

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

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CHAPTER I.

It is always a thankless office to give advice in these matters," said Mrs. Charles Romaine, discreetly. "Your brother and I have decided not to attempt to influence you in any way, Constance; not to bias your judgment in favor of or against Mr. Withers. You, as the one most nearly interested in the consequences of your acceptance or refusal of his offer, should surely be able to make up your mind how to treat it and him."

"I should be, as you say," responded the sister-in-law. "But I cannot." She was a handsome woman, in the prime of early maturity, whose face seldom wore, in the presence of others, the perturbed expression that now beamed it.

"That does not affect the fact of your duty," answered Mrs. Romaine, with considerable severity. "There are times and circumstances in which vacillation is folly—criminal weakness. You have known Mr. Withers long enough to form a correct estimate of his character. In means and in reputation he is all that could be desired, your brother says. Either you like him well enough to marry him, or you do not. Your situation in life will be bettered by an alliance with him, or it will not. These are the questions for your consideration. And excuse me for saying that a woman of your age should not be at a loss in weighing these."

Again Constance had nothing ready except a weak phrase of reluctant acquiescence. "I feel the weight of your reasoning, Margaret. You cannot deprecate me more than I do myself for my childish hesitancy. Mr. Withers—any sensible and honorable man deserves different treatment. If I could see the way clear before me I would walk in it. But, indeed, I am in a sore dilemma." She turned away, as her voice shook on the last sentence, and affected to be busy with some papers upon a stand.

Mrs. Romaine was just in all her dealings with her husband's sister, and meant, in her way, to be kind. Constance respected her for her excellent sense, her honesty of purpose and accuracy—but she was the last of her friends whom she would have selected of her free will, as the confidante of such joys and sorrows as shrink from the touch of hard nature's—refuse to be confessed to un sympathizing ears. Her heart and eyes were very full now, but she would strangle sooner than drop a tear while those cold, light orbs were upon her.

In consideration of the weakness and ridiculous sensitiveness of her companion, Mrs. Romaine forbore to speak the disdain she felt at the irresolution and distress she could not comprehend. "Is Mr. Withers personally disagreeable to you?" she demanded, in her strong contralto voice.

"I liked him tolerably well—very well, in fact, until he told me what brought him here so regularly," Constance stammered. "Now I am embarrassed in his presence—so uneasy that I wish sometimes I could never see or hear of him again."

"More shy?" said Mrs. Romaine. Such as would be pardonable in a girl of seventeen. In a woman of seven-and-twenty it is absurd. Mr. Withers is highly esteemed by all who know him. Your disreputable of his society is capricious, unless—the marble gray eyes more searching—"unless you have a prior attachment?"

Constance smiled drearily. "I have never been in love in my life, that I know of."

"You are none the worse for having escaped an infatuation that has wrecked more women for time and for eternity than all other delusions combined. A rational marriage—founded upon mutual esteem and the belief that the social and moral condition of the parties to the contract would be promoted thereby—is the only safe union. The young, inexperienced and headstrong, repudiate this principle. The mature in age know it to be true. But, as I have said, it is not my intention to direct your judgment. This is a momentous era in your life. I can only hope and pray that you may be guided aright in your decision."

Left to herself to digest this morsel of pious encouragement, Constance drew a low seat to the hearth register, clasped her hands upon her knees, and tried, for the hundredth time that day, to weigh the facts of her position lightly and impartially.

She had been an orphan for eight years, and a resident in the house of her elder brother. Her senior by more than a dozen years, and in the excitement of successful mercantile life, he had little leisure for the study of the sister's tastes and traits, when she first became his ward, and conceived the task to be an unnecessary one, now that she was to be a fixture in his family, and appeared to get on smoothly with his wife. In truth, it never occurred to him to lay a disturbing finger upon the tiniest wheel of the domestic machinery. His respect for his spouse's executive and administrative abilities was evidenced only by her confidence in her own powers. She was never fractious, but he knew that she would have been down, calmly and energetically, upon any interference in her op-

erations as minister of the interior—the ruler of the establishment he, by a much-abused figure of speech, called his home. A snug and elegant abode she made of it, and, beholding Constance well dressed and well fed, habitually cheerful and never rebellious, he may be forgiven for not spending a thought upon her for hours together, and when he did remember her, for dwelling the rather upon his disinterested kindness to a helpless dependent than speculating upon her possible and unappeased spiritual appetites.

