

## HOW HE WON.

The sun shone, but a raw, nipping wind blew in from the river. There was no sign of thaw, save upon the southerly edge of the deep ruts in the street before the courthouse. The door of it, too, was deserted, albeit it was the first Monday in January, with sheriff's sales to come off, in which a large part of the county felt the liveliest interest.

The eager onlookers had lounged inside. Now they stood in gossiping groups about the big, red-hot stove. It wanted still half an hour of 12, the time set for sales to begin. Until the hour had struck it was unlikely that those most intimately concerned would show their faces; so there was no restraint in the speech that ran about the room.

"Hit's er plumb shame, neither mo' ner less. I'd say that if I wuz goin to be shot for it, a tall, thin bearded man said for the third time, giving the stove door a kick as he spoke.

"I dunno erbout that," returned his neighbor meditatively. He was round to unctuousness, with a big hook nose standing out over a huge double chin. "Seems ter me," he went on, "mo' like er judgment. Ye can't deny of Easton Clark had a, paid 's much 'tention ter his farm as he done ter that fiddle he'd not 'a' been whar he is terday."

"You're right, Brother Bemish. He wouldn't now, shore," said a third, a lank, sour visaged man with a tract in his hand and a pair of open saddlebags flung across his arm. "As you say, hit's er clear case o' judgment. To think o' Easton Clark, brung up as he wuz in the norture an' admision o' the Lord fiddle these 50 years fer every dance in ten miles round an not for a money neither—jes fer pyore love o' the sound!"

"H-m-m! I reckon ye think it wouldn't 'a' been no sin of Major Clark had took money for it and give the money ter hep 'em an yer tracts, Brother Barker," said a tall young fellow who stood a little aside with his hands in his pockets, his hat tipped back on his head, his springy, well booted feet set ostentatiously in the first dancing position.

A minute Brother Barker eyed him in a frowning silence, then broke out in his cracked, high keyed pulpit voice:

"Robert Lumpkin, ye speak as one not havin' no standin, one yit in the gall o' bitterness, the bonds o' iniquity—yit the truth is the truth—it has made me mad ter see Easton Clark a-lettin ye sinners dance without payin the fiddler when he could jest as easy got \$3 a night to hep spread abroad the pyore gospel."

"Well, I'm shore the old major wuz liberal enough. So long as he had money he give \$2 a year ter every church in hearin o' 'im, though he didn't belong ter none o' 'em," young Lumpkin said with spirit.

Before the minister could reply the tall man who had spoken first broke in: "Well, I'm sorry ter the major, though maybe hit's his own fault. Don't seem like 'a' man in his senses would 'a' done what he did—borrowed \$5,000 on mortgage ter put er patent fer making soap out nortin—but the feller that got hit—that that Cowlik o' Georgy—he wuz er slick one ter talk, I tell ye. He took that er slick as er gouge. Major's so honest hisself he never dreamt er another man that spoke fair wuz pretty behaved could be er liar an er cheat."

"Ye better say he's sech er gambler he wuz willin ter take all sorte er chances. It wuz jes' that—notin mo'." Didn't he never tell ye how he come by Marg'ret—that that fiddle that he talks to, same's it wuz er human critter?" Brother Barker said acridly, his eyes squinting toward Brother Bemish, who nodded approval in such fashion as to set all his big person shaking.

"No, I never quite got the straight of it. Tell us how it was, won't ye?" Lumpkin asked, drumming on the wall as he spoke. Brother Bemish nodded in a satisfied way and began in his heaviest drone:

"I've heard Easton tell the tale a-many a time. Ye know, his gran'er raised him, same as he's raised Elizabeth. Seems like the Clark stock has ter ship every other generation. When Easton come ter be 20, the ole man he give 'im all the crap they'd made that year on the plantation an built er flatboat ter carry hit down to Orleans a-tradin. As ter what Easton done with it noddody didn't never rightly know. He tells that he got ter think he wa'n't never likely ter be in that town no mo' in his lifetime, so he sot in ter see's much of it as he could. Ye may judge that cost like smoke. 'Twa'n't so mighty long befo he found he had jes' er hundred dollars left in his pocket an told hisself he'd better walk home, so as ter have that much ter show his gran'er."

