HEARTSEASE

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

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"I'M so turrible afraid he's goin' to keep Thanksgivin' ag'in!" Biggs, in the privacy of his kitchen, communed aloud, as usual. His serious, long countenance was lengthened and solemnized yet more.

"It looks like it. Things are a-p'intin'. What'd he say to me this very mornin'? Says he to me, 'Biggs, see't there's plenty o' raisins on hand an' all the seasonin's.' What'd he say that to me for? Don't that mean Thanksgivin' talk's? Answer that, if you can, Bolero Biggs!"

Bolero Biggs merely groaned. It was unanswerable. Mr. Philip was going to celebrate again this year. The raisins settled it, and the seasonin's.

"This 'll make the third one. I did hope he was gettin' over it. You needn't tell me, Mr. Philip ain't the gettin' over kind, Bolero Biggs. I reckon I know that as well as you do. But there's such a thing as the softenin' o' time. He's had most three years to come round in."

For a time there was a cessation of the low, monotonous voice, and only the imperative tick of the kitchen clock and occasional sharp little explosions under the stove lids broke the silence. Then a bell rang with an impatient twang.

"There he goes again—third time this evenin'. More raisins an' spices."

Biggs hurried through the spacious, lighted halls to his master's library. On the way his rough, unhandsome face softened pleasantly. It always softened on the way to that lonely room.

"Sit down, Biggs. What are you standing up for when there's a chair at your heels?"

Philip Lattimer spoke sharply, with short, nervous jerks in his voice. His refined, pale face was set in unbroken gloom.

"Well, Mr. Philip?"

Biggs had been sitting on the edge of a chair five minutes, waiting, before he spoke. Philip Lattimer woke out of a reverie at the sound of his voice.

"Zounds, man, you here? How long, in the name of common sense, have you been sitting on that chair?"

"Sence you rang for me, Mr. Philip—no longer nor no shorter," Biggs said cheerfully. He was used to this.

"Oh, did I ring? Yes, yes; it was about the turkey. Now I remember."

The cheer faded out of poor Biggs' face and left it lusterless.

"I merely wanted to say that I will attend to that part—the turkey. You are to see to all the rest, you understand. I shall have everything as it was last year—everything. Now, go."

And Biggs, on the way back to the kitchen, groaned intermittently and as one without hope.

There were two days left before Thanksgiving day. Biggs spent them in the kitchen among vegetables and spicy aromas. Rapidly the shelves of his neat little pantry filled up from end to end. But there was no pleasant elation on his face; there was no spice of anticipation among his other spices.

Once Philip Lattimer visited the kitchen during those two days—only once. Then it was to say tersely:

"Remember the little pies, Biggs—three of them, graduated."

"Oh, Lordy, Bolero Biggs, he ain't forgot that," groaned Biggs under his breath when his master was gone. "I vow I did reckon on his gettin' over them three little gradooated pies by this time. I reckoned on it last year—but, Lordy, this!"

He set to work on the little pies. He made three of them on plates of graduated sizes. They came out of the oven brown and flaky, as little children like them.

"Philly's, Comfort's an' the Little Un's," he told them off as he placed them away on a shelf. How many times he had made those little pies!

The big, grand dining room was set in prime order. It was only opened on Thanksgiving day now. The chairs were rubbed to a new polish, and the beautiful, shining floor as well. All the hangings were shaken and the pictures dusted. Biggs tried to whistle as he worked. Mr. Philip's library was next door to the dining room, and Mr. Philip could hear everything. He heard Biggs' plaintive whistle, and a faint shade of appreciation lightened the gloom of his bitter face for a moment.

"That whistle comes hard—the poor beggar!" he murmured.

On the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving Philip Lattimer put by his books and went out among the holidaying crowds on the streets. They jostled him and peered, some of them, into his solemn face curiously. Their faces were not solemn. Now and then he met a grandfather coming from the station with a following of eager faced, staring little country children, or a big son with his old father and mother. Now and then he met a house mother out for the last few accessories for her dinner tomorrow. And children—children were everywhere. They hurt him most.

