

## SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

## CHAPTER I.

"A trifle different, this, to the Rockies—eh, old fellow?"

"Just a trifle," responded the other, with a careless shrug of the broad shoulders. "That was a grand shoot, Colet; but it couldn't last forever, and when all's told, I must confess to a sneaking fondness for our much-maligned capital."

"There are worse places, certainly," admitted the younger man, breaking the ash off his cigar with tender care. "On a day like this the veriest misanthrope must allow that London has its points."

"Look at that now," said Enderby, drawing his chair nearer the window and looking down upon the busy Strand.

"That rush of struggling life depresses some men; they can't stand the wear and tear of it. Now it is just the opposite effect on me, and that's why I've stuck to these diggings so long. When I'm in the middle of the fight, for very shame I must be up and doing."

"That's the secret of your getting through so much, is it?" observed Colet, regarding the rugged face curiously. "I've often wondered how you do it. I wish I had some outside impulse to urge me on."

"Amn't you that," rejoined his companion heartily. "You are pursuing the primrose path of dalliance, my friend, and your best gift in life will be wasted unless you lose your money or fall in love. A good honest, hopeless love would be the making of you."

"Why hopeless?" queried the artist, with a laugh. "Why introduce the tragic element into my peaceful existence?"

"Do you think I should recommend you, even in the service of art to immolate yourself on the altar of Hyman?" was the horrified reply. "Far be it from me to doom you to such certain misery. But I might as well do as you outside impulse. For a time at any rate you would throw your whole soul into your work."

"Thanks; but if the choice is left me, I'd rather pursue the primrose path," he returned lightly. "Fame's all very well, and so is good work, but the necessary grind is not so alluring."

"Your governor did a bad day's work when he left his little pile to you," groaned Enderby. "I'd like to make a law that every man with an ounce of brain should start life as a pauper."

"The women, too, I suppose? I only ask for the sake of information."

"So few of 'em possess any to speak of that they needn't be considered," was the prompt reply.

"My dear fellow, that sort of cheap talk won't do in these days of women's colleges and the higher education. Scorn the sex as much as you like, but do them the justice to admit they possess brains. Just look at my cousin Marcia, for instance. She was a great gun up in Newham, I believe, and now it's her ambition to distinguish herself in the fields of journalism, like you. She's an awfully clever girl."

"What's her outside impulse?" inquired Enderby coolly. "Poverty or ugliness?"

"They're mostly ugly, I've noticed, these women with brains."

"Well, for a narrow-minded, cross-grained bigot to commend me to Gilbert Enderby, apostrophized his companion, as he rose lazily from his seat. "I only hope you'll come across Marcia one of these days. She'd be a revelation to you; she'd reduce your theories to fine powder in the twinkling of an eye. Good-bye, old fellow, I'm off."

Edward Colet was of a sociable disposition, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to fill his handsome studio with as many kindred spirits as he could gather together. He was by no means hypercritical in his choice when left to himself, but for his sister's sake he exercised some little discrimination when he issued his invitations.

It was at one of these gatherings that Enderby met Marcia for the first time, and it was something of a shock to find her so widely different from his preconceived idea of a clever woman. In his overwhelming surprise, he was quite thrown off his balance, and the lion forgot to roar when he found himself in the presence of the lamb. Marcia looked very young and childish in her thin white gown, and her clear gray eyes met his glance with a childlike trust which he found somewhat disconcerting.

"I am so very glad to meet you," she said, sweetly, placing her soft hand confidently in his. "Ted has spoken so often about you that I seem to know you quite well."

"Very good of him, I'm sure," he responded, as he rested himself on the black oak bench at her side.

"He said that perhaps you would be so good as to give me a few hints," she went on somewhat timidly. "Literary work is altogether new to me, you know. I have no one who can advise me, unless you will be so kind."

"I don't exactly see in what way I can help you," he replied, quite gently; "but you may be certain of this—I will do all that lies in my power."

"Thank you," she said, her soft eyes full of gratitude. "I felt sure you would."

He regarded her for a few moments with mingled interest and perplexity. The radiant childish face, the pretty appealing ways bewildered him when he remembered his friend's account of her University honors.

"You did very well at Cambridge, your cousin tells me?" he suggested tentatively, breaking the short silence.

