

GAVE UP BUSINESS.

So Weak He Could Not Work.

Philip Huber, 351 Cumminpaw St., Jersey City, N. J., says: "Three years ago I was compelled to sell my business. Kidney trouble had made me so sick that for eight months I was too weak to work and almost too miserable to live. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills at that critical period and the results were beyond my expectations. I have bought back my business and occasionally work 18 hours a day without ill effect. Doan's Kidney Pills have made this possible and I cannot recommend them too highly."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Severe Punishment. Belle—And did you make her eat her own words? Beulah—Eat 'em? I made her Fletcherize 'em.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

May Be Wooden-Headed. Caller—I didn't know your son was at college. Is this his freshman year? Mrs. Bunderby—Oh, no, indeed; he's a sycamore.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to Mrs. 30 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Wanted a Change. Milkman—I see by the papers that a Frenchman has invented a new way of transforming water into milk. Customer—Well, I hope you'll adopt it. I'm getting awfully tired of the old way.

Ancient City Modernized. Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor, where the apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus river. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use.

Old Pete's Little Joke. Foolish questions and funny answers were under discussion in the Trenton avenue and Dauphin street police station the other day, and after listening for a while to some amusing instances, Sergeant McKay told the following: "Old Pete Flood was the attendant in the Franklin cemetery some years ago, and it became the custom to ask him how business was, just to hear his reply. It came in a heavy bass voice: "Ain't buried a living soul today." —Philadelphia Times.

Putting in the Time. A gentleman was engaging a general man and telling him what he wanted him to do. "You will have to clean the windows and the boots and the knives and go messages, chop wood, cut short grass, mind the horse and pony, look after the garden and keep the house supplied with vegetables and do any odd job that is required and if suitable you will get ten shillings a week." "Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man. "What makes you ask that?" asked the gentleman. "I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the man.

THEY GROW Good Humor and Cheerfulness From Right Food and Drink.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes: "Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition. "But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair. "I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum. "The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman. "My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health. "I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life today." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

A TRUE STORY of the SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY, Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

A PIPE DREAM

URING and for over ten years following our great civil war there was an era of counterfeiting unparalleled in the history of our country. The colossal crimes perpetrated and the reckless plunging of criminals in those days of demoralization appear quite impossible at this time. A large percentage of the bonds and currency issued and put afloat by the government were counterfeit.

Even the United States sub-treasury at New York accepted nearly a hundred thousand dollars of 7-30 counterfeit bonds from Jay Cook & Company that could not, from their appearance, be distinguished from the genuine. After holding the bonds for some time they were discovered to be duplicates of others that were in the treasury. The bonds were turned back to Jay Cook & Co., who were compelled to suffer the loss.

The discovery of this spurious issue of bonds and many finely executed counterfeit greenbacks gave rise to the rumor that the plates upon which the genuine issues were printed had, through the connivance of certain government officials, been stolen out of the printing bureau at Washington. This story, heralded throughout the country, caused a ripple of excitement and was made use of by the counterfeiters and sawdust swindlers for the purpose of increasing their illicit traffic. Many people really believed that genuine plates for printing government money were in the hands of counterfeiters and sawdust swindlers.

Many of these were referred to me. Through the medium of the newspapers I frequently explained that the fellows issuing the circulars were swindlers, but that they were not engaged in handling counterfeit money. Almost every day there was brought to my attention the news of some new plot concocted for the purpose of robbing the government. One of the many remarkable exposures of prodigious plots for undermining our nation's credit came to the front from Louisville, Ky. It was an affair of great seeming importance brought to the attention of President Grant by no less a personage than General Benj. H. Bristow, who was at that time United States attorney for the district of Kentucky.

General Bristow was a man with a large head in which there was room for a great mind; but in this case, as in many others, he seemed to lack penetration and the deep reasoning faculty necessary for solving mysteries of magnitude. General Bristow had been approached in his office at Louisville by a tall, raw-boned Kentuckian, who introduced himself as Colonel Houston King, clerk of the circuit court of Elliott county, Ky. King made the most astounding revelations concerning the existence of a plot that was expected to ruin the credit of the government and force repudiation and general bankruptcy. The design of the conspirators was to flood the country with counterfeit greenbacks and national bank notes. Colonel King was taken before Judge Blackburn, to whom he made an affidavit setting forth in detail the particulars of the plot and giving the names of some of the leaders. Among them was the name of Frank P. Blair, a noted politician. Having subscribed in a lawful manner to the astounding statement made, King was permitted to go at large, but was under the surveillance of Col. Alexander Hoagland, then a special agent of the revenue bureau and afterwards known as "The Newsboys' Friend." General Bristow forwarded to the president documents setting forth in full all the circumstances attending and surrounding the inception of the plot and the progress it had made up to that time as related to him by Colonel King. These documents were turned over to me and I was instructed to read everything set forth carefully. The conclusion that I came to and so reported was that the man who gave this information was seeking notoriety or making an effort to induce the government to pay him a sum of money. It was quite impossible for me to give credence to the unreasonable confession made by Colonel King. I did not, therefore, grasp the case as one affording me an opportunity for making a reputation. While somewhat anxious about the affair, the president and secretary of the treasury were, after receiving my report, quite willing to await further developments. Some months later, when Mr. Boutwell had resigned the secretaryship and William A. Richardson had been appointed to take his place, I one day received a telegram from the solicitor of the treasury requesting me to meet him at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York City. In obedience to his request I met the solicitor at the appointed time and place.

