

# MICHIGAN'S BENEFATOR.

## AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY

What Chas. H. Hackley has Done for Western Michigan—How the only Cloud in the Life of an Honored Man was Brushed away by Science.

From Grand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.



CHAS. H. HACKLEY.

The most beautiful spot in Muskegon is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley, and in all Western Michigan there is not a name better known, and among the students and those interested in deeds of philanthropy, this name is known and admired. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business continuously since 1852, and in that time has amassed a fortune, which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

There is no prettier spot in the State than Hackley Park in a square surrounded and pierced by stone walls, emphasizing with their whiteness the green of fathoms kept lawns. Its crowning a towering soldier's monument on the top of which stands a bronze figure pointing ever in remembrance of the heroes who died that the nation might live. Surrounding this park are the magnificent Hackley Public Library—a gem in granite—with its 60,000 volumes, and the equally stately Hackley school, little a bee-hive with its 600 children. Other elegant buildings testify likewise to the liberality and munificence of this man who has pulled wealth out of the forests of Michigan.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again, and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a correspondent of the Press, Mr. Hackley explained the secret of his transformation, and to his friends who have known how he suffered, it is indeed a transformation. "I have suffered for over twenty years," he said, seated in his private office, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgia and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief, and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,

and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested. But I did not know whether the testimonials were genuine or not, and I did not wish to be humbugged, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial, and it gave me faith in the medicine.

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery, and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery, and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people, and am only too glad to assist others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves 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 a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pain and malady complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humor in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.



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These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.

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him nearer her bright face. "Tell me—isn't it true?"

"I was thinking of you just now when I fell asleep, Suzy," he said. He did not know why he said it; he had not intended to tell her—he had only meant to avoid a direct answer to her question, yet even now he went on. "And I thought of you when I was out there in the rose garden waiting to come in here."

"You did?" she said, drawing in her breath. A wave of delicate pink color came up to her very eyes—it seemed to him as quickly and as innocently as when she was a girl. "And what did you think, Klarius"—she half whispered—"tell me!"

He did not speak, but answered her blue eyes, and then her lips, as her arms slipped quite naturally around his neck:

"O, Jim?—I've packed him off!"

"Packed him off?" echoed Clarence, slightly astonished.

"Yes—to Fair Plains—full tilt after your wife's buggy. You see, Clarence, after the old cat—that's your wife, please—left, I wanted to make sure she had gone, and wasn't hangin' round to lead you off again, with your leg tied to her apron string, like a chicken! No!—I said to Jim: 'Just you ride after her until you see she's safe and sound in the down coach from Fair Plains, without her knowin' it, and if she's inclined to hang back or wobble any, you post back here and let me know!' I told him I would stay and look after you, to see you didn't bolt, too!" She laughed and then added: "But I didn't think I should fall into the old ways so soon, and have such a nice time. Did you, Clarence?"

She looked so irresponsible sitting there with her face near his, and so childishly or perhaps thoughtlessly happy, that he could only admire her levity, and even the slight shock that her flippant allusion to his wife had given him seemed to him only a weakness of his own. After all was not hers the true philosophy? Why should not these bright eyes see things more clearly than his own? Nevertheless, with his eyes still fixed upon them, he continued:

"And Jim was willing to go?"

She stopped, with her fingers still lifting a lock of his hair. "Why, yes, you silly—why shouldn't he? I'd like to see him refuse. Why, Lord, Jim will do anything I ask him." She put down the lock of hair, and suddenly looking full into his eyes said: "That's just the difference between him and me and you and—that woman?"

"Then you love him?"

"About as much as you love her," she said, with an unaffected laugh, "only he don't wind me around his finger."

No doubt she was right, for all her thoughtlessness, and yet he was going to fight about that woman to-morrow! No!—he forgot—he was going to fight Capt. Pinckney because he was like her!

Susy had put her finger on the crease between his brows which this supposition had made, and tried to rub it out.

"You know it as well as I do, Clarence," she said, with a pretty wrinkling of her own brows, which was her nearest approach to thoughtfulness.

"You know you never really liked her, only you thought her ways were grander and more proper than mine, and you know you were always a little bit of a snob and a prig, too, dear boy! And Mrs. Peyton was—bless my soul!—Benham, and a planter's daughter, and I—I was only a picked-up orphan! That's where Jim is better than you. Now, sit still, goosey!—even if I don't like him as much. O, I know what you're always thinking—you're thinking we're both exaggerated and theatrical—sin't you? Don't you think it's a heap better to be exaggerated and theatrical about things that are just sentimental and romantic than to be so awfully possessed and overcome about things that are only real? There, you needn't stare at me so. It's true! You've had your fill of grandeur and propriety, and—here you are! And," she added, with a little chuckle, as she tucked up her feet and leaned a little closer to him, "here's me!"

He did not speak, but his arm quite unconsciously passed around her small waist. "You see, Clarence," she went on, with equal unconsciousness of the act, "you ought never to have let me go—never! You ought to have kept me here, or run away with me. And you oughtn't to have tried to make me proper. And you oughtn't to have driven me to flirt with that horrid Spaniard, and you oughtn't to have been so horribly cold and severe when I did. And you oughtn't to have made me talk up with Jim, who was the only one who thought me his equal. I might have been very silly and capricious; I might have been very vain, but my vanity isn't a bit worse than your pride—my love of praise and applause in the theater isn't a bit more horrid than your fears of what people might think of you or me. That's gospel truth, isn't it, Clarence? Tell me! Don't look that way and this—look at me! I ain't poisonously Clarence. Why, one of your cheeks is redder than the other. Clarence—that's the one that's turned from me. Come," she went on, taking the lapels of his coat between her hands, and half closing him, half drawing

its shining side, he saw the Doctor the seconds run quickly to the heavy try to lift its limp impotence into shape, and let it drop again with the words "Right through the forehead, by G—d!"

"You've done for him," said the deputy, turning to Clarence with a singular look of curiosity, "and I reckon you'd better get out of this mighty quick! They didn't expect—they're just ragin', they may round on you—and—he added more slowly—"they seem to have just found out who you are!"

Even while he was speaking, Clarence with his quickened ears heard the words, "one of Hamilton Brant's pups." "Just like his father," from the group around the dead man. He did not hesitate but walked coolly toward them. Yet a certain fierce pride—which he had never known before—stirred in his veins, as their voices hushed and they haltered before him.

"Am I to understand from my second, gentlemen," he said, looking around the group, "that you are not satisfied?"

"The fight was square enough," said Pinckney's second, in some embarrassment, "but I reckon that he"—pointing to the dead man—"did not know where you were?"

"Do you mean that he did not know that I was the son of a man proficient in the use of arms?"

"I reckon that's about it," returned the second, glancing at the others.

"I am glad to say, sir, that I have a better opinion of his courage," said Clarence, lifting his hat to the dead body, as he turned away.

(To be continued.)

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