"I was bracketed third in the Classical Tripos," she answered simply. "They rather wanted me to stay up at Newham and coach, but I didn't feel that I was cut out for teaching."

"You don't look out for work of any kind at present," he said bluntly. "It is hard to believe that you are much beyond the nursery yet."

"Ah! Please don't say that," she cried with a quick blush. "I know I look ridiculously young, but every year will mend that, and I can work. I can, really."

"Your place in the Tripos is evidence enough of that," he admitted. "The danger is that you may work beyond your strength."

"My difficulty up to now has been in my choice of subject," she said eagerly. "You know I have been lucky enough to get on the staff of the Piccadilly Gazette, but they allow me so free a hand that I am almost at sea. That was what I wanted your advice about chiefly—as to what kind of subjects to choose."

"It is rare for a young head to have so

much latitude, she observed in a tone of surprise. "How did you get on the staff, Miss Colet?"

"Through my old coach, Mr. Oxenham," she said gratefully. "He has been so good. He knew of my plans for the future, and he used all his influence on my behalf. His brother is sub-editor of the Piccadilly Gazette, you know."

"They must think a good deal of you," said Enderby, "to give you so free a hand. I might put you up to a thing or two, perhaps—I'll do all I can; but if you have originality, that'll pay you best in the long run. This is Oxenham's idea, evidently, in leaving you free to choose your own subjects."

"But suppose I haven't?" she asked anxiously. "I am so afraid all my ideas will get used up. And what should I do then?"

"Oh, we all feel like that at first," he laughed reassuringly. "Take a leaf out of my book, Miss Colet. Let the idea of today satisfy you until tomorrow comes."

"I will try," she said earnestly, her eyes looking with complete unconsciousness straight into his.

"As if any difficulty should arise—if you should want any help, any advice," he went on in the same fatherly manner, "just let me know. I have been over the ground before you, and I may perhaps be able to give you a helping hand along the rough places."

"You are very good," she responded gratefully. "It will comfort me to feel that I may bring all my troubles to you. Thank you so much, Mr. Enderby."

It Colet had hoped to change his friends view by this introduction to his clever cousin, he must have been disappointed, for Enderby denied that she proved anything. She had plenty of brain-power, he admitted that; and she was perfectly charming, he allowed that, too; but he maintained that she could not, in any sense, be regarded as a type—she was a delightful freak of nature.

It must be confessed that his estimate of women was by no means a lofty one. His experience had been unfortunate, and it was, perhaps, pardonable that he had generalized from those specimens brought more directly under his notice. But if Marcia did not come to him to modify his opinion of her sex it was not because he failed to appreciate her; her sweet simplicity, her utter unconsciousness roused all the latent chivalry in his nature.

He met her pretty often at Colet's studio as the weeks went by, and was pleased on two or three occasions to be of some small service to her. He had a vague impression that she lived at home under the care of fit and proper guardians, and it was with a feeling akin to anxiety that he learned that this was not the case.

He had been working one afternoon in the reference library of the British Museum and in the wide hall, on his way out, he came across Marcia.

"You here?" he said, greeting her with a smile of genuine pleasure.

"You look surprised," said she. "But that is better than the reproachful air with which the librarian regards me. I am afraid I give him a great deal of trouble, hunting up out-of-the-way manuscripts day after day."

"You are often here, then?" he inquired as they crossed the gravelled courtyard, side by side.

"Oh, yes; nearly every afternoon," she answered, her eyes following the tame pigeons as they wheeled around her. "Do you know, believe these pretty things begin to know me? I always put a handful of Indian corn in my pocket when I leave home—it is so pretty to watch them flutter down after it."

"They certainly seem to recognize you," he agreed. "But a bird doesn't know you lived in this part of the world?"

"No," she responded, her bright face smilingly to his. "I share a flat in the Gray's Inn Road with an old Newham friend."

"I hope she is an 'old friend,'" he said, a shade of anxiety in his shrewd brown eyes. "You are so young, it seems to me, to be living away from home in this great London of ours."

"I am afraid Patricia isn't very old in the sense you mean," returned Marcia, apologetically. "But won't you come back with me to tea and be introduced to her?"

"It would be a new experience for you," he said, "I should be delighted. And I should much like to make your friend's acquaintance."