For these, and for other whistles, Mrs. Romaine had little thought and no charity. Life, with her, was a fabric made up of duties, various and many, but all double-twisted into hempen strength and woven too closely for a shine of fancy or romance to strike through.

She had coincided readily in her husband's plan to take charge of his young sister when her parents died. "Her brother's house is the fittest asylum for her," she had said. "I shall do my best to render her comfortable and contented."

She kept her word. Constance's wardrobe was ample and handsome, her room elegantly furnished, and she entered society under the chaperonage of her sister-in-law. The servants were trained to respect her; the children to regard her as their elder sister. What more could a penniless orphan require? Mrs. Romaine was not afraid to ask the question of her conscience and of heaven. Her "best" was no empty profession. It was lucky for her self-complacency that she never suspected what years of barrenness and longing these eight were to her protegee.

Constance was not a genius—therefore she never breathed even to herself. "I feel like a seed in the cold earth, quickening at heart, and longing for the air." Her temperament was not melancholic, nor did her taste run after poetry and martyrdom. She was simply a young, pretty and moderately well-educated woman, too sensible not to perceive that her temporal needs were conscientiously supplied, and too affectionate to be satisfied with the meager allowance of nourishment dealt out for her heart and sympathies. While the memory of her father's proud affection and her mother's caresses was fresh upon her she had long and frequent spells of lonely weeping—was wont to resign herself in the seclusion of her chamber to passionate lamentations over her orphanage and isolation of spirit. Routine was Mrs. Romaine's watchword, and in bodily exercise Constance conformed to the quiet despotism—visited, studied, worked and took recreation by rule. The system wrought upon her beneficially so far as her physique was concerned. She grew from a slender, pale girl into ripe and healthy womanhood; was more comely at twenty-seven than at twenty-one.

CHAPTER II.

But all this time she was an hungry. She would cheerfully have refunded to her brother two-thirds of her liberal allowance if he had granted to her with its quarterly payment a sentence of fraternal fondness, a token, verbal or looked, that he remembered whose child she was, and that the same mother love had guarded their infancy. Her sister-in-law would have been welcome to withhold many of her gifts of wearing apparel and jewelry had she bestowed herself now and then how gratefully kisses fall upon young lips, and that youthful heads are often sadly weary for the lack of a friendly shoulder, or a loving bosom, on which to rest. She did not accuse her relatives of willful unkindness because these were withheld. They interchanged no such unremunerative demonstrations among themselves. Husband and wife were courteous in their demeanor, the one to the other; their children were demure models of filial duty at home and industry at school; the training in both places being severe enough to quench what feeble glimmer of individuality may have been born with the offspring of the methodical and practical parents. Constance found them extremely uninteresting, notwithstanding the natural love for children which led her to court their companionship during the earlier weeks of her domestication in their house. It was next to a miracle that she did not stiffen in this atmosphere into a buckram image of feminine propriety—a prodigy of starchy and virtuous, such as would have brought calm delight to the well-regulated mind of her exemplar, and effectually chased all thoughts of matrimony from those of masculine beholders. Had her discontent with her allotted sphere been less active, the result would have been certain and deplorable. She was, instead, popular among her acquaintances of both sexes, and had many friends, if few lovers. This latter deficiency had given her no concern until within two years. At twenty-five she opened her eyes in wide amazement upon the thinning ranks of her virgin associates, and began seriously to ponder the causes that had left her unthought, save by two very silly and utterly ineligible swains, whose overtures were, in her esteem, presumptuous that was only too ridiculous

to be insulting. Her quick wit and knowledge of the world helped her to a solution of the problem. "I am poor and dependent upon my brother's charity," she concluded, with a new and stifling uprising of dissatisfaction with her condition. "Men rarely fall in love with such—more rarely woo them." She never spoke the thought aloud, but it grew and strengthened until it received a startling blow from Mr. Withers' proposal of marriage.

