# FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

## SIR GILBERT PARKER

### The Greatest Canadian Novelist.

A tall, well-built man, with dark hair, closely trimmed beard, calm, observant eyes, gentle, and with the ease and polish of a fine stock intensified by the culture that comes from travel—this is Sir Gilbert Parker, Canada's great novelist. In the famous city of Quebec he was born in 1862, the son of an officer in the Royal Artillery and the descendant of many generations of fighting men. It seemed natural that he, too, should woo the cannon, but he had his eye on the cassock and was educated for the church. He was ordained a deacon but his train of thought was switched off the clerical track when he began to lecture on English literature at Trinity College, Toronto.

In 1886 he went to Australia for his health, and as one of the editors of the "Sydney Herald" had a roving commission to study the South Sea Islands and their people. In his three and a half years in Oceanica he broadened in mind and grew more sturdy in body; he wrote and lectured, became interested in the stage and with wide-open eyes saw life under new conditions. The literary harvest of this period was an adaptation of Goethe's "Faust," produced in Sydney, another play "The Vendetta," and two books of travel. Then he went to England, and his real literary genius had its first outcroppings in his works of fiction.

His remarkable short stories "Pierre and his People," opened up the literary dark continent of the Hudson Bay country. They were fresh, crisp, vigorous and virile tales; the field was new, the treatment masterly, the character drawing vital, real and sympathetic, and the open-air atmosphere bracing and tingling as a cold-water plunge. They had the same note of sureness, the same unquestioned revelation of the coming of a great writer, that marked the début of Kipling in his "Plain Tales from the Hills." Most authors have a special sentimental fondness for their first-born, but Sir Gilbert bought back and suppressed his first novel "The Chief Factor," after more than fifty thousand copies had been sold. Of his twenty or more books, perhaps "The Right of Way" has inspired most discussion and added most to his prestige and popularity.

This famous novelist, journalist, lecturer, poet, dramatist and member of Parliament, lives in London, in the aristocratic seclusion of Carlton House Terrace, a short street closed at one end, so that the rumble of traffic comes only like the surge of the sea heard at a distance. In a study on the fourth floor Sir Gilbert does his literary work. Success, which turns the heads of many of fortune's favorites, simply gives new poise, ease and dignity to others. Simple, strong and unaffected, Sir Gilbert carries with an unconscious grace the honors he so justly won.

Entered according to A. D. of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

# OUT OF THE TENTACLES

## A Drama of Present Day Russia.

Boom! The blaze of rose light, the faint wall of violins beyond the buzz of talk, the kaleidoscope of jewels and decorations—all seemed to fade out suddenly and leave a nebulous blank through which floated one regal figure with a sweet, oval face and eyes like pools of twilight. Thrice Desmond Charteris had crossed Europe with confidential dispatches; tonight, within five minutes of his entering the crowded reception saloon at the consulate, he found himself drawn up in the grip of a magnetic thrill. She was here, queen figure of the host of beautiful moths fluttering around the ambassadorial light!

Warsaw! Just 48 hours back, in smiling defiance of all warnings, he has crossed one of the bridges and strode alone into the banned areas to realize for himself that the great city was a bubbling volcano of disaffection threatening national upheaval. With typical British coolness and self-confidence, scanned suspiciously by fugitive faces, he had gone on and on, past barricaded doorways, and deserted factories, telling himself that the peril was still mainly mythical. Then of a sudden, his nerves tingled like red hot wires. A turn, and he was face to face with the stark reality—with shuddering tragedy. A sullen mass of figures heaving forward in the dusk, a shadowy horde of Cossacks drawn up in the gloomy square opposite, and an open carriage tearing along between. He could see the white, calm, sweet face and resolute lips of the woman in it; her eyes met his at the instant when, as the desperate crowd made its rush, the horses reared high and dashed sheer for the bridge parapet. He leaped—almost unconsciously — sprang, and hung on. He knew nothing more till the wonderful eyes looked low into his and a voice trembled, "I owe you my life!" Then the vehicle had dashed on. There were the thud of hoofs, the swish of curling thongs, the screams and moans of hate, culminating in a chaos of horror, that was to live in his memory. He had striven to forget all but the woman's face—and, 48 hours later, he had found it here.