"As luck would have it, though, that very night he stepped inside on er them gambler houses, an that he saw er little yaller old Frenchman a-playin roulette like he wuz possessed. Every time he laid on the black an ter while he jes' raked in the money. But his luck couldn't last. Soon he'd lost all he'd won an all he had besides. Then he jumps up like er crazy man an says ter Easton that had been standin behind whar he sot: 'Sir, ye beg pitiful an honest. Lend me now, I do beg of ye, \$100. I make ye all sure of it two, three times ovair."

"Den, when I have it, why, I break dis-

bank, dat else will ruin me."

"Well, Easton he tried ter reason with the man an offered ter give him \$50 o' he'd promise ter quit playin, but that wuz no go, an the upshot o' it all wuz that he went with the French feller ter 'rooms—ther wuz close by—an thar he let 'im have the \$100, takin Marg'ret ter security. He didn't want no security, but the other would have it that a-way. It was right pitiful, though, Easton said, ter see him hug an kiss the fiddle an call it his child. He swore ter it he didn't mean ter part with it an asked its pardon fer whar he'd had ter do. He would have hit back again, shore's he lived, fer he loved it more'n all the world besides. Then he begged Easton ter go back with him an carry the fiddle, so as ter bring him luck."

"Easton he went, an shore 'nough the Frenchman won the first turn. As the second begun it looked like the eyes wuz glued ter the ball. Toward the last it begun ter roll slow, so slow ye jest barly see it move. Seemed like it wanted ter stop on his color an couldn't somehow manage ter do it. He wuz bettin still on the black. When the ball crope over on hit so slow an easy ye saw it couldn't git off, he flung up his hand; an fell back, dead as er door nail

When the doctor come, he said the Frenchman's heart wuz weak, an the strain had been too much for him.

"Then Easton he took what the fellow had won an whut he'd borrowed o' him an had him buried decent, er thar didn't 'pear to be nobody else ter see whut become o' him. When that wuz done, he come tromping home with the fiddle under his arm, the only mortal thing he had ter show er all he'd took erway."

"Po' ole feller! He woun't have that much, eben, after terday," the thin bearded man said, winking his eyes hard. Then leaning across to the sheriff: "Say, Bixby, give us one more look at Marg'ret, woun't ye? She's a fiddle, an no mistake. I'd know the sound o' her ef she wuz playin with 20 others. 'Tain't so loud, but meller as harvest apples, an carries so ye kin hear it at the yard gate mighty nigh as well as ye kin on the prazzo. I useter always could tell when I rode past thar how things wuz goin with the major by the way he played. Ef he wuz tellin jolly, had sold his terbacker fer enough ter set him squar with the warehouse an the sto' keepin, Lord how he did rattle off 'The Arkansaw Traveler' an 'Tom Meriwether,' an 'Henry Phillips' an 'Black Satin,' an sech like tunes. But ef he wuz beset over things, hadn't paid taxes, er the corn wuz out an no money ter buy mo', er maybe he'd seen 'Elizabeth turnin and patchin her ole frocks, that wuz jes' fit fer the ragbag—why, then, I tell ye, Marg'ret jes' wailed out 'Billy in the Low Grounds' er some er them ole time camp meetin tunes that sounds like a lost child cryin for its mammy."

"Many times this summer I've rid by thar at er gallop, jes' ter keep ter hearin the ole gal. Major's got er white head, but I tell ye he keeps er mighty lumber elbow yit. I lay he's got mo' satisfaction out er the hundred dollars he give fer Marg'ret than out er any other money that ever he spent. That's whar makes me wonder so thar even he'd give 'Bige Potter' a lien on her. I'd 'a' thought he'd 'most as soon give 'im one on 'Elizabeth."