"There are only two things to do, and then I can get out of it," he muttered.

There were the flowers to select for the table and the turkey to see about. Then, thank the Lord, he could go home, away from the mothers and the little children. What kind of preparation were they for tomorrow's ordeal?

The flowers were soon chosen and ordered sent up. Then Philip Lattimer turned wearily toward the meat markets, the very centers and pivots of all the cheery bustle and confusion.

A little group of shabby children had halted in front of the one he selected. Their shrill, high voices assailed his ear insistently as he paused a minute outside.

"Now, you choose, Patsy. Which one 'll you take? I choose that orful big un."

"So do I too. Huh, you s'pose I'm goin' to choose a little un, Minervy Bemis?"

Minervy was evidently the commander in chief. She had marshaled her little forces in shipshape order in a straight row facing the line of dangling turkeys. All the small, lean faces were thrown back to command a good view.

"Now, you, S'lome—quick, choose! We ain't goin' to stan' here all day. We've got to go home an' cook it. Hurry up!"

"The big un!" cried S'lome glibly.

"The big un! the big un!" shouted all the little sharp voices.

"Then it's the big un, o' course. It takes everybody to make a majority. Now you can all pose him. I'll begin, then Patsy, then S'lome, down to Cornwally. Patsy, you boost him."

One by one in a grave succession they tiptoed up and prodded the great

Patsy "boosted" the baby.

plump body of the largest turkey in the line with little forefingers. Patsy "boosted" the baby.

"There!" sighed the commander in chief, with evident relief. "That's done. I'm goin' in now. Patsy, you keep 'em behavin'. S'lome, don't you pinch nobody."

Minervy and Philip Lattimer went in together. Philip Lattimer was oddly resentful toward the small, brisk little figure. That chit of a child going to buy the finest turkey of them all! She was wizened and shabby—very shabby. The whole little tribe out there was very shabby; didn't look as if the lot of 'em together ever ate a whole drumstick in their lives. And here was their governor general marching in here to buy a costly turkey, the turkey Philip Lattimer wanted.

The proprietor hastened forward, rubbing his palms together. "Ah, Mr. Lattimer, glad to see you, sir. Ah, what can I do for you today?"

"Wait on the child first," Philip Lattimer said briefly, standing back for the little shabby figure to advance.

Minervy felt about nervously in the pockets of her dress and produced a few pennies. She held them out in her little open hand.

"I want them wuth o' meat," she piped importantly; "the kind that's cheap, with bone and gristle in, you know—if—if you could put in quite a hunk," she added, rather wistfully.

When the bundle was ready she trudged away with it contentedly. In utter amazement Philip Lattimer followed her to the door.

"I've got him here," announced the commander in chief to her little troops outside. "Now we'll go along home an' cook him. Come on"— But suddenly her eyes flashed indignantly. Salome was looking up at the great bird on the line wistfully.

"S'lome Bemis, ain't you ashamed? Didn't I say 'twouldn't be no fair to look afterwards? I'm dis'pointed in you—yes, I am. What's the good o' makin' b'lieve if you ain't fair?"

Minervy's shrill voice was tremulous with growing wrath. Salome, diminished and ashamed, caught up the baby and hid her face behind his mop of soft hair. "I didn't look, Minervy!" cried Patsy, pinching Salome's arm viciously. "I never!"

"Nor me neither," trilled little Grissel, turning her back resolutely to the display of turkeys. "Me neid," piped Cornwally.

Ah! Philip Lattimer turned back into the market slowly. Now he understood the little tableau. The shabby children were making believe. A make believe Thanksgiving—well, what was his Thanksgiving to be but that? He smiled bitterly, bitterly.