"Careful!" some one breathed laughingly at his elbow. "We wear masks at these mixed receptions; we tactfully assume that all is tranquil below and above the surface. It pays now—in Russia!" and Charteris gripped the disappearing arm of an attache.

"One word! Who is she? I daren't point—the one in ivory silk!"

"Precisely. The whole room guessed it. Surely you know? It's Stephanie Kranovitch. Now look away! Staring straight back at you is Kranovitch, the man never seen publicly in daylight—known to a few as the man who sits daily with his hand upon a lever at the secret police bureau. He is ubiquitous, uncanny; love for the daughter seems his one human touch. You understand! Then take my advice; approach the man first. There's your only chance—if such a thing exists!"

It was not necessary. To within a few feet of the man he had worked his way, when his heart took a rare leap. A rustle of cloudlike silks, a scent of violets, a low voice vibrating with wonder and gratitude, and he realized that Stephanie herself had caught his hand tightly. Her sweet eyes filmed with recollection. His name had been uttered. He knew that he was the center of attraction, as she turned to Kranovitch with that muffled little sob of impulse.

"And this is the gentleman who—who offered his life to save mine!"

Kranovitch bowed with that cold smile that looked like winter moonlight passing over white marble. The pressure of his fingers seemed as significant as his slow, bland reply:

"I knew it. I take this opportunity to say we owe Mr. Desmond Charteris a debt which he can never expect us to repay!"

* * * * * * *

All over! For a moment Stephanie stood between, as pale and still as if struggling against her woman's inner self; but Kranovitch remained like a figure of stone. It was eloquent—deadly; and it brought Charteris a defiant coolness. Turning his back, he offered his arm as with an unquestionable right. Her lips quivering, Stephanie hesitated; then, as that wail of violins floated across at the psychic moment, she smiled and dared it. He had whirled her challengingly away under the eyes of the man who, it was said, had all the unmeasured secret power of Russian officialdom behind him.

At last came the moment when, ignoring Kranovitch's figure on the steps, he drew her furs closer at the carriage door.

"Good night—not good-bye!" he whispered, imploringly. "Promise!"

She sank back, as in mute fear. The pale, queenly face was turned. He had to bend thrillingly close to feel the faint breath upon his cheek.

"You heard! My debt is—is a deeper one than I may ever repay!"

The horses sprang forward. As he walked away, spite of that brain whirl, he knew that a man was following him to the door of his hotel. It was Russia—above all, it was Warsaw; and love and justice followed tortuous paths here. He cared nothing. He had met the one woman for whose love he would risk his life a thousand times over.

* * * * * * *

"Who placed this here?"

It was a sealed, unstamped envelope lying beside his breakfast plate; he was positive that no one had entered the room. With intuitive suspicion Charteris turned away and broke the seal.

"Eleven o'clock this forenoon will find me at the above address, to hear Mr. Charteris' explanation and proposals. Safe conduct, if invisible, is guaranteed."

There was no signature, but Charteris had closed his teeth on a word at once—Kranovitch! A delicate warning, or merely a guarded invitation? Impossible to decide. He would go! He breakfasted, dressed, pocketed a revolver and set out. He had expected a walk of a few hundred yards, and a possible glimpse of the woman he had set himself to win.

A gloom, an atmosphere of impending evil, hung over the streets. Tragedy's own wan face seemed to stare out from some of the splintered windows; military pickets, knots of brooding men, seemed everywhere. He walked resolutely on, till suddenly a hand beckoned to him from an upper window in a silent street. Passing up a stair, he found himself staring into a wide, bare room, inhaling the scent of rankest tobacco. The man who sat smoking there was bloused like a common workman. But it was Kranovitch—Stephanie's father, with the cold slow smile.

"Appearances are nothing here, as you know," he said, in easy English. "This being a useful temporary office, I—er—I adapt myself to the surroundings when I come here alone. Moreover, I scarcely expected you. Be seated!" He leaned back, his teeth bared in that inscrutable smile. "Two men such as ourselves need not fence for an opening. May I take it that the fascination so marked last evening is likely to develop? In a word, you consider that fate put my daughter's life into your hands with a subtle purpose?"

"I do." Charteris looked and answered steadily, heavily as his heart was beating, strange as it all seemed. "Call it what you will: stand between us if you think fit; but you ask for the truth. I shall tell her that I love her before I leave Warsaw."

