

Woman's Wit.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL.

Something About Morphine, Sulphur, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.
 Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account:
 "Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for a while and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and molasses,' and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonials in the News inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid goodbye to my headaches while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as used to be; well and strong, light-hearted and merry but never without the pills. See, I have got some of them now," and from a nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes never in loose bulk, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

An Old Clergyman.

Years ago there lived in Connecticut an old minister who was quite celebrated for his wit. Many of his sayings have been preserved and handed down from father to son.

While traveling in the western country he learned to shave without the aid of a mirror. Long afterward, while attending some gathering of ministers, he got up early and was discovered by his friend standing face to a blank wall to perform the act of shaving, although there was a good mirror in the room. In answer to his friend's surprised question he said he had not used a looking-glass for thirty years.

"The last time I looked in one," he said, with a curious drawing in the corners of his mouth that always accompanied a joke, "I got so little encouragement I thought I wouldn't try it again."

He did not generally enjoy having a joke turned on himself, but sometimes he fully appreciated it. One day a stiff-necked neighbor called and asked if he had a catch o'barrow.

"Yes," replied the clergyman, "but I don't lend it."

"Well," said the neighbor, promptly, "did I ask for it?"

This pleased the old minister so much that the neighbor presently departed trundling the cherished wheelbarrow with the old man's full consent.

Their Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating course of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness which follows the use of Syrup of Figs is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

It is the man who has a sea of troubles that has a notion of sorrow.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

A Barber who tells his wife misery because she does her company.

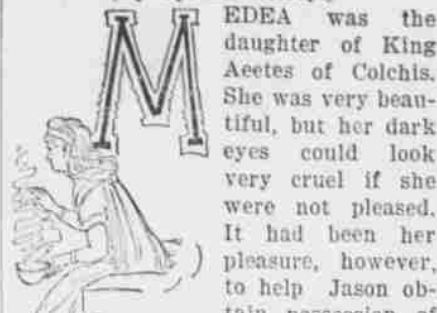
Boys: Tell it to Digger.

Douglas, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival, I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Kansas City.

It doesn't always pay to be good. It was the prodigal boy who ate of the fattened calf.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

(By Sylvan d'Arcy.)



MEDEA was the daughter of King Aetes of Colchis. She was very beautiful, but her dark eyes could look very cruel if she were not pleased. It had been her pleasure, however, to help Jason obtain possession of the Golden Fleece, which was the treasure of her father. But after helping him she dared not face her father's anger. So she departed with Jason from Colchis and became his wife.

Now, you remember that it had been no easy task to take the fleece from the sacred grove of Mars. A dragon with a hundred eyes that never all slept at the same time guarded it. And it was only by enchantments and charms that Jason was enabled to obtain the prize.

When Medea was a little child she passed her life with Circe, her father's sister. From her she learned the secret power of herbs; how to invoke the dark powers with incantations; in short, all the secrets of enchantments and sorcery.

So it was by her power that Jason had first tamed the fire-breathing bulls; had slain the army that sprang fully armed from the soil, after he planted the teeth of the dragon; and it was by her that the dragon in the grove of Mars was put to sleep while Jason snatched the shining fleece, and you remember how they sped together down to the Argo, and, as Orpheus played upon his harp, how the vessel sailed swiftly away.

But not unpursued did the Argo depart. King Aetes suspected treachery, and finding, when too late, that his treasure was gone and his prey escaped, for he had intended killing Jason on the next morning, he started after the fleeing bark.

Medea had foreseen this result and had guarded against it. She had brought her little brother with her, and now she called him to her. When the pursuing vessels began to gain upon the Argonauts, she committed the darkest crime in her life. Her little innocent brother, who loved her and depended upon her, was sacrificed by her own hand. After killing him, as he embraced and kissed her, she cut the poor little body into pieces and threw them out of the vessel, and King Aetes, stopping to gather them up to give them decent burial, gave up the chase, and the Argo sped on.

So it will very frequently happen that where a great deed is performed, a dark stain is somewhere overshadowing the outward effulgent dress that history and romance put upon it. And the Argonautic expedition was a great



SHE MOVED THREE TIMES AROUND THE ALTAR.

naval achievement; probably the first forecast of the great traffic that was to be; when nations, separated by the physical barriers of nature, would be brought into fellowship and brotherhood by man's constructive ingenuity.

After a perilous voyage, the Argo once more touched the shores of Thessaly. Pallas, who had sent Jason to obtain the fleece, was much dismayed at his return. However, he took the golden prize that had been won at so much peril, and gave up his throne to Jason, to whom it of right belonged.

