TOLD IN A TRANO.

Fred Myron Colby, in Philadelphia Times.

Imagine a low, one-story structure, built of red earth laid in courses of a foot or so in heighth, with a single door and only one window, with a floor on the roof and divided into two or three rooms by rush and mat partitions. This is a trano, the common style of house in Madagascar, the large island that lies on the east side of Africa, and in the southern continent. The hearth is smoke escapes from the door and the smoke escaped from the door and the window. Around the hearth are stretched mats woven of long grass, and here the family sit and talk and smoke and sleep.

When it is winter here it is summer in Madagascar, and, of course our summer is the winter there. The Malagasy winter is a rainy season, and sometimes the people do not go out for a week. That is their time for story telling, and is a welcome season to the children. To be sure they have their games and their plays, but they are always ready to sit quietly and listen to the wierd and fanciful tales that have been the stock in trade of the Malagasy story teller for hundreds of years.

Let us imagine we are Malagasy young folks, gathered within a trano on a wild wet winter day, listening to the plaintive voice of an ancient Hova, who recounts till bed time the sacred stories of his race. This is one of the stories told first:

Once upon a time the birds met to chose one among themselves for a king and leader, but the owl happened to stay away, as its mate was sitting just then. So the birds all agreed that thereafter whoever met the stay-at-home and did not beat him should also be an outcast and be treated as an enemy.

And this is the reason why the owl does not go out by day, but wanders by night, for if any birds see him they all strive together to beat him.

At this time the hawk sought to be king and voted for himself, but the other birds refused to be under him. So he went away from them in anger. And to this day whatever bird he sees he swoops down upon, because of this enmity. But after the hawk flew away, the birds chose the shrike for their king, because of his long topknot and his variety of notes. And that is why, concludes the story-teller, our people consider the shrike the king of birds.

The story-teller pauses long enough to fill his pipe, which he lights at the fire, and after he takes a few whiffs he looks inquiringly around.

"Oh, tell us the story of the crocodile and the dog," begs one of the little folks

"Well, a crocodile once met a dog on the highway, and said to him: "Where are you from, my young brother?"

"Just hereabouts," answered the dog; "where are you from, elder brother?"

"Oh, I have just come in from such a place," answered the crocodile.

"Let us be friends and keep together," said the dog.

"Agreed," said the crocodile.

So the two struck up a warm friendship and went along together.

By and by they came to a river and the dog asked the crocodile to carry him over, because it was so broad and so deep. To this the crocodile consented, but when they were half way across the crocodile stopped and sunk down in the water. Upon this the dog struggled awhile, but finally managed to get ashore, when all dripping and exhausted, he exclaimed:

"So you have broken our agreement."

"I wanted you to be able to swim, young brother," said the crocodile.

For all that, if the dog had not been able to swim he would have drowned.

The dog then asked the crocodile to accompany him to a certain place on the morrow, and when he had consented, he took him some distance over ground covered with trailing tendrils of gourds, for he intended to pay the crocodile for what he had done.

"If I should give you a signal," said the dog, "it will mean that people are coming and we must get out of their way."

Now the crocodile had brought his wife and family with him, and when they were all eating their dinner the dog began to bark and then ran away. The crocodile and his family ran, too, but they were entangled in the trailing tendrils of the gourd, and several of the young ones were killed by the hunters.

When the crocodile arrived at the river he wanted to know what it all meant.

"It means," answered the dog, "that there is no retribution, but the past returns."

The crocodile, seeing how he had been treated, he was very angry, and exclaimed:

"If my descendants do not kill dogs from henceforth, then let me have no heirs to succeed me!"

And this is the origin of the enmity between dogs and crocodiles.

When the children begin to get sleepy, the story-teller tells the tale of the Three Sisters and Itrimobe, which generally keeps their eyes open for a long time after the telling, and is quite as good in its way as one of Grimm's stories of the tales in the colored fairy books.

