

# THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEKSTER FORD, Author of *The Vanishing Point*, etc.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"I have dismissed the sheriff and his posse, and I gave them a hundred dollars for their work, and three bottles of pretty good whisky I had on my car. Unless they get orders from elsewhere, you will not hear any further from them."

"You must let me reimburse what expense we have put you to, Mr. Gordon. I only wish I could as easily repay your kindness."

Nodding my head in assent, as well as in recognition of his thanks, I continued, "It was my duty, as an official of the K. & A., to recover the stolen mail, and I had to do it."

"We understand that," said Mr. Cullen, "and do not for a moment blame you."

"But," I went on, for the first time looking at Madge, "it is not my duty to take part in a contest for control of the K. & A., and I shall therefore act in this case as I should in any other case of mine."

"And that is—?" asked Frederic.

"I am about to telegraph for instructions from Washington," I replied. "As the G. S. by trickery has dishonestly tied up some of your proxies, they ought not to object if we do the same by honest means; and I think I can manage so that Uncle Sam will prevent those proxies from being voted at Ash Forks on Friday."

If a galvanic battery had been applied to the group about the breakfast table, it wouldn't have made a bigger change. Madge clapped her hands in joy; Mr. Cullen said, "God bless you!" with real feeling; Frederic jumped up and slapped me on the shoulder, crying, "Gordon, you're the biggest old trump breathing!" while Albert and the captain shook hands with each other, in evident jubilation. Only Lord Raltes remained passive.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked Mr. Cullen, when the first joy was over.

"Yes," I said. "I only stopped in on my way to the station to telegraph the postmaster-general."

"May I come with you and see what you say?" cried Fred, jumping up. I nodded, and Miss Cullen said, questioning, "Me, too?" making me very happy by the question, for it showed that she would speak to me. I gave an assent quite as eagerly and in a moment we were all walking towards the platform. Despite Lord Raltes, I felt happy, and especially as I had not dreamed that she would ever forgive me.

I took a telegraph blank, and, putting it so that Miss Cullen could see what I said, wrote:

"Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C. I hold, awaiting your instructions, three registered letters stolen from No. 3 Overland Missouri Western Express on Monday, October fourteenth, loss of which has already been notified you."

Then I paused and said, "So far, that's routine, Miss Cullen. Now comes the help for you," and I continued—

"The letters may have been tampered with, and I recommend a special agent. Reply Flagstaff, Arizona."

"Richard Gordon."

"Superintendent K. & A. R. R."

"What will that do?" she asked.

"I'm not much at prophecy, and we'll wait for the reply," I said.

All that day we lay at Flagstaff, and after a good sleep, as there was no use keeping the party cooped up in their car, I drummed up some ponies and took the Cullens and Ackland over to the Indian cliff-dwellings. I don't think Lord Raltes gained anything by staying behind in a sulky, for it was a very jolly ride, or at least that was what it was to me. I had of course to tell them all how I had settled on them as the criminals, and a history of my doings. To hear Miss Cullen talk, one would have inferred I was the greatest of living detectives.

"The mistake we made," she asserted, "was not securing Mr. Gordon's help to begin with, for then we should never have needed to hold the train up, or if we had we should never have been discovered."

What was more to me than this ill-deserved admiration were two

things she said on the way back, when we two had paired off and were a bit behind the rest.

"The sandwiches and the whisky were very good," she told me, "and I'm so grateful for the trouble you took."

"It was a pleasure," I said.

"And, Mr. Gordon," she continued, and then hesitated for a moment—"my-Fredric told me that you—you said you honored me for—?"

"I do," I exclaimed energetically, as she paused and colored.

"Do you really?" she cried. "I thought Fred was only trying to make me less unhappy by saying that you did."

"I said it, and I meant it," I told her.

"I have been so miserable over that

lie," she went on; "but I thought if I let you have the letters it would ruin papa. I really wouldn't mind poverty myself, Mr. Gordon, but he takes such pride in success that I couldn't be the one to do it. And then, after you told me that train-robbers were hung, I had to lie to save them. I ought to have known you would help us."