I was now informed that Col. Houston King, accompanied by Alexander Hoagland and a lawyer named L. J. Fillston of Greenupberg, Ky., had recently arrived in Washington and visited the secretary of the treasury for the purpose of calling his attention to the revelation previously reported by General Bristow. While Secretary Richardson was not very much upset by King's story, he thought it was a case that ought to be investigated. Consequently Mr. Banfield, the solicitor of the treasury, was called into the conference and it was determined to take the trio of Kentuckians to New York City, where the work necessary for unraveling the plot was expected to take place. This city was then, as now, the headquarters for frenzied finance. King, his lawyer and Colonel Hoagland, for the purpose of better maintaining secrecy, separated from the company of the solicitor and quartered themselves at the Metropolitan hotel. It had been previously arranged that King should come to meet me at the Fifth Avenue hotel. At the appointed time he sent up his card, upon which was written "Col. Houston King, Elliott county, Ky." I put the card in my pocket and told

low conspirators for a purchase of \$10,000 of the spurious greenbacks which were to be paid for in gold coin furnished by the government. The persons appearing to deliver the bogus stuff were to be arrested and finally the conspirators were all to fall into the hands of the government detectives. After this arrangement was made and King had taken his departure from the hotel. The next morning at the appointed hour King put in an appearance. I suggested in a friendly way that he might as well take a carriage when he went out to meet the conspirators. This seemed to please him. I called a porter and instructed him to secure a carriage for the colonel. King left with a promise to return and meet me at four o'clock in the afternoon at the solicitor's room. I had previously arranged the carriage business and King entered a hack and was driven away by a trusty government detective. After the drive King came to meet me as agreed and was now laboring under considerable excitement. He declared that he

sure. The case was now more of a poser than ever. What on earth was the Kentucky colonel up to? Was he trying to do the government out of the \$5,000 in gold, a feat that would appear impossible to a man of sense? Or was he trying to play a joke on the detectives? The affair had now narrowed down to a pretty close margin, but the denouement was not yet. Just how it was to end was a mystery. On the next morning while I was waiting in the solicitor's room at the Fifth Avenue hotel for King to show up according to promise, who should bolt into the room but L. J. Fillston, King's lawyer. He was quite out of breath and much excited. "There's hell to pay. They are trying to kill King! Here," said he, "look at these!" He handed me a handful of cards with death's heads and cross bones, words of warning and threats of death to a traitor marked upon them. "These," said the lawyer, "were thrust under King's door during the night and he is pretty nearly scared to death." I still had the card in my pocket sent up by King on the occasion of his first visit to the solicitor's room. I pulled it out and compared the writing with that upon the threatening cards. It was plain that all had been written by the same hand. "I will give King government protection at once," I informed the lawyer. Calling a couple of officers that I had stationed near, I started with them and the lawyer to the Metropolitan hotel. Upon ascending to the third story and reaching Colonel King's door, we found it locked. After some hesitation and parleying King opened it and sprang back and took his seat on the side of the bed, where he sat bolt up-



the porter to show the gentleman up. As the Kentuckian strode into the room with a soldierly step and bearing he faced about and saluted me in a military fashion. He seated himself with an air of dignified importance and looked as though he thought himself in the presence of a man of consequence. As he unfolded his wonderful tale he went ballooning way up into the murky sky of finance. There was nothing small about his talk. He spoke of millions as though they were but trifles and of a colossal scheme that was a stunner in a financial way. "What amount do you expect the government to pay you?" I inquired. He said he did not want to be unreasonable and the payment of a million dollars would be satisfactory to him. Now came my turn to assume an air of importance. With a voice and face that betokened sincerity, I assured him that the amount asked was less than I had expected and quite little enough for the risk he was taking, and that I would have no hesitation in recommending the payment of the sum demanded. I suppose he thought my promised recommendation equivalent to a million in his hands, as he expressed himself as being well satisfied. It was agreed that he should again come to the solicitor's room at the Fifth Avenue hotel at nine o'clock on the following morning and that he was to go out into the city and make arrangements with certain of his fel-

