



Miss Lillie Degenkolbe, Treasurer South End Society of Christian Endeavor, 3141 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When life looked brightest to me I sustained a hard fall and internal complications were the result. I was considerably inflamed, did not feel that I could walk, and lost my good spirits. I spent money doctoring without any help, when a relative visited our home. She was so enthusiastic over Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, having used it herself, that nothing would satisfy her until I sent for a bottle. I have thanked her a hundred times for it since, for it brought blessed health to me and cured me within seven weeks.

I cured me within seven weeks. I now wish to thank you, your medicine is a friend to suffering women."—LILLIE DEGENKOLBE.

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When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

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Geo. S. Sealy, of 76 Nassau St., New York, says: "For years I have been troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, and I came by the conclusion to try your pills. I immediately found great relief from their use. I feel like a new man since I commenced taking them, and would not now be without them. The drowsy, sleepy feeling I used to have has entirely disappeared. The dyspepsia has left me and my rheumatism is gone entirely. I am satisfied if any one so afflicted will give Radway's Pills a trial, they will surely cure them. For I believe it all comes from the system being out of order—the liver not doing its work."

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cure all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Dizziness, Costiveness, Piles, SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION AND All Disorders of the LIVER. 25c. per box. At Druggists or by mail. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., New York. Be sure to get "Radway's" and see that the name is on what you buy.

## JOHNNY HEALY, U. S. MARSHAL.

BY TAPPAN ADNEY, Author of "The Klondike Stampede," Etc.

Johnny Healy was troubled. He was used to that. Twenty-five years selling beads and blankets to border Sioux and coming out without a scratch, he knew a few things. He had not been sheriff at Fort Benton for some years to no purpose.

Only a year before, the Indians had determined to kill him, as the best way of expressing their opinion of a man who had come among them for the sole purpose of selling them goods. Two Indians died suddenly in consequence, and no one knows how, he had been taken into the tribe; in place, it seems, of one of those who had died. Moreover, he might almost be called a chief; for the man whose place he took, and who had wanted to kill him, was a chief. The Indian had been altogether in the wrong, and the trader right, and that was their notion of savage justice. This strange circumstance, however, is not the story. It was a fact, though, that the Chilkoots had made him a Crow—"Klukwakittishan" (Old Man of the Crows) they called him.

Johnny Healey's trading post was some distance off, so government thought it well to make him a United States marshal.

Johnny Healey, upon being appointed marshal, being a man of experience, saw it would make the work easier to get the Indians to help him. It would save him much trouble; besides, it would please them. So he appointed from among his own people, the Chilkoots, three skookum young men as policemen.

Now Indians have their "bad men" the same as white people. There was one fellow who was always making trouble. Finally, he put a knife into his squaw for some trifling matter and the marshal had to send the policeman down to arrest him. They brought him up handcuffed. He came willingly enough. The steamer to take him to Sitka would not be up for two or three weeks, and meanwhile he did not know what to do with his prisoner. He had no place to keep him. The store consisted of a single room where the goods were kept, with the living-room and kitchen behind. He could not keep him there. At the side of the building was a shed used for a store-room and entered through the store. So he put him in there. That was no place for him, though, and besides, it would cost something to keep him until the steamer came, and the government made no provision for such a contingency. The marshal scratched his head and stroked his chin. Finally he hit upon a plan. He called up the three policemen and said to them:

"Go inside and tell the man that if he will give me his word of honor to be on hand when the steamer comes in I will let him go free. Tell him that's the way white men do; that sometimes they come back even when they are going to be hanged." He hoped the plan would work. There was no alternative.

The policeman went inside and in a short while they came out and announced that the prisoner said "All right." So he unlocked the handcuffs and the man walked out. And he kept his promise. Every few days he came up to the shore to inquire about the steamer. Finally the steamer came and the marshal said to the man: "The steamer won't sail for two or three days. Be sure to be on hand when the steamer sails."

It happened that the man was a Chilkat. The Chilkats didn't always pull with the Chilkoots. They were blood kin, but they sometimes differed on politics. The prisoner had friends. He was willing to go, but it seems his friends were far from being so. They did not at all approve of the trip to Sitka. Self-respecting Chilkats only went to Sitka to spend their money and get drunk. So the steamer sailed, and the man was not there. In fact at the very time the steamer was getting under way, at least 50 Chilkats, along with the prisoner, had repaired to a large empty house about half a mile distant from the store, and were then and there indulging in a feast and filling up on Alaska whiskey.