"I'll send it right up, sir—right up," the proprietor was saying blandly in his ear. He heard him distantly, as if he were far off in another world or in a dream. "It's a fine bird, Mr. Lattimer—the biggest one on the street. You're in luck to find it here as late as this; only come in this morn"—

"Do you know anything about that child?" interrupted Philip Lattimer's crisp tones.

"Child—child, sir?" questioned the man in perplexity.

"Yes, yes, the child who bought the turk—the lump of meat a few minutes ago."

"Oh—ah—yes, that little beggar. No; I don't know—hi, Jim, ever see that little scrub that was in here just now buyin' scrap meat?"

Jim laughed easily.

"See her every mornin' an' night. Lives 'longside me. Ma's died, an' there's a whole raft o' young uns. Pa's a wiper down to the yards; he's in the horspital. Got pretty nigh wiped out."

The proprietor turned to his customer with a wave of his hand. "There, you have it, sir—whole story," he smiled.

"Yes, yes, the whole story," repeated Philip Lattimer absently. Already his interest in the little episode had waned.

That evening a curious whim seized him to go out into the kitchen and watch Biggs dress the turkey. He had been pacing restlessly up and down, up and down, till he could bear the monotony no longer. And certainly he could not bear to sit still.

Biggs was whistling gloomily over his work. The great turkey reared its plump side from the dripping pan on the table. To Philip Lattimer's suddenly awakened imagination the dents of little prodding fingers were visible in it. Minervy's, Patsy's, S'lome's, the baby's—he saw them all. Biggs' great hand rested for a minute on the bird's side as he plied a needle back and forth across the breast and new dents appeared. The new ones and the old were much alike, but Philip Lattimer refused to see the resemblance. He had remembered suddenly the whole strange little scene of the afternoon. It built itself anew out of the flickering shadows of the little kitchen and rehearsed itself before him, uninvited.

He was watching the row of uplifted, lean, eager little faces again, choosing the "big un" among the dangling, uncomely turkeys.

"I choose the big un!" the commander in chief was shrilling in his ears.

"The big un, the big un!" all the shrill voices were crying. Then he saw them stretching up on tiptoe to touch the big un's fat side. There were the little dents they made now.

And last of all in the little drama of shadows he saw the look of keen resentment on Minervy's face and heard her cry indignantly, "What's the good o' makin' b'lieve if you ain't fair?" That was when the child Salome had looked back wistfully at the "big un" dangling still above her head. Poor little Lot's wife! Her faith had not been equal to the cruel strain upon it. Making believe a Thanksgiving!

"Biggs," Philip Lattimer said abruptly.

"That's me, Mr. Philip."

"Did you ever make believe anything in your life?"

"No, I never."

"Then of course you never made believe a Thanksgiving."

Biggs looked around quickly. The lamplight on his face showed the hints of a slow, serious smile. "I never, Mr. Philip. There's them that has," he said gently.

Philip Lattimer smiled gravely too. "Yes, yes, Biggs, there are those that have. There are men and little children, and who knows how many more? It's hard work making believe, Biggs."

"Yes, Mr. Philip."

Biggs' voice quavered with something that, beginning like a sob, ended in a queer, uncanny whistle. In whistles Biggs found vent for all his warm emotions.

In the stillness that followed Philip Lattimer slipped away to his room and his books and haunting memories.

Three years—three years it had been since he had brooded there alone, shutting himself out of human fellowship and the softening influences of it. It had been three years since he and a light heart parted ways.

Tonight the heaviness weighed upon him more than ever. He could not stifle it in books, as sometimes. It could not be stifled. After awhile he gave up the attempt and loosed the bars of restraint and let his grief have its own way. Why not? Why not?

Biggs crept along the hall on his way to bed and stopped at his master's room, as usual, to see if all was well. The door stood a little ajar, and he peered in.

"Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy!" he cried inwardly, with a tug at his heartstrings. "He's at it ag'in! He's got the pictur's all out, an' that's the sign. He's at it ag'in! Lord, Lord, ain't there no end?"