"Oh, she will interest you," he said, with a laughing reply. "Miss Richardson is a medical student, and she looks upon life as one vast field of possible patients. It is a little gruesome to accompany her on her walks abroad, for she sees signs of some tell disease in nearly every one she meets. It is somewhat unnerving, too, to feel that she is always on the scent for street accidents; but I suppose it is natural that she should want all this practice she can get."

"I have noticed that trait in reporters," said Enderby. "The eagerness for 'copy' seems to deaden their sympathies. It is no doubt inevitable, but it is much to be deplored."

"You must not think Patricia hard-hearted," the girl hastened to say with a look of distress. "No one could be more pitiful and tender than she is really. It is only that there is to be somebody injured, she would like to be on the spot to bind up the wounds."

"I understand," was his response. "Well all honor to the women, as well as the men, who try to relieve human suffering. The field of their labors is wide enough for both."

They had reached by this time the rather dreary block of mansions which Marcia called her home. Enderby was not very favorably impressed by the outside appearance, and his surprise was great when he was shown into one of the prettiest rooms he had ever seen.

"This is my study," explained Marcia, looking round with a touch of pardonable pride. "That, nodding her head in the direction of a curtained doorway, "is our dining-room; and the room beyond that is Miss Richardson's laboratory. There she works into the silent hours of the night over her ghostly bones and chemicals; and there, I firmly believe, she will blow her self into minute atoms before she becomes a full-fledged M. B."

"And this is where you work?" he said, his eyes resting with interest on the pretty writing-table with its array of books and manuscripts.

"And where I play too," she laughed, pointing to a cosy chair near the window.

"Won't you try its soft depths, Mr. Enderby, and look over these magazines? I will order tea and see if Miss Richardson is still in the land of the living."

## CHAPTER II.

It was many years now since Enderby had joined the ranks of journalists, and for him the hardest part of the fight was over. That he had won so high a place was due in great measure to the fact that he had never failed to profit by the smallest chance that presented itself. Nothing had come amiss to Enderby; no work was too poorly paid; no opening too insignificant for him to accept it. He had not made the fatal mistake of specializing too early; but had cast his nets in many waters, and had landed fish of one kind or another from almost all.

Those struggling, impecunious days were over now, and he could well afford to drop all work that was neither lucrative nor congenial. But for old times' sake he still retained some of his early engagements, and among others, that as dramatic critic to one of the minor dailies.

Sincere as his admiration for the drama undoubtedly was, nothing less than a stern sense of duty could have led him to the Haymarket on a certain grilling afternoon in July. Much was expected of the new play, and a strong cast had been drawn together for this trial matinee; nevertheless, it was with an unmistakably resigned air that he sank into his seat in the stalls. His eyes brightened visibly when his glance fell upon his neighbor, and a smile softened his rugged face as he took the offered hand.

"This is an altogether unexpected pleasure, Miss Colet," he said, warmly. "Is your enthusiasm strong enough to defy weather like this? Or are you, like myself, a martyr to duty?"

"I am a martyr, decidedly," she answered, with a short laugh. "Our dramatic critic is taking his holidays, and every other available person has succumbed to the heat. At a moment's notice, Mr. Oxenham called upon me. And here I am, but with the very vaguest idea as to what is required of me."

"Suppose you give me another invitation to tea?" he suggested, composedly. "We might then discuss the play at our leisure; and, on the principle that two heads are better than one, we should each reap the benefit."

"Thank you," she whispered, gratefully, in the hush which preceded the rise of the curtain. "You always help me out of my difficulties. I shall quite enjoy they play now."

But Marcia was reckoning without the thermometer when, in the gladness of relieved responsibility, she turned her radiant face upon the stage. The house was crowded, and in a very short time it became unbearably hot. Fans were fluttered everywhere; vinaigrettes were freely passed from hand to hand, and still, with every minute, the heat grew more and more overpowering.

In the semi-darkness of the auditorium, Marcia's increasing faintness passed unnoticed; but when the lights were turned on at the end of the act, Enderby was checked at the dead-white of the girl's set face.

"We must get you out of this," he said, rising abruptly. "Take my arm, Miss Colet, and lean on me. The fresh air will soon put you right."

It seemed to Marcia that the next moment she was breathing the pure air of heaven, while Gilbert bent anxiously over her with an empty winged cup in his hand. "You—you are very good," she said, a little tremulously. "I feel so much better now. Don't let me keep you, Mr. Enderby."