Great rejoicings spread throughout the kingdom, and all would have been well if it had not been that Aeson, the father of Jason, was too old and infirm to attend the joyous celebrations of the victory. Lamenting this one drop of bitterness in his cup of joy, Jason sent for his wife Medea.

"Why are you sad, my lord?" asked the beautiful wife.

"Aeson, Medea, I have everything that my heart desires, save only one. My father, to whom I owe everything, is old. It saddens me that at any moment he may be called to leave my kingdom for that of Pluto and Proserpine. Oh, my wife, you have, by your magic, performed wonders for me; help me now! Take from my life some of its years and add them to Aeson's. Do this, if you love me, if you honor me!"

He looked imploringly at her, but nothing could be read in the stern countenance. Then his head sunk upon his breast. But only for a moment, for a voice, full of low sweet music, fell upon his ear. He knew the voice of Medea. It was that that held him

bound to her, even when his nature recoiled from her cruel deeds.

He looked up. Never had she appeared so beautiful, so grand, so awful. Her slight figure was drawn up to its full height. Her eyes shone, large lustrous black eyes; her dark hair fell about her like a cloud, as if to hide so much glory. She was very much excited, and spoke quickly.

"You ask, Jason, the hardest task that even an enchantress may perform. I could move yonder mountain with less difficulty. The power to tame the fire-breathing bulls and put the dragon to sleep were child's play to me. But now you ask what will tax all my powers. Nevertheless, it shall be done! But not at the cost you mention. Not so much as one day shall be taken from your life, but Aeson shall live!"

She ceased, and as he thanked her all the fire of her being seemed to vanish. She was as sweet and gentle as the summer wind. To look at her no one would have believed her capable of an evil thought, much less of a deed of horror. Then she went from his apartment.

When the next full moon occurred, at midnight, when all were wrapt in slumber, Medea stepped forth from the palace. She was attired in black, and she strode swiftly till she came to the center of a forest. Great rocks cast deep shadows, and the trees rustled and their murmurings were reverberated from the caverns. Passing quickly from this dense foliage, she came to a clearing, circular in shape, on which the moon and stars shone with wonderful clearness.

For a moment the enchantress stood with face upturned and arms raised, silent, and not a sound of living or moving creature could be heard. Then she addressed her incantations to the moon and the stars, to Hecate, the goddess of the underworld; to Tellus, the goddess of the earth, by whose power herbs full of charm and potent for enchantment grow. She called upon the gods of land and sea; she invoked the power of river, stream, lake, wood and cavern; she called upon the mountains and the valleys, upon the mighty winds and upon the vapors.

Then she implored Pluto and Proserpine to spare the life that she wished to prolong; and as she spoke the stars shone brighter, the winds began to sigh and moan, the leaves of the trees to rustle. And suddenly from on high a chariot of gold and precious gems descended to her, borne by winged serpents. Medea entered her car, and in a moment more was out of sight of Thessaly.

The chariot bore her to distant lands, where man had never put his foot, where nature had unbounded sway. There she gathered herbs, such as she knew how to use, and for nine days she was so occupied. During this time she entered no dwelling and spoke to no mortal being. Then she returned to Thessaly, to the clearing in the woods. There she erected two altars, one to Hecate, the other to Hebe, the goddess of youth.

A black sheep was then sacrificed, and libations of milk and wine were poured upon it. Aeson was then led to death, and having thrown him into a deep sleep by a charm, Medea laid him upon a bed of herbs.

With flowing hair she moved three times around the altars, calling upon the gods of the underworld, and dipping burning twigs into the blood on the altars and leaving them there to burn. The caldron with its magic contents was then prepared. She put in it the magic herbs that she had gathered, seeds and flowers, stone from the far East and sand from the shore of Ocean. Then she added hoar-frost, gathered by moonlight; the head and wings of a screech owl; the entrails of a wolf; fragments of shells of tortoises; the liver of stags and the head and beak of a crow.

All these things, from animals tenacious of life and things that never die, and many more dark, secret concoctions were put into the caldron, till at last, the contents boiling over, the grass around took on the vivid green of early spring, and the dry olive-twig with which the mixture was stirred began to grow green, and to shoot forth leaves, and suddenly was heavy with ripe olives.

Then, when Medea saw that all was ready, she approached King Aeson. Taking her knife, the same that had slain her brother, she cut the throat of the aged king, and when the blood had run out she poured into the wound the contents from the caldron. Quickly the wound healed, leaving no traces behind. In a few moments the white hair grew dark, the blood surged to the cheeks, the emaciated looks disappeared and Aeson rose, a young man.

This is one of the good deeds that Medea performed, but she soon counterbalanced it with evil, and disappeared forever from Thessaly.