There was once a rich couple who had three children, all daughters. Of the three the youngest, whose name was Ifara, was much the best looking. One night she had a dream, and she told it to her sisters.

"I dreamed," she said, "that the sun came from heaven to take a wife from among us, and you he left and me he took."

The two elder sisters were very angry at this.

"If she is prettier than we are, then a prince or a noble, if he should come along, would take her rather than either of us. But we must find out."

Then they put on their best clothes and asked Ifara to take a walk with them. As they walked along they met an old woman.

"Granny," asked one of them, "which of us three is the fairest?"

The old woman looked sharply at them and answered:

"Ramatoa is good-looking. Raivo is better looking, but Ifara is the fairest of all."

At this they pulled off Ifara's outer robe. By and by they met an old man and accosted him.

"Grandfather, which of us is the fairest?" asked the oldest sister.

"Ramatoa is fair, Raivo is fairer, but Ifara is the fairest," he answered, and passed on.

Then they met Itriombe, who was a frightful monster, half human and half beast, who lived on human flesh. They asked him the same question, and he answered with a snarl, just as the old man and the old woman had done, that Ifara was the fairest.

The sisters were so jealous and angry that they resolved to get rid of their sister. So they inveigled her into Itrimobe's gardens to steal his vegetables and when she was gathering them the giant caught and held her.

"Ha! I caught you, little thief," cried the giant. "I will eat you by and by."

But Ifara cried:

"Oh, do not eat me, but make me your wife."

"Well, come along, then," he said, and she accompanied him home, but he intended all the time to fatten her and then eat her.

The two sisters were very much pleased at the success of their plot, and told their parents what had happened, how Ifara had stolen Itriombe's vegetables and the giant, in revenge, had eaten her. And so the old couple mourned their young daughter as dead. But all the while the monster was keeping Ifara in his hut, covered with mats, while he hunted for all kinds of food that would make her grow in flesh.

One day when she got to be very fat and Itriombe happened to be away, Ifara was visited by a little white mouse which said to her:

"Give me a little rice, Ifara, and I will give you some good advice."

"What advice can you give me?" asked Ifara.

"Let Itriombe devour you tomorrow."

"And is that the advice you give me," said Ifara. "But I will give you the rice."

She then gave the mouse some rice, and the little creature said:

"Run away while you can, and take an egg, a broom, a small cane and a smooth round stone and go southwards."

Ifara lost no time in setting off with the things the mouse had told her to take, leaving a plantain tree stem in bed and the door locked. She had not been gone long when the giant returned and knocked at the door.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "Ifara has got so fat that she cannot move," and he burst the door open, and going to the bed thrust his speag through the mat, so that it stuck fast in the plantain tree stem.

"Why, she is so fat that the spear sticks to her," said Itriombe, and he pulled the spear out and licked it.

"She is so fat that her blood has no taste," but as he opened the bed he saw what was in it.

Then he ran to the door and sniffed first to the west and then to the south.

"Ah," he cried, "there is the little wretch; I will soon overtake her."

And he ran along after her with all speed. Ifara saw him coming and threw down her broom.

"Oh, my sacred mother," she cried, "cause this to become a dense thicket, so that Itriombe cannot overtake me."

Immediately there grew up a huge prickly thicket. But the giant got through that, and Ifara threw down her egg.

"Oh, sacred father, make this egg a vast pool, so that Itriombe may not have me."

A great pool suddenly appeared, but the giant began to drink this, and it gradually disappeared.

Then Ifara threw down her small cane, saying:

"By my sacred father and mother be a great forest."

And a great and impenetrable forest grew up, but the giant made short work of this.

Then she cast down the smooth round stone and said:

"By my sacred father, let this become a precipice that Itriombe cannot climb?"

And at once there was a great and insurmountable precipice in the path which the giant was unable to climb. Then he called out:

"I have only been joking Ifara. Pull me up and I will not harm you."

