

# THE STORY TELLER

## THE LETTER FROM MOTHER.

Rip and snip and a flutter and flit—  
The morning mail is in;  
The typewriter's rack-tack right and left  
With brusque, staccato din.  
Order and tally, statement and bill,  
Credit, receipt and dun;  
He slaps them open with hasty hand,  
Assorting them one by one.  
"Respected Gentlemen," "Honored Sirs,"  
Formal and smug and trite,  
Empty phrases of business life  
To start the letters right.  
"Sincerely yours," and "with respect,"  
"Obedient servant," too!  
Baire tucked to a rebate claim  
Or angry threat to sue.  
Down through the thick of the stack he  
goes  
With the business snarl on his brow;  
There is never a smile in a postman's  
bag  
You'd imagine, to look at him now.  
But under a letter of formal cut  
And sickly commercial hue,  
Here is a missive trimly plump,  
With envelope honest blue,  
And he opens the flap with a careful  
hand.  
He pushes the others by;  
The faltering lines and the faded ink  
He studies with softened eye.  
There's truth in the words, "My precious  
boy."  
For they're penned by a mother's hand,  
And there's something else between the  
lines  
His heart can understand.  
Forgetting the cares of the business day  
And the roar from the city's throat,  
His thoughts go back to the farm the  
while  
He reads what mother wrote:  
"We are well, and your father's smart,  
He's down in the woods to-day;  
"Tell Joe I'm filling the wood-shed up,"  
He said as he went away.  
"Ask him if ever he's found a spot  
That's quite so cozy and snug  
As the corner in front of our fireplace  
With his back on the braided rug?  
Tell him there's plenty of birch and  
beech  
That's hankering now to burn,  
And lots of things in the bins down-  
stairs  
Waiting for his return.  
I've had fine luck with all preserves  
And all of my pickles, too.  
The house is full of the smell of spice!  
Sniff hard at this paper!" True!  
He closed his eyes on the office walls,  
And the perfume the letter brings  
Whispers of jars on the cellar shelves  
And apples in festooned strings.  
He scents the savor of autumn fields  
And the fragrance of heaped-up mows,  
The spicy waftings from cellar bins  
And the dewy breath of cows.  
Then down at the end there's the same  
sweet thrill  
He found in the words above:  
"Come when you can, precious boy,  
From mother, with all her love,"  
And somehow the tasks of the busy day  
Are full of snarls and frets;  
His thoughts are slow, and things move  
wrong.  
He blunders and he forgets.  
For the call of home is in his ears,  
In his eyes the old home place;  
In his heart the yearning for two old  
folks  
Who are longing to see his face.  
And he heaps on his wondering partner's  
desk  
The whole of the business pile.  
"You must run it a week, old man!" he  
says;  
"I'm down with the folks awhile."  
—Holman F. Day, in Youth's Compan-  
ion.

## THE UNTURNED TRUMP

By Barnes Macgreggor.  
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lishing Company. All rights reserved.

