

A DREAMER.

He is a dreamer, let him pass,
He reads the writing in the grass.
His seeing soul in rapture goes
Beyond the beauty of the rose.
He is a dreamer, and doth know
To sound the furthest depth of woe;
His days are calm, majestic, free;
He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer, all the day
Blest visions find him on his way,
Past the far sunset and the light,
Beyond the darkness and the night.
He is a dreamer; God! to be
Apostle of Infinity.
And mirror truth's translucent gleam;
He is a dreamer, let him dream.

He is a dreamer, for all time
His mind is married unto rhyme,
Light that ne'er was on land or sea
Hath blushed to him in poetry.
He is a dreamer, and hath caught
Close to his heart a hope, a thought,
A hope of immortality;
He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer lo! with thee
His soul doth weep in sympathy;
He is a dreamer, and doth long
To glad the world with happy song.
He is a dreamer; in a breath
He dreams of love, and life, and death,
Oh, man! Oh, woman, lad and lass,
He is a dreamer, let him pass.

—London Sun.

THE MAN-EATER

Some years ago I was riding with a friend through a street in Lucknow, when, in the middle of the road, we came upon a bloody mass, apparently the remains of a woman, but bruised and lacerated, and crushed almost out of semblance to humanity.

Stopping the buggy, we looked around for some explanation of the tragedy, and then perceived that the streets were utterly deserted of man, woman, child and beast, although a few scared and cautious faces were to be seen peeping from the doors and windows, or over the parapets of the houses.

"There must have been an attempt at a riot, and the soldiers have made an example or two for the benefit of the remainder," said my friend, as we drove hurriedly on.

A few rods further we came upon the corpse of a young man similarly disfigured, and also lying in the middle of the road.

"This is really awful. They must have made the elephants kill him," muttered my friend again, stopping the horse and gazing at the frightful spectacle.

At this moment a man appeared upon the top of an adjoining house, and looked anxiously down the street. To him my friend shouted and he cried: "Pardon, sahibs, but the boy was my boy, and the house is desolated. By the teeth of Kali, but he has turned this way again. Take care of yourselves, sahibs, he is coming. The man-eater is upon you!"

"The adme-kanawallah! the man-eater! I have seen him. He is a horse with the temper of a tiger and the courage of a man. He belongs to the king, who sometimes sends a slave who displeases him into the stable. They drag the body out with hooks."

As he spoke my friend was hastily turning his horse, while the terrified syc, who had withered run beside the buggy, scampered off to the side of the road and disappeared, I know not where.

At the foot of the hill we had just ascended both my friend and I had noticed a sort of park or pleasure ground, surrounded with a high iron fence, its gates standing hospitably open. Towards these gates we now drove at the top speed of our horse, while behind us, on the road, thundered the iron hoofs of our pursuer. Once the sound ceased, and standing up, I looked over the top of the buggy to see if he had left us. But he had only encountered a child, too young to know its danger or to escape it, and when I caught sight of them, the savage beast was shaking the poor little object in its mouth, precisely as a dog does a rat. Another moment and he had dropped it, and was again in pursuit of us. That moment's pause, however, had lost him his prey, for just as he was about to overtake us, we turned into the inclosure, my friend leaped from the buggy, slammed the gates, and shot the heavy bolt securing them.

As he did so the man-eater arrived and hurled himself against the gates with a shock that must have shattered them had they been of wood.

At the sound of his ferocious whinnying and snorting the horse we had been driving trembled and cowered as if at the roar of a lion.

For a few moments the man-eater persisted in his determination to assault us, galloping up and down the front of the inclosure, glancing at the height of the fence, and raining a perfect battery of blows from his iron hoofs upon the gates. At last, however, convinced of the uselessness of his efforts, he turned with an indignant neigh and galloped off down the road. A little below us an archway had been thrown across from one house to another, and upon this arch a number of troopers stood awaiting the opportunity now presented, for, as the horse, with head and tail erect, and wildly glaring eyes, searching beneath the arch, a rope skillfully thrown settled upon his neck, choked and threw him.