Ifara leaned over and answered:

"Stick your spear in the ground and I will help you up."

"This the giant did, but when he was nearly up he said:

"I'll surely eat you now."

At this the girl let go the rope, and Itrimobe fell back and was impaled on his own spear. And this was the last of the giant.

As for Ifara, she remained at the top of the precipice until a big bird came and took her away and left her on a tree just above the well at her old home.

When her father and her mother came out to draw water from the well, she came down and told her story, and all three wept for joy. The two elder sisters were sent away, and Ifara made their home happy ever after.

RAILROAD BURDENS.

Not the Stocks nor the Bonds, But the Car Weights.

From the New York Sun.

An ordinary passenger car on a steam railroad costs from $4,000 to $5,000, and weighs 38,000 pounds or nineteen tons. A mail car which costs from $2,000 to $2,500 and is shorter by about one-quarter than the ordinary passenger coach, weighs 32,000 pounds or sixteen tons. A baggage car, without the baggage in it, weighs 28,000 pounds or fourteen tons, and costs about as much as a mail car. A sleeping car is more expensive than any of the others and it weighs a good deal more, too. A plain, simple, but durable sleeping car costs anywhere from $6,000 to $10,000 and an ornate, elaborate, luxurious sleeping car with observation attachments, literary annex, and culinary departments costs anywhere from $10,000 to $20,000. The average weight of a sleeping car is from 40,000 to 44,000 pounds, or from twenty to twenty-two tons.

A full train in motion, as a little figuring will show, is no light affair. The ordinary weight of the railroad locomotive for passenger service, inclusive of tender, but not of fuel in the tender, is forty tons. One baggage car weighs fourteen tons and one mail car sixteen tons, bringing up the weight of the locomotive and baggage and mail cars to seventy tons. Six passenger cars at an average of nineteen ton, each weigh 114 tons, so that the total weight of a train made up of a locomotive and eight cars would be 184 tons, or about 368,000 pounds, exclusive of the weight of baggage, of the fuel carried, passengers, and mail matter. Pulling 184 tons along rails at the rate of fifty miles an hour or more is an achievement which has not been easily brought about, and the more the problem is studied the more clearly it is understood how far the mechanical work on railroads has been pushed. There were, by the last figures reported, 36,000 locomotives in use on American railroads, 26,000 passenger cars, and 8,000 mail and baggage cars. These figures seem large until compared with the number of freight cars on American railroads, and then they seem insignificant, for the number of freight cars in use is 1,250,000.

Freight cars, among railroad men, are divided into four classes—flat cars, such as are used for the transportation of stone, machinery, and lumber; box cars, such as are used for the transportation of grain, fruit, and ordinary merchandise; stock cars, such as are used for cattle, and coal cars, such as are used for the transportation of coal and oil—those used for oil being supplied with tanks. The average weight of a flat or gondola car is seven tons. The car costs from $300 to $400. Box cars weigh a ton more and cost $100 more each. Stock cars weigh eight tons each on the average; coal cars weigh three tons each. It costs about $200 to build coal or oil cars, and they are designed to carry five tons apiece. The weight of fifty cars is 150 tons, and and of their contents, if all filled, 250 tons, which with locomotive and caboose added, make 420 tons as the weight of a train. It may be said, roughly, that the weight of loaded trains, passenger, coal, or freight, ranges from 200 to 550 tons. The lighter the train, the greater the speed; that's the railroad rule.

SEARCHING FOR A MODEL.

It Took Sir Frederick Leighton Six Months to Find His Ideal.

To be selected as the one woman in all of Europe whose face and figure most closely tallied with the ideal of England's greatest painter is surely no empty honor. When the late Sir Frederic Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, and foremost among British artists, conceived the idea of his famous painting, "Cymen and Iphigenia," he sought in all quarters of the continent for a suitable model to pose as the sleeping maiden, now so familiar in his finished canvas. After a fruitless search of six months he came upon the incarnation of his soul's ideal in the capital of his native land. Curiously enough, he found the model he had so long sought behind the footlights of a theater.