"H'm!" He closed his eyes. "You are British—yes. You arrived here with private dispatches. You have delivered them. You are free to remain here or return home, as you choose—and as Russia chooses. And, for that matter, you are free to think of a wife. But what if such a hope were to cost you £10,000 beforehand? What if something much deeper were still required of you?" A pregnant pause. The slow voice seemed to filter through from a distance.

"If you agree, after what I have said, you may make a surprise visit to my private box at the theater this evening. If not, you would be well advised to leave your hopes behind you here."

Then, of a sudden, his hand was gripped as in silent, indissoluble compact.

"Here is my private card and box number. My daughter need know nothing of this; you saved her life. We do not"—again that strange smile—"we do not find it advisable to trust even the woman we love at a time such as this, Mr. Charteris. Remember, silence covers all risks!"

As Charteris went back along the streets he seemed to be walking in a mist. For once his clear brain failed him utterly. His one deep conviction was that in some way he was playing into the hands of a man who has suddenly discovered that his love for Stephanie might be used as a valuable lever. He could wait for the moment when those glorious, starlike eyes should meet his own once more.

It came at last. The theater was darkened, wrapped in a hush, when Kranovitch beckoned along the corridor and held the box door ajar. Could it be true? Stephanie sat there alone, her pure, unconscious profile just catching the glow from the stage. Then—then she had turned, with a faint little cry, and her hand was trembling in his. Of that night's play Charteris saw nothing. He only knew that he sat back in the shadow in a thrill of strange happiness, and that Kranovitch's summons from the box "on official business" was a blind designed to draw him further into some net.

A dreamlike week passed. Day by day he was aware that Kranovitch watched narrowly to make sure that he had gone too far to retreat. Then a hint was dropped, and at last, like a bursting bomb, the deadly truth crashed into Desmond Charteris' brain.

He was held fast in the tentacles, ever feeling their slow way up from the pit of Russian darkness. To win Stephanie he must pay an appalling price. Did he attempt to avoid it by stealth—to dream of escape from Russia with his future bride—he was insuring certain, secret death.

Kranovitch, the man in an inner room at the secret police bureau—the man vested with unlimited power for crushing under heel and hoof and raising of the submerged toilers—was playing two parts as no stage tragedian ever yet played them. Ostensibly a chief of secret police, the father of Stephanie was leagued with one of the most desperate, determined factions preparing their mines in complete darkness.

"And you are the man possessing the money that they require immediately at all costs—and that you are prepared to pay!" he said.

Charteris sat like a man stunned by lightning. That impulse to deal a decisive blow at the calm, watching face had been overwhelmed by the nameless fear that it might cost him the woman he loved. Dusk had fallen; they were sitting over cigars on a terrace at the rear of Kranovitch's house, and he could make out the dear figure moving along the garden paths below. The day before yielding recklessly to Kranovitch's request, he had converted into rouble notes a check for £10,000 on the Credit bank. They were in his pocket book now. The sound of a dull, distant explosion came through the still air as he rose, his finer instincts surging to the surface.

"You mean, you thought to buy me with your daughter's heart," he said, his handsome face set and contemptuous. "I might have guessed; instead, I've learned the truth that love leaves a man blind. I know nothing of your secret societies here, although they may claim every true man's sympathy today; but I do know that you are a despicable type of traitor. I have promised silence, and I shall keep it. But I do not give up my hope of Stephanie, nor yet a farthing of this money unless I know its precise destination!"

"So!" Kranovitch bowed. The slow, peculiar smile, like moonlight over marble, flitted over his masklike face. "I had half expected this; yet I had hoped that you would meet the secret committee with me, to give them your essential guarantee. Good; here ends the matter." He rose, calm and courteous. "I will see you to the square myself, and there we can say good-bye."

Stupefied, but instinctively silent, Charteris followed him. A cab was moving along through the dusk. Kranovitch hailed it.

"You may need it. There is danger tonight in every square yard of Warsaw, I am told," he said grimly.

Charteris stepped mechanically in. And then—he struck out, as something damp and pungent seemed to be flung over his face. In vain. He fell back, his senses slipping away fast.

