

# "A Summer Holiday."

BY ABIGAIL GREENOUGH.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

**A** SOLITARY figure was standing outlined against the shadow of surrounding trees. His dress and appearance were that common to the seeker for summer recreation, and the wheel from which he had just dismounted was leaned against a neighboring tree.

Paul Benedict, the young man standing thus in musing attitude, was a member of a camping party at Lake Lenore, one of those beautiful Pennsylvania lakes so generously endowed with nature which are so common to the State.

The scene on which he gazed moodily, while he fanned his heated brow, might well enrapture one whose thoughts were in accord with nature's melodies. The August sun had lately sunk behind the wooded hills which bordered the western outline of the lake, and gorgeous banners of crimson and gold, in ever-changing panorama of form and color, were reflected from the sky upon the rippling water. The birds among the treetops were singing their evening matins, and a distant whippoorwill was sending forth an evening call. Added to this was the musical dip of oars, and now and then the sound of human voices came floating across the water, as some happy party added its note of melody to the general theme.

But in spite of the environments, Paul Benedict's face was not that of one in harmony with his surroundings. The rather heavy lips which he had been smiling, were now compressed into a hard, cynical expression; the knitted brow and vague unseeing look of the brown eyes indicated that the thoughts were turned within.

Nestled among the tall birch and maples, at a little distance from the shore, stood Gray Swan Cottage, and here Miss Annie Benson was entertaining a small party of friends, of which Paul Benedict was one. Among the guests, carrying sunshine in her face, where she went, was Mazie Dennie, the merry, carefree daughter of a prominent banker of Fairfield. Paul Benedict's father was superintendent of the D. & C. coal mines at South Fairfield, and Paul, who acted as his father's bookkeeper and confidential clerk, had, sometimes, to transact business with Mr. Dennie, which called him to the latter's home. In this way the young people were frequently thrown into each other's society, and while he had not openly declared his love for her, there is a subtlety of understanding between congenial minds which needs not the medium of speech to reveal the workings of the inmost soul.

It was with the anticipation of genuine pleasure that he had contemplated a week spent in her society, as the guest of their mutual friend, Annie Benson. Then, why this cynical curl of lip and frown upon the open brow?

Two boats are coming slowly toward the shore. In one, he recognized the form of Mazie Dennie, and feeling her ally toying with the oars, sits Percy Holden, a cousin of Annie Benson, who is enjoying his aunt's hospitality. A graduate of Andover a year since, and now about to become a member of the law firm of Lenore & Co., Percy Holden, with his fair, handsome face, his dashing elegance of manner, and fascinating conversation, had at once become a formidable rival for the affections of Mazie Dennie; he seems, as it were, to have captured the careless girl by storm. It was this which had sent Paul Benedict spinning away over solitary country roads, seeking to drive out the heart's unrest; this which had closed the windows of his soul to the beauties with which nature is letting down the curtain of the night.

"But listen! What is that cry of distress? What tragedy of life or death is intruding upon this quiet scene?"

In the boat which had approached nearer the shore were seated Mrs. Benson and little daughter Ruth, with two young ladies who were rowing the frail craft, in attempting to change positions, the boat had given a sudden lurch, which threw little Ruth and Madge Carter into the water.

Both young men heard the cry and saw the accident at once. Percy Holden has given motion to his drift-

boat, Paul Benedict has leaped into the water, and is frantically forcing his way to the spot whence they have sunk from sight. In an instant self is obliterated, every nerve is tense for the effort which lies before him.

As he nears the boat the curly head of Ruth is just rising from the dark water. With one hand grasping firmly the bodice of her frock, a few strokes of the free arm brings them to the side of the boat, and restores her to the frantic mother. But now her greater effort before him. Will he be able to save the drowning girl, who has a second time sunk out of sight? Can he do it? But he does not ask.

Watching where the water last closed over her until the half unconscious form again approaches the surface, he grasps her at the back, attempting to support her thus until the boat, now drawing near, may give assistance. But with the frenzy common to the drowning, she clutches him about the neck, and drags him down. Those watching from the boats feel that both are drowned, but the strong arm and dauntless courage of Paul Benedict are not to be defeated, and at last they again rise to the surface, this time so near the approaching boat that with the timely assistance of Percy Holden she is lifted, unconscious, and placed in Mazie Dennie's arms.