The next day the king ordered the man-eater to be turned into the arena with Burrhea, his finest Bengal tiger. The arena was a courtyard about 60 yards square, surrounded by buildings, with a veranda below and a gallery above.

The front of this veranda was closed by a heavy bamboo railing, and be-

hind it, in a space just below the royal balcony, the ladies of the harem, or as they are called in Hindoostanee, the raddah-beebes, meaning literally curtain ladies, as distinguished from the poorer classes of females were allowed to peep as they could at the combat.

The man-eater had been enticed into the inclosure by means of a country horse of small value, to whom he manifested no animosity, but seemed to regard with contemptuous indulgence, as a creature not, indeed, of his own kind, but sufficiently near it to secure him from the ferocious attacks he reserved for the inferior race called man.

While the horses sported together Burrhea's cage was brought into the veranda, just opposite the point where the king and his court were now seated, a door in the bamboo railing was thrown open, and the front of the cage raised.

Burrhea, who had been kept without food or drink for the last twenty-four hours, waited for no second bidding, but leaped at one bound from the cage down to the middle of the court yard, lashing his sides with his long tail, and glaring furiously at the horses, while his glossy and beautifully-striped coat shone like satin, contrasting strongly with the frowzy hair of the tattoo, or native horse, and making even the man-eater's well-kept hide look dull and rough in comparison.

Glancing steadily about him for a moment, the tiger commenced stealing slowly toward the horses.

Adme-kanawallah fixed his eyes steadily upon the eyes of his opponent, and not for an instant did he take them off. Standing in an easy attitude, with one foot slightly advanced, his head lowered, his ears flat upon his neck, he awaited the attack, but Burrhea, daunted, perhaps, by that steady gaze, swerved from the direct line of his approach and sidled toward the tattoo, who, paralyzed with fear, seemed incapable of making the least effort for escape or resistance.

Arrived at the proper distance, Burrhea sprang, knocked his victim flat, alighted upon his side, and, with his teeth inserted in the poor creature's neck, greedily drank his blood.

"It will only make Burrhea the more savage," said the king, gleefully rubbing his hands, and the courtiers dutifully assented, exchanging glances of approbation and pleasure before turning to enjoy the further expected sport.

At length Burrhea was satisfied, or else no more blood was to be had, and taking his claws out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he began to creep stealthily around the court yard like a cat stealing a march upon a mouse. He made no noise whatever, raising and placing his huge paws as silently as a rose leaf flutters to the ground.

It was not a scene to be forgotten. The king, with his courtiers, both European and Indian, about him in the gaily decorated gallery above, the eyes and figures of the servants dimly seen peering through the railing of the veranda below, Burrhea making his stealthy rounds, while in the center of the court yard stood the man-eater, slowly turning, as the tiger moved, so as always to keep his eyes fixed upon the glaring eyes of his opponent, his foreleg still advanced and slightly bent, his mane bristling, and his ears now erect and defiant.

The profound silence was interrupted only by the grating sound of the iron-shod hoofs of the horse as he slowly turned in exact concert with the movements of the tiger.

At last, and without the slightest visible preparation, the tiger sprang, cutting the air like a flash of lightning, but the horse was prepared.

It had evidently been Burrhea's intention to seize the head and fore-quarters, but the man-eater was too quick for him, and by a sudden diving motion of his head and shoulders, received his antagonist upon his muscular haunches instead. The claws of the tiger sank deep in the flesh, while his hind feet made a desperate to secure a holding upon the horse's shoulders, but before this could be effected, the man-eater lashed out with his iron hoofs with a resistless vigor that sent Burrhea sprawling upon the ground with a broken jaw.

The king seeing this, frowned, and gave orders to let the tiger out and turn in another. Another came, but he seemed unwilling to fight. All the efforts of the keepers failed to rouse him. The king was furious.

"Take away this foot of a tiger and bring in a lion!" screamed he, bending over the railing and menacing the tiger with his fist.

The trembling attendants hastened to raise the roars of the railing and cage, and the tiger bounded in with infinitely more alacrity than he had shown in coming out.