"Bige thought hit' mounted ter 'bout the same—that's why he wuz so keen after it, I reckon," said a lounging fellow in a suit of patched jeans who had hitherto been silent. "He had keen, small eyes set under a thatch of grizzled hair an skin tanned almost to the brownness of his garments."

"Ye see, I wuz thar when when all this yere wuz a-happenin," he went on. "At the major's, I mean, thar with that feller frum up no'th, that come down yere a-bird huntin, an got me ter sorter show him round. We boarded at the major's—mighty good board, too, it wuz. 'Elizabeth's' er number one housekeeper, an stirrin—oh, my, ef she jes' could 'a' happened ter 'a' been born a boy, well, thar wouldn't be no talk er this yere sale terday. She'd work out her debt, she would, an never bat her eye."

"She wouldn't git the chance. 'Bige Potter's' closer'n the bark to er tree. But go on with yer tale, Shock. It was gittin mighty interestin!" Bob Lumpkin interrupted. Shocky Waters, the hunter, eyed him keenly for half a minute, then went on:

"As I wuz tellin when that thar oaf put in his mouth, I seen an hear the whole thing. One day in November that thar no'th'n feller—Rayne his name is—lost er letter he had writ ter somebody back whar he come frum, an he wuz put out over hit er sight. So I let in ter huntin it up. 'Twuz long toward 4 o'clock—w'd been out all day—an I traipsed out through the orchard, whar we went that mornin as we started. An who should I stumble on out thar but 'Elizabeth, a getherin the last er the winter apples, an 'Bige Potter' a-settin on his haws an lookin at her like he'd give his ears ter eat her up. As I come up I heard him say:

"Miss 'Elizabeth, my mind is made up ter git married 'fore this time next year. Tell me, now, whut do ye think o' my chances?"

"Oh, 'ses 'Elizabeth, colorin up, but settin her teeth together, 'I reckon you can do it, ef you'll go far enough 'way frum home. Thar's women a-plenty that would marry Old Scratch hisself if he asked 'em fer the sake of havin 'Mrs.' on their tombstones."

"'H's face got pokberry red, but 'fore he could open his mouth I come through the high weeds, an ses I: 'Hello, 'Bige! I'll trouble ye fer that letter I see a-stickin in out o' yer side pocket. I've searched an searched fer it, tell I'm nih about hip shoten."

"That was pyore bluff. I hadn't no reason in the world ter think he had whut I wanted. But it wurked. He gimme the dockymint with no two words an rid off, sayin he must go find the major."

"That night the old man tole me how

'Bige had come er dingdongin at him 'bout

intrus' money an wouldn't let him erlone

tel'd he'd give him this yere lien on Marg-

ret."

"Wonder ef 'Bige thinks she's wuth any part of it, \$300? Reckon he's sale, though. The land oughter fetch considerable more'n the debt. But I dunno, neither. Money's skase, an there ain't nobody much likely ter want sech er big place," the thin bearded man said meditatively, twiddling his thumbs. Shocky Waters glared at him through narrowed lids, then said darkly:

"Gentlemen, hear my racket, now while you've got time. 'Bige Potter knows he can't have 'Elizabeth. He thinks, though, he'll take his spite out gittin Marg'ret. Now, there's some on us here woun't mind recin him 'foled. When the sale begins, he'll bid lively—no doubt o' that in the world. Now whutver he crie, ye all help me ter cry ergainst him. Never mind if it's in the thousands—raise him. I know whut I'm doin an ye all know me. Shocky Waters ain't never jilt let er another feller the bag ter hold."

"That ye ain't, Shocky. I'll stan' by ye, no matter whar she goes," Bob Lumpkin said heartily.

"So'll I," said the thin bearded man. The Bev. Mr. Parker dropped his saddle-bags, groaning aloud. Brother Bemish gave a sly chuckle, saying aside to the sheriff:

"Bixby, 'pears like they want'er make mo' work fer ye."

