MAJOR PENDALLAS.

A Christmas Love Story.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

On the 24th of December, 1880, I was standing in a little country railroad station, in a state of perplexity. Near me, sitting in a chair by the stove, was a young lady, also in a state of perplexity. Facing us both stood the station master, who had been in a state of perplexity, but was getting out of it.

"Just you wait here ten minutes," he said, "and I'll see what I can do for you," and putting on a fur cap and an ulster, he went out of doors.

The state of the case was this: Miss Weldon, the lady by the stove, was on her way to join a Christmas party at the house of her uncle, Mr. Dolliver, some seven miles from the station, and I, invited to the same house, had been delighted to meet her on the train. We were good friends, and had studied art together in Paris. When we left the city in a morning train, a little sleet was beginning to fall, and as we journeyed northward we found the snowfall heavier and heavier, and we had arrived at this little village of Boynton at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, an hour behind time.

From Boynton to the Dolliver house we were to go by stage coach, but the driver had left more than an hour previous, hurrying away before his ordinary time for starting for fear the road would be blocked up before he could get to his home, a good twelve miles away, and assuring himself that there would be no passengers for him on such a day.

It was reasonable enough that we should be perplexed, since we could not see, nor at first could the station master see, how we were to get to our journey's end that day. If we could wait until next day, he told us, the stage driver would be back in a sleigh. He said he would be sure to come—for Christmas packages, if not for passengers. But we could not wait until next day. It would be better to return to the city in the next down train, if, happily one should come. We could not hope that the Dolliver's would send for us, for if they saw the stage pass without stopping, they would be sure we had not come by the train.

The station master was a good man and did his best to get us out of our trouble. He had doubts about another train coming down that day—it was a country road with one track—and he thought it would be a great pity if the Dolliver's should be deprived of the company of two of their Christmas guests, a lot of them had come up the day before. Nobody in the village made a business of hiring out vehicles or carrying passengers, but an idea had struck the station master, and he had gone out to see what he could do with it.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned.

"Well, sir," he said, "there is just one thing you can do. There isn't anybody in this village who will go Dolliver's to-day, for there is no chance of getting back to-night, but the man who keeps the store here, Mr. Peter Chase, has got a horse and sleigh, and if you choose to hire that of him and do your own driving, I think you can get it, if you are willing to pay him something extra, for he'll have to send a man over to-morrow with the stage driver to bring it back, and besides, in rough times like these, people always charge something extra."

I put the matter before Miss Weldon, and she did not hesitate to say that rather than take the risk of being obliged to remain in this place, where there were no accommodations for strangers, she would take the risk of letting me drive her to the Dolliver's.

"It is only seven miles," she said, "and if the horse is good enough, I don't see what there is to happen."

I tramped through the snow to Peter Chase's store, and quickly arranged with him for the hire of his horse and sleigh.

"Five dollars may seem a good deal, sir," he said, "for a trip like that, but this is a pretty deep snow, and we all ought to remember that Christmas comes but once a year. I'll have the sleigh around at the station in ten minutes."

In half an hour a little sleigh, drawn by a big brown horse, came up to the station.

"I would have been here sooner," said Mr. Chase, "but it was a good while before I could find the bells, and I knowed you wouldn't want to take a Christmas sleigh ride without bells."

I did not complain of the delay, although I had been getting dreadfully impatient. The station master had had a telegram from up the line, stating that a down train with a snow plow was on its way, and I was very much afraid that Miss Weldon would conclude to wait and take this train back to the city. So, without loss of time, we bundled in. The Christmas-minded Mr. Chase had brought two heavy fur robes, our valises were packed in behind, the sleigh being of the box variety, and we were ready.

"There is no mistaking the way," said Mr. Chase. "You go straight ahead until you come to the house."

"Which I know perfectly well," added Miss Weldon, and away we jingled.

The snow was still falling, but we did not mind that, and now that we had started off, I was glad that Mr. Chase had waited to find the bells. Their merry jingle set my spirits well. A jolly sleigh ride with Clara Weldon was more enjoyment than I had counted on for this Christmas.

A young man and a young woman, both of lively disposition, good friends, fellow-workers, and nothing more, are much more likely to have a merry time in a case like this than if they were a pair of lovers, or even if one of them were a lover. True love implies a certain seriousness, and is not infrequently conducive to demureness.