When that nauseous lethargy lifted, the silence of sheer horror claimed him. He was being led into a wide, bare room, lit only by a lamp that stood upon the floor. There were piles of shadowy kegs in a corner, and the picture of two bare-armed workmen grinding something in a mortar mill burned itself into his memory. He knew! He was here in the haunt of Kranovitch's secret accomplices; treachery had beaten him. White, haggard faces with burning eyes stared at him out of the gloom; all around was the buzz of muttering in Russ. And those men—those men were feverishly at work preparing the deadly material for the bursting, shattering terror that was haunting life in Warsaw. And now, that sudden hush, and Kranovitch's slow, deliberate voice, without a tremor. He could just follow its import.

"Have I kept my word? You doubted my fidelity; you had resolved to keep me from your confidence; you wanted solid proof that I am heart and soul in the cause. Behold it! You see here with your eyes the man I named, the man who voluntarily finds this munificent sum for our purposes, and who has promised silence. He is here!"

A pause. A muffled movement like that of a cage full of breathing, shuffling animals. He was being led forward. "Read the scroll, and sign it!" came a hollow voice. "That alone will be the proof; for it leaves your name and standing written by your own hand, upon our book of membership—it leaves the eternal prison doors open for the man whose name is there, should he fall victim to the fate that we all risk!"

"Obey! For your life — and Stephanie!" He knew that that tense whisper had been shot from the lips of Kranovitch.

He knew that the men at work had ceased the grind and whirr to watch him. With the instinct of self-preservation alone his fingers closed upon a pen held out. He was caught in the tentacles of this gigantic octopus of peril that had slumbered for centuries. Death stared at him down the avenue of each alternative. And Stephanie's white, imploring face in that mist.

What was that? A gurgle, a thudding sound, in the silence. He looked up. The bloused figures had swayed up on every hand, rigid in the spell of suspense. Then—a shout, a leaping up the staircase, a flood of light let loose on ghastly faces from electric bulbs. Charteris felt himself plucked back through a doorway and held still by an iron hand. Up into the night went a din of oaths, prayers, screams of agony, banging doors. Steel clashed, revolvers spurted flashes of death, men rocked in the last struggle. The horror of it all was deadened by a thunder of hoofs and the shrieks of a crowd that flew before it. No need of the Cossacks' whips tonight; they flew at higher game. They reined up around the building. The coup was complete. Within that cordon of police and military remained all that was left of the devoted band, with their propaganda, their bomb plant and their dead hopes of a blow at misplaced power.

And Kranovitch? Dead or a prisoner? Stephanie alone in the world?

The house was silent, the drama played. Charteris stood there in that paralysis that denied thought, sick with nameless horror. And suddenly the door opened; Kranovitch stood there, calm, smiling—like a Napoleon who had just won the battle of his career.

"Thanks! The vermin have been cleared out of the deepest hole yet built. You refuse my hand? Just so! You think me a traitor, whereas I was one merely for purposes of state." He laughed, lit a cigar, looked from the window. "All quiet? One more bubble located and plugged. It might have been otherwise, I grant! My life hung by a hair. Clever men! They suspected me. To blind them, to assemble them here for my coup, I introduced you and your money. There was no other way. And I dared not take you into state confidence. You are English; you don't understand our methods; you would have ruined the thing. No matter; you see that I am no traitor. I have served my Czar the highest and most dangerous service in becoming a revolutionary. There is only one thing!" he broke off, thoughtfully.

"And that?" Charteris asked it in a husky, steady whisper. His arms were folded; he had faced a finality.

"Your safety. By now, in revenge, they will have named you as a confederate, and adduce proof of the money drawn. To save you inconvenience, a train waits which will carry you from Warsaw. Here is your passport. Below, in a carriage, is all your luggage from the hotel. Your bill is paid; you have your £10,000; your way is clear, and your friends at the consulate need never know of your indiscretion. You have helped Russia, and Russia is grateful!"

"And—and Stephanie?" he asked, looking full into the fathomless eyes that could not flinch.

"Ah!" He stepped close to whisper. "That is another matter. Stephanie is far out of harm. The moment you left my house tonight she was taken away by my instructions. You see? Had I failed, had I been unmasked, my house would have been wrecked within the hour. Her life was in the balances. And she knows nothing of the undercurrents! You see, I serve Russia, not myself. You love her—yes! And your love is returned? You believe so. Then"—he tapped the still figure before him—"you shall come back here in three years' time, when Russia and her people are at peace, and you shall claim your wife—you shall be paid your debt!"