"Sh! Thar they come!" the officer said, unlocking the fiddle case and thrusting his hand inside. He meant the touch to be soundless, but in some fashion it drew forth a sort of muffled resonance indescribably soft an sweet.

At the sound Major Clark tottered and caught heavily at Elizabeth's arm. He was a hale old man, with apple cheeks and a firm step. Until the last few months he had kept the untroubled gaze of childhood

## Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

## Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Now there was a suggestion of rheum in the eye corners, besides new, tense lines all around the mouth. He stopped too. Elizabeth looked the taller of the pair. She was a tall girl anyway, with square shoulders, a long neck and small hands, thoroughbred in line despite the roughening of hard work. She had small, proud stepping feet, too, and carried her head high. Dark brown eyes looked at her from under straight, stained with the most vibrant red of the cheeks and lips.

Even the bundle of shawls she wore could not wholly mask the liteness of her figure. As she came through the door each man there involuntarily bared his chair for the major. Bob Lumpkin fetched another for Elizabeth. Bixby, the sheriff, shrank out of sight like an suddenly discovered doing an ill deed.

Elizabeth's head went lightly in greeting, then she looked at the clock. It lacked a minute of 12. Without hesitation she stepped forward, took the fiddle from its case and laid it within her grandfather's hands.

He took it tenderly and laid his cheek to it, whispering: "Marg'ret, Marg'ret, how could I put ye in paw! Ye that I named for my Marg'ret, dead and gone. I wish I had died first. Now ye must be sold at 12 o'clock—the laws says it. I done it myself, Marg'ret. I ain't got no right even ter break ye up and save ye from that man. Goodbye, my girl, goodbye! I—I won't last long without ye."

"Elizabeth at his elbow alone heard what he said. A touch made her turn to face 'Bige Potter, lean, oily, smartly clothed, smiling at her a cadaverous triumph."

"If you had any feeling for anybody but yourself, you'd put a stop to this," he said under his breath, nodding toward the old man.

Elizabeth's lip curled.

"I am all you have left him. Don't try to take that away, too," she said in his own key. He wheeled sharply about, gnawing his under lip. The clock was striking. The sheriff had laid hands on Marg'ret and was trying, with a wild attempt at jocularity: "Gentlemen, ladies, niggers and the rest of mankind, here's a fiddle—a fine fiddle—a reg'lar Jim Crack Corn fiddle—that'll come mighty near ter playin' itself. How much ter it? Bid lively, no—last one o' ye has danced ter her music! Ask yo' pardon, Brother Barker, I forgot you wuz here. Who bids? Who bids? Who bids? Ten, ten; now gimme the twenty! Twenty-five do I hear? Thanky, Shocky. That's sort o' like it."

"A hundred here! No use in makin two bites of a cherry," 'Bige Potter said shortly. "Make it two hundred," said Shocky. "Three hundred," called Potter. "Five hundred even," Bob Lumpkin shouted, setting his hat so far back that it tipped off and fell. But nobody laughed at the diverting spectacle, for Potter was shouting, his face apoplectic. "A thousand! A thousand!"

"Two thousand," sang out the thin bearded man. Shocky had just whispered in his ear.

"Make it three!" Potter shouted furiously.

"Make it four!" retorted Shocky. Bob Lumpkin began the double shuffle as some slight expression of his joy.

"Five thousand! My debt, an—an—intrus!" Potter cried in white rage.

"No good. Six won't git ye, Marg'ret," Shocky half chanted, half cheered, hopping from one foot to the other. The sheriff stared wildly about. The bidders, it seemed to him, had surely lost their minds. He became more than ever certain of it when 'Bige Potter shouted: "Seven thousand! I must—I will have that fiddle!"

"Ye can't have her, 'Bige man! Here's eight thousand over here," Shocky said tantalizingly.

Potter choked and gasped, "Eight thousand five hundred!"