I thought this a pretty good time to make a real apology for my conduct on the trail, as well as to tell her how sorry I was at not having been able to repack her bag better. She accepted my apology very sweetly, and assured me her belongings had been put away so neatly that she had wondered who did it. I knew she only said this out of kindness, and told



"Mr. Gordon, may I ask you a question?"

her so, telling also of my struggles over that pink-beribboned and belaced affair, in a way that made her laugh. I had thought it was a ball gown, and wondered at her taking it to the Canon; but she explained that it was what she called a "throw"—which I told her accounted for the throes I had gone through over it. It made me open my eyes, thinking that anything so pretty could be used for the same purpose for which I use my crash bath-gown, and while my eyes were open I saw the folly of thinking that a girl who wore such things would, or in fact could, ever get along on my salary. In that way the incident was a good lesson for me, for it made me feel that, even if there had been no Lord Raltes, I still should have had no chance.

On our return to the cars there was a telegram from the Postmaster-General awaiting me. After a glance at it, as the rest of the party looked anxiously on, I passed it over to Miss Cullen, for I wanted her to have the triumph of reading it aloud to them. It read:

"Hold letters pending arrival of special agent Jackson, due in Flagstaff October twentieth."

"The election is on the eighteenth," Frederic laughed, executing a war dance on the platform. "The G. S.'s dough is cooked."

"I must wait with someone," cried Madge, and before I could offer she took hold of Albert and the two went whirling about, much to my envy.

The Cullens were about the most jubilant road agents I had ever seen.

After consultation with Mr. Cullen, we had 218 and 97 attached to No. 1 when it arrived, and started for Ash Forks. He wanted to be on the ground a day in advance, and I could easily be back in Flagstaff before the arrival of the special agent.

I took dinner in 218, and they toasted me, as if I had done something heroic instead of merely having sent a telegram. Later four sat down to poker, while Miss Cullen, Fred and I went out and sat on the platform of the car while Madge played on her guitar and sang to us. She had a very sweet voice, and before she had been singing long we had the crew of a "dust express"—as we jokingly call a gravel train—standing about, and they were speedily reinforced by many cowboys, who deserted the melody of cracked pianos or accordions of the Western saloons to listen to her, and who, not being over-careful in the terms with which they expressed their approval, finally by their riotous admiration drove us inside.

At Miss Cullen's suggestion we three had a second game of poker, but with chips and not money. She was an awfully reckless player, and the luck was dead in my favor, so Madge kept borrowing my chips, till she was so deep in that we both lost accounts. Finally, when we parted for the night she held out her hand, and, in the prettiest of ways, said:

"I am so deeply in your debt, Mr. Gordon, that I don't see how I can ever repay you."

I tried to think of something worth saying, but the words wouldn't come, and I could only shake her hand. But, duffer as I was, the way she had said those words, and the double meaning she had given them, would have made me the happiest fellow alive if I could have only forgotten the existence of Lord Raltes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

How Did the Secret Leak Out?

I made up for my three nights' lack of sleep by not waking the next morning till after ten. When I went to 218, I found only the chef, and he told me the party had gone for a ride. Since I couldn't talk to Madge, I went to work at my desk, for I had been rather neglecting my routine work. While I still wrote, I heard horses' hoofs, and looking up, saw the Cullens returning. I went out on the platform to wish them good-morning, arriving just in time to see Lord Raltes help Miss Cullen out of her saddle, and the way he did it, and the way he continued to hold her hand after she was down, while he said something to her, made me grit my teeth and look the other

way. Those of the riders had seen me, so I slipped into my car and went back to work. Fred came in presently to see if I was up yet, and to ask me to lunch, but I felt so miserable and down-hearted that I made an excuse of my late breakfast for not joining them.

After luncheon the party in the other special all came out and walked up and down the platform, the sound of their voices and laughter only making me feel the blue. Before long I heard a rap on one of my windows, and there was Miss Cullen peering in at me. The moment I looked up, she called:

"Won't you make one of us, Mr. Misanthrope?"

I called myself all sorts of a fool, but I went as eagerly as if there had been some hope. Miss Cullen began to tease me over my sudden access of energy, declaring that she was sure it was a pose for their benefit, or else due to a guilty conscience over having slept so late.