He was a wealthy banker from a neighboring city, whom business relations with Mr. Romaine drew to his house and into his sister's company. His courtship was all Mrs. Romaine could desire. His visits were not too frequent, and were paid at stated intervals, as befitted his habits of order and punctuality. His manner to the lady honored by his preference was replete with stately respect that was the antipodes of servile devotion, while his partiality for her society, and admiration for her person, were unmistakable. He paid his addresses through Mr. Romaine as his fair one's guardian, offering voluntarily to give his beloved whatever time for deliberation upon the proposal she desired.

"You had better think it over for a week," advised her brother, when he had laid the case duly before Constance. "It is too serious a matter to be settled out of hand."

After that, neither he nor his wife intruded their counsel upon her until the afternoon of the seventh day. Then Mrs. Romaine, going to her sister's chamber to communicate the substance of a telegram just received by her husband to the effect that Mr. Withers would call that evening at 8 o'clock, was moved to grave remonstrance by the discovery that she whom he came to woo had no answer prepared for him. Constance was no nearer ready after the conversation before recorded. "I cannot afford to be romantic," she had reminded herself several times. "And who knows but this irrational repugnance may pass away when I have once made up my mind to accept him? This may be—in all likelihood it is—my last chance of achieving an independent position. It has been a long time coming, and my charms will be on the wane soon. True, a marriage with Elvath Withers is not the destiny of which I have dreamed, but then dreams are but foolish vagaries after all. Life is real and earnest."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A ZOOLOGICAL DIVERSION.

An Elephant That Used to Play a Clever Trick on Visitors. The elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, used to play his visitors a trick, which could not have been thought of but by an animal of much intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the Elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk—a mere speck that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits.

A crowd would assemble around the inclosure, and, no, being him in it, would watch in expectation that he would soon issue from the house. But, while they were gazing about, a copious sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky and wondering whence such a shower could come. Immediately afterward, however, they would see the elephant rising from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick that he had played. In the course of time his amusement became generally known, and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle he had caused.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

USES OF ICE WATER.

In Health It Should Not Be Used for Drinking Purposes. In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in the summer. To use it at all with safety the person should take but a single swallow at the time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crunching between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhea, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp has allayed violent inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there. In croup, water as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest with a sponge or cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child wrapped up well in the bed clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.—New York Ledger.

Bottomless Campaigns.

In Canada no campaign buttons, ribbons or badges can be worn between nomination and polling day. The carrying of flags as a party badge is also forbidden. The penalty is a fine of \$100 or three months in prison, or both.—Boston Journal.

OUR SPRINGFIELD LETTER.

An Old Timer.