"Nine!" shouted Bob Lumpkin, while the others held their breath. All eyes turned on Potter. Once, twice, thrice, he opened his lips, closed them with no sound and fell sullenly back as the sheriff cried:

"Nine thousand! Go in at \$9,000! Nine thousand once! Twice! Three times—an out. Sold to Bob Lumpkin's bid! Whar the money's ter come from maybe the Lord knows. I don't ter certain."

"Don't ye be oneasy over that," Mr. Sheriff. "I'm here; don't ye forget that," Shocky called out as Potter slunk away. "Money takes, most as prutty as Marg'ret here. I've got the cash fer ye. So gimme the old gal. Jes' one minnit, major; then she's your'n ter have an ter hold—witness these presents."

Major Clark stood up very straight. Elizabeth was sobbing on his shoulder. She had faced ruin with a laugh. Rescue broke down all her fine courage. The old gentleman lifted his hand and asked in a voice whose tremor he tried in vain to mask: "Shocky, what is all this about? What does it mean? I—I—it is possible that I have got back my land?"

"Yes, major; yer fiddle, too, bless God!" Shocky said, and as he spoke all heads reverently bowed. "Now, all on ye, looky thar," holding the fiddle to the light. "See them thar letters inside o' Marg'ret—'Feet Stradivarius, Cremona,' they say. I don't know whut they means; they're all er forcing tongue ter me. But this I dunno—Mr. Rayne took notice on 'em while he wuz here last fall an writ back ter one o' his chums thar he'd found er fiddle down in these rural precincts that wuz wuth er mint o' money. 'Twus that letter he lost an I found 'er hit wuz sent. Shouldn't be 's'prised ef somebody else read hit while hit wuz lost."

"Anyway, he told me he'd try ter buy Marg'ret, only it 'pears ter him er sinful shame ter think er partin her an the major. So, when I come ter find out how things wuz goin—well! Mr. Rayne soon knowed as much as me. The upshot of it is whut ye jes' now seen 'Bige Potter ain't got Marg'ret, neither 'Elizabeth, an the major is free ter fiddle fer us on his own sweet fiddle jes' as long as he lives."

A great shout went up from the listeners. Elizabeth held out both hands to Shocky, saying through her tears:

"I could kiss you, Shocky, but I know you'd rather I did not do it."

"No; that ain't my line," Shocky admitted frankly. "All the same, 'Elizabeth, I'm feelin first rate. Las' fall ye seen fit ter cast er mighty heap er pies an things on the water o' my appetite. Now I sorter feel like some on 'em is coming back ter ye before many days."—New York Recorder.

## AN INCURABLE CURED.

AFTER TREATMENT IN CANADA'S BEST HOSPITAL HAD FAILED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record—Ten Years of Intense Suffering From Acute Rheumatism—The Whole Body Contracted and Out of Shape in Every Limb—Again Restored to Active Life.

From the Newmarket Advertiser.

We suppose there is not a resident of Newmarket who does not know Mr. J. A. Moffatt, who does not know of his years of suffering and who has not heard of his release from a life of helplessness and pain through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed we doubt if in the annals of medicine there is a more remarkable restoration than has been accomplished in Mr. Moffatt's case, and he deems it his duty to mankind to make the facts known through the columns of the advertiser.

Ten years ago Mr. Moffatt was working in the Newmarket Hat factory. Through the influence of the damp room, and possibly some carelessness in regard to his health, he was attacked with a severe cold which eventually settled in his limbs. For some years he was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatic pains and spent much money in treatment for the trouble, but with no result beyond an occasional temporary release from pain. Finally to make matters worse he was attacked with malaria and rheumatic fever. He was then forced to go to the Toronto general hospital when