He was gone. The train that night that flew along toward the border carried one passenger whose heart was left behind in Warsaw; a man silent under a weight of the deepest agony the mind can know—a man who waits for time to give back to him the love he had won and lost.

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Arthur Speck, of Gloucester, England, received such a shock on hearing of his father's death that he lost the power of speech. Sometime afterward he went to a football game. In his excitement he tried to cheer and succeeded in doing so. He can speak as fluently as ever now.

MANY INHERIT weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

The Attorney-General of Alabama has just decided that it is unlawful for a teacher to set copy for the pupils or to teach writing in any other way than by the use of the adopted copybook.


# HEART TROUBLE

The heart itself has no power—no self-control. It is made to beat by a tender nerve so tiny that it is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Yet ten thousand times a day this delicate nerve must assist the heart to expand and contract.

This nerve is only one of the branches of the great sympathetic, or INSIDE, nerve system. Each branch of this system is so closely allied with the others that weakness or irregularity at any point is apt to spread. Heart trouble frequently arises from Stomach trouble through sympathy, as Kidney trouble may also follow. For each of these organs is operated by a branch of these same sympathetic nerves—the INSIDE NERVES.

In Heart, Kidney or Stomach troubles it is of but little use to attempt to doctor the organ itself—the most permanent relief lies in restoring the INSIDE NERVES. Dr. Shoop regards these nerves to be the real cause of such troubles. The remedy—known by physicians and druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is the result of years of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ to deaden the pain—but it aims to go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it, and makes it well.

Every heart sufferer may have Dr. Shoop's book on the Heart. It will be sent free, and with it you will receive the "Health Token," an intended passport to good health.

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| For the free book and the "Health Token" you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 61, Racine, Wis. State which book you want. | Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 for Men. Book 6 on Rheumatism. |

Dr. Shoop's Restorative Tablets—give full three weeks' treatment. Each form—liquid or tablet—have equal merit. Druggists everywhere.

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you have the treat of your life in store. They are so much better—purer and richer—than any others, that you will notice the difference with the first taste.

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# BLOOD IMPURITIES

## Three Things Cause Them.—One Thing Cures Them.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO.
14 Union St., dept. 15th 1905.

It gives me much pleasure to certify that "Fruit-a-tives" have entirely cured me of a disagreeable skin disease.

I had a dreadful rash on my face, arms and hands, the rash was red and itchy and my face and hands were fearfully swollen. I had a pain in my back, and I was very ill. I was advised to take "Fruit-a-tives" to purify the blood and I am very thankful that I took this medicine. After I had taken one box of the tablets, I was much better; and when I had taken two boxes, the rash was entirely gone, the swelling in face and hands was gone, the pain in the back had left me, and I was quite well again, and my complexion is clearer than it has been for years. I want to thank "Fruit-a-tives" for this great cure—as before I used this medicine I had used many kinds of salves and took quantities of medicines but these did me no good. But "Fruit-a-tives" at once seemed to do me good—and they entirely took away the fearful rash.

(Sgd.) Mrs. F. Mailhiot.

This case of Mrs. Mailhiot proves one great truth—that you can't CURE pimples, blackheads, blotches, red rash and other skin diseases with salves and ointments.

Simply because the disease is not with the skin but WITH THE BLOOD. The skin trouble is the RESULT of blood trouble.

"Fruit-a-tives" proves this because when salves and ointments are left off—and "Fruit-a-tives" taken to purify and enrich the blood, the skin diseases are cured to stay cured.

Pimples, red rash, eczema etc., come from disease of one of three organs—liver, kidneys or stomach. It may be all three—but certainly one. And this one affects the other two.

And there will be skin disease

—as long as the bowels are constipated

—as long as the kidneys retain urea or tisssue waste

—as long as the stomach does not digest food properly and the body is improperly nourished

Ointments won't cure—salves won't cure—soaps won't cure. Because the trouble is the BLOOD—not the skin. But "Fruit-a-tives" will cure—"Fruit-a-tives" do cure—because "Fruit-a-tives" PURIFY THE BLOOD.