Fifty years is a long time for a man to keep up with the political or official history of the times; it is more than half the life of the state, yet we see here today walking around hale and hearty one who sat in the senate of the state as representative of Peoria county in 1844—Dr. Robert Boal. He is escorted round by his grandson, Senator Robert Boal Fort, and is met and interviewed by everybody who likes to hear of the olden times. He also sat in the legislature in 1855, where he had for colleagues Hon. Stephen T. Logan, Thomas J. Turner (speaker), Owen Lovejoy, Col. A. C. Babcock. He voted for Lincoln for senator until the last vote, when he was appealed to by Mr. Lincoln to vote for Trumbull to prevent the election of Gov. Matteson, since of "canal scrip" fame. Matteson, with the instincts of a shrewd politician which he was, had revised his opinion in regard to the Kansas-Nebraska bill to such an extent that some of the anti-Nebraska Democrats felt free to vote for him in case they could not get Trumbull. It took every vote of the Whigs and anti-Nebraska men to elect and some were sure to go over to Matteson if all the Whigs did not come to Trumbull. Dr. Boal was the last one to yield and voted for a man whom he did not fully trust. The doctor had been a friend and associate of Gov. Ford, who did not like Trumbull a bit. Anyone who has read Ford's history need not be told that. The doctor mentions one act of the senator which justifies his opinion. Dr. Wm. Jayne had been elected a state senator from this district in 1860 by the very sharpest political management ever known in any campaign in this state and at great expense, in order that the senate might have a majority so it could re-elect Trumbull in 1861. We had no federal law at that time requiring the two houses of the state legislature to meet jointly to elect a senator in case one was not elected by the separate action of both. It was known that the state senate would be Democratic if the Sangamon district did not elect a Republican for the hold-over senators were equally divided, and of the thirteen to be elected six were certain to be democrats, this district being the disputed one. Without Jayne's election Trumbull would not have been re-elected. Jayne was elected by 7 majority. Yet, in the face of this condition, the senator insisted that Lincoln should appoint Jayne governor of Dakota territory and take him out of the senate, where as a hold-over he could have prevented the senate of 1861 from becoming Democratic and would have prevented the election of W. A. Richardson to the senate as the successor of Mr. Douglas.

Tells of Lincoln.

Dr. Boal finds few here that he used to know in those olden times. He had a nice visit with Gov. Palmer and one with Gen. McClernand. At the memorial ceremonies of the death of Lincoln in the hall of the Assembly the other evening, he was a central figure, and was invited to make a few remarks. Standing before the audience as one who had been a collaborator with the martyred president and the only man in the state capital who had voted for him for senator in 1855, he enabled us to connect with the man whose memory was the topic of the hour. To that immense audience, few of whom, though at his home, had ever seen him, it was fortunate that one so well acquainted with him happened to be there to take part in the exercises. One can hardly believe as he stands erect and natural before us that he is now 91 years of age and was three years older than Lincoln. On the occasion referred to he said: "I feel that I am scarcely able to address this large, intelligent audience, as I have passed the allotted span for making addresses long ago, and in relating my experiences and relations with Lincoln I shall be obliged to use the personal pronoun to such an extent I am afraid you will charge me with egotism. Notwithstanding, however, I feel honored to have an opportunity to pay my tribute to the memory of so great and good a man. I do not believe there is a human being on this earth who has a higher appreciation of Abraham Lincoln than myself. In 1842, my first acquaintance with Lincoln, which was an acquaintance which lasted as long as he lived. In 1846 I voted for him for congress. In 1855 I was a member of the legislature and voted for him for United States senator, and kept on voting for him until he told me to stop. At his request and at his desire I voted for Judge Trumbull. I am glad now that I did so, because it was the first step toward electing him president of the United States, and gave us a senator of which Illinois was proud and always will be proud. In 1860 I had the honor of sitting in a convention which nominated him for president, as alternate delegate from my district, and I shouted until I was hoarse, and I believe it has lasted for the last thirty years. After Mr. Lincoln's election and he had gone to Washington and the white house, just after they fired upon Fort Sumter, I happened fortunately to send up my card in the evening about 8 o'clock. I went up and sat with him about a half hour, and was surprised to find that he had become such a dignified man as he seemed to be. I had known him as a lawyer and acquaintance before, but now found him a careful, dignified man. We sat down together and he asked about Illinois. He asked about this one and that one, and as the conversation continued his dignity relaxed. He became the same old

Lincoln that I had known years ago. All at once he broke out laughing, and any one who remembers him will remember how he laughed. He explained that he had met Tom Corwin of Ohio, and Tom had been down to Alexandria, and a man told him that he heard George Washington swear. Tom Corwin said his father had always set George Washington up for him to follow as a man, that he believed Washington was something really more than a man and that he was next thing to an angel, and when he heard that Washington swore he said he never felt so forgiven in his life. We conversed until Gov. Seward came in and I took my leave. This was the last time I ever saw Lincoln. I will not attempt to make any further remarks. I could entertain you with a number of anecdotes about Lincoln which have never been published. In conclusion I will say that this century does not fully appreciate the great character of Lincoln, but in the centuries hereafter to come his name will grow brighter and brighter than it is now. I think that Lowell has summed up Lincoln's character in the fewest and best words. He described him as a loving, kind and fair man, the great Lincoln."