THE ferry-boat, "Rappahannock,"  
had an experience in the winter  
of 1873 that will never be forgotten by  
any of her passengers.  
During one of her regular trips be-  
tween New York and Brooklyn this  
boat suddenly quitted her respectable,  
though somewhat monotonous, career,  
and became a common tramp, without  
port or destination.  
The day awoke in fog such as the  
oldest inhabitant had never seen. The  
East river was blocked with ice and  
soon became a shrieking bedlam of  
grooping and bewildering craft, whose  
pilots could scarcely see their hands  
before their faces.  
At half past nine the "Rappahan-  
nock" left Brooklyn, well laden with  
passengers, and started on her cus-  
tomary trip almost directly across the  
river—a very short and unusually easy  
voyage. Before even reaching the mid-  
dle of the stream, however, the ice  
and fog had thrown her completely  
out of her course. Back and forth, up  
and down stream, the pilot vainly  
groped, amid the shrieking whistles,  
ringing of fog bells, and loud crash of  
ice boulders, until, in the confused  
clangor, he had entirely lost his bear-  
ings.  
When, after long and perilous bat-  
tling with ice jams and many hair-  
breadth escapes from collisions, he sud-  
denly sighted the landing place on the  
New York side, he found it occupied  
by a sister boat, which had been driven  
there to avoid destruction. He backed  
out, only to be lost again, and for  
three hours this boat, now become a  
mere tramp, wandered aimlessly up  
and down the East river with its load  
of excited passengers, whose emotions  
ranged anywhere between the rage and  
impatience of the belated Wall Street  
speculator, to whom the delay might  
mean a loss of \$50,000, to the hysteria  
of a nervous little woman who  
had left her baby at home, and  
who begged the other helpless passen-  
gers for the love of Heaven to help  
her set her feet once more on land.  
Between these two extremes of im-  
patience and excitement was a small  
proportion of passengers who remained  
calm, even endeavoring to while away  
the time by exchanging pleasantries  
and making wagers as to the time of  
their deliverance. Among these was  
a group of men in the cabin who, after  
having read and reread the morning

papers, were casting about for some  
other method of killing time. One  
suggested a game of cards.  
"Cards!" laughed one of his com-  
panions in misery. "Who'd carry cards  
on a ferry-boat? Who, outside of a  
lunatic asylum, would start on a ten-  
minutes' voyage provided with games  
to pass away the time?"  
"Here is a euchre deck which is at  
your service."  
The speaker, evidently a globe-trot-  
ter, drew from under the bench a trav-  
eling bag, so much worn and em-  
bellished by tags, labels and hiero-  
glyphics that it resembled some old  
veteran just returned from the wars  
and still covered with surgeon's plas-  
ters. From this he produced a pack  
of cards and tendered it to the man  
who had suggested a game.  
"Certainly, if you will join us; but  
what shall we do for a table?"  
"Here is a camp-stool," said the man  
of the world. And in a moment four  
men were sitting around it, cutting for  
deal, which chanced to fall to the  
stranger.  
The cards were distributed rapidly,  
and the dealer was about to turn the  
trump when a loud shriek pierced the  
air and a woman opposite suddenly  
sank fainting to the floor.  
The tension among the passengers  
had become so great that a panic  
seemed imminent.  
"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; it is  
nothing serious," said the dealer, cal-  
mly. "The lady simply caught sight of  
her own frightened face in the mir-  
ror, and the shock caused her to faint.  
It reminds me of a thrilling experience  
an American traveler had while bump-  
ing through Syria. But, pardon me,  
the game!"  
Once more he made a movement to  
turn the trump, when one of the party  
exclaimed:  
"There can't be a better time or  