"Do you think I am going to leave you?" he rejoined, quietly, handing the glass to the waiting attendant. "I ought to have noticed before how it was with you. I might have thought that you could not stand that stifling heat."

"I should have been all right," she said, with a wan smile, "if I had not been tried to start with. But the rush to get here in time, and missing my lunch—"

"You have had no lunch," he interposed, wrathfully. "What—but we will not waste time in talking. Do you think you could walk to the restaurant just up the street?"

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Enderby," she pleaded, meekly, as he hurried her across the road. "I could not help it, really. When I got home to lunch, I found Mr. Oxenham's note awaiting me, and I had to take a hansom and hurry off at once, or I should have been late."

"I am not angry with you," he said, with quick gentleness. "But I certainly think Miss Richardson might have cut you a sandwich. Cutting is so much in her line, you know."

"She wasn't back from her lecture when I left," returned the girl, seating herself at the little table the waiter pointed out to them. "And it never occurred to me to ask Mary."

"To look after yourself is the very last thing that ever would occur to you, I know," he observed, reproachfully. "That is why I took it upon myself to order your lunch. If it had been left to you, I have no doubt that you would have asked for a cup of coffee and a bun."

"I am afraid I should," she confessed, looking across the narrow table with a mischievous smile. "But this soup is very nice. I feel a different person already."

"Of course you do," the prompt response; "and you look a different person. I don't think my dearest foe could call me

nervous, but your gray-white face in the theatre just now gave me an unpleasant shock, I admit."

"Oh," she said, with a look of anxiety. "I had quite forgotten the theatre. We are missing all the play. Hadn't we better go back at once?"

"Not till you have finished your soup," he answered, firmly. "Don't worry, Miss Colet; the waits are always rather long at matinees. I don't fancy we shall miss very much, and if we do I can get Powell of the Crescent to supply me with all the details we shall want."

"I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't been there this afternoon," she said, her gray eyes beautiful in their unspoken gratitude. "I should have fainted ignominiously. I am afraid, and then Mr. Oxenham would have gone without his dramatic column altogether. As it is, he will owe it to you, for I have only a very hazy idea of that first act."

"I should think so," he returned, an unwonted tenderness in his deep voice. "You must have had about as much as you could manage in fighting against that faintness."

"Yes, but it is vanquished now," she cried, gaily, picking up her gloves, "and I want to redeem my character before we see Patricia." She will be all anxiety to doctor me if she hears about it, and I have no longings for a course of beef-tea and invalid port."

"I will not betray you," he laughed, as they crossed the road. "But in return, I want to exact a promise from you. If you find the heat in the smallest degree too much for you, will you let me know at once?"

"I will," she said, gently. "It is very good of you to be so thoughtful for me. But I hope I shall not give you any more trouble this afternoon."

"Don't say that," he rejoined, quickly. "And don't think it. Nothing that I could ever do for you would be a trouble to me, Miss Colet."

If Enderby had been of an introspective turn of mind he might have wondered why Marcia's white face had caused him such keen anxiety. As it was, her illness had alarmed without enlightening him, and it was left to Ted Colet to perform that kindly office.

The young artist had lately become the proud possessor of a yacht, and in the kindness of his heart he was eager that his friends should share the benefit of it. His sole purpose on calling on Enderby this evening was to invite him on his first long cruise, and Gilbert's refusal to join the party gave him considerable annoyance.

"It's all humbug to say that you can't afford to take another holiday this year," he declared, stooping to strike a vesta somewhat viciously against the side of his highly-polished shoe. "It wouldn't cost you a penny, and that you know as well as I do."

"My dear fellow," returned Gilbert imperturbably, "I was not referring to the coin, but to the time at my disposal. I've got a pile of work on hand."

"I shan't care a hang for the trip if you don't come," said the other, puffing at his cigar moodily. "Look here, I always think ladies in the way on board a yacht, but to meet you, I'll get my sister to come, and she shall invite Marcia. You won't be able to resist that, I know."

Enderby's imperturbable vanished in a moment. His friend's careless hand had torn the veil from his eyes, and in one blinding flash he read his own heart clearly. It was so sudden, so unlooked for, that he was completely overwhelmed. As yet he did not look beyond the fact of his love for Marcia; still, he felt vaguely that life held now a meaning and a sweetness of which he had never dreamed before.