A second time Percy Holden leaned over the side, but he was an exhausted rescuer, but not so; his hold upon the boat side relaxed and he sank back into the water. For another he had gladly accepted his assistance; for himself he could not. When after a few seconds of exhaustion he was seen to turn and slowly swim toward the shore, there was the light of newly awakened emotion in Mazie Dennie's countenance. Joy and pride in his bravery seemed still half mingled with fear—fear that she might yet lose something which had suddenly become precious in her sight.

Among the pleasures planned for the guests of Gray Swan had been that of a trip to the Fairfield mines, with Paul Benedict, to whom every chamber of these great underground caverns was familiar, to act as guide.

On Friday morning, all having recovered from the effects of the incident just related, Gray Swan Cottage was a scene of activity at an early hour. A picnic dinner in a grove overlooking the valley was a feature of the day. All hands were busy in packing the baskets of goodies and putting in readiness other accessories for the day's pleasure. By ten o'clock the party were at the station, whence a short ride by trolley would bring them to their destination.

The morning was fair, and as the swift flying trolley sped onward, over hills, with glimpses of blue mountain chains beyond, and down the valleys, decked with fields of waving corn, joy and gladness seemed evident everywhere. The breeze that swept through the open tourist car, causing hats to lose their balance, and tossing into distracting confusion the ringlets surrounding the fair young faces, seemed to be blowing with the reckless gaudy which had taken possession of all minds save one. To Paul Benedict the life beneath the ground suggests too much of hardship and suffering for him to contemplate it even from a distance. In the spirit of mischief evident among his companions, it is with evident effort that he meets the railleury and jesting words of those about him, for his own thoughts awakened during the preceding days, helped to outweigh the buoyancy of spirit which nature would suggest.

As the party dining beneath the shade of oaks and pine trees, which clothe the hills on the western outskirts of the town. The view which lay before them was indicative of a different life than that from which a two hours' ride had transported them. It was a fairland of beauty and pleasure; this, a land of stern realities, activities and toil.

Long black mounds of culm lay stretched across the valley, with here and there a tall black breaker rising like dark sentinels from the sea of surrounding blackness. On the northern and southern horizons distant wreaths of smoke are issuing from other skeleton figures, and other black mounds, these constituting the only visible evidence of this monarch of industries, which, hidden in the deep bosom of the earth, has honeycombed for many miles the Lackawanna valley.

Arriving at the mines, the party are taken down in the little iron cage to a depth of several hundred feet. Although they find the atmosphere somewhat repulsive to nostrils accustomed to the sweet-scented air of verdant hills, and the gruesome darkness sending "creeps" along their spinal vertebrae, yet the spirit of the weakest does not falter. They are here upon research and adventure, and to what young being, filled with the abundant vitality of healthful life, is there not fascination in earth's mysteries and struggles, even though death and destruction are mingled in its conflict? For a few moments they watch the forlorn-looking men patiently plodding back and forth with their burden of black rocks, only working out their lives in darkness, and yet filling an important part in this buried world of activity. Down where the great steam pumps are forcing out the water they are told of an underground flood. How a rift in the earth above had once let a torrent come pouring into the mines, filling the working until men, but long and vainly were all about, and grave disaster was only prevented by cutting a new channel for the mountain brook, which had by chance found so deep a bed.

As they penetrate a long low chamber, from which the miners are busily breaking out, they are told of the work they engage in conversation one whose bent form and scarred face indicate long experience in this hidden realm of chance and labor. When asked what caused the scars which seemed his cheek and brow, he turned and pointed to a deserted chamber.

"Some rocks fell on me down in there," he said, "and these are the marks they gave me." When pressed for further details, he told how a heavy blast in an adjoining chamber had caused the unsupported roof of the low working to cave in. How the passage was filled with rocks for such a distance that for three days they were imprisoned behind the wall with two dead comrades in their midst, and that his own son had died when help

custom. Railroads permit all loaded cars to go through to their destination without an allow one another a certain sum for the use of the cars. This results in scattering the cars of the different roads over every section of track in the country. It produces the extraordinary procession of many-colored travelers from distant lands that delight the eye of youngsters at a railroad crossing.

In theory, the cars are permitted to run through over foreign roads to their destination, on the condition that promptly after starting on the journey home. In practice, the freight agent is apt to use the cars that are most handy, regardless of their ownership. An agent in Minneapolis would hardly think twice before filling up a Maine Central freight car with a consignment for Manitoba. The agent at Manitoba would not suffer a pang of conscience if he found himself stuffing the same Maine car with a cargo of supplies for Waco, Texas. Thus are the cars of the different roads, as clear as the Cornish air itself. Sitting down on the ledge of rock beside him, she gravely criticized the canvas.