She was Miss Dorothy Dene, a young woman of remarkable beauty, both in face and figure. Sir Frederic told her of his inspiration, the contemplated canvas, and her fulfillment of his ideal for the central figure. Miss Dene graciously consented to pose for him, and, eight months later, the artist's conception of a beautiful picture became a reality, and was the most admired of all Sir Frederic's works.

Miss Dene is as perfect a type of Greek beauty as can be found at the present day. Every line of her face and figure is classical in the highest degree. She is rather above the average in height, has long, lithe limbs and an exquisitely molded bust. Her hair is curly and golden and her lustrous eyes have the hue of violets. In addition to all these charms she is said to possess the most beautiful complexion of any woman in Europe. What wonder that such a superb creature inspired Sir Frederic to his greatest efforts.

Miss Dene continued to be Sir Frederic's model long after he had given "Cymon and Iphigenia" to the world. Her form and features can be readily recognized in a number of other works by the same artist. In Sir Frederic's painting of "Greek Girls Playing Ball" she is represented as the maiden who is catching the ball. This canvas notably displays the actress' exquisite figure. Miss Dene's shapely arms may be noted in "Summer Moon," another well known painting by Leighton.

A year or two before Sir Frederic's death it was gossiped in London that the artist was madly in love with his model, but that some obstacle or other was in the way of their marriage. Just what the obstacle was no one seemed to know. Possibly it was the disparity in their ages. Leighton, at the time of his death—about a year ago—was only 70 years old; Miss Dene is now about 28. Dorothy Dene visited the United States in 1893. She undertook the production of classical plays popular in England, but almost unknown on this side of the water. Little success attended the venture and her tour was finally abandoned. In England Miss Dene enjoys much popularity. Not only does she reign supreme as a queen of beauty, but her histrionic ability, which is of no mean order, has won her the praise or notable critics and fellow artists. Miss Dene lives with her four sisters, all of whom are remarkably pretty, in a charming apartment in South Kensington, London, a section of the city colonized chiefly by artists and theatrical folk and quite as picturesque in many of its features as is the famous Quartier Latin of Paris.

Smitten.

Lying in wait for the dusky Umpegoogi maiden, whose charms had captivated his manly heart, the savage child of nature swatted her one with a slab of rock and bore her off across his shoulder.

Opening her eyes at last to the situation, her fond heart yielded. "Mwptkyi," she twittered, "you are simply stunning."—New York Press.

Useless.

From Judge.

Jerry Cos—There's Hopper, that's been behind a counter all his life, and I don't suppose he's worth a dollar today.

Webb—Oh, dear no! He isn't even worth his salary.

CUPID'S CASUISTRY.

We were sitting
In the moonlight
Of a radiant
Rosy June night,
When I whispered:
"Kitty, don't you
Wish I'd kiss you?
Let me, won't you?"

Kitty was a
Rustic maiden,
And I thought not
Heavy laden
With the wisdom
Of the ages
Writ on cultured
Cupid's pages.

Kitty answered:
"No, I mustn't
Let you kiss me;
My ma doesn't
Think it proper
That her Kitty
Be like maidens
In the city."

"Oh?" I stammered,
Then did Kitty
Whisper in a
Tone of pity:
"I might kiss you,
And be true, sir,
To my mother;
Would that do, sir?"

W. J. Lampton, in the Sun.

GENERAL GRANT DID NOT DRINK

He Smoked Incessantly, but Never Indulged in Liquor.

ABUNDANT PROOF ON THIS POINT

The Man Is Not to Be Found Who Will Say That He Ever Saw the Great General Under the Influence of Intoxicants--Testimony of Admirals Foote and Porter That He Persistently Abstained--His Condition at Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh.

