the food to his mouth. At night he would take muttering spells, and would have to be lifted up in bed that he might regain his breath and strength. At this critical period he was not able to put on his clothes, nor able to do anything but sit and suffer his miserable life away.

One physician gave, as his decision of the case, that his leg would have to be placed in a vice and stretched to its original length, thereby extending the contracted sciatic nerve which was the seat of trouble. Mr. Peterson, unwilling to subject his body to such severe treatment, objected, thinking that it could be made better, if not cured, in some more humane way. All kinds of patent medicines had been tried. At times he thought he was enjoying the comfort and pleasure of a partial relief, but soon he would be back in the same old rut, making his life one of misery and affliction. Instead of life being one of improvement and joy, it was one of continual toil and suffering. Electric currents, which have gained such a foothold among the remedies for rheumatic and neuralgic pains, were tried with only partial relief for a while. He was treated by nearly every physician in the county. All kinds of medicines were tried without avail. Much money had been spent in vain. Still was this disease like a vampire sucking away at his miserable life. The doctors finally gave him up, saying nothing could relieve him. They had tried every remedy known to the medical world, and now they thought it best to keep the money which was being spent for doctors' bills and medicines and make his last days as pleasant for him as his miserable condition would allow. He was placed before a State Board of pension examiners and was told that it would be useless to spend any more money in this direction or to try to improve his health, for it was an impossibility. As he now thought the culmination had been reached, but, not to be baffled by despair, he still sought means by which his miserable life could be made more happy. "As long as there is life there is hope." He saw an article in the paper which stated that a distinguished lumberman in Michigan had been cured of a case resembling his own by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He then renewed courage to try again. He ordered one-half dozen boxes, and by taking pills one day rested the following night better than he had rested for years. So severe was his case that he took them nearly six months. He began to gradually mend and is now a hale and hearty man. He now goes anywhere on the farm that he desires, and is now able to write a good, plain hand and sign his name to his vouchers, and is able to do his chores about the house. While he is too old to labor hard, he is in such a condition that he can spend his last days here on earth in peace and comfort.

These pills were not known to this section of country till Mr. Peterson tried them, and now they can be had at any drug store. Hundreds of boxes have been sold on account of the reputation of this one case. At least half of the people, not knowing the name of the pills, call for "the kind Mr. Peterson tried."

(Signed.) MONROE PETERSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me on the 28th day of May, A.D., 1896.

JOHN H. KOPP,
[SEAL.] *Justice of the Peace.*

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they 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 effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. 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 1000; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Rheumatis

Is a blood disease and only a blood dy can cure it. So many people the mistake of taking remedies at best are only tonics and cannot bly reach their trouble. Mr. Greencastle, Indiana, says: "For I have suffered with Sciatic Rheumatism, which the best physicians able to relieve. I took many medicines but they did not reach my trouble. I gradually worse until I able to take or handle any way; I lutely helpless bottles of S.S.S. lieved me so soon able to my right arm; long I could across the room when I had finished one dozen was cured completely and am as ever. I now weigh 170."

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