

OF VALUE TO WOMEN

Interesting Information that Should be Carefully Read by the Fair Sex.

It Treats of the Dangers of Procrastination. Points out the Way to Relief from Various Ills. The Story of a Mother and Daughter.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Illinois.

A story remarkable in many respects is told by Mrs. George Argie which contains much information which will be appreciated by thousands of women who are suffering as she did, and they will find relief from all their troubles, so easily, so quickly, and so permanently that they will wonder how the possibility came about.

Mr. George Argie left his native home in Yorkshire, England, eight years ago to embrace the greater opportunities this country offered. He was fortunate in immediately securing a responsible position on his arrival in Chicago with the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company. Faithful to his duties he received recognition by promotions and to-day is in sole charge of the main tracks of this great railway system. The position is known in railroad circles as foreman of the trains that load and unload freight.

After one year and a half in the employ of this road he sent for his wife and children, who arrived safely here and in good health. After some two years residence here Mrs. Argie commenced to feel badly. Like thousands of other women she had much trouble of over twenty years standing. At first this trouble, in Chicago, was not sufficiently acute to interfere materially with her household duties, but in course of months it developed to such a degree that it proved exceedingly painful to her to attend to the many little duties required to keep a house neat and tidy. This condition continued to grow worse and worse till she was forced to recognize that she did not get skillful medical aid, she would grow into a confirmed invalid. During this period a neighbor whom she had known for quite a while told her that she was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People with excellent results, and she believed that they would rid her of all her troubles without the aid of any physician. Having confidence in her neighbor's words she commenced to take the pills some six months ago and found that after taking the first box she felt an improvement, not great, but sufficient to realize that if this better feeling continued she would be on the right road.

With the second box, she knew that she was getting better, as she gained both flesh and strength, felt a buoyancy of spirit she had not experienced in years, and the pains down which she had suffered so much were quickly growing less. Today it has been five months since she began taking the pills. She is relieved of all her pains, has regained her strength, so that she is able to work all day, and it is only when she overexerts herself that she has any indication of pains, which would also happen to a perfectly well woman.

This is the story of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for her, and of course she is well satisfied with the benefit she has received. But this does not end by any means what she has still further to tell, and what is more she speaks with the same knowledge she has of her own case, the case of her little daughter Emily who is fifteen years old. She says in regard to her "about three years ago Emily in the summer months when diphtheria was prevalent was taken down with it. She was very ill and had a serious time of it for weeks. Several times I doubted whether she would pull through but thanks to her strong constitution she got better and after many weeks was about again. I noticed, however, that something was left in her throat which seemed to effect her. Then, too, she did not regain her old lively spirits. She was languid in her movements, she complained of being tired, and further more it became perceptible that she

was growing nervous. Her condition during the following year after her sickness did not improve, in fact, I thought it was a little worse. The second year, I know it was; but probably being with her constantly did not fully realize that she was decidedly getting in a very bad way.

"It was only in the forepart of last year that I became seriously alarmed, as her languidness, her constant tiredness increased and she became so nervous and so fretful that if any person spoke to her, it would make her cry. Her appetite got poorer with every month and I did really wonder how the little thing could live on what she ate. Her complexion became sallow and assumed a greenish hue, and she became what I called 'skin and bones'—very thin indeed. This was her condition some four months ago. It was at this time that I had taken a few of the pills, and commencing to get faith in them I made Emily take three. I say, immediately she felt better, perhaps that is not quite true, but certainly after the third week I could see an improved condition in her, and this improvement continued up to the second month, slowly but surely. Then the improvement of the child became marked, her appetite returned and grew better with every day, she commenced to fatten up, she became more cheerful and lively and her nervousness at times left her altogether.

"In the last two weeks her complexion has regained the perfect color of health her cheeks are fleshy and plump and she is as lively as a cricket. Her appetite—well the less said about that the better, she is eating all she now, and all the time is hungry. When she now comes home from school, instead of listlessly crawling into the house to lie down to rest, she is rousing all over the house and crying 'Mother, you don't know how good it feels to be full of life, how glad I am that I don't feel tired any more.' She has completely thrown off her nervousness, and all those symptoms which for three long years made me fear very much that she had not long to live.

"All this I know to be due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because she has taken nothing else, and I am indeed thankful that Providence brought the thought to me of giving her a trial. I know what had condition I was in before I took them, and I saw the condition my daughter Emily was in. To-day both of us look and are well. I can do the work in my house every day as I did formerly without any trouble and Emily is one of the liveliest, most cheerful and plump girls in our neighborhood, and that is saying a good deal as the children around us are noted for splendid health and excellent spirits. We live at 470 Westworth Ave.

The above is a correct statement of the facts concerning my case and that of my daughter Emily.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this fourth day of February 1896.
DAS. GREENE,
Notary Public.

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, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, 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, 25 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.00—these are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



"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—d' 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 then!"

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

Mr. Hooker stared contemptuously at the suggestion, and expected 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—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 pomposity 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, angular 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 presence 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 unending—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 saloons, he saw the girl

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regularly interested.