place than this for telling a thrilling  
experience."  
"Yes," said another; "do give us  
some other kind of bumping than we  
are having here. Let's have the story  
before we begin the game."  
The stranger leaned back, passed his  
cigar case, and, having lighted a weed  
himself, began:  
"It is an unwritten law among the  
wild Bedouins east of the Red sea that  
if an infidel traveler is attended on his  
journey by one of the faithful he is  
safe from the attacks of Mohammedan  
robbers. As long as the 'Frank,' as all  
foreigners are called, is under the pro-  
tection of the Star and Crescent, the  
rascal's hand is stayed, and as they  
meet, the villain, who would otherwise  
show no quarter, salutes with the  
grave suavity of a courtier. But let  
that same traveler become separated  
from the Arab guard that he has bribed  
to give him safe conduct through his  
own bandit-infested country, and he  
becomes legitimate prey. He will be  
plundered and perhaps killed, or,  
worse, if the robber thinks that cruelty  
will extort any secrets of hidden spoil,  
tortured or held for ransom, with each  
day's display losing a few fingers,  
which are forwarded to the captive's  
friends to signify that the rascals mean  
business.  
"The party in which this American  
was traveling had been entering Syria  
from the south, and were progressed  
some 12 days from the sacred base of  
old Sinai. At a place called Bir-es-  
Sheba, on the regular caravan route to  
and from Mecca from the north, they  
heard of some interesting archeological  
treasures just unearthed some two  
days' journey to the east, and, having  
made the detour, the party, snugly en-  
camped by the side of a beautiful  
stream under the shadow of the Tubal  
chain of mountains.  
"The treasures were vastly exagger-  
ated, as is the custom with everything  
oriental, and they soon determined to  
turn back to the caravan route and  
'bump' up into Syria—'bumping'  
being the familiar term for camel rid-  
ing, and a very expressive word at  
that. But on the afternoon of the first  
resting day some one suggested a  
jaunt to a famous old well, where it  
was said were some very ancient tum-  
muls. But, knowing the Bedouins to  
be conscientious liars, and sick of this  
unrewarded chase for phantom treas-  
ures, the American begged to be left  
behind in charge of two tents, which  
were pitched side by side on the bank  
of the stream.  
"This was agreed upon, the whole  
party except himself going off on their  
three days' trip, leaving their com-  
rade stretched at full length on a rug,  
his marmoset, or water pipe, lighted for  
company.  
"This oriental atmosphere, gentle-  
men, is a powerful drug. Do what you  
will to fight against it, its subtle charm  
holds you captive. The man suc-  
cumbed to its influences and went fast  
asleep.  
"Out of this sweet, trance-like repose  
he suddenly bounded into the horrible  
consciousness of a torturing pain in  
one of his hands, as though some wild  
beast was crunching the bones. But,  
as he writhed to his knees to grapple  
with the foe, he saw instead three  
swarthy, evil-faced Bedouins bending  
over him with ghoulish glee. One had  
just cut off, with a hideous dirk-knife,  
the first three fingers of his left hand.  
In an instant it flashed upon him that  
these were to be sent to his friends  
with a demand for ransom. He was  
correct in this supposition, for no  
sooner had the bleeding hand been  
rudely bandaged than two of his cap-  
tives set out upon this mission, leav-  
ing him in care of the third, who was  
heavily armed.  
"No one knew better than the pris-  
oner how impossible such a ransom  
would be. His fellow-travelers had  
brought as little money into Syria as  
would meet their actual necessities  
while there. He therefore began to  
cast desperately about in his mind for  
a loophole of escape before the fellows  
should return with these unsatisfactory  
tidings, which would result, no doubt,  
in further mutilation—

