The Story of a Love Story

"HELLO, Mr. Writer-man."

"Hello, Editor."

"What have you got for us today?"

"My opinion in the case."

"What case?"

"Don't you remember? The other day you said you had received a story that was so bad that it was good, and that you were half inclined to print it as a sample of the stuff you receive daily and are actually expected to publish. You asked me what I thought of the scheme——." The writer-man paused.

"Well?" interrogatively.

"Well, I've embodied my opinion in a story. Here it is."

The red-faced man with the yellow mustache and blue eyes put a tanned hand into an inner pocket, drew out a manuscript and handed it to the elegantly gromed Harvard man at the desk.

"Read it," he said.

Mansfield settled himself comfortably and read.

"THE STORY OF A LOVE STORY."

Once upon atime there was a brilliant editor of a famous magazine; there was also a writer-man whom the editor liked and whose stories he hated to reject; but the safety of the magazine demanded it. It happened one day that the editor was sore perplexed about a matter, and he called the writer-man to help him out.

"Briggs," said he, "I have a story that is so bad that it is good. It is a splendid specimen of the 'rot' that is sent us. I want to use it as a sample of the sort of thing we get—of the drivel we are expecetd to publish—it's a love story."

"Has it no uplifting cynicism to redeem it?" asked Briggs, satirically.

"No, for it's sheer flubdub, balderdash, food for fools."

"Who wrote it? Some foolish old woman I suppose.'

The editor knitted his brows.

"No," he replied, "a young woman wrote it—a school teacher."

"Young, beautiful and a school teacher," repeated Briggs. "Let me see the story. Ah, it has two good traits—it's beautifully typewritten and it smells of roses." After a few minutes he handed the story back with a weary smile. He pondered a moment, then his face brightened.

"How do you know she's young?" he asked. The editor unlocked a private drawer.

"She wrote me a short letter giving a sketch of her life, and telling me how she came to write the story. I wish the letter was longer—I'd publish it instead of the other. It's intensely interesting. It seems she has suffered the same as the rest of us. She also sent her photograph; here it is. Imagine that face associated with such rot. It seems a sacrilege."

"Horrible," commented Briggs solemnly.

"She lives in B—ville, Texas," continued the editor.

"How shall you arrange with her?" asked Briggs. "You must, of course, give your reason for publishing the story. I shouldn't feel greatly flattered if you were to use any of my stuff for such a scheme as that. It's brutal."

"I know it is. But there is such fierce competition between us editors that we must employ eccentric methods when we fail of original."

"You must even descend to the breaking of a girl's heart," sair Briggs.

Hamilton flushed. "I am not going to publish her name, and I'll pay her as much as I would Howells or Kipling."

Briggs smiled. "My dear boy, you might as well try to console your mother for the loss of her child by telling her that no one would know it was her's that died. It's not the world she cares for—it's her pet, and she'll mourn over it all the more on account of its friendlessness. You don't know women, but you should know authors. An author's story may be deformed, ugly, even idiotic, but you can no more reason him into seeing its unlovliness than you can convince a mother of the ugliness of her child."

"Don't lecture," exclaimed Hamilotn. "Give me an answer—yes or no. Shall I publish it as a terrible example?"

"Yes," said Briggs.

Hamilton laughed. "Well, if you're not the most inconsistent fellow I ever saw. I thought you were trying some of your eccentric logic on me! Come to lunch."

Six months later Hamilton steamed into St. Louis, en route to California; he was to stop over for two days. The first afternoon of his stay in that city brought him a brief note, which bore the official mark of a hospital, was signed by one of the doctors, and marked "private." It ran:

Dear Mr. Hamilton: We have here a most curious case of melancholy—of slow heartbreak. The case is that of a young woman. A most interesting feature of the affair is that the patient was thrown into the greatest excitement by the reading of your name in the "hotel arrivals" in this morning's paper. Perhaps you will be interested to see her, although I've no doubt her trouble is a mere hallucination. Yours truly,

Sprague, M. D.

Two hours later the young doctor received Hamilton's card. The men shook hands, and then, without any "preliminaries," Hamilton said:

"Dr. Sprague, I want to see the young woman who showed such alarm at the mention of my name."

"Nothing easier, sir," replied the doctor, taking his visitor's measure with a glance. "I'll show you it was, as I said, a mere hallucination. I suspect she will have forgotten you by this time." Then, leading the way to a remote corner of the room, he drew aside a curtain and said quietly: "Miss Marguerite."