low conspirators had somehow discovered that he had sold out to the government. He thought he was taking a great risk, but said he was not going to weaken. He said he had met five of the men he wanted to see and had planned a deal for \$10,000 of the bogus stuff. Matters began to look a little serious at this time, as it was necessary for me, in order to carry out the arrangements with King, to furnish \$5,000 in gold coin on the following morning in order that the deal might come off as planned by King. I told him I would furnish the \$5,000, but that on account of the short notice I would be compelled to borrow it temporarily from the sub-treasury. The bag of coin, I told him, would be under the government seal and it would be unnecessary to break it open, especially as we expected to capture it back at the moment when we arrested the counterfeiters bringing their bogus stuff. When I saw the detective who had been King's hack driver, I learned that as he started away from the hotel King stuck his head out and told him to drive up to High Bridge. From this point he was driven to many other public places. His only purpose seemed to be to get a look at the sightly places about the city. During the trip King had only got out of the carriage once, and only for the purpose of taking a drink. He had spoken to no one; of this the detective was

right with his hands clinched around the back of his neck and his eyes rolled up and staring at the ceiling as though it were frescoed with bloody daggers. Great drops of perspiration were standing upon his forehead. "I am gone up," he muttered. "The devils are after me." "What's this scar upon your head, colonel?" I inquired. "Oh, that's where a Yankee bullet raked me," he said. "Look here, King, don't you know you are crazy?" I asked. "Certainly I am, and one of the most guilty men alive," he replied. "I must take you to a safe place, Colonel King, so come along with us." We took him before United States Commissioner Shields, where he made an affidavit against himself for the purpose of securing his entry into Ludlow street jail for safe keeping. I sent for William A. Hammond, then a noted professor of diseases of the mind. He came, examined the colonel and pronounced him a lunatic. It was a lamentable affair, but nevertheless a huge joke upon Colonel Hoagland and the lawyer, who had been all this time gallivanting a crazy man about the country. Colonel Hoagland was no doubt in the affair for the sole purpose of rendering service to the government, but Lawyer Fillston was unquestionably expecting a large share of the million dollars.

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To Put It Mildly. "They say he has a swelled head." "I must admit that he seems to appreciate himself very much." Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. The man who thinks more of his pigs than he does of his wife and babies is the devil's idea of what a husband and father should be. Thousands of country people know that in time of sudden mishap or accident Hamlin Wizard Oil is the best substitute for the family doctor. That is why it is so often found upon the shelf. None in Stock. A well-dressed woman paused in front of the chestnut vender's stand. "Are they wormy?" she asked. "No, ma'am," he answered blandly. "Did you want them with worms?" Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hoagland* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Skied. "How does Dobber rank as a painter, anyhow?" asked Willbraham. "Pretty well, I guess," said Lollerby. "At the last exhibition they hung his picture higher than any other in the place."—Harper's Weekly.

16 YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE. "For sixteen long years I have been suffering with a bad case of skin disease. While a child there broke out a red sore on the legs just in back of my knees. It waxed from bad to worse, and at last I saw I had a bad skin disease. I tried many widely known doctors in different cities but to no satisfactory result. The plague bothered me more in warm weather than in winter and being on my leg joints it made it impossible for me to walk, and I was forced to stay indoors in the warmest weather. My hopes of recovery were by this time spent. Sleepless nights and restless days made life an unbearable burden. At last I was advised to try the Cuticura remedies [Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills] and I did not need more than a trial to convince me that I was on the road of success this time. I bought two sets of the Cuticura Remedies and after those were gone I was a different man entirely. I am now the happiest man that there is at least one true cure for skin diseases. Leonard A. Hawtof, 11 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30 and Aug. 3, '09.

VERY DECEIVING. The Preacher—We tried a phonograph choir. The Sexton—What success? The Preacher—Fins. Nobody knew the difference till a deacon went to the loft to take up the collection. MIX THIS FOR RHEUMATISM. Easily Prepared and Inexpensive and Really Does the Work, Says Noted Authority. Thousands of men and women who have felt the sting and torture of that dread disease, Rheumatism, which is no respecter of age, persons, sex, color or rank, will be interested to know that it is one of the easiest afflictions of the human body to conquer. Medical science has proven it not a distinct disease in itself, but a symptom caused by inactive kidneys. Rheumatism is uric acid in the blood and other waste products of the system which should be filtered and strained out in the form of urine. The function of the kidneys is to sift these poisons and acids out and keep the blood clean and pure. The kidneys however, are of sponge-like substance, the holes or pores of which will sometimes, either from overwork, cold or exposure become clogged, and falling in their function of eliminating these poisons from the blood, they remain in the veins, decompose and settling about the joints and muscles, cause the untold suffering and pain of rheumatism and backache, often producing complications of bladder and urinary disease, and general weakness. The following simple prescription is said to relieve the worst cases of rheumatism because of its direct action upon the blood and kidneys, relieving, too, the most severe forms of bladder and urinary troubles: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. The ingredients can be had from any prescription pharmacy, and are absolutely harmless and safe to use at any time.