"Go down, take your man and bring him here," commanded the marshal to the policemen, when he saw the man was not there and had heard what was going on.

The three policemen filed down to where the festivities were going on. In a little while they filed back to the store.

"What's the matter with you? You are officers. You are big men. Why don't you take him?"

There was no answer.

"Then I will," he said; and the Indians saw he meant it.

Old Donavak, chief of the Crows, spoke up, "They will kill you." They knew it, and they were his friends. The whole village turned out. Every man was there, and they started ahead of him for the house where the men were. But the Chilkat gang, at best, were two to their one, and they were drinking. Arrived at the front of the house, he paused not an instant, put pulled open the door and stepped in. The room was chock-a-block with Indians. They were lined up in three tiers all around the sides of the room and there were men standing in the centre. There was the prisoner, but he was in the very last tier next the far wall. The moment the Indians saw who it was they set up a hubbub. "Tell them when they are still I will

have something to say," said he quietly to the interpreter.

In stantly there was silence. Indians are always polite that way.

With hands clasped behind his back and fixing his gaze squarely upon the man in the rear, he said, speaking slowly and quietly: "When you are all through eating, when it is all over, I want to see the prisoner at the store. Tell him to come with the policemen."

There was a dead silence.

The trader turned to go. Turning back, half around, he spoke again: "If there is any person here who objects, let him speak right now."

There was a dead silence, as before. Then to the policemen: "I want you to stay here until the feast is over."

Then he went back to the store. He was playing a desperate game; that it might work he could only hope. It might be more correct to say that Johnny Healy never for an instant, after the inception of a course of action, allowed a doubt of success to cross his mind. Force, he saw, was out of the question. No man would come alive out of that hole, if the first hand were raised. Every Chilkat carries a six-shooter in the waistband of his pants and a knife in his shirt to use when he thinks necessary. Three hours passed. The policemen came back to the store. The prisoner was not with them.

The trader had been against as hard a proposition as this before, but not exactly of this kind. If he weakened, his authority was gone. He rubbed his chin once more and looked vacantly out through the small window in front of the store. Then his eyes wandered to the different objects about the dingy room. Against the wall near the window stood a small table. On the table was a copying press. It was just an ordinary commercial copying press. He used it for keeping copies of letters he sent outside for goods and other matters. He had found it a useful thing, and had brought it from Montana. It was somewhat of a mystery to the Indians. There was not another one in Alaska this side of the governor's office at Sitka. Perhaps they had some idea about its being "official." They knew that letters to Sitka first went into that machine. However, we may not know all that passed through the minds of the savages whenever they came into the store to buy a bolt of calico or a plug of tobacco. An idea struck the trader. The copying press!

"So he refuses to come, eh? I'll fix that," he said, with a look of determination that was meant to convince. "So he won't come, eh? Who are his friends?" he almost screamed at the alarmed policemen who stood waiting after the delivery of their report. Lifting the lid of the tall desk he took out a large sheet of writing paper and with a great show of deliberation, he reached for a pen and dipped it into the ink.

"Who are his friends that will not let him come?" he demanded fiercely. They were all known. One by one they were called off and slowly and carefully each name was written down on the paper. There were nine altogether. He now held up the sheet so they could see the names written upon it, and then walking briskly across the room, opened the letter book, placed the sheet of paper in, closed the book, put it under the letterpress and, giving the wheel a sharp turn, brought it down firmly upon the book.

"There! He won't come, eh? The prisoner will be here by sunset!" The policemen looked at each other with a mystified air, muttered something to each other, and, as the trader waved them out, they backed out of the room.

Johnny Healey sat down in a chair. He wiped his brow, for the day was warm. He had played his last card. He knew perfectly well that the men would go right back and every Indian in that house would know what had been done.

Half an hour passed. It was an anxious one for the trader. Presently he heard voices outside. Then the sound of feet upon the steps and the door was pushed open. The yard was filled with Indians—Chilkats and Chilkoots. In front was the prisoner. He was fairly pushed into the door.

"Take him! Take him!" several voices said at once in Tingit.

The Indian went to Sitka. What would have happened if the bluff had failed even Johnny Healy didn't know.—Collier's Weekly.