"Come in," said the girl in a low, musical voice and marked Southern accent.

A mellow "half light" filled the apartment.

"I've a visitor."

The splendid Harvard man stood at the doctor's side and slightly to the rear. From his eyes there shone a great compassion.

"This is Mr. Hamilton." A cry of alarm came from the pillows.

Hamilton approached the bed. "Won't you tell me why my name alarms you so?" he asked tenderly. She looked at him for what seemed an interminable period, then she said, half to herself:

"How could a man with a face like that do such a thing?"

At this the doctor would have withdrawn but Hamilton, with a motion of the hand, detained him.

"Do what?" Hamilton asked.

"I heard you say, doctor," the girl went on, "it was a hallucination; but here—read this!" She fumbled under her pillow, drew out a sealed envelope and handed it to Hamilton. "I didn't intend that it should be opened until my death, but I think you, of all men, should see it."

Hamilton broke the seal and read. The doctor watched him, saw a look of the keenest pain come over him.

The contents of the envelope had fallen from Hamilton's hand. They were simply a letter and a clipping. The doctor picked them up and handed them to the girl, but she gave him back the letter and said quietly: "Read it."

It ran:

Dear Miss Wentworth: Your story, "His One Love," has been favorably considered by us. We want you to let us publish it anonymously or under a nom de plume. It suits our purpose so well that I shall pay you "Kipling prices" for it. Inclosed please find check for $100. I trust you will find this fair compensation.

Yours truly,

John Ray Hamilton, Editor.

The doctor folded the letter, and as the girl took it she said:

"When I received that my dream of happiness was realized. I did not mind their publishing it anonymously. It was my idol. I did not care for fame, but I had labored—oh! so long—over that story. But, like most women, I couldn't keep it to myself. I had to tell all my friends that my story had been accepted by the leading New York magazine. I showed them all this letter, and I was fairly lionized by the simple village folks. I was pointed out as the young literary woman of the state, and some even said I would be a great novelist. Well, finally the magazine came."

Hamilton groaned.

"Everybody in the village had ordered one, and Bill Morrison, the stage driver, handed them around; but he didn't make any comment. He seemed in a hurry to get away as soon as he gave me mine, and when I called him and asked him if he had read my story and wasn't going to congratulate me on it, but turned so quickly away that I was alarmed. He had read my story, though, and this is what he read at the top of it!"

Hamilton raised his hand in a deprecating manner.

The doctor took the slip. It was in small type, and was:

"For a long time we have been on the lookout for the most worthless story possible, in order to give our readers an idea of the kind of rubbish we receive, and have selected this as the one."

The doctor stood with the slip in his hand. The girl watched his face as he read, then said:

"A whole world, no doubt, laughed at the brilliant editor's sarcasm. All but a lone, little village in the backwoods of Texas. There was a dozen men there who would gladly have gone to New York and shot that editor, but I begged them not to do so. I was dreadfully ashamed. I could hardly look my own mother in the face. And after all the hopes they had built on me, too. They loved me so, and pitied me so; but when their compassion became greater than I could bear I crept away alone—with my broken heart—to die here. I hadn't done anything to deserve it, either. I had just worked at my story, dreaming of fame; and when it was ready I copied it so neatly, and didn't roll it or fold it, but put it between two pieces of pasteboard, and then posted it myself. And I waited so long, and then the editor's letter came. And oh! the joy of it. And then— and then—oh! the tragedy, the cruelty of it all."

She broke into a violent fit of sobbing. At this Hamilton groaned and turned away.

"I have only one thing to say," said the girl softly. "I thank God for giving me the chance to tell you I forgive you."

A sound like the faint echo of a zephyr escaped her; then a great stillness followed. The doctor moved nearer to the bed. He bent down and looked at the girl; then he touched Hamilton gently on the shoulder.

"Come," he said.

"No," said Hamilton, "not till I tell her how I feel, what I will try to do, what——"

"Your sins will have to go to heaven through me," replied the doctor.

"May God help you!" softly.

* * * * *

Mansfield turned the page.

"Where's the rest of it," he asked of the writer-man with the red face and yellow mustache.

"There isn't any 'rest,'" answered the writer-man.

"But it hasn't any ending to it."

"It has a very logical ending."

"But you didn't give that brute Hamilton a chance to do anything for the girl—to make amends."

"There wouldn't be any moral to it if I did," replied Webb.