it was found that he was afflicted with torticollis (wryneck). During the first six months in the hospital he was under the treatment of the staff electrician, but the powers of electricity entirely failed, and after a consultation of physicians it was deemed advisable to perform an operation. Six weeks later a second operation was performed. The operations proved successful only in so far as they afforded temporary relief. He remained in the hospital from November, 1890, till January, 1892, and from all the modern remedies and appliances known to the staff of that well equipped institution no permanent relief could be obtained. He was then advised to go home, partly in the hope that the change might prove beneficial, but instead he continually grew worse, and in March, 1892, was again forced to take to his bed, and those who knew of his condition did not believe he had long to live. At this time every joint in his body was swollen and distorted, and he suffered the most excruciating agony. If a person walked across his bed he was being pierced and torn with knives, and it touched he would scream aloud with pain. In this state of hopeless suffering he remained bedfast for eighteen months, all the while using all manner of medicines from which relief might be hoped for. Then he was put under the treatment of a celebrated Toronto specialist, but with no better result. After this last experiment failed, he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time discontinuing all other treatment. At the end of three months there was a very noticeable improvement in his condition, and so much so that his mother thought he could be lifted outside. He was still so weak, however, that he was only able to remain up a few minutes at a time. When taken back to bed he felt a sudden tingling sensation going up from his toes and through his joints and spine. The next morning when he awoke the pain had left the body and lodged in the arms, and then for some weeks the pain flitted from place to place in the arms and then disappeared. All this time he was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and slowly but surely gaining his strength. Then an invalid's chair was procured, and he was wheeled out, eventually he was able to wheel himself about. The continued use of the Pink Pills constantly added to his strength, and then the chair was discarded for crutches, and then the crutches for a cane. At this time (Sept. 1895) Mr. Moffatt had so far recovered that he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Advertiser and procuring a horse and buggy he was engaged as local reporter for the paper. The once utterly helpless invalid is now able to go about, and to get in and out of his buggy without any assistance, and is at his post of duty whenever called upon.

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it cures when other medicines fail."



## TRADE ON WHEELS.

Way in Which Bicycles Have Been Made Mercantile Carriers.

The idea that the bicycle and tricycle craze would prove a mere temporary fad like golf, or roller skating, has given place in the public mind to a conviction that cycling machines in their infinite variety have come to stay. Wise men are grasping the fact that the popular method of propulsion may be turned to account for business purposes. The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker unite in seeking forms of the wheel which will at once advertise their wares and save their money. The result is what may be called the applied bicycle. To-day there are bicycle cigar shops, bicycle barber shops, bicycle street pianos, bicycle baby carriages, and even bicycle hearses. The list is well high endless.

An enterprising New York electrician was one of the pioneers of applied cycling. Formerly he sought custom in the highway, and byways, seated in a spring wagon. Now he has fitted up what he calls a perambulating electrical shop. It is a wagon with three wheels, of which the first formerly belonged to a bicycle. This operates through a slit in the flooring, and is deflected to right or left by means of the bicycle handle. The electrician propels his strange contrivance from within, by means of pedals and a sprocket chain, connecting with the rear wheels. Thus installed, and surrounded by gaudy lettering calling attention to his skill as a bell hanger and general electrical expert, the owner pedals about the metropolis.

A barber of Gravesend, L. I., whose custom lies among scattered farmsteads, has exchanged his horse and buggy for a bicycle barber chair.

The most gorgeous enterprise of the tricycle description is an electrically lighted cigar store on wheels which is now being propelled by its owner about the streets of Berlin, Germany. The cigar salesman pedals around in search of customers. The body of the vehicle consists of a box which is used to carry storage batteries. The box is surmounted by a handsome glass case in which the cigars and tobacco are exhibited. In front of the case are the necessary apparatus for lighting and clipping off the ends of cigars. Above all is a frame work carrying a series of incandescent lamps which set off the enterprise at night and attract customers to it. In the neighborhood of the cafes and theatres this very modern tobaccoist does a thriving business.