William H. Michael, in Washington Post.

A party of gentlemen were discussing a recent newspaper article on General Grant, and dwelt particularly on that part of the paper which referred to the charges made against the General, from time to time, of his excessive use of intoxicating beverages. One of the party—a gentleman who, by the way, had worn two stars in the army—seemed to think that it was in bad taste to raise the question at this late day as to whether the foremost general of this age had used liquors as a beverage or not; that no matter what might be said on the subject the very general impression would remain that he did drink more or less while in the army, and the facts of history show that it made no difference with him as a successful officer.

I asked the gentlemen whether they had even seen General Grant take a drink of liquor of any kind. Each admitted he had not. Two of the party stated that they had been at banquets with him where wines and other intoxicating liquors were freely drunk, yet in both instances they noticed that General Grant drank nothing stronger than coffee.

This is about as near as I have ever been able to get evidence to support the "very general impression" that General Grant was a hard drinker. Mr. Dawson testifies when death was staring that brave man in the face, that the stories published about his being intoxicated at the battle of Shiloh were all lies, and that he never drank to excess. Had I no corroborating evidence this statement would be conclusive with me. But I saw General Grant when he landed at Pittsburg Landing Sunday morning, a few hours after the battle had begun, and his appearance and conduct at that time are as fresh in my memory as they would be had the event occurred yesterday. He was very lame from his recent fall, but there was absolutely nothing in his appearance or conduct to indicate that he had been drinking intoxicants. Later in the day I saw him bending over a map which was spread on the ground. He was covered with mud, as all were who had been doing their duty on that muddy battle-field, and when he mounted his horse he had to be helped by attendants, but there was no evidence in his quiet face and clear eyes to indicate that he had been indulging in the use of intoxicating liquors.

Mr. Dawson expresses my belief and states my own experience when he says: "I don't believe that General Grant ever drank to excess. I have heard many men say that he did drink, and I have tried to trace such reports to their foundation, but I have yet to find the man who will say that he ever saw General Grant under the influence of intoxicating liquor."

LIGHTED A FRESH CIGAR.

Two days after the battle of Shiloh, on the morning of the 9th of April, Lieutenant Gwin, commander of the gunboat Tyler, which vessel, with the Conestoga, had taken a very conspicuous part in the battle, went alongside of the headquarters of General Grant in his gig, and when he was on board, General Grant seized him by the hand, and began to thank him for the splendid service he had rendered the army and the country in the battle. Lieutenant Gwin interrupted by saying that he had come on board to congratulate the general commanding the army upon saving the country again. The two officers repaired to the cabin, together in company with other officers, where the gunboat officer gave to the general the particulars of the part taken in the battle by the two vessels. While this conversation was going on, one of General Grant's staff placed on the table a decanter of liquor and some glasses. Lieutenant Gwin turned out a little of the contents of the bottle in to his glass, and held it in his hand as if waiting for General Grant to do likewise. The general, noticing the situation, smiled and said: "I do not indulge, but I smoke," and he lighted a fresh cigar. It would seem from this circumstance, that if the general was in the habit of drinking to excess but two days before, that he had suddenly become very abstemious.

I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Flag Officer Andrew H. Foote, afterward rear admiral, who organized and successfully commanded the Mississippi flotilla. He was a devout Christian, as well as a brave naval officer. It was said of him by the officers associated with him in the navy that he "prayed like a saint and fought like the devil." He was intensely religious, and was an uncompromising enemy to the use of grog. Flag Officer Foote and General Grant were intimate and fast friends while the army and navy were organizing and fitting out at Cairo, Ill., for those operations which resulted in the capture at Forts Henry and Donelson, and the victories at Shiloh, Island Ten, Memphis, and St. Charles.