"And I'm afraid the readers would be dissatisfied with the way it ends," continued Mansfield.

After a pause the writer-man said:

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, but I shan't publish it the way it end—or, rather, doesn't end."

"What good is it to you then?"

"My dear boy, you have saved me from doing a mean thing, a low down, mean thing. I couldn't find it my heart now to use the Jencks girls story in the way I intended. Just think, it might have broken her heart. Thank heavens, man, you have saved her and me."

He pressed the button.

"Ask the cashier to make a check for Mr. Webb for $100," he said to the boy who appeared in response to the summons. When the check was brought in Webb folded it carefully and put it in his pocket.

"Come to lunch with me," he said.

The brilliant editor rose and put on his hat. At that moment the boy appeared with a card. The editor read it:

"Serena Jencks, Galveston."

He handed the card to the writer-man, then turned to the boy.

"Show the lady in. Stay where you are, Webb." Then he added: "A good chance to see the girl."

Webb chuckled.

A tall, slender girl appeared. She had large brown eyes and red lips. Her hands were not small, but were well gloved, and she dressed in good style—not New York style. She held out her hand freely to the editor, and he shook it heartily and then presented Webb.

"I am just off on the steamer," exclaimed Miss Jencks in an effusive way, "and the first thing I did was to call to learn the fate of my story."

There was a freshness and innocence about the young woman that amused the editor. After a few minutes' general conversation, she said:

"Now tell me all about my story—are you going to print it?"

The editor blushed, reflected a minute, then said:

"It is an amusing story, but, to be candid, it is hardly up to our standard."

"In other words," she interrupted, "it isn't good enough."

"Well, if you like to put it that way—yes."

Miss Jencks leaned both of her dainty elbows on the table, and looked the editor straight in the eyes for a moment.

"Well, then, is it bad enough?"

The editor and writer-man exchanged quick and significant glances. Here was an opportunity the Harvard man had not looked for.

"I don't know. Perhaps if I were to put our friend, Webb here, to revise it, he might make it bad enough."

She laughed.

"Well, then, what will you pay me if I let you publish it as an awful example?"

"One hundred dollars."

"It's yours."

"But even though we publish the story with a pen name, will not some of your friends recognize it and so cause you mortification"

Miss Jencks chuckled sweetly. "You don't suppose I was fool enough to let any of my friends know I wrote a love story, do you?"

The writer-man and the editor looked at each other calmly.—New York Independent.

Jolly Jack Tar.

"Jolly" is the word generally associated with the jack tar. He is the picture of health, and the health bubbles over in mirth and merriment. When people are sick, especially when sickness attacks the lungs the doctor often advises a sea voyage. But in the large majority of cases the sea voyage is impossible.

It is to the men and women of the workaday world to whom sea voyages or change of climate are impossible, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as the greatest earthly boon. The effect of this medicine upon those whose lungs are "weak" is remarkable. Even where there is bronchitis, spitting of blood, emaciation, weakness, conditions which if unchecked or unskillfully treated lead to consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred works a perfect and permanent cure. It strengthens the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the body in all its parts is not merely fed but nourished. And it is by nourishment that Nature builds up the body to resist or throw off disease.

"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes J. M. Farr, Esq., of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I chanced to see an advertisement of yours, and forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

COST OF GOVERNING GRATER NEW YORK

Budget Calls for Nearly a Hundred Millions but It Isn't All for Running Expenses.

From the New York Sun

New York city's budget of expenses for the year 1901 amounts to nearly $100,000,000, or to be more exact, $98,100,413.

One hundred million dollars, it is said, is double the cost of the government of Mexico, with its 15,000,000 inhabitants, including the cost of Mexico's army and navy; it is almost a third of the cost of the government of the German empire, with a population of 52,000,000. It is a quarter as great as the cost of the government of Great Britain and Ireland, including the army, navy and the interest on the public debt. France' burden of taxation is crushing that wealthy nation of 40,000,000 inhabitants, yet New York city's government costs one-sixth as much as that of France, it is asserted.

Such comparisons, if uncontroverted, would constitute a serious reproach, not merely upon the present administration of the city of New York and every one of its departments, but also upon all its people, for such wasteful extravagance if the expenditure of money raised by taxation could not be excused on any assertion of superior public service, and New York city would be justly considered not merely as the most heavily taxed political division in the world, but also as owing its taxation not to any foreign power or sovereign authority, but to the act of the people themselves. As a matter of fact, such extravagant comparisons are based on the rudimentary misunderstanding of city bookkeeping and upon an erroneous notion of what it really costs to govern the city of New York, as a little examination would show.