Biggs was on his knees and might have been praying. The tears were rolling down his creased brown cheeks. Through the opening a chink of light escaped and made a bar across his face. Within he saw Philip Lattimer sitting with bowed head before a little row of pictures on the table. He had set them up before him with great care—hers first, then Philly's, then Comfort's and then the Little One's. The sweet, still faces regarded him serenely. There was no grief, no heartbreak, in them, as there was in his. Now and again he put out his hand and smoothed one of the faces—hers oftenest. The room was perfectly still, except for the terrible, dry sobs in the man's throat.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" moaned poor Biggs in his stricken heart. He crouched there in the dark hall, with the bar of light athwart his homely, working features, grieving his master's grief. It was all the grief he had ever known, but it broke his heart.

"Lord, Lord, couldn't you 'a' took 'em one to a time, one to a time, Lord? He might 'a' got over it then. Look at him in there, touchin' the faces! Now he's touchin' the Little Un's. Look at the Little Un smilin' back! An' she's a-smilin' too. They're all a-smilin' but him. He's makin' them awful sounds in his throat. Oh, Lord, I don't know but it'll kill Mr. Philip! If I could just croy for him"—

Biggs was crying for him now. He let his big, ungainly body slide noiselessly to the floor and curl up in abandonment of sorrow, but he made no sound. Inside the quiet room the faces in a row smiled on happily, and Philip Lattimer sat on before them hour after hour. He lived over all the tragedy of his life, scene by scene. Once, with one of his sudden whims, he drew the pictures into the playing of the tragedy. When she had died he put out his hand and turned her sweet face gently downward on the table, then Comfort's—Comfort had come next—and then Philly's picture and the Little One's. He had had the Little One the longest, but she went too.

Afterward he put all the pictures back again in their row.

It was late into Thanksgiving morning when he went to bed. Biggs went a minute or two before. He had just time.

Thanksgiving day was clear and brisk and sun flooded. There were joy and thanksgiving in a thousand thousand homes, and in the others—God pity the others!

In Philip Lattimer's home there was a "make believe" Thanksgiving.

Biggs worked steadily and faithfully, whistling all the while. He arranged the beautiful table with neat precision. He let in the sunshine upon all the dainty glass and silver till they dazzled his reddened eyes and hurt them. The flowers came and were arranged as Mr. Philip liked them—roses at her plate and little Comfort's, and gay, bright flowers at the Little Un's and Philly's. At last everything was ready.

"But he ain't," muttered Biggs. "He's gone out. I see him goin' a spell ago. He was stridin' right along, with his shoulders dreadful high an' square. He never done that before."

Biggs went back to the kitchen and waited. An hour past the time appointed he heard his master coming in.

"Lordy, Lordy, if there ain't somebody with him! There was—hark—oh, Lordy, little voices, little voices!"

Biggs stole out into the hall and listened with a startled face. A subdued chorus of excited little voices reached him, and one above the others was saying admonishingly: "Step easy, all o' you. Don't you see there's flowers in the carpet? Step round 'em if you can, like I do. They won't smush, but it don't seem right to step on 'em. There, while the kind man's gone upstairs, you all listen to me. I'm goin' to talk."

The high, imperative little voice carried easily to Biggs' astonished ears. He heard every one of the slow words, with pauses, for emphasis, between them.

"Listen! If there's butter—to your—bread, don't none o' you—look—surprised. Spread it on—kind o'—indiff'rent, if you can. If there's turkey"—

"Turkey!" shrieked all the other little voices.

"Sh! He'll hear you. If—there's—turkey, eat it slow, as if you'd always eat it since you was born. That's all."

"But we ain't ever eat it, Minervy Bemis."

"Well, what if you ain't ever? Can't you make b'lieve?"

The small feet shuffled about noisily. Then the motherly little voice began again:

"When it's come time you go ahead, Patsy; then you, S'lome; then Grissel. I'm goin' clear behind, where I can look at the rest o' you ev'ry minute. I'll take the baby. Sh! The kind man's comin' back."