It happened in this way. When the daughters of Pallas, the usurper of Jason's throne, saw Aeson restored to youth, they begged Medea to do the same for their father. She consented, and they were overjoyed to obey her instructions.

One night, while Pallas slept, they entered his room stealthily, and when Medea commanded them to strike him, they hesitated. But when she told them the promised reward of youth, they were dazzled, and turning away their faces struck Pallas, with random strokes. The father awoke and cried

out, and the daughters would have desisted, but Medea sprang forward and dealt him a mortal wound.

Then she prepared a caldron, but put in it only water and a few simple herbs. Placing the body of Pallas in the boiling concoction, she clapped her hands, and in a moment her winged dragons bearing her chariot swooped down from the sky, startling the people.

Before they were aware of her treachery, Medea had mounted her car, and the last they ever saw of her was her beautiful but wicked face leaning over the side and laughing in mockery.

HOAR AND THE JOKER.

Revenge of a Colored Man on the Statesman from Backbay.

"Sherman Hoar took a painful part in an incident, a star part at that, which, while grief inspiring in all its phases, couldn't be called a fight. Nor was it exactly with a member of congress, although the foe had close business relations with the house. Hoar was very young, and, to his disgust, very much resembled in personal appearance one of the head pages of the house. This head page was a great practical joker, and the butt of much of his humor was a sleepy darkey who had charge of the house washroom. This Congo was prone to sit in a chair in the washroom and slumber. The funny head page would sly up to him as he slumbered and tip him over on the floor. This was a joke. Before the Congo could recover himself for vengeance the head page would be back in the house, beyond whose green baize portals no humble black man might pursue his prey.

"One afternoon the humorous page tipped over the sleepy colored man several times. It gave the head page great joy. The victim of all this fun lusted for revenge. He would give a week's salary for an opportunity to play a return game with his tormentor.

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, opening his eyes after a cat nap, he beheld his persecutor bending over a wash basin, refreshing his face. The bedevil Congo's joy was unconfined. The Lord had delivered the enemy into his hands.

"The negro is not an originator. At best, he is only an imitator. In this supreme hour of triumph our poor black friend could think of nothing better than to creep to the unsuspecting tyrant and kick him. This he did, and he threw all the force of his tropical nature into the caress. He kicked the enemy soundly and roundly, and then stood back to enjoy his victory.

"The force of this rear end collision drove the victim's head against the wall with amazing force. It was not unnatural that he should look up. He did so, and the darkey was horrified when he recognized the features of Sherman Hoar, representative from the Boston Backbay district. The darkey did not faint, for the reason that darkeys never faint. But he grew several shades lighter at the thought of what he had done.

"Hoar, on his part, could not find words to express his indignant astonishment. At last the poor darkey managed to get in, in the most humble and contrite fashion, that he had mistaken Hoar for the head page, who oppressed him. Hoar granted him forgiveness, although in his proud heart he regarded the explanation as a greater insult than the assault. After that, too, Hoar bathed his face at his hotel. He did not care to take further risks in the house washroom, for the kick had not diminished his resemblance to the page."

Homesick Soldiers.

"Homesickness, or nostalgia, as it is called in medical terminology," says Post Hospital Surgeon McKim at Washington, "is a well-defined malady in every army, and carries away a great many soldiers from apparently unknown causes, like Major Neumeier's beans. A great many brave soldiers waste away with hopeless longing for their wives and children. The records show that thousands of German soldiers who were compelled to fight in Napoleon's army succumbed to 'hellsickness.' It was pronounced in that army because the Germans are very fond of their home and dear ones, and were fighting under the colors of their conqueror, in some cases against their own countrymen. But it is a tangible quality in every army, and there were thousands of serious cases in the struggle between the north and the south."

Footprints at Amherst.

Amherst college at Amherst, Mass., has a collection of 20,000 tracks made ages ago by birds and reptiles. The impressions left on the red sandstone were of all sizes, from those that might have been made by mice up to those of elephantine magnitude. The largest were by what was significantly named the Prototrozom giganteum, literally, the great thunder beast.

A Question.

Those shoes that are wondrously yellow—
 A person might ponder a week
 Ere a way he could find
 To make up his mind
 If they're louder in color or squeak.
 —Washington Star.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. As long as you have rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

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The One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. \$1. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Pains

in your Back, your Muscles, your Joints, your Head, and all diseases of Impure Blood, are caused by sick kidneys.

Sick kidneys can be cured, strengthened, re-vitalized by

DR. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills

They relieve the pains, purify the blood, cure all diseases of which sick kidneys are the cause. At all druggists, for 50c. per box, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

Write for pamphlet.

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Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances was cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone. W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major United States Volunteers and J. A. General, Buffalo, N. Y.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sore, prevents the Membrane from closing, restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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