"As his gaze swept the tent for  
something suggesting a plan for deliv-  
erance, he saw it had been gutted of  
everything except two articles—his  
light silk coat, which hung upon the  
partition between the two tents, and  
the tourist's shaving mirror which it  
concealed. The coat had been over-  
looked because it was as grimy as the  
tent wall itself.  
"In moments like this one grasps  
at straws. As it is said a drowning  
person reviews his past experiences  
perfectly in a brief moment, so to this  
man, facing desperate odds, came a  
desperate suggestion.  
"He called loudly on a supposed pro-  
tector in the adjoining tent to come  
to the 'window,' and prove to his cap-  
tor that he was under protection of a  
Moslem. As he spoke he slowly drew  
the coat from before the mirror in  
front of which the sheik was standing.  
"No words can express the unutter-  
able consternation pictured upon that  
blazing face, livid with fright and  
wonder, as for the first time it saw  
its own awful reflection, not knowing  
it was its own. One instant he stood  
stock-still, fascinated, horrified, over-  
whelmed; then collapsed, just as that  
lady did but a moment ago, and the  
American quickly possessed himself of  
his captor's arms and was master of  
the situation.  
"And now, gentlemen," concluded  
the story teller, "we will have our  
game."  
As he spoke he again reached for-  
ward to turn the trump. There was  
a quickly drawn breath of horror from  
those who observed him, for the first  
three fingers of his left hand were  
missing.  
Before he could turn the card a sav-  
age lurch of the boat, accompanied by  
the creaking of timbers, announced the  
arrival of the Rappahannock at her  
New York slip—and the trump was  
never turned.  
**An Honorable Retreat.**  
Mention of Bismarck recalls a story  
he used to tell of an incident which  
his grandfather witnessed when serv-  
ing under Frederick the Great. It af-  
fords good reading in the present time  
in view of mistakes and rumors of  
mistakes, degradations, and equivocal  
promotions, of which tales come  
through from St. Petersburg. During  
some maneuvers an ensign made a  
mistake, and the old king, in a flaming  
passion, pursued him with a stick, in-  
tending to publicly chastise him. The  
ensign lit out for all he was worth and  
nimbly leaped a ditch which the king  
could not negotiate, but was left fum-  
ing on the wrong side. Later the col-  
onel of the regiment reported to the  
king that the ensign had tendered his  
resignation. "I am sorry, sire, for he  
is a really fine soldier," said the col-  
onel. "Send him to me," replied Fre-  
derick. The ensign came in, expecting  
to be beaten or perhaps sent to prison.  
"Here, sir, is your captaincy," said the  
king. "I meant to give it you this  
morning, but you ran so d-d hard I  
could not catch you."—St. James' Ga-  
zette.  
**Not Her Business.**  
Mrs. Plummer is one of the gentle,  
clinging women who are guarded and  
guided by some strong and well-bal-  
anced member of the sterner sex as  
long as they live. When Mr. Plummer  
died she was overcome by grief and  
a sense of helplessness.  
"Now, my dear Emily, what are all  
these bills?" asked her cousin one day,  
when Mrs. Plummer had been a widow  
nearly six months.  
"They are gas bills," said Mrs. Plum-  
mer, looking apathetically at a small  
pile of pink slips, "and those blue  
ones are telephone bills. They are  
beginning to complain at the telephone  
office and they've said something about  
taking out the telephone; and the gas  
company has shut off the gas already.  
I sat in the dark last night."  
"Well, but why on earth don't you  
pay the bills?" asked her bewildered  
relative.  
Mrs. Plummer looked at her guest  
with reproachful, tear-filled eyes.  
"George has always paid the gas and  
telephone bills," she said, plaintively.  
"I supposed you'd understand."  
—Youth's Companion.  
**Temperance and Eternity.**  
Senator Gallinger, of New Hamp-  
shire, who is also a physician, enjoys  
telling of the case of a maiden lady in  
Boston, an ardent member of the  
Woman's Christian Temperance union,  
who was once taken violently ill in  
consequence of a too free indulgence  
in lobster salad. When the doctor who  
was hastily summoned to her relief  
arrived he at once determined to ad-  
minister a stimulant, but the splinter,  
faithful to her principle, balked at the  
brandy proffered her. "Brandy!" she  
exclaimed as vigorously as her condi-  
tion would permit, "Dare you offer  
me brandy, sir?" "But it is necessary,  
madam," expostulated the physician;  
"you are quite ill." The Boston lady  
closed her lips in an expression of ex-  
treme determination. "And I may die,  
sir, but I'll not meet my Maker with  
brandy on my breath!" "She didn't,"  
adds Senator Gallinger, "but they made  
her take brandy all the same."—N. Y.  
Herald.  
**Not on That Path.**  
"I really thought you were on the  
path of reformation," said the South-  
west stipendiary recently, more in  
sorrow than in anger, when he once  
again fined Michael Quirk for inebri-  
ety. "Oh, no, sir," responded the mat-  
ter-of-fact Quirk. "I have just come  
from Shoreham."—London Chronicle.  
**About the Size of It.**  
"It's no trouble at all to get mar-  
ried," remarked the girl with the new  
engagement ring.  
"Of course, it isn't," rejoined her  
married lady friend, with a sigh long  
drawn out. "The trouble doesn't begin  
until the honeymoon ends."—Chicago  
Journal.