"I hoped you would ride with us, though perhaps it wouldn't have paid you. Apparently there is nothing to see in Ash Forks."

"There is something that may interest you all," I suggested, pointing to a special that had been dropped off No. 2 that morning.

"What is it?" asked Madge. "It's a G. S. special," I said, "and Mr. Camp and Mr. Baldwin and two G. S. officials came in on it."

"What do you think he'd give for those letters?" laughed Fred. (To be continued.)

## FISHERMAN GOT BOTH CASKS.

One Smuggling Adventure Which Netted Little Profit.

George W. Whitehead, appraiser of merchandise at the port of New York, was talking about smuggling.

"No great amount of smuggling is done," he said. "To smuggle extensively it is necessary to have accomplices. These accomplices cheat you, or you cheat them. Altogether, in the end, you lose rather than gain."

Mr. Whitehead smiled.

"Not long ago," he said, "a certain skipper hailed a fisherman off the coast, and asked him if he would smuggle ashore for him a cask of brandy."

"The fisherman agreed, and two casks of brandy were lowered into his boat."

"One," said the skipper, "is for your trouble and risk, my man."

"Well, a week or so later, the skipper called with a team at the Jersey fisherman's house for his cask of brandy. It was night. He got the cask and started on the dark and lonely way back home."

"But the custom house people have sharp eyes and ears. They lay in wait for the skipper. They caught him a mile outside of the fisherman's village, and there was the cask of brandy in his wagon."

"He said nothing. There was nothing to say. The cask was opened."

"We'll sample this fine liquor," said a customs officer.

"And he put his mouth to the bung and then drew back amazed. The skipper was amazed, too. The cask contained nothing but water."

Making Sure of Their Shoes.

They were on a slumming expedition. Two chop suey establishments had been graced by their presence and they thought they were seeing much of the under world. They had drifted down State street and had the boldness to enter a saloon that is much frequented by negroes of slender means. And the sight which met their gaze was a peculiar one. They saw twenty or thirty negroes asleep. They were sitting in chairs and the chairs leaned against the wall. But the peculiar fact was that all were without shoes. In a moment they saw the shoes on the floor. And a leg of a chair stood in each.

"How peculiar?" queried one.

"Yep," was the short answer of one of the proprietors.

"Why do they place the chair legs in their shoes?"

"Very simple. If they didn't they wouldn't have any shoes. We don't guarantee the honesty of our customers."

"And if they slept with their shoes on?"

"Some man with a poorer pair than them off."

"And if they stood them near the chair?"

"Some envious man would take would exchange."—Chicago Chronicle.

An Old-School Head.

Capt. Ryan, the new British naval attaché, said at a dinner in Washington:

"The strength of the heads of some of our old-school farmers is quite incredible."

"At a harvest supper, a feast similar in its way to your Thanksgiving dinner, there was an old farmer who drank a good deal of champagne. The moment his glass was filled he would toss it off, and then, of course, it would be filled again."

"But the old fellow grew quieter and quieter, the more champagne he drank. A frown settled on his forehead. His eyes flashed angrily under his heavy gray brows."

"Finally when the waiter filled his glass for the twelfth or thirteenth time, he shook his head and said:

"James, when are you going to put the whisky on the table? These minerals are getting tedious."

But It Saves Pains.

Exclusive fashion note: It is said the Greek dress is coming back for the women. This is a garment that is made by taking several widths of muslin and draping it on. It gives the wearer the shape of a pillow.—Atchison Globe.

Criticism.

"What is your favorite poem?"

"I haven't any," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Poetry always strikes me as merely an effort on the author's part to show off how much he knows about capital letters and punctuation marks."

Evidence of Reckless Bravery.

She—Do you believe men are as brave now as they used to be?

He—Sure! Just used the poetry some men write now.



Dotted line marks proposed tunnel and route of projected railway from east cape of Bering straight to Kansk, 3,000 miles inland in Siberia on the Siberian Railway.

The sympathy of Emperor Nicholas, Premier Witte and other members of the Russian ministry, as well as of powerful influences in court, has been enlisted by Baron Leicq de Lobel in the project of the American-Trans-Alaskan-Siberian Company for the construction of a tunnel under Bering straight from East Cape to Kansk and 3,000 miles of railway to connect it with the Siberian railway.