### Lord Rosebery's Descent.

The Earl of Rosebery appears to have been the right man in the right place yesterday, and this in more senses than one. His lordship, it would seem, had a genealogical claim to deliver the Millenary oration. An antiquarian correspondent informs us that Lord Rosebery "has a clear descent from the great king of the Saxons through Princess Margaret, sister of King Henry VIII. She was the wife of the chivalrous but rash James, fourth king of the Scots of that name, who came to grief at Flodden, and their son and successor was James V, the father of that most romantic of princesses, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Mary had a half-brother, the Earl of Moray, the same who forced her poor trembling hand to sign the deed of abdication, who founded a line of nobles, the fourth of whom gave a daughter as wife to the ninth Earl of Argyll. He had the misfortune to lose his head at Edinburgh for opposing James II of England, whose representative is 'Mary III,' otherwise the Princess Louis of Bavaria. This Countess of Argyll was mother of the next earl, ancestor of the fourth duke, a sister of whose was Countess of Rosebery, and great great-grandmother of the present noble earl."—London Chronicle

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE FAIR

New York City.—Dainty waists, with square yoke effects and narrow open fronts, are much in vogue and are charming, both as odd bodices and

The foundation is a fitted lining that extends to the waist line only, onto which the yoke is faced and to which the portions of the gown are attached. The gown itself is cut with loose, flowing fronts, under-arm gorges that outline the figure and a back that is laid in inverted pleats to give a Watteau effect. The upper edges of the back are finished with revers. Bolero fronts that are softly draped from the under-arm seam to the centre front have revers that roll over at the upper edge and meet those of the back at the shoulders. The sleeves are in bishop style with deep pointed bell cuffs, and at the neck is a turn-over collar.



WOMAN'S FANCY BLOUSE.

with skirts to match. The very pretty May Manton model shown is made of pale blue taffeta, with front of cream lace over white satin and trimming of fancy braid in which blue is blended with threads of silver, edged with black; but all waist and gown materials are appropriate. White and pale tinted cloths are exquisite for reception and dinner costumes, silks of various sorts are much worn, and such simple wool fabrics as albatross, henrietta, cashmere and wool crepe make charming gowns and waists for informal afternoon wear.

The snugly fitted lining closes at the

To cut this gown for a woman of medium size eleven yards of material twenty-one inches wide, nine and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, seven and one-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or five and one-half yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one-half yard tucking for yoke and one and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide for frill.

### A Timely Tip.

A tip for you. An inch-wide stitched band like the bodice is much more becoming when a contrasting waist and skirt are worn, as a belt to match the skirt makes one look so much shorter-waisted.

### Woman's Shirt Waist or Blouse.

Tasteful shirt waists are in constant demand. Each new design finds its place and creates its own vogue. This extremely pretty model by May Manton is one of the latest out and includes several novel features. As shown it is of French grey dog-skin flannel with the narrow front of white, but both plain and figured flannels, all waist cloths and silks are appropriate.



STYLISH TEA GOWN.

centre front and extends to the waist line only, but the blouse extends below the waist and is, therefore, easily kept in place. The fronts are laid in single side pleats, at the shoulder seams, but are arranged in gathers at the waist line to produce soft, graceful folds. The narrow vest front is separate and attached to the lining, permanently at the right side but hooked into place under the left front. The back is plain across the shoulders and drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The sleeves are novel and stylish, the material being cut away at the outer seams to admit the puffs of lace, but these may be omitted and the sleeves made plain when preferred as shown in the small view of back.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and five-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and one-eighth yards of all-over lace for plastron, collar and puffs.

### Woman's Tea Gown.

Attractive and becoming tea gowns make economical as well as fashionable possessions. The woman who saves her street garments by never wearing them within doors and reserves her afternoon gowns for their proper service is enabled to keep well dressed at less cost than she who, possessing no tasteful home gowns, wears the garments of more formal use in her bedroom or boudoir. The very charming May Manton model shown in the large drawing is eminently simple yet graceful and stylish at the same time. The material from which the original was made is old rose cashmere having an edge of black embroidery that formed the foot-frill, revers, collars and cuffs. The yoke is of tuck taffeta. All bright and becoming shades of color are correct and henrietta, albatross, and all the light weight wools as well as soft finished silks are appropriate.



TASTEFUL SHIRT WAIST.

yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with five-eighths yards for narrow front, cuffs and front of collar when contrasting color is used.