The snow was deep on the road and sometimes drifted, but the sleigh went through it well enough. The horse, however, probably not a very good traveler on the best of roads, made but slow progress. But although he was an animal of deliberate action, possessing, as Miss Weldon thought, an æsthetic turn of mind, which made him object to destroy the virgin smoothness of the snow with his great hoofs, he was strong, and that was the main point. With reason for believing that we should safely reach our journey's end, it did not trouble me that we were making that journey slowly, and my companion appeared to be of my way of thinking. The beauty of the snow-decorated forests, fields, and hills was enough to make our artist hearts satisfied, even if the horse should decline to do more than walk.

It began to grow dark, and we had not reached the hospitable mansion to which we were bound, but there was a beautiful weirdness in the snow scenes, softened by the dusky light, and our hearts and the bells were still merry. But as it grew darker and darker we both began to wish that we stood in the light and the warmth of the Dolliver house. I whipped the horse, who made a few bounds through the snow and then relapsed into his former trot. It was no use to try to hurry him.

Several times Miss Weldon had assured me that she was not in the least anxious, and that she was sure we should now reach the house in a very short time. I think she was about to say something of the kind again, when suddenly she exclaimed in a voice that had a ring of hearty cheerfulness in it, very different from her previous expressions of thoughtful encouragement:

"Here it is. Didn't I tell you? We are at the very gate."

Sure enough, there was the gate with a lamp on one of the posts, and there in the midst of its wh tened grounds was the house, its windows lighted and a lamp on the piazza.

When I pulled up to the door, I attempted to get around from the sleigh, but my bound was a poor one, for I found that my legs were somewhat stiffened by the cold. As I helped Miss Weldon to alight, I could perceive that she was not nearly so active as I had generally known her. The door opened before we had time to reach it, and an elderly woman, with a Christmas look about her, which was absolutely warming, stood in the broad portals.

We stopped on the piazza before entering, stamping and shaking ourselves, for we were two figures of snow.

"Our valises are in the back of the sleigh," I said, and, to my surprise, my teeth chattered a little as I spoke. "I think the horse will stand until some one takes him."

We then went in. Suddenly Miss Weldon stopped and looked from right to left, and, turning to the good woman, she exclaimed:

"This is not Dr. Dolliver's house?"

"Of course not," said the other; "did you think it was? Major Pendallas lives here."

Miss Weldon and I looked at each other in dismay.

"We have made a mistake," I said. "How much further on is it to the Dolliver place?"

"It isn't farther on at all," the woman replied; "it is not on this road at all."

"It is too bad," I said. "They told us at Boynton it was a straight road, and we could not miss it."

"So it is; but three miles below here there is a fork that anybody might mistake, especially at night, with the roads unbroken. But come in and get warm; you must be half frozen. I'll have a

AN ANIMAL OF DELIBERATE ACTION.

man throw a blanket over the horse," and with this she showed us into a large room with a wood fire blazing on the hearth. She pushed two chairs before the fire.

"Sit down," she said, "and get a little warm. If I am not mistaken this is Miss Clara Weldon. Yes, I thought so. It's been a long time since I have seen you. I am Mrs. Bardsley. I keep house for Major Pendallas. Excuse me for a moment."

"What a grand thing this fire is," said I, "and who is Major Pendallas?"

"I never saw him in my life," said Miss Weldon, following my example and drawing up close to the fire, "but I have often heard of him. He used to be in the army, I think, and now he has a stock farm and has all sorts of fine horses and cows. I wonder if he would be willing to send us over to my uncle's? I can't bear to think of starting out again in that sleigh, and with that horse."

I was glad she did not include the driver in her objections, and said I hoped that the Major would be able to do something for us. But at the time I did not give much thought to the subject, for my whole soul was occupied in reveling in the genial heat. I had had no idea that I was so cold.

In about five minutes the door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing a heavy pea-jacket, and an unmistakable air of being the master of the house, entered the room. He was middle-aged, had side whiskers and bright blue eyes. We both rose, and with outstretched hand he greeted Miss Weldon.

"Delighted to see you," he said in a hearty tone. "Mrs. Bardsley tells me you have lost your way, but that doesn't matter. I'll make that all right."

Then he turned toward me, and Miss Weldon introduced me.

"Ashmead," he repeated, as he grasped my hand, "Henry G. Ashmead."

"Yes," I replied. "Henry G. Ashmead."

As I spoke he gave me a quick look, and seemed about to say something in reference to my name, but he checked himself, and urged me down again.

"What you must do now is to get warm," he said, and he put two great logs on the fire.