Springfield's Churches.

There is a singular condition in regard to the geographical locality of the churches in this city. Taking the Leland hotel as the center of the city, which is just across the way from the United States court house and postoffice, and in the same block with the two principal newspaper offices, and only a block away from the other, and you find nearly all the leading churches in close proximity, most of which have been built since the hotel was. In the same block is the finest church in town, the First Methodist. In the next block diagonally across are the Christian and Baptist churches, and near by the Second Presbyterian. In the other direction, in the first block east, the First Presbyterian, and just across from that the Lutheran, while opposite the other corner of the same block is the large Catholic church with its parochial school, either one of which can be reached in from one to two minutes' walk from the Leland. The blocks here are uniformly only 340 feet square. Whether it was by intent or by accident, it is a singular combination of religious mobilities which you will hardly find in any other city of the size of this.

State Historical Library.

The fourth biennial report of the Librarian of the State Historical Library, Miss Josephine Cleveland, is out, and is an interesting pamphlet to those who take an interest in that branch of our state service; as who should not? Some years ago it was decided to take from the state library all those books and papers which relate particularly to our own state and put them in a separate room, in charge of one who would take interest in their care and who would look out for additions to them. This has been done by Miss Cleveland, and each year sees this collection growing and increasing in interest. She is handicapped by a ridiculously small appropriation. So she must depend largely on soliciting donations, and is deprived from making purchases of really valuable collections which ought to be in that library. The state is foolishly penurious in this matter. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are voted for the State Agricultural Society, while you may be surprised that the \$2,500 which was at first given for the annual support of this institution has been reduced latterly to a bare \$1,000. Such penuriousness is not to be justified. Miss Cleveland tells me that she is not even given a janitor, "extra" or otherwise for the care of her room. Twelve dozen for the State Library! I hope that this historical fact will not get recorded among her papers to put to shame future generations.

Washington, Ill.—B. F. Fredericks, democratic mayor, was elected by 6 majority; Robert Davis, democratic alderman First ward, 13 majority; Calvin Cress, democratic alderman Second ward, 14 majority; M. Ebert, republican alderman Third ward, 14 majority; Chas. Koker, independent, city clerk, no opponent; Adam Kile, democratic treasurer, 37 majority; Christ Spring, democratic supervisor, 3 majority; D. S. Sheppard, police magistrate, 11 majority.

Delavan, Ill.—Mayor, S. M. Reinheimer, license; clerk, James Pittsford, license; treasurer, A. H. Montgomery, license; attorney, W. H. Ambrose, license; aldermen, First ward, S. M. Donley, license; Second ward, W. C. Tibburey, license; Third ward, Charles Varney, anti-license. The anti-license party lose the clerk and attorney, also one alderman.

Morton, Ill.—The full village ticket defeated the people's ticket. The following were elected: Fred Reuling, president; C. May, clerk; trustees, Henry Dodds, Carl Shahr, H. Y. Stormer.

Minier, Ill.—This city elected to-day: President, John F. Quigg; clerk, Geo. W. Smith; trustees, J. F. Davis, Ernest Nagel, T. L. Tanner; police magistrate, P. V. Smith.

Howso—A horse ran away with my brother yesterday and he'll be laid up for two months. Comes—Yes, Well, I know a fellow who ran away with a horse yesterday and he'll be laid up for two years.—New York Herald.