"I beg your pardon, old fellow. I didn't know you'd take it like this," said Colet, apologetically. "It's been pretty evident to everyone, you know; but I suppose I've put my foot into it as usual."

"There are some things one doesn't care to talk about with even one's closest friend," rejoined Gilbert, pulling himself together with an effort.

"Quite so," was the meek response; "I will not chide again. My only excuse is that I haven't been through the experience. I must be going now, old chap, but I wish you would leave the Norway question open for a day or two. If you could see your way to joining us, you would be doing a real act of charity."

Enderby had by this time regained some degree of composure, and he was now able to view the question in the comparatively calm light of reason. It was not to be supposed that his mind would dwell for long on his love for Marcia without a thought of her feelings towards him; and this consideration filled him with anxiety and doubt.

He knew her well enough to be aware that she had never thought of love and marriage except as an abstract question, far removed from all personal interest, and now bringing it home to her was a problem which bristled with difficulties. Her complete unconsciousness had always been her chief charm in Gilbert's eyes, but it now became his greatest obstacle in the path to a better understanding. What steps could he take to awaken her love? How could he woo her, when she would be as blind to his meaning as the simplest child?

The problem was still unsolved when he called on her next day, and her frankly cordial welcome did not do much towards its elucidation. It was with a quickened and a tenderer interest that he regarded her this afternoon, and he could study the



## "It made me Hands that Sor"

*I couldn't sleep; and if it was that hard on me hands, how hard it must be on the heart!*

This is the way a good old Irish woman praises some washing-powder or other which she prefers to Pearline. As it was proven she had never tried Pearline, the compliment would appear to be in favor of Pearline.

Whoever heard of any one claiming that Pearline hurt the hands? But there's the trouble—Pearline is the original washing compound; its popularity has drawn out thousands of imitations—so popular that to many it indicates any powdered washing material. If you are using Pearline, you are satisfied; if you are dissatisfied, try Pearline. If you are using something with which you are satisfied and it is not Pearline, try Pearline—you will wonder you were satisfied before. Pearline is economical and absolutely harmless. Every grocer sells it. 415 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

sweet face unhindered as she bent over the table arranging his gift of flowers.

"One of my old Newham friends was here this morning," she said, throwing him a laughing glance. "It would have amused you to hear the tone of pity she adopted towards Patricia and me. She understood the firm conviction that we are fast degenerating into utter barbarians."

"She is not alone in the belief that all culture, light, and learning are confined to the universities," was his smiling response. "She could not understand that London had its lessons to impart as well as Cambridge," continued the girl, seating herself near by the open window. "But we are unconsciously learning lessons of one kind or another wherever we may live, I think."

"There is one lesson," he said, his voice thrilling with tenderness, "that we all learn sooner or later, I suppose. You will learn it one of these days, Miss Colet, and I would forfeit all my hopes in life if it were only given to me to teach it to you."

"I don't understand," she rejoined, raising her wondering eyes to his. "What study are you speaking of, Mr. Enderby?"

He leaned forward and took her slender hands in both his own.

"The lesson of love," he said, very gently. "It is only lately that I have learned it, and it is only you who have taught it to me, Marcia. Whether it is to be the sweetest lesson of my life or the most painful, rests with you."

Her face was pale and troubled when he ended, but she did not withdraw her hands.

"I have never dreamed of this," she said at last, quite simply. "I do not know how to answer you. But if I ever do learn the lesson, I think it will be you who will teach it to me."

"Do you know what your words mean?" he asked, tremulously, holding her hands in a closer clasp. "Do you know you are bidding me hope?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, her tender eyes lifted to his. "I seem to see more clearly into my heart now. I think—yes, I am sure that you may hope."

"My darling!" he cried, passionately, pressing her hands to his lips. "My own darling!"

## Not Sometimes, But Always

The Great South American Remedies Are Specifics that Cure Always—A Nervous, Lumber Merchant Prostrated With Nervous Debility, Regains His Old Strength by the Use of South American Nerve Tonic—Mrs. J. Hallam, of Berlin, Ont., Cured of Kidney Disease of Eighteen Months' Standing by South American Kidney Cure—Benefitted for Five Months, South American Rheumatic Cure Effects a Complete Cure.

With the great South American Remedies it is not the case of occasionally hitting the mark. These remedies are specific for indigestion and nervous prostration, kidney trouble and rheumatism, and taken by those suffering in this manner are sure to cure.