With a few questions and without sitting down he made himself acquainted with the situation. For a moment he gazed down upon us, and then he said:

"The first thing to do now that you are a little thawed, is to get off your coats and wraps."

"That is hardly worth while," I replied, "for as soon as we are well warmed we must get on, in some way or other, to the Dolliver house."

"Sir," said Major Pendallas, "there is no Dolliver house for you to-night. Here you are, and here you stay. It is three miles back to the main road, and then you would have two miles more to go, and before you reached the Dolliver house there is a long hollow, and at this present moment the snow is probably drifted five feet. If you had taken the right road you most likely would have been in that snow drift now. I have sleighs and teams enough, and no doubt I could pull you through, but it is blowing now as well as snowing, and I am not going to let a young lady go out into a storm like this, especially when she has had already as much as she is able

"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, SIR?"

to stand of that sort of thing. Your bags will be brought in, and your horse put in the stable. Mrs. Bardsley will take charge of Miss Weldon. I'll attend to you, sir, and supper will be ready in half an hour," and without waiting for an answer he left the room.

We looked at each other and laughed.

"That is just what I hoped he would do," said Miss Weldon. "I have had all the sleighing I want for this day."

"Good!" I cried, throwing off my overcoat, "I feared I might have to persuade you."

"That is really absurd," she said, "as if the storm and Major Pendallas were not quite enough."

In five minutes Miss Weldon had been carried off by the beaming Mrs. Bardsley, while Major Pendallas conducted me to a bed-room on the ground floor, in which I found a crackling wood fire. The house was a large one, and seemed to be lighted from top to bottom.

We three sat down to a big round supper table, and as might have been expected the meal was bountiful, hot and most grateful and cheery to the two storm-beaten travelers, who had eaten nothing since breakfast except an unattractive luncheon on the train.

Our host did most of the talking, and we were well content to have him do it.

"You cannot imagine," he burst out, as soon as we were seated, "how glad I am to have you two people here. I expected to spend this Christmas eve absolutely alone, and I should have felt that, for I never did anything of the kind before, and from a boy I have thought more of Christmas eve than of Christmas day. There is less of a strain in it. On Christmas day you feel as if you ought to be awful jolly, because if you don't, you won't have another chance for a year. On Christmas eve one can be jolly without thinking of it. If there are any shortcomings they can be made up next day. Last year my niece was with me and we had plenty of company, but now she's married and cleared off to Europe with her husband, and intends to stay there.

"But the storm has been good to me. Let me give you a piece of this chicken, sir, and some butter. This is Christmas butter, especially made from the cream of two cows, both granddaughters of the great Guernsey George No. 2.

The Major's anticipation of a truly jolly Christmas eve was interfered with by Miss Weldon, who declared, shortly after nine o'clock, that she was so fatigued by her day's experiences that she would be obliged to bid us good-night. When she had gone the Major and I each lighted a cigar and drew up before the big fire in the parlor.

"I can't help being disappointed," said he, "for I intended to get up a lot of games, and have Mrs. Bardsley and her daughter in. They are very respectable people, and at Christmas time we always have them in at the games. But bed is bed, and I couldn't think of asking her after what she has pulled through this day. And I am so re oiced to have you both in the house that I sha'n't grumble. It doesn't matter in the least that when the sun s t to-day I had never seen either of you, nor you me. I know who you are, and you know who I am; at least Miss Weldon knows, and that's enough."

"But you don't know me," I said.

"Indeed I do," he exclaimed, slapping one of his sprea -out knees and leaning toward me. "I know you in the best kind of a way. I have one of your pictures. Now, don't go and say you are not the artist, Henry G. Ashmead."

"I am that man," I replied.

"I didn't doubt it," said the Major, leaning back in his chair, "you look like it. I am a bachelor, sir, and it takes a good deal to keep that sort of a man content and easy in his mind. Pictures and books help it out in this way, and I make it a point every year to buy a good picture. I got one of yours last fall and am very fond of looking at it. Come with me and I'll show it to you.

The Major then proceeded to a medium-sized room in the front of the house, which he called his reading room.

"It isn't a study," said he, "for I never study, and it isn't a library, for it hasn't books enough for that, but it is as good a room to read in as I know. A fine light, and always cool in summer—there is the picture," and he held up a lamp before one of my large landscapes.

"I thought Burnet owned that!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, he did, but he's been hard up lately, and had to sell off part of his collection. I snapped up that as soon as I saw it. There are things in that picture that you seldom see in paintings. That's timothy grass in that meadow, and a cut about the end of June would make hay worth about $20 a ton. It's ready to cut now," said he, "and from the looks of the leaves on the trees, and the size of those mullein plants, I should say it was in June that you took it."

