

A SHORT TALK ON MEDICINE OF GREAT INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Pale Checks and Nerveless Hands are no Longer Admired. To be Strictly Correct you must have Rosy Checks and Good Health.

Men Admire Wholesome-looking Women, and now Seek their Wives from that Class.

A FEW POINTERS FOR THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Pure blood is the secret of health and beauty. The features may be regular, the form perfect, but no woman can be beautiful from any of the peculiar ailments of her sex. Disease destroys the complexion, is productive of wrinkles and premature old age. Regular monthly uterine action is necessary to every woman's health, and if this function of life is checked, disease, a pale and sallow complexion, and a feeling of exhaustion, are the result. The monthly secretion must continue from puberty to the turn of life without unnatural obstruction. Any breach of this law of Nature will result in the distressing symptoms which make the lives of seven-tenths of the women of this country miserable, almost unbearable. A few of these symptoms are severe headache, loss of appetite, pale or sallow complexion, palpitation of the heart, swollen ankles or legs, nervousness, offensive breath, etc. The sufferer may exhibit one or more of these symptoms, or may have all. They simply indicate the ravages disease has made upon the system, and the more of the symptoms the patient shows the greater the necessity for prompt and persistent treatment, until they have been banished and the bloom of health is restored. To accomplish this end Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only unfailing remedy. They positively cure all suppressions and irregularities, which, if neglected, inevitably entail sickness and trouble. By taking these pills for a week or ten days before the expected return of each period, the prompt appearance of "the visitor" is insured. For suppressions, the pills must be taken steadily until the re-appearance takes place—generally in a month's time, sometimes less. Follow the directions on the pamphlet about each box. Nursing women will find these pills proved in quality and quantity by taking these pills, and also obtain relief from pain in the back and general dragged-out feeling. All displacements from weakness of the uterine ligaments are speedily relieved and ultimately cured by the use of these pills. Leucorrhoea, bearing down, weight in the pelvis, and all female weakness, find speedy relief and cure in the administration of the Pink Pills for Pale People.

The most critical period in the life of a woman is that attending the cessation of menstruation, or, as it is most generally termed, the change or turn of life. The symptoms attending this period are fainting spells or attacks of faintness or dizziness, headache, general debility, exhaustion, a feeling of melancholy, hysteria, pain in the loins or limbs, hypochondria, etc. The change is a gradual one—for better or worse—for the former if the patient is wise enough to fortify the system against the ravages of the symptoms attending the change. For this purpose, no remedy ever discovered equals Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They purify the blood by acting directly upon the sexual system, lessen the severity of this critical period, and finally leave the patient in the enjoyment of robust health. All ladies approaching this critical period should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS.

What can be more distressing than to see a girl drooping and fading in the springtime of youth? Instead of bright eyes, glowing, rosy cheeks, and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, sallow, or greenish complexion, and a languidness of step that bespeaks disease and an early death if proper treatment is not promptly resorted to and persisted in until the impoverished blood is enriched, and the functions of life become regular. Upon parents rests a great responsibility at the time their daughters are budding into womanhood. If your daughter is

pale, complains of weakness, is "tired out" upon the slightest exertion; if she is troubled with headache or backache, pain in the side; if her temper is fitful and her appetite poor, she is in a condition of extreme peril, a fit subject for the development of that most dreadful of all diseases—consumption. If you notice any of these symptoms lose no time in procuring Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will assist the patient to develop properly and regularly; they will enrich the blood and restore health's roses to the cheeks, brighten eyes and a lightness of step will surely follow their use, and all danger of consumption and premature death will be averted. Wise and prudent mothers will insist upon their daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills upon the approach of the period of puberty, and thus avoid all chances of disease and early decay.

A Thankful Girl.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Lottie Donell lives with her parents at 702 Natoma Street, San Francisco. She is a young lady nineteen years of age, and of prepossessing appearance. Ever since she was ten years old Miss Donell has been a sufferer from a rheumatic affection of the wrist, and since she was thirteen years of age she has been subject to various female weaknesses which have kept her physical vitality at a very low stage. Thus, as she says, she has been a victim of disease ever since she can remember. When she was a little girl at school she was always placed at a disadvantage with her playmates on account of her frailty and timidity of manner. She could never join in any of the more boisterous games, although she always longed to do so.