A tall young woman had just moved into the center of the room with an indolent yet simple gracefulness that seemed familiar to him. A change in her position suddenly revealed her face. It was Miss Faulkner. Previously he had only known her in the riding habit of confederate gray which she had at first affected, or in the light morning muslin dress she had worn at Grey Oaks. It seemed to him to-night that the careless elegance of her full dress became her still more; that the gracefulness of her chin and shoulder was chastened and modified by the pearls round her fair throat. Suddenly their eyes met; her face pale visibly, he fancied that she almost leaped against her companion for support, then she met his glance again with a face into which the color had as suddenly rushed, but with eyes that seemed to be appealing to him, even to the point of pain and fright. Brant was not conceited; he could see that the girl's agitation was not the effect of any mere personal influence in his

CHAPTER II

When Brant returned to his hotel there was an augmented respect in the voice of the clerk as he handed him a note with the remark that it had been left by Senator Boompointer's coachman. He had no difficulty in recognizing Susy's peculiarly Broodingnagian schoolgirl hand.

"Kiss us, I call it real mean! I believe you just hoped I wouldn't know you. If you're a bit like your old self you'll come right off here—this very night! I've got a big party on—but we can talk somewhere between the sets! Haven't I grown! Tell me! And my! what a gloomy swell the young brigadier is! The carriage will come for you—so you have no excuse."

The effect of this simple note upon Brant was strangely out of proportion to its triviality. But then it was Susy's very triviality—so expressive of her characteristic irresponsibility—that had always affected him at such moments. Again, as at Bobbie's, he felt it react against his own ethics. Was she not right in her delightful materialism? Was she not happier than if she had been consistently true to Mrs. Peyton, to the convent, to the episode of her theatrical career, to Jim Hooker—even to himself? And did he conscientiously believe that Hooker or himself had suffered for her inconsistency? No! From all that he had heard she was a suitable helpmeet to the senator, in her social attractiveness, her charming ostentation, her engaging vanity that disarmed suspicion, and her lack of responsibility even in her partisanship. Nobody even dared to hold the senator responsible for her promises, even while enjoying the fellowship of both, and it is said that the worthy man singularly profited by it. Looking upon it merely as a phase of Washington society, Brant resolved to go.

The moon was high as the carriage whirled him out of the still stifling avenues toward the soldiers' home—a sylvan suburb frequented by cabinet ministers and the president—where the good senator had "decreed" like Kubla Khan, "a stately pleasure dome to entertain his friends and partisans. As they approached the house the twinkling light, like fireflies through the leaves, the warm silence broken only by a military band playing a drowsy waltz on the veranda, and the heavy odors of jessamine in the air, thrilled Brant with a sense of shame as he thought of his old comrades in the field. But this was presently dissipated by the uniforms that met him in the hall, with the presence of some of his distinguished superiors. At the head of the stairs, with a circling background of the shining crosses and ribbons of the diplomatic corps, stood Susy—her bare arms and neck glittering with diamonds, her face radiant with childlike vivacity. A significant pressure of her little glove as he made his bow seemed to be his only welcome, but a moment later she caught his arm. "You've yet to know him," she said, in a half whisper; "he thinks a good deal of himself—just like Jim. But he makes others believe it, and that's where poor Jim slipped up." She paused before the man thus characteristically disposed of and presented Brant. It was the man he had seen before—material, capable, dogmatic. A glance from his shrewd eyes—accustomed to the weighing of men's weaknesses and ambitions, and a few hurried phrases apparently satisfied him that Brant was not at the moment important or available, and the two men a moment later drifted easily apart. Brant sauntered listlessly through the crowded rooms, half remorsefully conscious that he had taken some irrevocable step, and none the less assured by the presence of two or three reporters and correspondents who were dogging his steps or the glances of two or three pretty women whose curiosity had evidently been aroused by the singular abstraction of this handsome, distinguished, but awkward-looking officer. But the next moment he was startled

recognition, but of something else. He turned hastily away; when he looked around again she was gone.

Nevertheless he felt filled with a vague irritation. Did she think him such a fool as to imperil her safety by openly recognizing her without her consent? Did she think that he would dare to presume upon the service she had done him? Or, more outrageous thought—had she heard of his disgrace, known its cause and feared that he would drag her into a disclosure to save himself? No!—she could not think that! She had perhaps regretted what she had done in a freak of girlish chivalry; she had returned to her old feelings and partisanship; she was only startled at meeting the single witness of her folly. Well, she need not fear! He would studiously avoid her hereafter, and she should know it. And yet—yes, there was a "yet." For he could not forget—indeed, in the past three weeks it had been more often before him than he cared to think—that she was the one human being who had been capable of a great act of self-sacrifice for him—her enemy, her accuser—the man who had scarcely treated her civilly. He was ashamed to remember now that this thought had occurred to him at the bedside of his wife—at the hour of her escape—even on the fatal slope on which he had been struck down. And now this fond illusion must go with the rest—the girl who had served him so loyally was ashamed of it! A bitter smile crossed his face.

(To be continued.)

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Summer excursion tickets, good to return until October 1901, to Yaquina Bay, are now on sale by the Oregon Central & Eastern R. R. at Albany and Corvallis at the usual reduced rates, viz:

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SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

Beginning with Sunday, June 21st, and on each succeeding Sunday a special excursion train will leave Albany at 7 A. M., Corvallis 7:30 A. M., arriving at Yaquina at 11:15 A. M. Returning, boat leaves Newport at 6:30 P. M. Train leaves Yaquina at 7 P. M. arriving at Corvallis at 10 P. M. and Albany at 10:30 P. M.

Fare, good on this train only, from Corvallis, Albany and Philomath to Newport and return, \$1.50

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