Then Biggs heard Mr. Philip's steps. They came rapidly down the stairs and

The door stood ajar, and he peered in.

joined the little shuffling steps below. All the steps were turning toward the dining room—Lord, Lord!

"Biggs," called Philip Lattimer's voice steadily, "Biggs, Biggs! Where are you, you rascal? Why don't you serve dinner? Stir up, man!"

Biggs hurried back into his kitchen with a radiant face. The wonder in it was drowned in joy.

"Bolero Biggs," he cried exultantly, "do you hear? He's comin' round!"

In the great, brilliant dining room the strange Thanksgiving dinner began and proceeded slowly. Philip Lattimer sat at the head of the table, with the stamp of indelible pain upon his face, but he filled and refilled all the little plates with a steady hand and smiled down now and then on the little rank and file of beaming faces.

The other faces that looked up at him out of the moist, sweet flowers and shone dimly in the shimmer of small silver and glass were smiling, too, serenely, as they had smiled at him out of the row of pictures in the night. That was not make believe.

All In His Mind.

Gull—That man you introduced me to was telling me how rich his people are.

Newitt—Who? Hottarre? Oh, that's his way.

Gull—He says they'll be famous in the financial world if they don't suffer a change of fortune.

Newitt—Well, there won't be any change in their fortune unless he changes his mind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Sense.

Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first water, whose value he alone understands who has lost it, or who observes the lives of others who have lost it. For my part, I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it, for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns.—Charles Wagner.

Making Allowances.

Bronson—I don't see why you should be so angry at your son for marrying. We have to make allowances for the young, you know.

Monson—Confound it, that's what I'm kicking about. I not only have to make an allowance for him, but now I'll have to make one for his wife too.—Kansas City Journal.

Where Financial Plan Fails.

"What we need is not a larger supply of money, but more highly developed forms of credit."

"That's just it. But do you know that sort of thing wouldn't go with my tailor."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't wish to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

—Don't work so hard that when there is a funeral in the family your grief is tempered by the thought that it means a day off.—Atchison Globe.

Colds Cause Pneumonia.

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by Horace Bush & Son.

—If you think that to-morrow never comes just give your note payable in thirty days.

A Severe Cold for Three Months.

The following letter from A. J. Nussbaum, of Batesville, Ind., tells its own story: "I suffered for three months with a severe cold. A druggist prepared me some medicine, and a physician prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I then tried Foley's Honey and Tar, and eight doses cured me." Refuse substitutes. Sold by all dealers.

His Time Was Not Up.

A man of a mercenary spirit had several sons, one of whom was on the eve of his twenty-first birthday. The father had always been a strict disciplinarian, keeping his boys well under parental charge, allowing them few liberties and making them work hard.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his birthday and began to collect his personal belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farm hand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man, "at least not for awhile yet! You wasn't born until after 12 o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half day's work down in the potato patch."

Fate's Ironies.

Fate at times works some strange ironies.

Mr. McHugh, an Irish member of parliament, some years ago brought forward a bill for the amendment of the law relating to contempt of court in Ireland and was soon afterward sentenced to three months' imprisonment for that offense. Mr. McHugh's bill was sent to him in proof form while he was undergoing his sentence and revised in Kilmainham jail.

Two convicts were executed at the Ichigaya prison in Japan, and one of them as he ascended the guillotine remarked that he had built it himself while serving a sentence for larceny two years before.

A few years ago a story came from a town in Staffordshire, England, of a man who took his dog to the river to drown it in order to save the expense of a license, but slipped and was drowned himself, while the dog returned home.

Possible Origin of a Phrase.

There is an amusing story by Athenaeus which suggests the possible origin of the phrase, "He does not know enough to come in out of the wet."