On one occasion, Rear Admiral Foote said to me in referring to the accusations being bruited about that General Grant was a drunkard, "These charges must be wholly false. I was with General Grant every day and almost every night for many months at Cairo, under the most trying circumstances, and I never detected the evidence of drink on him. I certainly should have done so, had he been in the habit of using grog to any extent. I do not believe that he drank liquors of any kind."

This testimony from a man like Rear Admiral Foote will settle the question in the minds of those who knew that distinguished officer—distinguished no less by his skill and bravery as an officer than by his Christian virtues. He had every opportunity to know the habits of General Grant during the very period when his enemies endeavored to fix upon him the charge of excessive indulgence in the use of intoxicants, and yet this officer declares that the charge cannot be true.

I had many conversations with my old commander, Admiral Porter, in which this same subject was referred to. He told me the following story of his first meeting with General Grant:

DECLINED REFRESHMENTS.

"I first met Grant," said the Admiral, "at a supper given in honor of myself and other officers of my command by Capt. McAllister, then Quartermaster at Cairo, Ill., on board his headquarters boat. I had considerable correspondence with the General after taking command of the gunboats about co-operation between the army under his command and my boats, but had never seen him. Supper was being served when there entered the room with Capt. McAllister, a man in citizen's clothes, covered with dust and apparently travel-worn. The Captain brought him directly to me and introduced him to me as General Grant. We took a seat at a table by ourselves. Without noticing the victuals or drinkables he plunged at once into the subject of making a combined move on Vicksburg. He asked me how soon I could be ready to move, and what force I had. I answered him that I could move at once, and gave him the number of vessels I could send down the river. He said: 'I will leave at once and will communicate with Sherman to have 30,000 men ready to start for Vicksburg by the time you get to Memphis to convoy him. I shall move with a large force in the direction of Grenada to draw Johnston and Pemberton away from Vicksburg as far as possible.' With this he arose and bid me good night. The conversation did not consume more than twenty minutes. He partook neither of food nor drink while on the boat. Had he been a drinking man I am sure he would have indulged in some kind of a stimulating drink that evening. He had ridden many miles on horseback, and he returned part way that night in the saddle. I recall distinctly that I urged him to take food and drink, but he declined both."

I can testify of my own knowledge that on two occasions when other great generals and distinguished naval officers indulged more or less in wines and other liquors in his company he touched neither. The first was on board Porter's flagship Black Hawk, just above Vicksburg, and immediately before the passage of the gunboats and the army by Vicksburg preparatory to the advance up the Big Black. General Grant and most of his staff, accompanied by several of his corps commanders, went aboard of the flagship to meet Admiral Porter and other naval officers, for the purpose of determining the details of the contemplated move. During the evening luncheon was served, and the punch bowl was kept filled. Officers drank at their pleasure, and most of them were pleased to drink. General Grant partook of some plain food, but touched not a drop of wine or other liquors during the evening, except when eating he smoked incessantly.

AFTER VICKSBURG'S FALL.

The other occasion was after the fall of Vicksburg. The Confederate bars had been hauled down and the glorious Stars and Stripes had been run up in their stead over the fallen stronghold, and our vessels lying above and below, with bunting flying, ran up and down by the city. The flagship tied up at the wharf. Soon after General Grant and his staff, together with several of his corps commanders, rode down to the Black Hawk, dismounted, and went aboard to have a general handshaking with the navy people. Everybody was happy, and such a hearty meeting of the army and navy as occurred on that boat that day probably was never witnessed before or since. Admiral Porter placed at the disposal of the visitors all the liquors he had on board, which consisted principally of catawba wine. There was drinking, handshaking, congratulations, and jolly speeches galore. General Grant looked happy, and was the real hero of the occasion. He had little to say, but it was plain to be seen that it was one of the happiest hours of his life. The inseparable cigar was in his mouth, but not a drop of wine or liquor passed his lips.

Referring to this same occasion Admiral Porter wrote: "Gen. Grent declined every offer of stimulant, and contented himself with a cigar, and this was his habit during all the time he commanded before Vicksburg, though the same detractors who made false misrepresentations of him in military matters misrepresented him also in the matter of using intoxicating liquors."