There was a brief pause, and then the attendant at the door announced the keeper of the lions, who begged an audience of the king.

"Bring him in!" ordered his majesty. The lion-master trembling advanced, and prostrating himself, announced that not one of the royal beasts under his charge was in fighting trim, one of them being sick, and the rest just finishing an unusually large repast.

By the beard of my father, but you shall replace them yourself, wallah!" growled the king, whose ill-humor had reached its height. "Arm yourself with a tulwar and go in and fight the man-eater. Kill him, or he shall kill you."

A profound silence followed this command, which all who heard it understood as a sentence of death against the unfortunate man whose only defense consisted in having been too indulgent to the animals under his charge.

But in Oude to hear was to obey, ever more blindly than in the East generally, and the lion keeper, with his face blanched and his eyes rolling wildly, saluted to the ground and withdrew.

At the same instant a slight noise heard in the woman's gallery below, and as some of us bent over to ascertain the cause, we saw one of the bamboo railings torn from its fastenings and a light figure fill the opening and leap lightly to the ground. It was Numah, a nautch girl, whom the king has just bought from the dishonest nautch wallah, with whom she had agreed to dance for a certain time. Her home, her lover were now lost to her forever, and she sought to save the poor man's life at the cost of her own.

The king saw her as soon as any of us, and an expression of terror crossed his face, but immediately gave way to ferocious satisfaction.

"It is well done, Numah," shouted he, "Go and tell the adme-kanawallah your sorrows and your wrongs. He will console you."

The nautch girl turned and raised her eyes to the royal gallery.

"Death will comfort me, O king," said she, saluting low, with the suppliant gaze inseparable from her every movement. Then she walked firmly and fearlessly toward the man-eater, who watched intently her approach, and with outstretched neck and tremendous nostrils seemed to question her intentions.

Arrived within arm's length of him, Numah paused and sank upon her knees, crossing her arms and bowing her head as in submission to her fate.

A silence like that of death reigned throughout the place, broken at last by the grating sound of the horse's hoofs, as, cautiously moving them, he approached the girl step by step, and finally stood directly over her, his head grazing her shoulder, eye and ear were evidently alert to satisfy the mind of their master.

"Ma halla! he will not hurt her," exclaimed the king; and indeed the man-eater seemed to have no intention of so doing, for he was now resting his chin upon the girl's shoulder, and whinnying with satisfaction.

Numah, more surprised than any one, raised her head, looked in the eye of the animal, rose cautiously to her feet, and laid her hand upon his mane. The man-eater whinnied again and rubbed his head against her shoulder.

An irrepressible burst of applause filled the royal gallery, raised by the European spectators. After an instant's hesitation it was joined by the king.

"Savash, Numah! Bravo, girl!" shouted he, clapping his hands. "You have conquered the conqueror of Burrhea, and shall be rewarded. Nawah, see that Numah receives five thousand rupees and is sent back safe to her home with the horse."

CURIOS CLOCKS.

Interesting Specimens of Timepieces Which Have Been Made.

The origin of the clock is unknown, but such timepieces were known in Italy as early as the tenth century. Some think they were first invented by the Saracens. From that time many elaborate and whimsical designs were constructed, and those which were skilfully and wonderfully made brought fabulous prices. An old Italian soldier, who served prior to 1655, constructed one of the most curious of these. By its mechanism the figure of a tortoise was made to drop into a plate of water, having the hours marked on its rim. The figure would float around and stop at the proper hour, telling the time like "a learned pig."

A lizard also was made in the same timekeeper to ascend a pillar on which the hours were marked and point out the same thing by creeping along an hour-marked cornice. The figure of a golden cock that flapped its wings twice with the approach of the hours and crowed twice was also a popular favorite for ancient timekeepers.