**NERVOUS DEBILITY**—Mr. E. Merrick, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., became completely prostrated by nervous debility. "I tried," said he, "several doctors, and everything in the shape of proprietary medicines, and got little if any relief from them. Having seen South American Nerve Tonic advertised I decided to give it a trial and I can truthfully say I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. Before taking it I had not only to give up business but I could not sign my own name, either with a pen or pencil, my nervous system was so badly out of kilter. To-day, after taking two bottles, I am as strong and healthy as ever."

**KIDNEY DISEASE**—Few worse cases of kidney disease are on record than that of Mrs. J. Hallam, wife of a well-known flour and feed merchant of Berlin, Ont. At times the pain suffered was so intense as to produce fainting spells, and it was dangerous to have her left alone in the house. She says: "I doctored, and in fact tried everything, but nothing seemed to relieve me for any length of time. I saw South American Kidney Cure advertised, and purchased a bottle. Relief came in a few days, and the second bottle cured me of all kidney trouble."

**RHEUMATISM**—At 120 Church-street Toronto, resides Mr. W. J. Tracie, who was a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and was entirely bedridden for five months. Nothing did him any good until South American Rheumatic Cure was taken. His words are these: "You do not know how thankful I am for having tried South American Rheumatic Cure. For years I had suffered, suffered intensely and could get no relief, until I was influenced to use this remedy. How great a sufferer I was is known to hundreds of citizens in Toronto. You are at liberty to use my name in any way you like."

Swallowed It.

Little May went to bed the other night with a violent toothache. When she awoke the next morning the ache had left her, but stomach ache had taken its place. Creeping slowly to her mamma, with a very wry face, she said: "Oh, mamma, I sink during the night I swallowed my toothache."—Philadelphia North American.

## WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.**

A Well Known Young Lady in Nanapanee gives her Experience—So Weak that She Could Not Go Up Stairs Without Resting—Her Friends Thought She Was in Consumption—Now the Picture of Health and Strength.

From the Beaver, Nanapanee, Ont.

Among the young ladies of Nanapanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a travelling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route which extends from Oshawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness.



The reporter mentioned his mission and found Miss Byrnes quite willing to tell the particulars of what she termed "an escape from death." In reply to the query "what have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills done for you?" she replied "why, they have done wonders. I feel like a new woman now. For eight years I was weak and miserable, and at times I could not walk. I was greatly troubled with indigestion, and frequently could not keep anything on my stomach, not even a glass of milk. I had dizzy spells, severe headaches, and my complexion was of a yellowish hue. My kidneys also troubled me, and in fact I was all aches and pains. In going up a flight of stairs I had either to be assisted up, or would have to rest several times before I got to the top. At times my hands and feet would have no more warmth in them than lumps of ice. On one occasion while stopping at an hotel in Kingston, after waiting on a number of my customers, I fell down in a faint. The landlady found me in this condition and sent for a doctor, who after bringing me back to consciousness, gave me medicine to take. He told me that my system was so badly run down that it was imperative that I should have absolute rest. His medicine had no beneficial effect that I could see, and I tried a number of other doctors, with no better results. I became so low that I cared for neither work nor pleasure, and my friends thought I had gone into consumption. It was at this juncture that I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and my appearance to-day will show you what a wonderful change they have wrought in me. I continued taking the Pink Pills for three months, and before discontinuing them every ache and pain had disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine and I am eager to let the fact be known for the benefit of other sufferers."

Mrs. Byrnes was present during the interview and strongly endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she believed they had saved her life.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerve, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and these who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly restoring to their system. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

"But I am the cashier of a bank," said the man whose knowledge had been doubted by the men with whom he was arguing. "Why should I not understand money?"

"Yes," said the other man, "and I am a farmer; but I found out I didn't know nothing about wheat when I tackled the Chicago grain pit."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why Some People Fail.

The world is full of people who have failed because of Dyspepsia, Bilelessness and Constipation, which are responsible for nine-tenths of life's miseries. Burdock B'd Bitters cures these diseases as well as all other diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood in 99 cases out of 100.



## NO ONE KNOWS

how easy it is to wash

clothes all kinds of

things on wash day

with SURPRISE SOAP,

until they try.

It's the easiest quick-