But the embarrassing conditions of Miss Donell's life have all been eliminated within the past year, and the change is wholly due to the effective work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"It must be remembered," said Miss Donell in telling of the great relief that Dr. Williams' Pills had afforded her, "that at the time I began taking the pills I had been for years a confirmed invalid. My wrist was swollen out of all proportion by the chronic rheumatism that had long since settled in it. The female complaints from which I had so long suffered had wasted my body away until I was but a mere shadow of my former self and I had really come to think that the brightness and happiness of life was no more meant for me. I had not the energy to perform even the most simple of my household duties, and, in a word, I was completely run down." I began to take Dr. Williams' Pills while I was in this condition and before I had taken half a box of them I realized that they were doing me good. I began to feel lively again and to lose the lax feeling in my limbs. I felt so happy over the momentary relief that had been afforded me that I resolved to continue taking the pills. After taking several more boxes I was more than convinced of the high merits of the pills, for I was then wholly relieved from the rheumatic pains in my wrist and I had so far regained my vitality of body that I really believed I had never experienced the enervating effects of those wasting diseases which are so peculiar to women. It is a very great pleasure to me to be able to tell my young lady friends of the relief that has been afforded me by Dr. Williams' Pills and I will surely continue to recommend their use to all who are afflicted with the complaints from which I suffered."

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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



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Clarence had started slightly at his wife's voice and the information it conveyed. His fellow-passenger and the confidant of MacNeil was the man they were expecting. If they had recognized him (Clarence), would they not warn the company of his proximity?

He held his breath as the sound of voices came from the outer gate of the courtyard. Mrs. Brant rose—but at the same moment the gate swung open and a man entered. It was the Missourian.

He turned with an old-fashioned courtesy to the single woman standing on the balcony. "My fair correspondent, I believe! I am Judge Beeswinger. Your agent, MacNeil, passed me through our guards at the gate, but I did not deem it advisable to bring him into this assembly of gentlemen without your further consideration. I trust I was right!"

sympathy with it, whose names are on this paper," he lifted a sheet of paper lying before Col. Starbottle, "but who now feel that the gravity of the news demands a more serious consideration



A cry broke from her lips as she recognized him.

of the purpose, they are at liberty to withdraw from the meeting—giving their honor as southern gentlemen to keep the secret intact."

"Not if I know it," interrupted a stalwart Kentuckian as he rose to his feet and strode down the steps to the patio. "For," he added, placing his back against the gateway, "I'll shoot the first coward that backs out now."

A roar of laughter and approval followed, but was silenced again by the quiet, unimpassioned voice of the stranger.

"If, on the other hand," he went on, calmly, "you all feel that this news is the fitting culmination and consecration of the hopes, wishes and plans of this meeting, you will assert it again, on your own signatures, to Col. Starbottle at this table."

When the Kentuckian had risen Clarence had started from his concealment, when he now saw the eager figures pressing forward to the table he hesitated no longer.

Slipping along the passage he reached the staircase which led to the corridor in the rear of the balcony. Descending this rapidly he not only came upon the backs of the excited crowd around the table, but even elbowed one of the conspirators aside without being noticed.

His wife, who had risen from her chair at the end of the balcony, was already moving toward the table. With a quick movement he seized her wrist and threw her back into the chair again. A cry broke from her lips as she recognized him, but still holding her wrist he stepped quickly between her and the astonished crowd.

There was a moment of silence, then the cry of "Spy" and "Seize him" rose quickly, but above all the voice and figure of the Missourian was heard commanding them to stand back. Turning to Clarence, he said, quickly:

"I should know your face, sir. Who are you?"

"The husband of this woman and the master of this house," said Clarence, as quickly, but in a voice he hardly recognized as his own.

"Stand aside from her, then, unless you are hoping that her danger may protect you," said the Kentuckian, significantly drawing his revolver.

But Mrs. Brant sprang suddenly to her feet beside Clarence. "We are neither of us cowards, Mr. Brooks—though he speaks the truth—and, more shame to me," she added, with a look of savage scorn at Clarence—"is my husband."

"But what is your purpose in coming here?" continued Judge Beeswinger, with his eyes fixed on Clarence.

"I have given you all the information," said Clarence, quietly, "that is necessary to make you, as a gentleman, leave this house at once—and that is my purpose. It is all the information you will get from me as long as you and your friends insult my wife with your uninvited presence. What I may have to say to you, and each of you hereafter—what I may choose to demand of you, according to your own code of honor,"—he fixed his eyes on Capt. Pinckney—"is another question and one not usually discussed before a lady."

