

# Fight Your Liver

If you want to. But look out, or it will get the start of you. If it does, you will have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, poor blood, constipation.

Perhaps you have these already. Then take one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime. These pills gently and surely master the liver; they are an easy and safe laxative for the whole family; they give prompt relief and make a permanent cure. Always keep a box of them in the house.

25 cents a box.

If your druggist cannot supply you, we will mail you a box direct from this office upon receipt of the price, 25 cents. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## A Girl's Idea of Boys.

At a recent public school examination for girls this composition was handed in by a girl of twelve:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and they answer respectable, and tell just how it was.

"A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—New York Journal.

An agricultural settlement near New York City supplies the Celestials of the Eastern states with their diet.

## Andree's Presentment.

The will of Explorer Andree, which he stipulated should not be opened until the end of 1900, was read early in the present year. In the presence of a few relatives. It was enclosed in a box with some other smaller packages, tightly sealed and marked, "To be burned unread."

In addition to these there were a series of letters from scientists encouraging the expedition, and one from his friend Fourville, warning him against the proposed trip. This was indorsed: "Possibly he is right, but it is now too late to withdraw."

The will is very short. The opening paragraph includes the following: "My presentment tells me that this terrible journey will signify my death."

The testator's small fortune of a few thousand marks is divided between his brother and his sister. He bequeaths his large library of scientific works to his brother, on condition that he in turn bequeath it to a public library.

Lord Ross's telescope, which was the pride of the astronomical world a generation ago, is no longer looked upon as unique. Other enormous instruments have been made, and one will soon be in working order at Oxford.

A number of orders for printing presses have been sent to the United States from Mexico recently. And, apropos of this fact, the first printing press of the American Continent was set up in Mexico City.

The modern demand for high-power machinery is shown by the fact that in Paris the average horse-power per machine exhibited in 1867 was sixteen; in 1878, sixty-two; in 1880, 170; and in 1900, 973—a most startling increase.

## Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache or a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has G.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

There's many a slip between the china and the hired girl.

## TRIUMPH.

My greatest triumph has been won—I never shall do a fairer thing! My rival prospered yesterday; I heard of it and didn't saun Him, fearing smiles that he might bring. But from my heart I put away The jealousy that had begun To spring up there, and tried to see The good in that which he had done— To feel that all was earned which he Had gained—and I succeeded, too! I saw how that in passing me He had but won what was his due— I choked down Hate and strove anew! —S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE PROMOTION OF PATROLMAN WAGNER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Wagner was so new to brass buttons that he still ran to fires. There are those in the police who do not run after one year's experience; Wagner, being ambitious, had been running nearly three years, and nothing had happened. Wagner is a gymnast as well as a policeman, and he is as proud of his big right arm—it feels like a new hemp hawser—as he is of his drab helmet.

On a night in April, some years ago, Wagner was patrolling his beat in Lexington avenue, New York, up as far as Seventy-fourth street and back again to Sixty-sixth street, a leisurely tramp of half a mile, although dull from being familiar. A few minutes after 2 o'clock in the morning, as Wagner records in his little book, he saw a fire engine coming up the avenue with horses in full gallop. In the daytime a fire engine is an incident; at night it is an event. This engine turned into Sixty-ninth street and raced to the eastward.

An engine in full steam leaves behind a broad, bright pathway of burning cinders. Wagner followed this path, and it led him straight to the edge of the park. Smoke was already rising in a dim, gray cloud above a brownstone house. It needed a keen eye at that hour of the night to see the building was on fire. In the middle of the street two scantily clad men were cackling oddly and pointing upward.

On a narrow ledge that ran just below a fourth-story window stood a girl in a white wrapper. She was crouching, with her hands feeling out along the smooth brick wall and over the edge of the steep mansard roof. She had crept from the open window, and the smoke was now reaching out behind her along the wall. It was about 50 feet down to the stone steps of the areaway, and the ledge was not as wide as a man's two hands.

As Wagner came up, he saw the girl look down as if intending to jump.

"Wait!" he shouted. "I'll help you!"

Then he ran up the steps of the adjoining building, and when the door was opened he dashed up four flights of stairs and ran into a front room. The window was already open. Two men were leaning out and holding the end of a knotted sheet. The ledge ran only the width of the burning building; consequently, although the girl was near the end of it, she was still separated from the men by more than five feet of bare brick wall; and she was two feet below them. They were dangling the sheet ineffectually in her direction and shouting:

"Take hold! take hold!"

The girl made feeble passes at the sheet, but she could not catch it; if she had caught it they would, with the best possible intentions, have dragged her from the ledge, and she would have been dashed to death on the flagging below. She was silent and all but dazed.

Wagner leaned out of the window, his right hand clutching the casing and his left extended in her direction. He called to her to jump.