FIGURES INTERPRETED.

The total New York budget for 1901 is, undoubtedly, $98,000,000, but this public expenditure is subject to reduction to the amount of about $9,000,000 of city revenues not derived from taxation. These items make up what is known as the general fund and the largest of them is the sum which the city of New York gets back from the state from moneys appropriated for school purposes. A certain amount is raised by taxation locally and is applied to the state's school fund. Part of it is afterward repaid, so that the actual expense to the city is not the sum raised, but the difference between the amount derived from taxes and the amount returned from the state. Toward schools New York will contribute next year to the state, $2,683,291 raised in the four counties, as follows: New York, $2,060,986; Kings, $514,645; Queens, $72,250; and Richmond, $35,410. Last year New York got back from the state one-half of what it contributed and a like return next year will reduce to the extent of $1,300,000 the sum to be paid from city taxes.

Other items of revenue are the city's share of the excise taxes, which amounts to $4,000,000, the interest on taxes overdue, which amounts to three-quarters of a million dollars, and such minor items as fees and licenses. For instance, the cost of the maintenance of the office of the county clerk is $95,000 in New York county for 1901; for the county clerk of Kings, $45,000; Queens, $11,500, and Richmond, $4,500, a total of $156,000, but about one-third of this, or $53,000, comes back into the city treasury in the form of fees collected. It is the same with the sheriff's office and with the office of register. For the latter, $165,000 is appropriated in New York county next year and $53,000 in Kings, a total of $218,000. The sheriff's fees paid to the city treasury amount to about $75,000.

HUNTING DOWN THE EXPENSE.

The net expense to the city as shown by the budget after deducting the items of the general fund is, therefore, $80,000,000, but this is subject to other and important reductions which bring down the cost of the city government very considerably. Included in the budget this year, as usual, is the item "redemption of the city debt." Every year certain bonds, issued not for current expenses, but for property acquired, fall due. What the city needs for current expenses is raised from taxes. When the city acquires property for public buildings, armories, courts, prisons, acqueduct purposes, parks or markets, bonds are issued and the principal is provided for by installments. The amount of such payments next year is $3,904,287, and this item is, properly speaking, no charge upon the city of New York for administration, but is an investment for property acquired by the city. Deducting it from the cost of the city administration, it brings down the latter to $85,000,000.

There is a further item of $5,200,000 to be raised by taxation next year for school house and water main purposes and sundry other items (of which the expenditures of the Rapid Transit commissioners form one) paid for by the issuance of bonds. Presumably for such advances, for such these items are, and not for current expenses, the city in property acquired will gain a corresponding revenue. Thus the ownership of the tunnel will be an asset to the city, the commercial value of which will include the expenditures made necessary for the pay of the Rapid Transit commissioners during the years preceding the actual beginning of the work. This deduction bring down the total public expense to $80,000,000, but does not include all the items of reduction from the city's budget, the extent of which appears to have frightened many persons unfamiliar with its actual make-up.

ACTUAL COST $65,000,000.

New York county contributes to the expenses of the state government $1,844,000 this year. Kings county contributes for like purposes $460,000, Queens $65,000 and Richmond $31,000, a total of $2,400,000. This sum is raised on the basis of valuations which are fixed finally by a state board and are imposed as part of the state's levy for taxes entirely irrespective of the administration of municipal affairs. In addition to this item there is another, almost as large, which does not legitimately belong among municipal expenses. It is the tax imposed by the state of New York upon each of the counties for the maintenance of the canal system of New York, of which New York city and its neighborhood are the chief beneficiaries commercially. Since canals were made free of tolls they are no longer self-supporting and their annual cost is provided for by taxation, toward which New York county contributes this year $1,410,000, Kings $352,000, Queens $50,000 and Richmond $24,000, a total of $1,836,000, which, with the local taxes raised for state expenses, make up a total of $4,236,000.

With these deductions, the actual expenditures of the city government are brought down to $75,000,000 a year, and this is subject to the further deduction of $10,480,000 for the payment of interest upon the city bonds and liabilities. These bonds were for the most part issued under previous administrations, but whenever issued the city credit and the city property are pledged to meet the interest as it accrues. The net city budget comes down, therefore, to $65,000,000, instead of $100,000,000 as accepted as the basis for comparison with the expenditures of other cities and countries.