Of the various specimens that might be given of the early designs of the clockmakers' art not the least interesting are the several types of lamp clocks. One of these was of a kind quite common in the seventeenth century, and consisted of a lamp burner placed at the base of a glass oil receptacle mounted vertically upon a suitable standard. The oil reservoir had attached to it a scale, facing the burner and showing the hours, beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the lamp was to be lighted in the winter, and ending at 7 o'clock in the morning. The lamp being lighted, the gradually descending level of oil, as combustion proceeded, marked the hours. Another device—of later origin, dating back to the beginning of the present century—utilized the same principle. It consisted of two communicating oil chambers, superposed by a clock dial. In one of the chambers was placed a night lamp to illuminate this dial, and in the other was suspended a float cord which passed around a small pulley. The latter was mounted on a horizontal axis ending in the center of the dial. The float, of course, descended as the oil was consumed, and carried the index hand along with it, thus marking the hours precisely as in the case already cited.

As in these timepieces could have had only an indifferent degree of accuracy, yet they probably served their purpose well, and certainly are interesting at the present time as illustrating some of the expedients adopted by mechanical men of an earlier period.—Commercial Advertiser.

General Miles, commanding the United States army, suggested in his annual report that the numerical strength of the regular army be made and kept at the ratio of one soldier to every two thousand inhabitants of the republic.

Something called astrakhan lace seems quite a novelty, and it is made of silk, very airy and light like old-fashioned Honiton, with a pattern prettily defined by close loops of silk

CUBA'S QUEER FORTS.

Defensive Buildings with Which the Spanish Have Dotted the Island.

The forte of the Spaniard is fort building. Cuba is the scene of his greatest and most varied endeavor in that art of war. From the hour that the arriving steamer passes under the frowning front of Morro Castle at the mouth of the Havana harbor until departure from the island, one is never out of sight of some kind of a fortification. The Spanish army has not done much fighting in this war, because, perhaps, it has not been possible to bring the insurgents to battle, but these little fellows from the farms among the Pyrennes have fortified with amazing industry.

From Pinar del Rio to Santiago de Cuba the defenses are conspicuous everywhere. Something to turn a bullet is the end in view. With this idea the Spaniards have given ingenuity of construction full play. When the war is over not the least of Cuba's attractions for the visitor will be the forts. They number not hundreds, but thousands. There is a fort of some kind in Cuba for every ten insurgents under arms. And the building still goes on. Not many days ago a party of Havana people went out to the suburbs of the city to witness the dedication of a new fort, as a similar party might have gone from an American city to celebrate the formal installation of some new industry. The new fort was finished in a style befitting its proximity to the capital of the island. It was given a name. The ceremonies of the formal opening of the fort for business were duly reported in the papers.

The forces of the revolution number 50,000 by the claims of the leaders, and 30,000 by the admissions of the Spanish Government. The supply of ammunition is so scanty that the general instruction to the soldiers is, "Not a single cartridge may be wasted."

Against such an enemy the Spaniards have dotted the island with these thousands of forts. Much of this fortifying is voluntary work. The Spanish soldier seems to have an inborn liking for it. He will fight in the open if he must. There is no doubt of the Spaniard's valor. But having hunted in vain for the enemy, and being given the duty of defending some particular place against the hidden foe, the Spanish soldier, without being told, proceeds to make himself as safe from possible harm as convenient material will permit. He is a natural fortifier.

A MONTE CARLO.

Characteristics About Those Who Play at This Famous Resort.

From a letter, on the present season at Monte Carlo, the famous resort and gambling place, which is published in a Paris paper, the following extract is not without interest to American readers, says the Baltimore Sun. In the Salons de Jeux each afternoon and evening there is a great crowd just now, and considerable sensation is being created by the playing of some of the more determined punters.

Most remarked among the boldest is an American artist, a painter, recently decorated with the cross of Officer of the Legion of Honor. He bets large sums without a moment's hesitation, and frequently makes enormous wins. It is all done so rapidly as to astonish onlookers. The gentleman in question wins or loses with but little show of excitement and is certainly and emphatically what the French style bean joueur. He seldom sits at a table, always plays roulette, and walks about from table to table, attracting much attention by his impetuous play.