"What say you, O child of the sea and winds?" he asked with a glance at the bright young face.

She turned to him enthusiastically, a flush on her cheeks.

"I think it's splendid!" she cried. "The best you've done since you've been with us."

"Only a trifle to medium, I fancy. I've never got beyond that, you know," he added thoughtfully.

The girl glanced at him, and saw that he was gazing seaward in vacant fashion. Instinctively she knew the bend of his thoughts.

"A failure couldn't have done this!" she said gently, her eyes on the picture.

He gave a slight start and laughed softly.

"Thank you, little girl," he cried. "But even your kindly comment doesn't alter the one great undeniable fact."

"What was the life you mapped out?" she asked quietly.

"A momentary gleam kindled in his eyes."

"My dreams? Oh, the usual ones of the young man who does not know that the thing that has been given him is not genius, but only a tiny spark of life. I was to be a big artist, painting wonderful pictures that would bring me lasting fame and position. I was to lead a dazzling life, see the world, mix with its masters, explore its treasures."

His voice came to a stop. The girl watched him with beating heart; he was staring into space, a far-away look in his eyes.

"I had another a little later," he went on in a low tone. "It was still to do all these things, but not for my own sake alone—to win a woman."

He paused and noticed his pipe had gone out. Mechanically his fingers felt for another match.

"Yes, I loved that woman, Joan," he continued. "I assured her confidently that I would work like a slave to achieve success, that in a short time I would accomplish this, and be able to marry her."

He gave a little low laugh.

"Fortunately for herself, she knew better, and foresaw my future with admirable clearness. She settled the point by marrying an extremely wealthy man."

The girl raised her head. She was a trifle white, but he did not notice it.

"And you never dreamed again?" she asked slowly.

"No, as the years drifted on, a calm philosophy fell on me, until now you see me as I am, my very small private income and the proceeds of selling my pictures to the dealers just enabling me to lead a life in a quiet, out-of-the-way place like Peneth."

His eyes rested for a moment on the clear robes of the tiny town, then he turned round quickly to her with a smile.

"You see I am reconciled now," he said. "The months I have spent here, living in the house with you and your aunt, have been the best thing in my life. We've had a jolly time together, haven't we?"

Joan rose to her feet. She was smiling now, and the color in her cheeks had deepened slightly.

"Yes, we've got on well!" she said. "I must run on now to see about tea—my mother would not like a quarter of an hour," she added in a laughing tone of command as she hurried away.

She walked swiftly alone the road to the town, her head bent in thought. The daughter of a Cornish clergyman, Joan looked like a girl who had found herself practically penniless.

She had gone to living at Peneth with her aunt, owing to a stroke of ill-fortune, was obliged to let a portion of her little house. Thus it was that Wargrave had had come to live with them some 15 months ago. What his presence now meant to the girl, she herself only knew.

She brushed a tear from her eye as she entered the house.

"I only dream of the past," she murmured, a half sob in her voice. "He will never know."

A few minutes later Wargrave was plodding leisurely along the road, his case under his arm. Looking ahead, he noticed an open carriage sweeping round the curve, and as it came nearer he saw there was only one occupant, a lady. Catching sight of her face, he gave a start of surprise and came to an abrupt halt.

She had seen him, too, and had given notice to the coachman. The next moment the carriage had drawn up in front of him, and, with white face, he was staring at the woman who so smilingly held out a hand to him. She was about 30, remarkably handsome, and dressed in the latest fashion.

"Not due to Fate," she said laughing at his surprise. "I saw one of your pictures in a London shop, inquired the address, and came down specially to this remote spot to find you." She opened the carriage door. "I want to return to London tonight. I want you, for the sake of old times, to come to the hotel and have tea with me. Will you?"

He got in beside her and the carriage started. In a few minutes they were sitting alone in the long dining room of the hotel. He had not tasted the tea she had handed to him, but was looking at her intently, his eyes taking in all the details of her appearance. She had removed her hat and coat, and sat before him, a smiling vision of magnificence.

"And what has happened to you?" she asked quickly.

He gave a little shrug of his shoulders.

"Nothing! I am where I was a dozen years ago, except that now I know."

He paused, then looked across at her.

"And you?"

"I came down to tell you," she said in a low voice. "Wargrave has been dead two years. I am free again, and a wealthy woman, and I am looking straight into his

eyes, and he gave a slight start. Uttering a soft exclamation, she rose from her seat and stood by his side.