Of this sum, $18,500,000 is expended for education; $12,000,000, approximately, for the police department; $5,000,000 for the fire department; $5,000,000 for the street cleaning department, and $1,500,000 for the judiciary. The balance is distributed among the minor city departments and a considerable reduction in the expenses of these is not considered improbable by those who have studied dispassionately the affairs of the city government.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Comparison of Comforts and Ceremonies with Those of Today.

Walter Wellman in Collier's Weekly.

Those of our forefathers who attended to the business of the nation at this capital a hundred years ago had rather a hard time of it. In the first place, their journeys hither were long and arduous, requiring three days to come from New York alone by stage coach. Arriving here they found but indifferent inns, stuffy rooms, crude dining halls. Getting to and from the Capitol building was a serious business, on account of the distance and the mud. It occurs to me that we who live in the first years of the twentieth century may count ourselves lucky dogs in comparison with the poor fellows who were compelled to worry along in the benighted days of the first part of its predecessor. The richest man of those times could not with all his fortune command the glorious privilege of riding to the national state house in a swiftly moving, brilliantly lighted street car, fare six-for-a-quarter. He could not telephone home and tell what he wanted for dinner and what time he would be there to eat it; and I remember hearing the late Kate Chase Sprague (beautiful woman in her day) tell how her father, the great chief justice, used to go to one of the windows of the senate wing and put a flag out so that she, watching for it through a telescope at their country house a mile or two away, might know that he was coming home to dine. Our ancestor knew a lot about the Constitution, but he could not for love or money get a morning bath in a warmed and tiled bathroom fitted with a porcelain tub, as most of the humblest of us can do now. He had to take his dip in the horse-trough or the creek, or go without. If there had been among those founders of the republic one as rich as Crocsus and Rockefeller combined, he could not have commanded such a newspaper as we may all buy nowadays for a copper or two, nor a library such as we all have access to (fit for emperors and literarily inclined gods), nor illustrated papers and monthly magazines for a dime a copy, nor steam or hot-water heated apartment, nor a parlor car at fifty miles the hour, nor ten thousand other conveniences, comforts and luxuries of life now so common as to be denominated necessaries. To my mind the crowning achievement of the century, and one which most of our centennial commentators have overlooked, is this raising of the standard of comfort so that the masses now enjoy things which the richest could barely dream of a hundred years ago.

ABSOLUTE PROOF.

DR. HAND'S CONDENSED MILK

For Sale by Druggists and Grocers

with

Phosphates and Hypophosphites Added

THIS BRAND OF CONDENSED MILK is the result of Dr. Hand's thirty-six years of study and practice of medicine, more than one-half of which has been devoted to the treatment of children. Dr. Hand is the originator of the Dr. Hand Remedies for Children. In his practice the doctor has found that among the majority of children, poor teeth, soft bones, lack of nerve force and vivacity of spirit are entirely due to a scarcity in their diet of those elements which aid in building up the entire system. These elements are; the phosphates of lime and soda, which build up the bones and teeth; the hypophosphites of potassium and manganese, which nourish the nerves and brain, and enrich the blood by increasing the number of its red corpuscles.

The doctor, for years, has made a special study of foods and their effects, so that today we are prepared to offer in this milk the most perfect semi-solid food yet discovered.

In proof of our claim that Dr. Hand's Condensed Milk with Phosphates and Hypophosphites added is the MOST PERFECT FOOD FOR BABIES, we herewith reproduce a few of the many testimonials we are constantly receiving, which, undoubtedly, substantiate our claim more forcibly than anything we ourselves might say:

"BABIES THRIVE ON IT."

Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1900.
The Dr. Hand Condensed Milk Co.

Gentlemen:—After a disappointing trial of nearly all the various so-called baby foods for our boy, by accident we learned of Dr. Hand's Phosphated Condensed Milk, and there are no words in the English language that can express its praise high enough.

It has the necessary property which the other so-called baby foods lack, and I consider it the only perfect baby food on the market today, that will change a puny, sickly baby to a strong, healthy child.

DR. C. S. DECKER.

—

40-42 Wyoming avenue,
Kingston, Pa., Dec. 7, 1900.

Dr. D. B. Hand.

I have this day mailed photo of the baby you and I had a talk about by 'phone last July.