**GOTHAM'S NATIONAL FEAST**  
Never Ending Series of Celebrations  
Showing How Cosmopolitan  
the City Is.  
No other city in the world celebrates  
so many national festivals and with  
such energy and hurrah as does New  
York. These affairs, great and small,  
come pretty thick from the Fourth of  
July until nearly the end of September,  
and there are others in winter and  
spring, says the Sun.  
Ten days after the wildness of the  
Fourth of July the French national fete  
is celebrated. It is hardly so gay as it  
once was, probably because the custom  
of summering out of town has grown  
upon the French colony as upon other  
parts of the population. But it is gay  
enough.  
Faithful Swiss, of whom there are  
many in the city speaking French, Ger-  
man or Italian, and sometimes all three,  
celebrate in proper fashion on August 1,  
the birth of the league between the three  
little German mountain cantons which  
more than 600 years ago became the  
germ of the present Swiss confeder-  
ation.  
There already is announced for August  
13 an Austro-Hungarian festival in  
honor of Emperor Francis Joseph, who  
on that day will be 74. Popular as the  
emperor is in Austria, his birthday does  
not greatly stir Hungarian patriotism,  
however. The Hungarians prefer to  
celebrate on March 15 the beginning of  
the revolution of 1848, at first so prom-  
ising for Hungarian independence. On  
that day even the humblest Hungarian  
restaurants are crowded with thirsty  
patrons and, if on no other day, provide  
for the entertainment of their guests an  
orchestra to play national airs.  
Wilhelmina of Holland, who will be  
24 years old on August 31, has a few  
faithful Dutchmen in town to celebrate  
her birthday and drink schnapps in  
honor of her and the fatherland. The  
annual dinner of the Holland society is  
the most notable Dutch celebration of  
this city, and the Dutch of long Amer-  
ican descent somewhat overshadow the  
newcomers; but there are a few thou-  
sand Dutchmen in town not yet thor-  
oughly weaned from the mother coun-  
try, and to these the sovereign's birth-  
day is an occasion of reviving patrio-  
tism.  
The noisiest and most widely-celebrated  
national festival after our own comes  
in the very end of summer, on Septem-  
ber 20, when the Italians celebrate the  
entrance of Victor Emmanuel's troops  
into Rome in 1870. Year by year the  
day is more elaborately celebrated, in  
spite of the fact that it is a festival un-  
blessed of the church, and this year is  
likely to see the greatest demonstration  
in honor of united Italy that has yet  
been given.  
German residents from some of the  
smaller states of the empire find excuse  
for local festivals of one kind or an-  
other in midsummer, but the only an-  
niversaries that bring together Germans  
of all the states are midwinter affairs,  
the celebration that commemorates the  
anniversary of Versailles on January  
18, 1871, of the fact that William the  
First of Prussia was to be the head of a  
new German empire, and the celebration  
nine days later of the present emperor's  
birthday.  
Resident Britons, after having for  
nearly two generations celebrated the  
sovereign's birthday in May, now hold  
an autumn celebration in honor of Ed-  
ward VII. This occasion is celebrated  
by the Canadians of New York, though  
their own most interesting anniversary,  
that of the creation of the Dominion  
federation, falls properly on July 1.  
Spring festivals are those of the Span-  
iards in honor of the young Alfonso, on  
May 17, and the next day, which the few  
loyal Russians here keep in honor of the  
czar.  
**ILLNESS SHOWN ON NAILS.**  
St. Louis Expert Tells How One's  
Health Can Be Determined by  
Their Growth.  
"One who makes a close study of finger  
nails will find many curious things  
about them to excite his wonder and  
interest," said Mr. F. De Donato, who  
is an expert on such matters, to a St.  
Louis Globe-Democrat man, "but none  
more so than the stories of physical  
condition told in their growth. You  
know the nail of a person in good  
health grows at the rate of about one-  
sixteenth of an inch each week—slight-  
ly during illness or after an accident  
or during times of mental depression  
this growth is not only affected and  
retarded, so far as its length is concern-  
ed, but also as regards its thickness. The  
very slightest illness will thus leave  
an indelible mark on the nails which  
may be readily detected as the nail  
grows out. If one has a sudden attack,  
such as acute rheumatism, which sends  
the temperature bounding upward to  
104 or 105 within the space of two  
or three hours, it will be found on the  
nails, indicating the difference in thick-  
ness of growth between the time when  
health was enjoyed and the thin growth  
of the ill period."  
**What They Dreaded.**  
The hobo with the bushy beard  
rushed through the dime lodging  
house.  
"Blood will be spilled here to-day!"  
he roared wildly. There was a panic  
among the lodgers.  
"W-who's g-going to spill it?" fal-  
tered a dozen frightened hobos.  
"I am, I'm Bad Bill from Butte."  
"Ah, get out. We thought the vac-  
cinating doctor was coming."—Chi-  
cago Daily News.  
**Breezy.**  
Ketchum A. Cummin—Well, you've  
succeeded in raising the wind. What  
are you going to do now?  
Orville Ardup—I'm going to blow  
myself.—Chicago Tribune.