According to the entertaining grammarian referred to, a town in Greece under stress of evil circumstances borrowed money from a rich man, who took as security for the loan a mortgage on the handsome portico which surrounded the market place. He was not an ungenerous creditor, for when it rained he caused the town criers to announce that the citizens had permission to take refuge under the colonnade. Strangers visiting the town who failed to have the matter properly explained to them were so impressed by the extraordinary circumstance that they spread abroad the report that the people were so stupid that they had to be told when to come in out of the wet.

The Kangaroo's Kick.

When a big "old man" kangaroo stiffens his tail and converts it into a sort of revolving pivot bearing the whole weight of his body, leaving his tremendously powerful legs free for attack and defense, everybody who does not want to be ripped up or thrown in a heap for a considerable distance will give the marsupial a wide berth. Only those who have seen the full grown kangaroo in his native Australian bush with his back to a tree, scattering dogs, bleeding and torn, right and left, can form any adequate idea of the prodigious strength the animal is capable of exerting when he finds himself in a tight corner. Kangaroos are now getting scarce in the southern parts of Australia, but they are still pretty numerous in the thinly populated north.

The Harvest Moon.

It so happens that the position of the moon is such that the full moon preceding the autumnal equinox for several successive nights in the latitude of London rises only nine or ten minutes later each succeeding evening. This phenomenon is called the "harvest moon" from a notion that it is a provision of all wise Providence calculated to enable the husbandman to take care of his grain at night if there is so much of it that it cannot be handled during daylight.

Resumed It.

"Yes," remarked the thin chap, "he told me to name my own salary."

"Well," replied the fat one, "that was very liberal of him, I should think."

"It was so," retorted the thin one sadly, "but he didn't seem to take to the name. He changed it, and now I'm getting wages only."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Father's Idea.

Daughter—Papa, mamma says birthday gifts are luxuries, but I say they are necessities. Now, what do you say they are?

Father—I? Oh, I say they are nuisances.

The Charge.

Judge—Officer, what is this prisoner charged with?

Officer—Electricity, your honor. I caught him stealing trolley wire.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Difference.

"So that distinguished looking lady is your wife, eh?"

"No, I'm that distinguished looking lady's husband."

Uncle Reuben says, "Silence may not allus be wisdom, but if yo' don't say nuffin' yo' can't be called a fule for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Happy, Healthy Children.

Any child can take Little Early Risers with perfect safety. They are harmless, never gripe or sicken, and yet they are so certain in results that robust constitutions requiring drastic means are never disappointed. They cannot fail to perform their mission and every one who uses DeWitt's Little Early Risers prefer them to all other pills. They cure biliousness. Sold by Horace Bush & Son.

—No prophet without whiskers is honored in his own country or anywhere else.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes the kidneys and bladder right. Contains nothing injurious. For sale by all dealers.

She Can't Enjoy The Baby

Unless she is a healthy mother. No woman can. If the baby has drained her vitality; if its care is a tax; if, in short, the baby is a burden instead of a blessing, how can she enjoy it? She loves it, but she cannot feed it. She yearns for it, but has not the strength to fondle it.

There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a healthy mother and her healthy child. The madonna is the highest reach of human art. In the serene strength which art gives to the typical mother and child there is distinct denial of suffering and weakness as a necessity of motherhood. But how few women are there to whom motherhood is naturally an abiding joy. In how many cases a woman dates her loss of health from the birth of her child! To all such suffering women Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes as a veritable god-send. It prepares the mother for her hour of trial, tranquilizes her nerves, encourages her appetite, and brings her restful sleep. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives the mother abundant strength to nurse and nourish her child.

Every claim made for "Favorite Prescription" is supported by the testimonials of wives and mothers, thousands in number, and covering in their several experiences the whole range of womanly suffering. In a great number of cases after the utter failure of all doctors and medicines, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, tried as a last resort, has effected a perfect and permanent cure.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All womanly confidences held under the seal of strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Between Life and Death.