She glanced down at the gathering crowd in the street, and clutched again at the smooth wall. Wagner knew that the frantic advice of the men below, the hissing of the engines and all the other din of the fire were fast unnerving her.

Fitzgerald, a fireman, now came up the stairs two steps at a time. When Wagner saw him he said, "Hold on to my leg."

Then he straddled the sill, with his right leg in and his left one out. Fitzgerald and one of the citizens grasped his ankle and braced their feet against the sill.

Then Wagner leaned forward, with his left foot pushing on the wall below the window until he stood straight out in mid-air as stiff and firm as the hickory shaft of a hoisting crane. He did not once look below him, or count on the chances of falling. He was facing the girl; slowly he swung toward her.

"Here, reach out!" he shouted.

But she did not hear him. She was trying blindly to turn on the ledge, feeling that escape in this direction was cut off. She was groping for the window that she had come through, not knowing that the room was now in flames from floor to ceiling. Just as she faced about, a sudden gush of fire drove the glass outward from the sashes and shot half a hundred feet in air. The girl shrank back before the heat, looked down, wavered, and then deliberately stepped from the ledge. Her hands were thrown out above her, and those below turned away in horror.

But Wagner had thrown himself violently forward. As the girl shot past him he grasped her arm near the

elbow with his right hand. At the sudden checking of the fall her right arm slipped swiftly through his fingers, but at her wrist he held her with a grip of steel. His own body was borne heavily downward; his leg, held by the two men within the window, was violently wrenched over on the sharp stone sill and drawn down with a snap as the girl's body was stopped short in its flight at the length of his arm. And there the two hung, the man holding by one leg, with his head down and his back to the wall, and the girl dangling by one hand far below him. She was a dead-weight of 130 pounds.

For a moment Wagner did not move; what with the pain in his leg, the wrench of his arm and the blood in his head, he was convinced that he must let her fall. But his wavering lasted only a second. By sheer strength he lifted her up until he could grasp her arm with his left hand. And then again he lifted, every straining lurch cutting into the leg which Fitzgerald and the citizen still held with grim determination.

The girl was limp and scantily clothed; he could not get a firm hold, and yet slowly and by sheer strength he succeeded in getting his hands under her arms. Then again he lifted, pushing her up across his body, until one of the men above, reaching down, could grasp her arm. Then they pulled her in, unconscious and more dead than alive.

After that, they lifted Wagner and drew him across the sill. They thought his leg was broken, but after a moment Wagner took the girl in his arms and carried her down four flights of stairs to the ambulance.

When Wagner reported for duty the next evening, the sergeant read an order from the chief of police requiring his immediate presence at headquarters. Wagner went with trembling not yet having awakened to his deed. The secretary of police seemed to know him and greeted him familiarly; so did the men of the central detail. Wagner thought it odd. At the midnight roll-call, the chief brought Wagner out and shook him by the hand before them all. Then he conferred upon him the two gold chevrons of a roundsman. Never before in the department had courage won promotion so promptly.—Youth's Companion.

## A WOMAN'S EXPEDIENT.

Clever Scheme to Enable a Prisoner to Cut His Way Out of Jail.

"Whenever I see that particular brand of canned peaches," said a New Orleans grocer, indicating a row of tins on the top shelf, "I am reminded of something very queer that happened here several years ago. One day in the summer of '96, if I remember rightly, a refined looking woman of about 30, dressed in deep mourning, came into the store and bought a couple of cans of California peaches of the brand I have just pointed out. She had a cab and took them with her, and I thought no more of the incident until she returned next day, carrying the tins in her hand. 'I have a sick brother at —,' she said, naming a small town in Alabama, and was intending to send him these peaches, with a bundle of other things, yesterday. But, on second thought, I believe I will buy a few more delicacies and get you to ship them separately. There was nothing peculiar about the request and I assured her I would be glad to attend to the matter. She ordered four or five dollars' worth of different articles—jellies, olives, marmalade and so on—paid the bill and gave me her brother's name, directing the things to be sent to him in care of captain somebody or other, at the Alabama town which she mentioned before. As soon as she left, I got out a box and began to pack up the consignment; but as soon as I came to the peaches I noticed that the two cans which she had returned were both slightly 'blown,' as we call it in the trade. In other words, the tops bulged outward a trifle, indicating that a little fermentation had been going on. Not wishing to send a sick man anything but the best, I set them aside and put in two fresh cans from the shelf. The box was shipped by the first express.