**Fibroid Tumors Cured.**  
A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor,  
which baffled the skill of Boston doctors.  
Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in  
the following letter tells how she was  
cured, after everything else failed, by  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:**  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treat-  
ment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid  
tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends  
up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My ab-  
domen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My ap-  
petite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.  
"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book ac-  
curately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs.  
E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.  
**Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—al-  
though she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take  
her medicine—which she knew would help her—  
her letter contained a mass of additional instruc-  
tions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring  
about the happy result.**  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describ-  
ing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed  
all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.  
"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely  
expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk  
now."  
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dol-  
lars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or  
female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs.  
E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

**Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take  
the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.**  
Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing  
evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands  
without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all  
ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and dis-  
placements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful  
menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial let-  
ters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.  
Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters  
which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness.  
Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too  
great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.  
Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't for-  
get this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.  
**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of  
above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

**Lackawanna  
Railroad**

Her  
appetite,  
By no  
means light,  
Finds in her lunch  
A new delight,  
With linen white,  
And prices right,  
Upon the Road  
of  
Anthracite.

**3 Elegant Through Trains Daily  
CHICAGO TO NEW YORK**  
HIGH-BACK SEAT COACHES, NEW PULLMANS,  
DINING CARS, OBSERVATION CARS.

TICKETS 103 ADAMS ST.  
GEORGE A. CULLEN, G. W. P. A.,  
CHICAGO.

From  
St. Louis,  
Kansas City  
Hannibal  
and Inter-  
mediate  
Stations  
twenty-one  
day limit.

**\$15.00 to Texas and Back**  
ALL POINTS ON  
**San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railway.**  
Best Farm and Truck Land in ARTERIAL WATER both now on  
market \$7.50 to \$15.00 per acre. Equally good California land.  
Out-door farming all year. No long winters. Something to sell  
every month. Fine Climate, Health, Bohemian and Chiropractic.  
Come and see for yourself. Send no stamp for S. A. & A. P. Folder.  
E. J. MARTIN, G. P. A., San Antonio, Texas.  
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TICKETS**  
August 23d,  
Sept. 12th,  
Sept. 27th,  
to  
S. A. & A. P. R.  
Territory.

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For free name and ad-  
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2087

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The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central  
Railroad Company have recently issued a publica-  
tion known as Circular No. 12, in which is described  
the best territory in this country  
for the growing of early strawberries and early  
vegetables. Every dealer in such products should  
address a postal card to the undersigned at Chicago,  
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J. V. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agent.