One of the latest adaptations of the tricycle to affairs of trade is in the line of the street piano. The value of these instruments as money makers and for popularizing new music has already been pointed out. Out of respect to geographical distances they have seldom strayed far from metropolitan centres. Therefore, they are sure to be a revelation in backwoods districts. An Italian with advanced ideas has become impressed with this fact, and has given an order to a piano manufacturing firm in New York for a tricycle street piano. He intends to stick to the unworked country districts, travelling from village to village and from town to town.

Allied to the tricycle street piano is the tricycle baby carriage. A man in upper New York city has arranged it, and there is now a constant struggle among the members of his family to see which one will give the baby his airing. It involves the principle of a new style of bicycle in which the handle bar is behind the rider, the handles occupying a position at the sides and coming around in front just enough to allow the cyclist to grasp them and sit upright.

On the New York boulevard, which is eminently a thoroughfare of wheels, a pink lemonade vender operates a tricycle, which is also a carrier for his stock in trade. The large water cooler which holds his concoction of aniline and lemon juice is on a platform behind the seat. As a rule he halts by the wayside and so dispenses his cooling draught to weary cyclists, but he has been known on special occasions to draw a glassful of lemonade and hand it over to a thirsty wheelman who pedaled along by his side.

The idea of the bicycle-lawn mower was long ago put in practice by a New York statesman, who found that it worked very well on level ground, but that it was apt to overturn its rider when operated on the side of a hill. It has since been improved upon, and is now capable of cutting grass on any slope that will hold an ordinary safety bicycle when pedaled sideways to the hill. The rider, of course, sits upright

under all circumstances, the mowes alone adjusting itself to the slopes. Practically the affair is an unicycle, with a mowing apparatus attached in front. It might be placed as a tricycle, but the wheels of the mowes would have to complete the assumption.

A tin peddler who frequents the rural districts of Pennsylvania has sold his horse and used the proceeds in having bicycle wheels and pedals put to his cart.

The King of Pills is Beecham's—BEECHAM'S. This is a far cry into the future, for a country peddler without his horse and cart seems as strange and incongruous as smoke without fire. His expenses, however, are now minimized, and his profits have received a corresponding increase. The wear and tear on the outfit is as nothing compared to the expense of stabling a horse in a different place every night. The time consumed in travelling from village to village also is much less than under the old method.—New York Sun.

## WITH INTENSE PAIN BEYOND ENDURANCE

In This Case Local Physicians Failed and Life Not Worth Living.

## WELL UP IN YEARS

His Cure Complete and Permanent. Dodd's Kidney Pills Triumph Again.

COBOURG Nov. 30. (Special).—No end of quiet talk has been created in this town and its immediate farming suburb in the vicinity of the Court House and Jail.

This was the out-come of something concerning Mr. Alex. Russell, a wealthy farmer who though well up in years has been cured of a long standing kidney disease from which he had endured great distress.

Of his case he says:—"I have been troubled for many years with a kidney and urinary disease which in spite of medical treatment continued to torment me beyond endurance."

"My trouble was bladder and urinary difficulty. Was subject to acute attacks of inflammation and intense pain in passing urine."

"Local physicians failed to help me and friends interested advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills of which I have used one dozen boxes."

"As the result of using this medicine I have been completely cured and I believe permanently so. The relief and ease I enjoy is worth a hundred times its cost."

"Such a medicine as Dodd's Kidney Pills should be used by every aged person as I believe that all of us need kidney treatment."

"I say all this in the hope that it may be published, and thus prove to be the means of guiding others."

## How It Affected Him.

"It's all very well to talk about this revival of prosperity, but it don't go," he remarked confidentially to the bartender as he leaned over the counter.

"Don't you read the papers? The mills are opening, everybody is going to work, and we are having prosperous times, although, to tell the truth, the saloon business isn't as good as it was the night before election."

"Th't's all very well, but my business is ruined."

"And it was good before the election?"

"It was."

"And may I ask what was your business?"

"I was a campaign prophet, and I will have nothing to do for four years."—Chicago Times Herald.

**DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**  
CURE BACK-ACHE  
ONE PILL A DOSE 25c A BOX