"Nearly six months after this episode," continued the grocer, with twinkling eyes, "we were cleaning out our old stock and ran across those two cans of peaches. I picked up one of them carelessly, and, my hand being wet, a piece of the label came off. You may imagine my surprise to see a lot of small saws soldered to the side of the tin, and on further examination we found that they completely encircled the can, and that the other was in exactly the same condition. At that I began to have a faint inkling of the truth and lost no time making a few inquiries. I found that the Alabama captain was the sheriff of his county and the invalid brother had been one of his official guests. He was a burglar and had since been sent to prison for ten years. The scheme was pretty shrewd. In the first place, the sheriff would not be apt to be suspicious of a package of goods coming direct from a reputable business house, and even if he opened the cans before giving them to the prisoner, there would be nothing wrong inside. The crook must have been bitterly disappointed when he examined the substitutes that I sent. The saws, as we afterward found out, were highly tempered and could cut steel bar like yellow pine. Who was the woman in black, did you ask? I have no idea; probably a sister, or wife, or sweetheart. I never laid eyes on her afterward."—The New Orleans Times-Democrat.



## THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—Shirt waists fill an important place in the wardrobe of the young girl, as well as in that of her mamma. The pretty little May Man-

over the hands. At the front where the revers meet is a generous bow of soft Liberty satin ribbon, and at the throat is a stock of lace banded with narrow strips of velvet.

To cut this gown for a woman of medium size eleven and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, ten yards thirty-two inches wide, or six yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with seven-eighth yard of piece lace eighteen inches wide for yoke, stock collar and revers.

## Tailor-Made Hats.

Some of the new tailor-made hats are quite pretty with short skirts, but whether they are practical is another thing. Very smart is the felt toreador with a silky pom-pom at the left side, and this is all very well if one is sure one's hat will remain at just the angle fashion decrees it should be worn. But, alas, the wind and weather and the elements in general soon show the scorn with which they regard fashion's latest decrees and do their best to make them look absurd. The French sailor in black and white plaid velvet, trimmed with a black velvet ribbon and one quill, is the latest and is worn straight and tilted over the nose.

## Ready-Made Dress Ornaments.

There is very little difficulty in the ornamentation of a bodice or a skirt nowadays, as suitable decorations of lace or silk passementerie can be purchased ready for attachment to match any kind of material and in almost any color, and innumerable ideas as to their arrangement can be obtained from the leading fashion journals.

## Woman's Seamless Corset Cover.

The corset cover that fits with per-



MISSIS' SHIRT WAIST.

ton model shown is adapted to silk, Henrietta, French flar 1 and all the list of washable materials, chevrons, madras, batiste, etc. As illustrated, it is of albatross in Russian blue, with bands of black taffeta and small gold buttons overlaid with a tracing of black.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the back and the fronts, that also close at the centres, but separately. The fronts proper are laid in groups of tucks, three each, that extend from the neck and shoulders to



HOUSE GOWN.

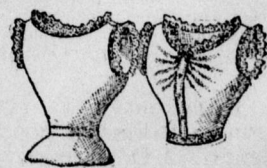
yoke depth, and are drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The back includes a centre V-shaped portion and side-backs, which are laid in three narrow tucks each. The sleeves are in bishop style with narrow cuffs that terminate in pointed ends. At the neck is a stock collar, that also is pointed, and closes slightly to the left of the centre.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age, three and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and three-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and seven-eighths yard thirty-two inches wide, or one and three-quarter yard forty-four inches wide, will be required.

## Woman's House Gown.

The house gown that partakes of the nature of the tea-gown, yet is not too elaborate for morning wear, fills a practical need and always finds a place. The May Manton model illustrated in the double-column cut has the merit of being exceedingly effective and giving a decidedly smart effect while, in reality, it is simplicity itself. A deft arrangement of trimming and the applied revers give a bolero effect, and the Watteau back means charm and grace. The model is made from wool crepe de Chine in robin's egg blue with a bias frill at the lower edge; yoke and trimming of cream lace and bands of bias black velvet.

The gown is made with a fitted front lining, over which the front proper is arranged, side-backs and Watteau back; with under-arm darts that render it smooth and well fitting without being tight. The lace yoke is faced into the lining, the revers are attached to the lower edge and rolled over the seam, so giving the jacket effect, and the lace is applied as indicated. The sleeves are in bishop style, but terminate in soft, lace-edged frills



SEAMLESS CORSET COVER.

two and a half yards of embroidered edging, one and three-quarter yards of heading and three-quarter yard of insertion to trim as illustrated.

## A CRY FOR HELP.

Result of a Prompt Reply.—Two Letters from Mrs. Watson, Published by Special Permission.—For Women's Eyes Only.

March 15, 1899.

To MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, Mass.:

"DEAR MADAM:—I am suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free from pain when lying down, or sitting in an easy chair. When I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I believe my troubles were caused by over work and lifting some years ago.

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they did me but little good.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it a fair trial.

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard to my case."—Mrs. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.



November 27, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to you the benefit that your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing down pains in lower part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer."—Mrs. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

This is positive proof that Mrs. Pinkham is more competent to advise sick women than any other person. Write her. It costs you nothing.

**\$5000** REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find and that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.