It is believed that by interesting Americans materially in Siberia the political ties between the two countries will be strengthened.

JOHN D. POOR POLITICAL BOSS.

Citizens of Tarrytown Elect President Against His Wishes.

Once more John Wirth has defeated John D. Rockefeller by being elected borough president of Tarrytown. When he ran last year he was opposed by the oil king and his hundred and one employees on the big Pocantico estate, but Wirth pulled through. He carried out every one of his pledges to the voters and on the strength of this decided to make the race again this year. Last year Mr. Rockefeller personally directed the fight against the village butcher. This year he has refrained from active participation in the village election because of the pernicious activity of subpoena servers. Mr. Rockefeller, contrary to custom, remained at Lake Wood. In some mysterious way, however, the oil king sent word that Wirth must be defeated and 200 employees of Pocantico Hills came down in sleds and lumber wagons. But the Tarrytown butcher was again triumphant.

HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE NAME.

Young Ohlan's Lack of Memory Somewhat Embarrassing.

Among the crowds of visitors in Washington the other day was a young Ohlan named Bud Kiefer. Two of the sights he wanted to see were Senators Foraker and Dick, but one of these gentlemen was absent and the other too busy. The doorkeeper informed Bud that he would call out Senator Clark's secretary, George Gilliland, an Ohio man. Bud was delighted, and Mr. Gilliland having been schoolmates. As they stood chatting over old times Bud was introduced to one or two senators who passed by. Then Vice President Fairbanks came along and Mr. Gilliland said: "Mr. Vice President, let me introduce Bud Kiefer of Ohio." The vice president stuck out his hand. Bud grasped it briskly and said: "Glad to meet you, sir. What's the name, please?"—Chicago Chronicle.

Last of War Governors.

Frederick Holbrook of Vermont, who recently passed his ninety-third birthday, is the only one of the famous "war governors" now surviving. He stood with Govs. Curtin of Pennsylvania and Andrew of Massachusetts as one of the staunchest supporters of the Lincoln administration when it most needed such support as they could give. Among the beneficiaries of institutions for which the nation is indebted to Mr. Holbrook's initiative were the military hospital established at Brattleboro during the civil war, where from 1,500 to 2,000 soldiers were cared for at once, and the national bureau of agriculture. The ex-governor was chairman of the Brattleboro Congregational church for forty years.

Finally Met His Fate.

Out of the 250 women who sought his hand but one met the fancy of lonely John Halloran of Jersey City, who owns \$30,000 worth of real estate and has been advertising for a wife for the last year. Lonely John is 52 years of age. He has spent most of his life before the mast. He received hundreds of letters and dozens of applicants called. The women were too old, too young, too gay or too quiet. At a ball given by a lodge of the Shepherds of Bethlehem, however, John Halloran met the girl who suited him—Miss Adele Peters of West Hoboken—and became engaged to her.

Corrected By the Boss.

A prominent School Street liquor dealer had a coachman whose North of Ireland brogue greatly displeased him, as he came from another section of the Emerald Isle, and was ever ready to correct the deficiencies in the speech of his servant.

One morning the coachman, addressing his employer, said: "I want a new whip (whip)."

Disdainfully gazing at the coachman the boss retorted: "For hivin's sake, mon, don't say 'whop'; can't you say 'fp.'"—Boston Herald.

She Made a Good Guess.

It was at an afternoon tea and the girl with a bad memory turned cold as two vaguely familiar women greeted her cordially while she stood chatting with a friend. An introduction was obviously expected, not to say imperative.

"So stupid of me to forget your name," she murmured, smiling sweetly; "but I am sure it begins with an 'M,' now doesn't it?"

"Almost," returned the other; "It's Emerson."

Pressure of Explosives.

In a lecture before the Royal Society, Mr. J. E. Petavel discussed the pressure to which rifle barrels are subjected by high explosives. In the case of powerful cordite his experiments indicated that the enormous figure of twelve tons per square inch may sometimes be attained. This means that every square foot of surface has to resist a pushing force of nearly three and a half million pounds. These figures closely agree with those obtained by Sir Alfred Noble.