"Pardon me. A moment—a single moment."

It was the voice of Col. Starbottle; it was the frilled shirt front, the lightly buttoned blue coat with its expanding lapels, like bursting petals, and the smiling mask of that gentleman rising above the table and bowing to Clarence Brant and his wife with infinite courtesy.

"The—er—humiliating situation in which we find ourselves, gentlemen—the reluctant witnesses of—er—what we trust is only a temporary disagreement between our charming hostess and the—er—gentleman whom she had recognized under the highest title to our consideration—is distressing to us all, and would seem to amply justify that gentleman's claims to a personal satisfaction, which I know we would all delight to give. But that situation rests upon the supposition that our gathering here was of a purely social or festive nature!"

"It may be," continued the colonel, with a blandly reflective air, "that the spectacle of these decentered and glasses, and the nectar furnished us by our Hebe-like hostess," he lifted a glass of whiskey and water to his lips

while he bowed to Mrs. Brant gracefully, "has led the gentleman to such a deduction. But when I suggest to him that our meeting was of a business, of private nature, it strikes me that the question of intrusion may be fairly divided between him and ourselves. We may be even justified in view of that privacy in making him if his—er—entrance to the house was—er—coincident with his appearance among us."

"With my front door in possession of strangers?" said Clarence, more in reply to a sudden contemptuous glance from his wife than Starbottle's insinuation. "I entered the house through the window—"

"Of my boudoir, where another intruder once broke his neck," interrupted his wife with a mocking laugh. "Where I once helped this lady to regain possession of her house when it was held by another party of illegal trespassers, who, however, were content to call themselves 'jumpers' and did not claim the privacy of gentlemen."

"Do you mean to imply, sir," began Col. Starbottle, laughingly, "that—"

"I mean to imply," said Clarence, with quiet scorn, "that I have neither the wish to know nor the slightest concern in any purpose that brought you here, and that when you quit the house you take your secrets and your privacy with you intact, without let or hindrance from me."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Brant," said Judge Beeswinger, suppressing the angry interruption of his fellows with a dominant wave of his hand, as he fixed his eyes on Clarence keenly, "that you have no sympathy with your wife's political sentiments?"

"I have already given you the information necessary to make you quit this house, and that is all you have a right to know," returned Clarence, with folded arms.

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(To be continued.)

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Young man, you are thinking something about your sweetheart, and you will want to look nice when in her presence, so buy the latest styles of clothing at Baker's. He has the prices way down to suit your ready cash.

Notice.

All parties indebted to me will take notice, that I have placed my notes and accounts, for collection, with Sam'l M. Garland, and have instructed my attorney to collect the same without delay.
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Successor to Mayer & Kimbrough.

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"I am not only an unexpected delegate to this august assembly, gentlemen," he began, gravely, "but I am the bearer of, perhaps, equally unexpected news. By my position in the southern district I am in possession of dispatches received only this morning by pony express. Fort Sumter has been besieged. The United States flag, carrying relief to the beleaguered garrison, has been fired upon by the state of South Carolina!"

A burst of almost hysterical applause and enthusiasm broke from the assembly and made the dim vault-like passages and corridors of the case ring. Cheer after cheer went up to the veiled gallery and the misty sky beyond; men mounted on the tables and waved their hands frantically, and in the midst of this bewildering turbulence of sound and motion, Clarence saw his wife mounted on a chair, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, waving her handkerchief like an inspired priestess.

Only the stranger, still standing beside Col. Starbottle, remained unmoved and impassive. Then with an imperative gesture he demanded a sudden silence.

"Convincing and unanimous as this demonstration is, gentlemen," he began, quietly, "it is my duty, nevertheless, to ask you if you have seriously considered the meaning of the news I have brought. It is my duty to tell you that it means civil war. It means the clash of arms between two sections of a mighty country, it means the disruption of friends, the breaking of family ties, the separation of fathers and sons, of brothers and sisters—even perhaps to the dismemberment of husband and wife!"

"It means the sovereignty of the south—and the breaking of a covenant with low-born traders and abolitionists," said Capt. Pinckney.

"If there are any gentlemen present," continued the stranger, without heeding the interruption, "who have pledged this state to the support of the south in this emergency, or to the establishment of a Pacific republic in aid and