"I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' the best medicines in the world," writes Mrs. Amelia Dougherty, of Kerrigan, Wayne Co., Mo. "My baby was born last summer. After baby came I became ill, had the best physician that could be got, and he diagnosed my case as uterine trouble leading to dropsy. Medicine seemed to do me no good; I lingered between life and death for quite a while, every day growing weaker, until I could not walk across the room. My friends were looking for my death every minute. A friend wrote and told me about Dr. R. V. Pierce, and I at once wrote to him for medical advice. He replied immediately, giving me full instructions as to what to do. I at once followed his advice, and when I had taken his medicine about a week I felt a good deal stronger. When I had taken it about one month I felt as strong as I do to-day. I took four bottles of each kind and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' Many thanks for the medicine. It has cured me permanently."

Gained 40 Pounds.

"I am very glad to let other poor sufferers know what Dr. Pierce's medicines have done for me," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Beechwood, Norfolk Co., Mass., Box 70. "You know I wrote to you last summer. I read what your medicine had done for other people, so thought I would try it, and I found that it was a blessing to me and my family. I began in June and took six bottles of your medicine, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I took your medicine a year when I had a ten pound girl. I had the easiest time I ever had with any of my three children. I have been very well since I took your medicine. I took three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' three of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had no appetite and could not eat much without it distressing me before I took your 'Favorite Prescription' and I only weighed 135 pounds. Now I weigh 175 pounds."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets commend themselves as a family laxative. They are easy to take, effective in results, and their use does not beget the pill habit.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Furniture, &c.

Furniture.

NEW FIRM,

GRAVES BROS.,

(Emerson D. and Burton M. Graves,)

having purchased the old established Furniture and Undertaking business in Lowville of Mr. George J. Haberer, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

Our Stock is Complete in all Departments.

and our prices as low as first-class goods can be supplied.

Undertaking.

Mr. A. F. Coughlin, of New York Mills, an experienced undertaker, is in charge of this department, and we guarantee perfect satisfaction. Mr. S. P. Garnsey, for many years with Mr. Haberer, will remain with us.
Nightwatchman William Bullock will attend to night calls.

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Groceries and Novelties.

As space will not allow us to quote all of the good things we have on sale at bottom prices, we invite you to call and see the many things we have on hand at money saving prices:

Oil, per gallon	12½c
Sugar, per 100 pounds	4½c
None Such Pie Fruits, 3 packages	25c
Tomatoes, solid packed, 3 cans	25c
Macaroni, 3 packages	25c
Spinach, 2 cans	25c
Lenox Soap, 7 bars	25c
Acme Soap, 7 bars	25c
Imperial Cocoanut, per pound	15c
1 dozen Lead Pencils	05c
Salmon, per can	10c
Corn, per can	10c
Arm and Hammer Soda	07c
Try Our Tea	35c

WHY NOT BUY

Where You Buy the Cheapest

These prices are cash at our store.

A. G. VIRKLER.

Insurance.

Buildings will Burn! People do Die!

MORAL: INSURE WITH

J. D. MOORE & SON,

GENERAL INSURANCE.

Fire, Life and Accident.

AGENTS FOR

THE ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Meats and Canned Goods.

Dayan Street Market.

HENRY A. DAY, Proprietor.

COMPLETE LINE OF

Fresh and Salt Meats,
Canned Goods and Vegetables

Poultry, Game and Oysters in Season.

Choice Cuts Western Beef Always on Hand.

Cash paid for Hides and Skins.

Stoddard & Bateman, Dry Goods, &c.

1904 THE "CORNER STORE." 1904

UP TO DATE

IN ALL RESPECTS.

No Old Shop Worn Goods to Work off on the Public

IF YOU WILL, LOOK IN

At the "Corner Store"

And examine our lines of

Hamburgs, Laces, Wash Goods in Endless Variety and Styles.

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, MATTINGS, OIL CLOTHS

All new fresh goods, at the Old Reliable

CORNER STORE