"I made my studies in June," I said.

"Good," he cried; "I knew it. There is no nonsense about that meadow, such as you would see in most pictures. No bushes and struggling briars, or patches of red clover and orchard grass. I am a straightforward and practical man, and I like a straightforward and practical picture. Of course you couldn't help the daisies, and no more can I in my own meadows.

"Now, then," said he, when we were again before the fire, "you can see for yourself how I know you, and I can tell you that it delights me to have in my house the man who painted that picture. After a while I'll brew a bowl of regent's punch. But it isn't late enough for that. We'll have a bachelar night of it. By next Christmas I suppose the young lady will put a veto on bachelor nights."

"Veto?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"You will surely be married by next Christmas," he replied.

"Married!" I exclaimed with a laugh, "we have never thought of being married."

The Major took his cigar from his mouth, put his hands upon his knees, leaned forward and looked at me.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you and Miss Weldon are not engaged to be married?"

"Not at all," said I. "We have known each other a long time, but we are friends and nothing more."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Major Pendallas, throwing away his cigar and rising abruptly from his chair. Then standing with his back to the fire he looked down upon me.

"How I am disappointed. I surely thought you two were a team, and a fine one. I had made up my mind to it, and now I am set back. I feel as if I were driving a big Percheron and a polo pony. I'm a practical, common-sense man, and I don't mind asking practical, common-sense questions. I have found that all my life, and though I have made a good many people mad, it has always been better for me in the end. Now, would you mind telling me if that young woman is engaged to somebody else, or if you are? Don't get angry. If anybody is angry I ought to be."

I was not in the least offended. There was an impetuous but kindly earnestness about the man which impressed me very agreeably. There are some people whose liberties are pleasant rather than otherwise; the Major was one of those people.

"I am not engaged," I said, with a smile, "and I have no reason to believe that she is."

Major Pendallas thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, strolled to the end of the large room, and then, turning, came back and sat down.

"I believe," said he, "that the man who lives alone does more thinking to the minute than other people. When she was pouring out the coffee to-night, and you were handing your cup to her, and both of you were laughing at the sugar, I stopped eating and said to myself, 'That is as perfect a match as I ever saw.' And in regard to human beings it is very seldom that I think that. And now you turn around and tell me that you and she go single."

I could not help laughing at the serious way in which he discussed the subject.

"I am sorry to dissapoint you," said I, "but Miss Weldon and I are not marrying people. For myself, I cannot afford matrimony."

"That's what I once thought," he said, "and for thirty-five years I have regretted that I was foolish enough to think so."

It was plain that my host was a man of nervous temperament. He could not sit still while considering the subject, evidently of deep interest to him. He now rose, folded his arms, and looked at me steadily for fully a minute. As he gazed at me his eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger.

"It was my intention to make a business proposition to you, founded on what you and Miss Weldon said about this part of the country and how much you like it. I considered it one of the happiest thoughts I had ever had."

"What was it?" I asked, a good deal amused, but careful not to show it. "I shall be glad to hear it, whether I can accept it or not."

"All right," said the Major, seating himself with decision; "you shall have it. I will make the proposition in the commonsense, straightforward manner in which I intended to make it. For over ten months I have been kicking and fuming at being obliged to live here in this lonely house. To-night I said to myself, over and over again, 'What would I give if these two would eat all their meals with me; would come and live in this house?' And then I said, 'Why shouldn't they? He's a landscape painter, and they would want to live somewhere in the country, and are not likely to find any place more beautiful than this. Now, perhaps that's just what they want, and what they are looking for, and the best thing you can do is to make them an offer without loss of time.' While I was thinking of this my spirits went up to about a hundred in the shade, but when you told me you were not an engaged couple down they went, I don't know how far."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Remove Grass Stains.

During the summer months it is a common thing to have more than one light dress stained by the grass, writes Miss Parloa in her valuable department, "Everything About the House," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Such marks are easily removed with alcohol. Put a little of the liquid in a saucer and wet the stained part with it. Rub well, and the green will disappear.

COMPLETE STATE RETURNS.

Semi-Official Vote in Every County in Illinois Given in Tabulated Form.