In marked contrast to his style is that of a stout gentleman, who never plays except when seated, and who, having made selection upon a number on the roulette table, remains faithful to it, and with an air of unending patience, covers it with gold, all the while having remained in his seat—impassive—not even the most marvellous good fortune causing his vacant expression to alter in the least. It is curious to note that, while the for-gueux player seems to be so popular and generally liked, the stout party, whose good or bad fortune seems to have so little effect upon him, is decidedly unpopular. People appear to dislike seeing him so unaffected by his phenomenal good luck. "C'est pas un homme," exclaimed a vivacious little French lady, after the punter had so plegmatically put into his pocket the 20,000 francs he had won in a single coup, "c'est une machine." And that those standing around felt as she did was evinced by their approving laughter.

An Unextinguishable Light.

The remarkable light which has been brought forward in Germany, and known as the Durr light, is declared to be equally capable of use for interior illumination. It is originated by automatic evaporation and overheating of the vapors from ordinary lamp petroleum; the vapors being converted into gas, when burned, yield a light of from 3,500 to 14,000 candle power.

The apparatus consists of a tank containing the supply of petroleum, which is removed sufficiently from the burner to avoid all danger of fire from the flame. The oil is conducted by drops into a burner of special construction, after the latter has been heated for about five minutes by means of oil which is burned in small heating pans furnished with the apparatus. Behind the burner from which the flame issues there is a second burner, which, after the heating of the pans has been removed, continually produces the vapors and heats them to a high temperature, at the same time completely surrounding the first burner with a strong flame. This arrangement is said to make the extinction of

the light an impossibility, even in the strongest wind.

Fresh air is drawn in between the burner and the external cylinder by the force of the flame rushing out, and, by using this air in the burner, a smokeless flame results. The oil used is ordinary 100-proof coal oil, the consumption of which is about one and three-fourths pints per 100 candle power.

A Legal Problem.

A curious little problem in law and ethics came up for solution the other day at Hazleton, Penn. A man was arrested there for practicing medicine without having been registered, as the law of Pennsylvania and most other states requires. He confessed his guilt and admitted that he was well acquainted with and approved of the regulation he had violated. Then he proceeded to assert and to prove by documentary evidence that he had been graduated from the medical school of St. Petersburg University and had practiced in the Russian capital for years. He was therefore quite eligible for registration in this country, but on reaching Hazleton he had found himself penniless and without friends.

After he, his wife and his three children had gone hungry for several days he determined to risk imprisonment in order to supply the wants of his family and incidentally to earn enough money to pay the register's fee. Immediate denunciation and arrest followed. Investigation showed that the man's story was true in every particular. His wants were supplied, and he is now openly and successfully following the practice of which made him a technical criminal. Now, admitting that this Russian could not have borrowed money to meet the law's requirements, a perfect admissible supposition, what was he to do? Was or was not his offense a necessary one?—New York Times.

The Ring of the Czar.

The Czar of Russia is said to be very superstitious, and to have great confidence in relics. He wears a ring in which he believes is imbedded a piece of the true cross. It was originally one of the treasures of the Vatican, and was presented to an ancestor of the Czar for diplomatic reasons. The value which the Czar sets upon the ring, with its imbedded relic, is shown by the following fact. Some years ago the Czar was travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow. He suddenly discovered that he had forgotten the ring. The train was stopped immediately and a special messenger sent flying back in an express engine for it. Nor would the Czar allow the train to move until, eight hours afterward, the messenger returned with the ring.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Big Coins.

It is said the largest coin now in circulation is the gold ingot, or "lool" of Anam, a French colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat, round gold piece, and on it is written in India ink its value, which is about \$20. The next sized coin to this valuable, but extremely awkward one, is the "obang" of Japan, which is worth about \$55, and next comes the "benda," of Ashantee, which represents a value of about \$49. The California \$50 gold piece is worth about the same as the "benda." The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about \$15 then comes the Chinese "tael" and then the Austrian double thaler.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Privilege of Peers.

There is a curious case in Fortescue's Reports relating to the privilege of peers, in which the bailiff who arrested a lord was forced by the court to kneel down and ask his pardon, though he alleged that he had acted by mistake; for that his lordship had a dirty shirt, a worn-out suit of clothes, and only sixpence in his pocket, so that he could not believe that he was a peer, and arrested him through inadvertence.—The Green Bag.