Blood Poison

Confined our son to his bed for five months. The disease left him an object of pity and a great sufferer. He was covered with blotches, and the burning and itching were terrible to bear. A lady told us to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. He began taking it and soon improved. After taking a few bottles he was entirely cured. That was three years ago, and there has been no return of the disease.—S. C. BOYLAN, East Leroy, Mich. Get only Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is sold by all druggists. Price, \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Grilled Fresh Herring. These are very tasty and dainty if properly prepared. First clean the fish, cut off the heads and tails, removing the backbone and what small ones you can. Next flatten out the fish with a knife. Sprinkle the inside with pepper and salt and set the two sides together again in pairs, pressing both firmly. Dip into coarse oatmeal and grill over a very clear fire. Serve on a hot dish with caper sauce.

There is a Class of People Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Equally Lucky. Sympathetic Lady—"So your husband was killed?" Mrs. Rooney—"Shure, an' he was, mum, and it was from the thirteenth floor he fell." Lady—"An unlucky number for him." Mrs. Rooney—"It was that; but I'm thinking it would have been just as unlucky for him, poor man, if he had fell from the twenty-sixth."—New Tribune.

Opportunity for Homeseekers. There are excellent opportunities along the line of the Chicago & North-Western R.R. in western Minnesota and South Dakota for those who are desirous of obtaining first-class lands upon favorable terms for general agricultural purposes, as well as stock raising and dairying. For particulars and land-seekers' rates, apply to Agents of The North-Western line.

Infantile Brag. One Little Girl—My father belongs to one of the first families. The Other Little Girl—My paw always sees the first bluebird every spring.—Indianapolis Journal.

Drugs at Cut-Rate Prices. Send 2-cent stamp for postage and we will send you our complete CUT-RATE DRUG LIST. We can save you money on everything in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Prescriptions, Rubber Goods, Wines and Liquors. PAUL V. FISCH & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The largest bronze statue in existence is in St. Petersburg. It represents Peter the Great, and weighs 1,000 tons. I believe Pisco's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '98.

A Newark (N. J.) Judge last week sentenced a bicycle thief to a two years' term in state's prison.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic. 10c or 50c. If C. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

The heart of a virtuous man never grows old.—J. F. Marmontel.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Even the light minded must venerate virtue.—Krummacker.

One's Cough Balm. In the coldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Every delay gives opportunity for disaster.—Napoleon.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Curfew bells ring in three towns in West Virginia.

There is no message which brings more gladness to a true woman's heart than the sweet assurance that a little one is coming to bless her life and call her "Mother." But in all her loving preparations for the expected little guest, a mother is liable to forget that her own health and physical condition is the most important provision which can possibly be made for the baby's happiness. If the prospective mother is weak, nervous and anxious, this condition is bound to react on the baby's constitution. No dissipation of wardrobe will compensate for the loss of the natural, healthy vigor which a mother should bestow upon her baby. As early as possible during gestation, the expectant mother should reinforce her bodily powers with the health-bringing influence of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives natural, healthy vigor and elastic endurance to the organs specially concerned in motherhood. It makes the coming of the baby perfectly safe and almost painless. It gives nerve-strength to the mother and vital hardness to the child. It is the only medicine devised by an educated physician specially to overcome all weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organs.

Mrs. Roscoe Yarrow, of Robinson Creek, Pike Co., Ky., writes: "I wish to express my thanks to you for the good I have received from your 'Favorite Prescription.' I have used it at different times for the last five years, and always with the most gratifying results. But the greatest good received from the 'Favorite Prescription' was about four months ago when my last baby was born. I was afflicted with 'child-bed fever.' Instead of sending after a doctor I used the 'Prescription' and was cured. A lady friend of mine was similarly afflicted and sent after the doctor and took his remedies and died. I am 27 years old, weigh 147 pounds, the mother of five children, and am enjoying the best of health." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, promptly and permanently.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY. It cures dropsy, edema, and all swellings. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Send for book of testimonials and full treatment free. Dr. H. S. GREGG, 1507A, Atlanta, Ga.