Semi-official returns from Hardin and Pope Counties show a decrease by several hundred in Cleveland's and Altgeld's pluralities. The following is a table made from the semi-official returns received from every county in Illinois:

Counties.	—PRESIDENT— Harrison, Rep.	Cleveland, Dem.	—GOVERNOR— Fifer, Rep.	Altgeld, Dem.
Adams	6,194	7,665	6,468	7,761
Alexander	2,060	3,088	2,059	3,088
Bond	1,654	1,921	1,662	1,363
Boone	1,984	513	1,997	523
Brown	870	1,667	891	1,574
Bureau	3,924	3,555	3,949	3,554
Calhoun	657	860	558	836
Carroll	2,456	1,444	2,507	1,403
Cass	1,531	2,190	1,559	2,198
Champaign	5,200	4,902	5,203	4,511
Christian	2,931	3,629	2,965	3,647
Clark	2,171	2,236	2,180	2,230
Clay	1,774	2,604	1,781	2,628
Clinton	1,355	2,393	1,345	2,419
Coles	3,663	3,592	3,666	3,620
Cook	110,291	141,677	111,973	140,746
Crawford	1,760	1,868	1,758	1,875
Cumberland	1,470	1,785	1,462	1,802
De Kalb	3,780	1,727	3,779	1,730
De Witt	2,053	2,083	2,064	2,079
Douglas	2,251	1,993	2,245	2,006
Du Page	2,401	2,125	2,404	2,109
Edgar	3,187	3,150	3,189	3,157
Edwards	1,350	677	1,348	682
Effingham	1,472	2,758	1,472	2,728
Fayette	1,999	3,423	1,996	2,453
Ford	2,227	1,249	2,222	1,262
Franklin	1,621	1,779	1,643	1,784
Fulton	4,648	5,293	5,045	5,299
Gallatin	1,309	1,675	1,310	1,672
Greene	1,967	3,146	2,008	3,162
Grundy	2,132	1,874	2,175	1,866
Hamilton	1,504	2,055	1,473	2,046
Hancock	3,384	4,125	3,399	4,150
Hardin	659	697	659	699
Henderson	1,352	918	1,352	920
Henry	4,205	2,670	4,291	2,650
Iroquois	3,936	3,848	3,904	3,833
Jackson	2,001	2,858	2,022	2,870
Jasper	1,519	2,217	1,512	2,218
Jefferson	1,949	2,332	1,973	2,344
Jersey	1,914	1,911	1,925	1,922
Jo Daviess	2,675	2,732	2,680	2,739
Johnson	1,716	854	1,721	856
Kane	7,904	5,709	8,005	5,706
Kankakee	3,577	2,763	3,580	2,772
Kendall	1,691	848	1,701	840
Knox	5,860	3,675	5,901	3,657
Lake	2,919	1,941	3,059	1,926
La Salle	7,570	9,186	7,897	9,107
Lawrence	1,922	1,572	1,926	1,578
Lee	3,510	2,732	3,541	2,733
Livingston	3,967	3,944	4,010	3,944
Logan	2,619	3,150	2,640	3,145
Macon	4,568	4,290	4,615	4,278
Macoupin	3,855	4,655	3,874	4,646
Madison	5,355	5,680	5,395	5,717
Marion	2,231	2,612	2,201	2,602
Marshall	1,991	1,827	1,994	1,835
Mason	1,614	2,231	1,620	2,201
Massac	1,651	799	1,628	841
Menard	1,301	1,578	1,316	1,577
McHenry	3,205	2,811	3,251	2,812
McLean	7,240	6,487	7,565	6,405
Mercer	1,878	1,745	1,924	1,727
Mercer	2,460	1,970	2,481	1,966
Monroe	1,149	1,667	1,119	1,654
Montgomery	2,795	3,707	2,954	3,710
Morgan	3,474	3,975	3,515	4,074
Moultrie	1,287	1,670	1,296	1,674
Ogle	4,067	2,284	4,010	2,254
Peoria	7,240	8,026	7,456	7,893
Perry	1,830	1,970	1,872	1,990
Piatt	2,198	1,896	2,254	1,896
Pike	2,751	3,494	2,790	3,505
Pope	1,629	816	1,625	847
Pulaski	1,057	893	1,056	896
Putnam	557	514	551	522
Randolph	2,416	2,693	2,356	2,779
Richland	1,710	1,842	1,727	1,873
Rock Island	5,052	4,034	5,125	3,984
Saline	2,171	1,828	2,168	1,849
Sangamon	6,985	7,637	6,977	7,698
Schuyler	1,558	1,877	1,586	1,882
Scott	1,600	1,282	1,630	1,294
Shelby	2,304	3,348	2,325	3,410
Stark	1,240	818	1,243	865
St. Clair	6,276	7,197	6,301	7,264
Stephenson	3,567	3,712	3,590	3,775
Tazewell	3,026	3,635	3,060	3,646
Union	1,426	2,659	1,404	2,696
Vermilion	4,892	5,091	4,928	5,073
Wabash	1,112	1,428	1,123	1,424
Warren	2,715	2,282	2,728	2,277
Washington	1,956	1,858	1,922	1,923
Wayne	2,341	2,364	2,370	2,408
White	2,209	2,947	2,215	2,961
Whiteside	3,819	3,770	3,865	3,778
Will	6,780	5,434	5,673	5,415
Williamson	2,564	2,118	2,474	2,166
Winnebago	5,816	6,622	5,956	6,573
Woodford	1,735	2,990	1,785	2,583
Totals	396,381	422,087	399,505	420,690
Pluralities		26,306		21,185