"Yes, in those old days, Austin, you loved me!" she cried quickly. "You thought me heartless, but that wasn't quite the right word. I loved you, but I knew my temperament. I wasn't born to be the wife of a struggling man, poverty would have made me miserable, we should both have been extremely unhappy. I did what you knew—married a rich man. Now I am free, I come to you again; I isn't too late, Austin; we are almost young still."

He passed a hand over his forehead.

"You would be willing to marry me—have me live on your money?"

She laid a hand gently on his shoulder.

"Money is absolutely of no consequence to me; that part of the arrangement would never cross my mind. We may not love as we did, yet think what it would mean, Austin. I should have the husband I would have chosen—something of your dreams realized. Everything that lies at a rich man's hands will be yours—you can leave this narrow life for ever!"

"How sweet!" The suddenness of the thing had set his brain in a whirl.

"If not for love, an artistic comradeship," she said softly.

"In the days when we were together you gave me your last penny to satisfy my whims; now let me show you the beauties of the world—let us enjoy them together. It is not good to see you here with all your ambition killed!"

So she talked, and he listened with the blood throbbing through his veins. Presently she had to go, and he accompanied her to the station. Then, when the train had finally vanished from sight, he turned and walked down to the sea shore. If he consented to go up to London tomorrow, they were to be married and immediately to start for a long tour through Italy.

He strode up and down the lonely sands, lighting the things out, all so curious, so unutterably strange. He knew that the love that he had once for her was dead, stamped out—the marriage with Vanstarr had done that. He might like her, but he could never love her again. But she did not mind that; she was prepared to be satisfied with an "artistic comradeship,"—she had said so herself.

He made up his mind with a jerk, and walked swiftly back to the little house. He found Joan alone, and a sudden hesitation seemed to creep over him.

"Joan," he said awkwardly, "I am going to London tomorrow—must leave you."

She bent over her book.

"For good?" she said in a quiet tone.

He gave a little nervous laugh.

"Yes, for good, I'm afraid."

The girl rose from her seat and moved to the door. She knew what had happened—crossed instinctively who the woman at the hotel was.

"You will like to get into the big world again," she said with a brave smile. "I must tell aunt."

The next morning he took his departure. In a few minutes he was sitting alone in the long dining room of the hotel. He had not tasted the tea she had handed to him, but was looking at her intently, his eyes taking in all the details of her appearance. She had removed her hat and coat, and sat before him, a smiling vision of magnificence.

"And what has happened to you?" she asked quickly.

He gave a little shrug of his shoulders.

"Nothing! I am where I was a dozen years ago, except that now I know."

He paused, then looked across at her.

"And you?"

"I came down to tell you," she said in a low voice. "Wargrave has been dead two years. I am free again, and a wealthy woman, and I am looking straight into his

## The Man Who Dreamed.

**I**T WAS A bright spring afternoon, and Wargrave was sitting before his easel on the lonely shore at Peneth, putting the finishing touches to a small picture. He was a man of about 35, his hair just tinged with gray, yet not old in appearance.

He laid down his brush, and pulling out his pipe, proceeded to fill it leisurely.

Presently he was roused from his reflections by the sound of a light footstep, and looking around, saw a young girl approaching him.

"Not late yet, Joan?" he cried.

She smilingly shook her head. She was a pretty girl of 21, with shabby gray eyes, and a complexion as clear as the Cornish air itself. Sitting down on the ledge of rock beside him, she gravely criticized the canvas.

"What say you, O child of the sea and winds?" he asked with a glance at the bright young face.

She turned to him enthusiastically, a flush on her cheeks.

"I think it's splendid!" she cried. "The best you've done since you've been with us."

"Only a trifle to medium, I fancy. I've never got beyond that, you know," he added thoughtfully.

The girl glanced at him, and saw that he was gazing seaward in vacant fashion. Instinctively she knew the bend of his thoughts.

"A failure couldn't have done this!" she said gently, her eyes on the picture.

He gave a slight start and laughed softly.

"Thank you, little girl," he cried. "But even your kindly comment doesn't alter the one great undeniable fact."

"What was the life you mapped out?" she asked quietly.

"A momentary gleam kindled in his eyes."

"My dreams? Oh, the usual ones of the young man who does not know that the thing that has been given him is not genius, but only a tiny spark of life. I was to be a big artist, painting wonderful pictures that would bring me lasting fame and position. I was to lead a dazzling life, see the world, mix with its masters, explore its treasures."