Baby was born May 7th and nearly died three times before July 28th at which time we began to feed him your milk.

July 28th he weighed 8 pounds; December 1st, weight 21¾ pounds. Your milk did it.

M. B. GARNEY.

—

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 3, 1901.

Dr. Hand Condensed Milk Co., Scranton, Pa.

Gentlemen: I wish to say that I have used your Phosphated and Hypophosphited milk with our infant, when we thought that no power could save him, his stomach being too weak to take any nourishment whatever, had grown so feeble that we expected the end every moment. By chance we tried your milk, and now take pleasure in recommending it to the public.

Our child is now a strong, fat, lusty baby, and we consider that your Phosphated and Hypophosphited milk saved our baby's life.

(Signed) I. D. MARVEL,
81 South Main Street.

—

Scranton, Pa.

Dr. D. B. Hand.

My Dear Doctor: I have been compelled to raise my last three children on the bottle. With the first two I tried many of the baby foods, but they grew thinner each day and died. This, my last one, was going the same way as the first two, and when six weeks old I put her on Dr. Hand's Condensed Milk. It worked wonders for her, and I feel that to the milk she owes her life. She is now as healthy and happy as any child in the country.

MRS. JOHN J. GILROY,
638 North Main Avenue.

—

1909 Olive St., Scranton, Pa.

D. B. Hand, M. D.

Dear Sir:—For about eight months before my baby was born I was so afflicted with dyspepsia that Dr. Hand's Condensed Milk was about the only food I could retain on my stomach, and I practically lived on it during this period. When baby was born I tried to nurse her, but after two weeks I was obliged to wean her and at once began to feed the milk, which is still her only food. I can speak of this milk only in the highest terms.

MRS. GEO. W. FINN.

—

325 Spruce Street,
Scranton, Pa., Aug. 16, 1900.

To Whom It May Concern:

Our little boy arrived May 27, making his age at this writing two months and nineteen days.

The child weighed 5½ lbs. at birth and seemed to thrive on a prepared food recommended by the attending physician and nurse, weighing 7¾ lbs. on June 27, when a month old. Having decided to weigh the child every week, discovered a week later that he was losing in weight, tipping scales at 6¾ lbs., on the 8th of July 7¼ lbs., and and the 13th of July 6¾ lbs.

Knowing Dr. Hand as a great children's friend and doctor, called him to see the child. After looking him over, he said the little fellow was starving and told me to use his Condensed Milk. Well, his weight tells the rest. I commenced using Dr. Hand's Condensed Milk on July 14, on the 26th of July baby weighed 8 lbs. 4 oz.; Aug. 3, 8lbs. 10 oz.; Aug. 8, 8¾ lbs.; and today, Aug. 16, 9¾ lbs. That's all'

LOUIS LOHMAN.

—

Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1900.
Dr. D. B. Hand, Scranton, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I wish to drop you a few lines to let you know how baby has done on your milk.

After trying a number of other baby foods, of which none seemed to agree with her and she was failing all the time, I placed her on your milk, November 1, 1900, and she has almost doubled in weight since, and is as good as any baby can be. I am, yours,

THOMAS BEATY.

—

Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1900.
Dr. D. B. Hand,

Dear Sir: After using Dr. Hand's Condensed Milk, I consider it one of the best if not the best brand of condensed milk to be found on the market.

Yours very truly,
DR. C. W. CARPENTER.

—

41 Main Street,
Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1900
Dr. D. B. Hand,

Dear Sir: I have given your milk a good trial and find it the most palatable and highly nutritious preparations I have ever used.

Yours very truly,
J. M. MICHAEL, M. D.

That every one of the above testimonials are genuine can be ascertained by correspondence with the persons whose names are signed.

SUPERIOR TO OTHER BRANDS OF CONDENSED MILK FOR FAMILY USE.

THE DR. HAND CONDENSED MILK CO.

SCRANTON, PA.

$500 REWARD

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up-To-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Corner Clinton and Jackson Streets, Chicago, Ill.

Sold by McGarrah & Thomas, Druggists, 209 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

A MILKING MACHINE.

Glasgow Firm Wants to Exhibit One at the Pan-American.

It has been generally believed by those engaged in dairying that cows could not be milked by any mechanical device. A Glasgow, Scotland, firm claims to have a machine that will do the work and wants to exhibit it at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo next summer.

The milking machine is said to be built on the pneumatic system, with valves, suction rubbers, etc.

For a Cold in the Head
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.