The Retort Courteous.

Adam drew himself up proudly and looked haughtily at Eve.

"Madam," said he, "I would have you remember when you put on these society-shown airs that I was the whole show in the beginning, and at best you are no better than a spare rib."

Then as Eve deftly fanned him with the primeval equivalent for a broom handle, Adam confirmed his social pretensions by giving the first patriarch's bawl on record.—Baltimore American.

# POULTRY

Housing Chicks.

The best method of housing I have found is a coop as follows: House part (1 foot 9 inches by 2 feet) has removable floor, and is separated from exercise room by a wooden partition with galvanized wire cloth window and door, admitting light and air. The exercise room (2 feet 6 inches by 2 feet) is closed at the end and screened with fine mesh galvanized iron wire, back and front. The dowl door in front confines hen while chicks enjoy free range. If cats bother put fine mesh wire on outer door and three lath on opening between coop and exercise room, thus confining mother in coop. If kept clean she will do as well.

Above coop or house is intended for hen with chicks, but may be used also as a home for chicks long after they are weaned, or for chicks removed from brooder. Dimensions: Width, 4 feet 3 inches. Depth, 2 feet. Height in front, 1 foot 9 inches. Height in rear, 1 foot 3 inches. Material, pine free from knots dressed on both sides, tongued, grooved and closely fitted, painted, put together with screws, five pieces total.

I find it best to keep the chicks off the ground until warm weather. I set the pens described above in most any place where the light is good and under cover and my chicks grow and do well first six weeks.

Have lost chicks at night (and day, too) by cats before, caring for as above. Only lost one last season. Give the chicks all the range you can afford, as they commence to develop, say after six to eight weeks old.—A. H. McIntire, Sheboygan Co., Wis., in Farmers' Review.

Using the Incubator.

I am using incubators in my hatching operations and find the 120 and 220-egg sizes the most convenient to manage. To be successful one must have a good thermostat and learn how to control the flame of the lamp so as to give a uniform heat. The temperature of the room counts for much, and the room used should be one that is not quickly affected by the change of temperatures out of doors. Most of the thermometers sold with incubators are reliable, but about one in fifty will prove to be out of the way in its recording of the temperature. Sometimes a man fails in getting a good hatch through an accident he might have avoided. At one time I changed oil and the second lot was poor. The lamp went out and the temperature fell. I did not discover that the lamp was out till it had been out for some time, and by that time the eggs were chilled. I lit the lamp again and succeeded in getting a 50 per cent hatch, even then. When all the eggs are fertile I get from 60 to 80 chicks out of 100 eggs. There are a number of things the novice should look for. Among them are poor incubators, poor eggs, poor ventilation, drafts, not turning the eggs enough, and lack of attention to the lamp and temperature. I figure the cost of the oil for one hatch at from 40 to 50 cents. I fill my incubators in March, April and May, for the spring birds and for fall chicks I start the eggs to hatching about the last of June or in July.—J. E. Weaver, Fulton Co., N. Y.

Ground Bone as Feed.

It is surprising that so many fresh bones are allowed to go to waste on our farms when they are particularly adapted for poultry feed. Fresh bone contains nitrogen, phosphorus and lime in considerable quantities. The lime is useful in the shells of the eggs, but this is the least important thing connected with the feeding of bones. The lime might be supplied in old plaster. But the phosphorus in the bones constitutes a very important element of food and this phosphorus goes to build up the bones in growing fowls. It is more useful for growing fowls than for mature fowls, but is serviceable for both. The bones also contain considerable quantities of nitrogen, and this nitrogen goes to make muscle. The only way that a farmer can use the bones is to buy a bone mill by which they can be reduced to a very fine condition with small effort. We have heard people complain that it required too much muscular effort to grind bones. But this was true largely a long time ago. Bone grinding mills have now been perfected to such an extent that little effort is required. Every farmer should keep enough fowls to justify him in buying a bone mill, which can be purchased for a very few dollars. Fowls crave food of this kind both summer and winter.

Clover and Alfalfa as Poultry Food.