Told in a Few Lines.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS and Indiana was visited by a heavy fall of snow.

REBEL and government troops in Hayti have had the first skirmish.

THE King Brick Company's plant at Columbia Falls, Me., burned. Loss, $45,000.

J. W. DURYEE, a New York lumber dealer, has assigned. Creditors will be paid in full.

JUDGE JOHN T. CRAVENS, a leading jurist of Kansas City, Mo., is dead, aged 54 years.

THE steamer Marchioness, ten days overdue, has arrived at New York from Port of Spain.

AT Oxford, Ohio, Joseph Slinger shot himself through the head because he was jilted by Sophie Frey.

THE Hawaiian newspapers that attacked United States Minister Stevens were forced to make an apology.

MESSENGER boys in the Western Union office at Detroit struck to compel the discharge of an obnoxious clerk.

THE boarding house of Mrs. Morley at Sharpsburg, Pa., was blown up with dynamite. She boarded non-union workmen.

THE President has recognized Hubert Krebs as British Vice Consul at Pascagoula, for Ship Island, in the State of Mississippi.

MISS EMMA MOSSMAN, who stands 6 feet 2 inches in height, and Col. James Gilbert, 6 feet 11 inches, were married at Sauk Center, Minn.

J. H. MURPHY, general agent of the United States School Furniture Company, of Chicago, was found dead in his room at Des Moines, Ia.

JAMES PARVIN was bitten by a tropical snake concealed in a bunch of bananas at Quincy, Ill. His life was saved by prompt medical attendance.

COL. W. S. HORTON, of the Sixteenth Regiment, National Guards of Pennsylvania, died from malarial fever contracted while at Homestead with his regiment.

FOUR murderers will be hanged in Louisville, Ky., December 9 or 16. They are Nelson Lewis, colored; Grant Thomas, colored; Dennis McCarthy and Stephen Hite.

WILLIAM RIPPLE and Barney Whalen, soldiers at Fort Brown, Tex., fought over a woman. Whalen was shot dead by Ripple, who, to avoid arrest, then killed himself.

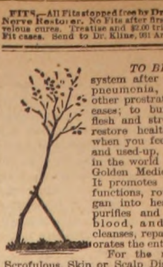
THE bodies of Mrs. J. G. Johnson and her 15-year-old son were found in San Francisco. The mother had evidently killed her child, then herself. She was deserted by her husband a year ago.

SIX buildings burned at Berry, Ky. The loss is $7,000.

ROUTE AGENT SMITH found a dynamite cartridge in the east-bound Chicago and Alton train. There was no address on the package, and how it got there was a mystery. The cartridge was about the size of a giant firecracker.

THE robbers who attempted to secure the treasure from the express car on a Santa Fe train at Wharton, Ok., failed to open the safe after working an hour. Several shots were exchanged between the express messenger and the robbers, but no one was injured.

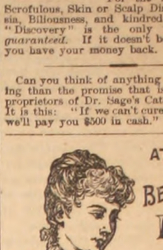
FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.



TO BRACE UP the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and Kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you $500 in cash."



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Many women fade early, simply because they do not take proper care of themselves. Whirled along in the excitements of a fast-living age, they overlook those minor ailments that, if not checked in time, will rob them of health and beauty. At the first symptom of vital weakness, use *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*. The roses will return to your cheeks, a slow looks depart, spirits brighten, your step become firm, and back and headache will be known no more. Your appetite will gain, and the food nourish you.

All Druggists sell it, or send by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address as above. Mention this paper. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

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