His voice came to a stop. The girl watched him with beating heart; he was staring into space, a far-away look in his eyes.

"I had another a little later," he went on in a low tone. "It was still to do all these things, but not for my own sake alone—to win a woman."

He paused and noticed his pipe had gone out. Mechanically his fingers felt for another match.

"Yes, I loved that woman, Joan," he continued. "I assured her confidently that I would work like a slave to achieve success, that in a short time I would accomplish this, and be able to marry her."

He gave a little low laugh.

"Fortunately for herself, she knew better, and foresaw my future with admirable clearness. She settled the point by marrying an extremely wealthy man."

The girl raised her head. She was a trifle white, but he did not notice it.

"And you never dreamed again?" she asked slowly.

"No, as the years drifted on, a calm philosophy fell on me, until now you see me as I am, my very small private income and the proceeds of selling my pictures to the dealers just enabling me to lead a life in a quiet, out-of-the-way place like Peneth."

His eyes rested for a moment on the clear robes of the tiny town, then he turned round quickly to her with a smile.

"You see I am reconciled now," he said. "The months I have spent here, living in the house with you and your aunt, have been the best thing in my life. We've had a jolly time together, haven't we?"

Joan rose to her feet. She was smiling now, and the color in her cheeks had deepened slightly.

"Yes, we've got on well!" she said. "I must run on now to see about tea—my mother would not like a quarter of an hour," she added in a laughing tone of command as she hurried away.

She walked swiftly alone the road to the town, her head bent in thought. The daughter of a Cornish clergyman, Joan looked like a girl who had found herself practically penniless.

She had gone to living at Peneth with her aunt, owing to a stroke of ill-fortune, was obliged to let a portion of her little house. Thus it was that Wargrave had had come to live with them some 15 months ago. What his presence now meant to the girl, she herself only knew.

She brushed a tear from her eye as she entered the house.

"I only dream of the past," she murmured, a half sob in her voice. "He will never know."

A few minutes later Wargrave was plodding leisurely along the road, his case under his arm. Looking ahead, he noticed an open carriage sweeping round the curve, and as it came nearer he saw there was only one occupant, a lady. Catching sight of her face, he gave a start of surprise and came to an abrupt halt.

She had seen him, too, and had given notice to the coachman. The next moment the carriage had drawn up in front of him, and, with white face, he was staring at the woman who so smilingly held out a hand to him. She was about 30, remarkably handsome, and dressed in the latest fashion.

"Not due to Fate," she said laughing at his surprise. "I saw one of your pictures in a London shop, inquired the address, and came down specially to this remote spot to find you." She opened the carriage door. "I want to return to London tonight. I want you, for the sake of old times, to come to the hotel and have tea with me. Will you?"

He got in beside her and the carriage started. In a few minutes they were sitting alone in the long dining room of the hotel. He had not tasted the tea she had handed to him, but was looking at her intently, his eyes taking in all the details of her appearance. She had removed her hat and coat, and sat before him, a smiling vision of magnificence.

"And what has happened to you?" she asked quickly.

He gave a little shrug of his shoulders.

"Nothing! I am where I was a dozen years ago, except that now I know."

He paused, then looked across at her.

"And you?"

"I came down to tell you," she said in a low voice. "Wargrave has been dead two years. I am free again, and a wealthy woman, and I am looking straight into his

## Special Diseases of Men



**IS MY SPECIALTY.**

**I Do Not Scatter My Faculties**

**Center Them on My Specialty**

If you are suffering from any disease of condition peculiar to men, or if you have been disappointed in not getting a permanent cure, I want you to come and have a social chat with me. I will explain to you MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, which I have originated and developed after my whole life's experience in treating special diseases of men. I have no pills, specifics, free samples, trial treatments or electrical medical combinations or similar devices which do not and cannot cure diseases peculiar to men. My education, my experience, my conscience, my reputation, condemns all such quackery. If you will pay me a visit I will give you FREE OF CHARGE a thorough personal examination and an honest opinion of your case. If you are incurable I will tell you so, and advise you so that you will not be humbugged by unscrupulous practitioners who claim to cure all. If I fail to effect a cure, I make no charge for medicines, as they are always included in the nominal fee, asked, and you know to the cent, before you start what your whole treatment is going to cost, and I will make no false promise as to the time for the sake of getting you a patient, as I promise only what I can do, and do as I promise.

UNSATURATED DISCHARGES stopped in 5 to 10 days.

EMISIONS and DRAINS stopped in 5 to 10 days.