Such testimony as this ought to be worth something to those who desire to know the truth as to Gen. Grant's drink habit.

TESTIMONY OF BELKNAP.

A few days before the death of Gen. W. W. Belknap he was in my room at the Capitol, and in a conversation about Gen. Grant I asked him if he had ever seen Gen Grant under the influence of intoxicants. "No," said he, "I never did, and don't believe anybody else ever did." In a very emphatic way he added words like the following: "I never saw him drunk, half drunk, nor quarter drunk. In fact, I never saw him take a drink of liquor of any kind during the years I was so intimately associated with him. I'll tell you what I have seen him do, though. I have seen him refuse to touch liquors many, many times, when if he had been a drinking man he would not have declined. You can make an entry in your note book if you want to that Gen. Grant never indulged in the use of liquors of any kind, and that the stories to the contrary are without any foundation in fact."

It seems to me that if the statements so often heard that Gen. Grant was addicted to the use of intoxicants, and was actually in the habit of getting drunk, were founded on truth, some reliable evidence of the charges and insinuations could be had without any trouble whatever. The testimony is all the other way. It is time that men and women who talk so flippantly about this subject should be made to feel how serious a matter it is to say things that reflect upon the memory of a good and great man which have no truth in them whatever.

Interesting Orphans.

"Please ma'am, won't you read the letter?"

The voice was that of a little boy, by whose side stood a smaller child carrying a great basket upon his arm. The lady addressed took the note and read: "Good person, please give these starving little ones—fatherless and motherless—a penny."

The reader regarded the beggars with tearful eyes as she inquired, in a voice choked with emotion: "Who wrote this not for you, children?"

With a sniffle of expectancy the elder answered, suavely, "Me muvver, ma'am."

Proving It.

He—"I suppose your thoughts were all on your new bonnet during the sermon this morning?"

She—"No, indeed, they were not!"

"I don't believe you can repeat anything that was said during the service."

"Yes, I can, too. I heard a lady behind me say: "Isn't it stunning?"—Yonkers Statesman.

She Dictates Now.

"What's the matter between Bilms and his typewriter?"

"He thought when he hired her that he was going to dictate to her, but he has discovered his mistake."—Detroit Free Press.

Femicure Liver Pills.

Bright women will use "FEMICURE LIVER PILLS" because they are specially prepared for ladies only. While they act directly upon the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels, they at the same time wonderfully regulate and strengthen the functions and organs peculiar to the sex. They relieve Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Billiousness, Bad Complexion, Irregularities, Backache, Weight in Pelvis, etc. One little pill a dose. 25 cents. Sold by Carl Lorenz, druggist, 418 Lackawanna ave., Scranton.

PIMPLY FACES

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Beautify the Skin," free

BLOOD HUMORS Permanently Cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

A Life Saved.

A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH.

Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Narrative.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, a reporter called on Mr. Trout at his office, 103 Griswold Avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for publication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and became pale and languid. She was so weak that she would fall down in a faint every time she tried to walk unsupported. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away.

"When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said it was anæmia. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt terminate in consumption. No doctor we had could help her, and we concluded ourselves, we must lose our child, as she was growing weaker every day.

"We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and took them home. That day I had read of a case about the same as my daughter's, and decided to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily and looked brighter. Every one noticed the change, and I bought two more boxes for her.

"When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since.

"I do not think she uses them now, though I always keep them in the house. My wife and I have recommended them to our neighbors, and sent a few to another young girl who seems to be in the same condition as my daughter. Had not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my daughter's life, I would not recommend them to any one. I know they do all and more than is claimed for them, and I am glad to recommend them to the world. I know Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my daughter's life, and that is enough for me."

F. B. TROUT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of March, 1897.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., *Notary Public*,
Wayne County, Michigan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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