"Fruit-a-tives" act on the liver—stimulate it to excrete more bile—and thus make the bowels move regularly every day. This rids the system of one source of blood poisoning. These famous liver tablets act on the kidneys—prevent the formation of excessive uric acid—and insure the kidneys being strong and healthy. They act on the skin—strengthen the glands and stimulate them to throw off the impurities which the blood brings to them.

With bowels, liver, kidneys, stomach and skin working properly—the blood is pure and rich—and there can be no pimples or blemishes to mar the complexion.

At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets.

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# For 33 Years

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and this, together with the fact that its sales have steadily increased year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

# Shiloh

as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

# Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you.

"Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good until I used Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. This winter I had a very bad cold, was not able to speak, my lungs were sore on the side and back. Six bottles of Shiloh made me well again. I have given it to several people and every one of them have been cured.—D. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que." 601

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Eruptions of the Skin,
Inflammations of the Tissue,
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Enlargements and Morbid Growths,

No matter how long standing the conditions may be.

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20 CENTS IRON FRAME LINEN BRAND 3 FOR 50 CENTS

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Specially-made Irish linens of the finest texture, with high grade, properly shrunk interlinings, are the materials used.

The workmanship is all expert, and each collar is individually inspected before it leaves the factory.

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MONREAL. 905


### *American Peeresses Tories.*

Among the many ladies who took an active part in the electoral contests last week, none were more energetic than the contingent of American peeresses—Tories almost to a woman—whose political sympathies were naturally stimulated by the rumor that the expenses of the Labor candidates were being defrayed by a well-known American millionaire. The Duchess of Marlborough was indefatigable, penetrating the most unpromising looking slums in her beautiful new motor. She had more than once to avail herself of the protection of the police. Some of her experiences were fortunately of a more pleasant nature. On one occasion she was invited to tea in the kitchen with the wife of a doubtful voter, who ultimately consented to go to the polling station in her grace's car. On the Liberal side Mrs. Cornwallis-West contributed not a little to the Manchester triumph, and Mrs. Harcourt worked very hard for her husband's cause.—London Tattler.

### *Longworth's Fortune.*

They were discussing the size of Nicholas Longworth's fortune in the lobby of the Fifth avenue hotel the other afternoon. One said that he was worth half a million, another a million, and a third five million. Finally the question was referred to the son of an old time Ohio railroad president, of whose three or four roads the first Nicholas Longworth was a director.

"You ought to know, colonel," said one of the group.

"Well," replied the colonel, "when old Uncle Nicky, the great-grandfather of the present Nick, died he left $15,000,000. It was regarded as one of the great fortunes of the country. By the terms of his will the estate was not to be divided until his daughter, who married the first Larz Anderson, Ohio, ever heard anything about, died. By the time the estate was divided it had grown to about $20,000,000. I don't remember just how many children Uncle Nick had, but I do remember that Mrs. Anderson had ten sons. They, or as many as were alive at the time, served as pallbearers at Uncle Nicky's funeral.

"At a rough guess I would say that the original Longworth fortune has been split up into fifteen or twenty parts. On that basis Miss Roosevelt has a husband who is worth, or will be when his mother dies, not far from $1,500,000. I don't believe that the estimate is half a million too much or too little."—New York Sun.


# A MILLION NEEDLES

COULD NOT INFLICT THE TORTURE WOMEN SUFFER FROM HEADACHES

Headache is not in itself a disease, but a symptom or accompaniment of other diseases, principally those of the stomach, liver and bowels, such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Liver Trouble, Bad Blood, Female Complaints, General Debility and Weakness. Headache is common to both sexes, but more frequently affects females.

The varieties of headache most common are sick or bilious headache, nervous headache, headache from constipation, debility or indigestion, periodical and spasmodic headache. Undoubtedly the cause must be removed before permanent relief can be had.

# Burdock Blood Bitters

removes the cause of the headache, and not only does this but it also restores the entire system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

"I was troubled with headache for a number of years, but could get nothing to help me. I procured a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and finding it was doing me so much good, I got two more. I am now fully cured and think there is nothing in the world like Burdock Blood Bitters for headache."

MRS. EDW. KEDDY,
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*Thoroughly modernized, under new management.*

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B. L. M. BATES. LOUIS P. ROBERTS.


A newspaper correspondent recently found near Kimberley, South Africa a diamond of 149½ carats that he sold for $13,455.