We should not forget that all kinds of poultry graze on succulent grass and kindred forms of vegetables. Clover and alfalfa are among the most useful things that can be grown near the poultry house. Some farmers have extended their poultry yards to include large plots of grass ground. They would have done better had they planted those same areas to clover or alfalfa, both of which are exceedingly rich in the elements the poultry needs. Alfalfa is as rich as bran in protein element. All kinds of clovers are good and if one will not succeed another will. A man need not tie himself down to growing just the red clover. White clover can always be grown and nearly always alkali.

The Horns of Cattle.

The horns of cattle are no longer necessary for their protection or the protection of their calves. The reason for leaving them on no longer exists. If they use them at all now it is as a means of offense and not of defense. Let them come off. They should be sawed off, bled off and prevented from growing. All three ways are now being used against them. The simplest way of getting rid of the horns of a horned breed is to use caustic potash on the incipient horns of the calves.

Sunlight in the cow stable is worth money.

## HE WANTED THE PROPRIETIES.

King Personally Saw that His Toast Was Properly Observed.

A story was told in the San Francisco Argonaut by the late Admiral Murray about the much-lamented King Christian of Denmark. A small fleet of American ships visited Copenhagen, and the king invited the principal officers to dinner.

"From my seat at dinner," related Admiral Murray, "I looked out on the pleasant lawn where the band was stationed. After the principal business of the dinner was over, at the invitation of King Christian the glasses were filled, and, all the table being at attention, his majesty arose and, with due formality, proposed 'The President of the United States.'"

"Glasses were raised but the king paused, glared over his shoulder, and abruptly left the dining hall. The guests upon invitation of an aid, seated themselves."

"In a few minutes I saw the bandmaster come hurriedly into sight, followed by the king, who kicked him across my field of view."

"Shortly after the king returned to the dining hall, took his place at the head of the table, and the guests having risen, again proposed 'The President of the United States.' As he raised his glass the band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' With a satisfied smile his majesty emptied his glass."

NEWTON'S FIRST LAW REVISED.

Statement Would Have Astonished the Philosopher.

During my course in physics at the Portsmouth high school the class came to the analysis of Newton's laws of motion, so one Monday morning one of the boys did not have any of his physics lessons learned, but he succeeded in answering the question put to him by the physics teacher, and escaped being marked zero.

Collector of Customs Sherman T. Newton of Portsmouth, N. H., conducts a wholesale fish establishment, and for a motto, which is printed on his bill-heads and envelopes, and also upon his fish wagons, uses "Live and let live. Let 'em come." This Monday morning my friend who did not know his physics lesson was called upon to state Newton's first law of motion. He made up his mind very hastily to answer the teacher's question, and, jumping out of his seat, replied: "Why, Newton's first law of motion is 'Live and let live. Let 'em come.'" The answer caused a good deal of merriment in the class, but did not please the "crabbed" teacher.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Dog Globe Trotter.

A dog which has traveled around the world was sent back across the channel from Dover until the owner could get a license.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Arithmetic Races.

In the recent great athletic meeting at Canton arithmetic races were a feature. Pupils from the schools carried slate and pencil, and in the course of the race they encountered a blackboard containing a sum to be solved. The boys were lined up as they reached the goal, and those whose calculations were wrong were then eliminated. The first three left in the line were counted winners.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is a powerful, invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. The local womanly household burdens, and sickly women who are "worn-out," "run-down" or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office or schoolroom, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, experience nervousness, dizziness, and are nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proven a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strengthening powers.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and soothing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womanly organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and depression.

Curse obstinate cases. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of "female weakness," painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the pelvic organs, weak back, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration.

Dr. Pierce's medicines are made from harmless but efficient medical roots found growing in our American forests. The Indians knew of the marvelous curative value of these roots as a tonic and imparted that knowledge to some of the friendlier whites, and gradually some of the more progressive physicians came to test and use them, and ever since they have grown in favor by reason of their superior curative virtues and their safe and harmless qualities.

Your druggist will sell the "Favorite Prescription" and also that famous tonic, "Golden Medical Discovery." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an experienced physician and will treat your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is chief consulting physician.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

No cough is too trifling or too serious to be treated by the right method, and the right method is the use of the best cough cure, which is