ULCERS. I care not of how long standing. I will dry them up at once.

STRICTURE cured without cutting or dilating.

HYDROCELE or any swellings or enlargements reduced at once.

IMPOTENCY by any system of treatment is curable irrespective of the time standing on your age.

BLADDER AND KIDNEY derangements by my system of treatment show signs of improvement from the very beginning.

RHEUMATISM, being caused by impure condition of blood, is cured permanently by me.

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISONING, permanently cured without the use of Iodide of Potash or Mercury.

WRITE if you cannot call. All correspondence strictly confidential and all replies sent by return mail, unless you indicate otherwise.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S**

**MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICES**

Permanently Located at

Rooms 208-209-210 Paul Building,

426-428 Spruce St., SCRANTON, PA.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

**E. Robinson & Sons**

**Lager Beer**

**Brewery**

Manufacturers of

**OLD STOCK PILSNER**

435 to 455 N. Ninth Street, SCRANTON, PA

Telephone Call, 2333.

**Prof. G.F. THEEL, D.D.S.**

Philadelphia, Pa. Only German Specialist in the U.S.A. who has had 20 years' experience in the treatment of all diseases of the mouth, throat, nose, ears, eyes, and skin. He has a special apparatus for the treatment of all diseases of the mouth, throat, nose, ears, eyes, and skin. He has a special apparatus for the treatment of all diseases of the mouth, throat, nose, ears, eyes, and skin.

**SANTAL-MIDY**

These tiny Capsules are the most effective and most reliable remedy for all diseases of the bladder and ureters. They are small, tasteless, and do not irritate the stomach. They are the only remedy that will cure all diseases of the bladder and ureters.

**Every Woman**

is interested in and should know of this wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new and improved MARVEL Whirling Spray is the only remedy that will cure all diseases of the bladder and ureters. It is small, tasteless, and does not irritate the stomach. It is the only remedy that will cure all diseases of the bladder and ureters.

**Wargrave**

Wargrave was sitting before his easel on the lonely shore at Peneth, putting the finishing touches to a small picture. He was a man of about 35, his hair just tinged with gray, yet not old in appearance.

**Joan**

Joan rose to her feet. She was smiling now, and the color in her cheeks had deepened slightly.

**Wargrave**

Wargrave was sitting before his easel on the lonely shore at Peneth, putting the finishing touches to a small picture. He was a man of about 35, his hair just tinged with gray, yet not old in appearance.

**Joan**

Joan rose to her feet. She was smiling now, and the color in her cheeks had deepened slightly.

**Wargrave**

Wargrave was sitting before his easel on the lonely shore at Peneth, putting the finishing touches to a small picture. He was a man of about 35, his hair just tinged with gray, yet not old in appearance.

**Joan**

Joan rose to her feet. She was smiling now, and the color in her cheeks had deepened slightly.

## A Child's Cry

**P**ierces the mother's heart like a sword. Often the mother who would do everything for the little ones, is utterly impotent to help and finds no help in physicians. That was the case with Mrs. Duncan, whose little one was almost blind with scrofula. But you may cure her eyes, but nothing did any good. We had our home physician and he advised us to take her to an oculist, as her eyelids would have to be "scraped." They had come so thick he thought she would never recover her sight. As there was no one else to whom we could apply my heart sank within me. I went to your Common Sense Medical Advertiser, read your treatment of scrofula, getting the properties of medicines there advised. With five bottles of Golden Medical Discovery, I have entirely cured my child.

"Hoping this will be of some use to you and a blessing to other sufferers, with kindest thanks, I remain"

**Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets** are an excellent laxative for children. They are easy to take and thorough in action.

## The Hobo Freight Car

**H**ow to Get a Maine Central Car Home from Waco, Texas.

Carl Hovey in Ainslie's.

The car accountant is a typical instance of development in the railroad business. In the early days he did not exist. The superintendent was supposed to know in a general way what was being done with the company's cars. The custom was for railroads to carry through freight as far as the end of their own lines in their own cars. Then it was transferred to the cars of the foreign line and so assisted on the next stage to its destination. So much time, however, was lost in making the transfers that the needs of shippers forced upon the railroads a departure which has now become their general

## Insomnia

**I**nsomnia is caused by a derangement of the nerves. Litchy's Celery Nerve Compound is a natural remedy, combined with other efficacious medicinal ingredients resulting in a nerve medicine of rare virtue, and wonderful in its prompt and soothing curative effects. It will make you sleep. Sold by Matthews Bros.