Holland's 'Feminine Milkmen.'

The sale of milk in the streets of the Holland cities is conducted in rather a peculiar way; the milk is in copper cans, which are placed in a cart drawn by one of the large mastiffs, which are made so serviceable in that country. Two women in the regulation out-of-door costume of servants, usually accompany each cart. The dog looks well cared for, the cart is clean, and though the cans may be battered and dented by years of usage, they are always shining bright and the milk is sweet and pure.

Don't Eat Too Rapidly.

Moderation in manner of eating and choice of food has not always characterized men of history. Both Napoleon I. and Carlyle are said to have ruined their digestions and tempers by rapid eating. On the other hand, the care with which Gladstone partakes of the viands set before him has been acknowledged over and over again as one of the greatest factors which has worked to prolong his life.

Worth Their Weight in Gold.

Many a bride has been presented with marriage portions far exceeding their weight in standard gold. The average weight of a bride will not exceed 130 pounds, or 2,080 ounces. This, at about \$20 an ounce, is only in round numbers, \$40,000. The marriage portion of Miss Pauline Whitney, daughter of Secretary Whitney, was \$1,000,000, or more than twenty-four times her weight in gold. Still greater was the marriage portion of Miss Mackay, now Princess of Colona, which was three hundred times her weight, or about \$12,000,000.

No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and around perpetually tending repair to the wounds and breaches that he himself makes.

Listen not to the tale-bearer or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.

Warmth for Comfort.

An old cat loves a sunny corner and a long nap, and this is natural and wise. The genial warmth of the sun lulls to rest, and while asleep, it may be curative to the cat's few ailments. Soreness and stiffness come upon us suddenly and put the machinery of the body out of gear. St. Jacobs Oil goes suddenly to work upon the trouble, and with its warmth, like warmth to the old cat, it lulls the pain to sleep, drives out the cold, softens the stiffened muscles, lubricates the mechanism, and in a short time puts the whole body in good working order. Soreness and stiffness are not much to cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, but, if neglected, they take the form of rheumatism, which gives a great deal more pain.

He is a fool who can not be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

A Red Handed Murderer.

Tetterine kills the germs of Tetter, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm and other skin diseases. Most of these are caused by the existence of infinitesimal animalcules. Tetterine murders them at once and stops the agonizing itch, then it soothes and heals the skin. At drug stores, or by mail for 50 cents in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

A Dollar in a man's pocket is worth ten that he owns.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

If a man has kin it is equivalent to having troubles.

Impure Blood

"I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla an excellent medicine. My little girl was afflicted with eczema for seven years and took many kinds of medicine without relief. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla she was cured." Mrs. EMMA FRANKLIN, HONOLULU, NEW YORK. Get only Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 5c.

Monkey as an Imitator.

At Cheltenham, England, there lives a retired Admiral and his wife, who have a favorite monkey. One day recently the lady, hearing a strange noise in the dining-room, looked in to see what it was. The sight which met her eyes was a ludicrous one. Seated in the armchair, with the Admiral's smoking cap on his head, and the Admiral's spectacles on his nose, was the monkey, and in his hand was the open newspaper, which he shook and patted, while he jabbered and gesticulated with great emphasis at the cat, which lay blinking on the hearth rug. It was a clever and carefully studied imitation of the testy old Admiral's tone and manner when reading to his wife some passages from the newspaper which excited his wrath or indignation.

The man who robs another of his rights loses most by the transaction.

Each salmon produces about 20,000,000 eggs.

A HEALTHY WIFE

Is a Husband's Inspiration.

A sickly, half-dead-and-alive woman, especially when she is the mother of a family, is a damper to all joyousness in the home. I sometimes marvel at the patience of some husbands.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging and that everything tires her, her sleep is disturbed by horrible dreams, and that she often wakes suddenly in the night with a feeling of suffocation and alarm, she must at once regain her strength.

It matters not where she lives, she can write a letter. Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will reply promptly and without charge. The following shows the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, accompanied with a letter of advice:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped. I am now gaining strength and flesh and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."—Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, West-Shalia, Kans.



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