

## M. TROTT LOVES WOV.

Nearly Ten Years Seeking a Pardon for Her Boy.

The signature of President McKinley to the pardon of Clyde Mattox was the sequel of a pathetic story of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice unparalleled save in the field of fiction. For eight years a woman has worked unrelentingly to save an only son from an ignominious death on the gallows or a life condemned to be passed within the walls of a state prison. From the first trial in the United States Court for Kansas to the Supreme Court of the United States, and finally to the highest power in the land, she has gone with her prayers and her tears for mercy. Wives of lawyers and judges who prosecuted and sent her son to prison have aided her with money and influence, and eminent lawyers championed her cause with no hope or expectation of reward. So great is a mother's love, so powerful are a mother's tears. And this is the story:

With the first rush of settlers into Oklahoma on the opening of that country there came from the South Mrs. Hatch, widow of Dr. Hatch, post surgeon in the Union army, and her only son, Clyde, then a high-spirited, handsome boy of 18, possessing, largely by inheritance, all the characteristics of the Southern race. Mrs. Hatch and her son settled in Oklahoma City, which was then rent in twain by a fierce factional township fight. Excitement ran high. Young Mattox was appointed a deputy marshal, and, like many of his order brother officers went armed.

One night in the fall of 1889 he was out with a boon companion, a young physician from the South. There was the usual amount of drinking and carousing, and a colored man was shot and killed. His companion made his escape, but Mattox was arrested and taken to Wichita Kan., where a year later he was tried in the United States Court, convicted and sentenced to death. An appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court, which affirmed the judgment of the lower court, three of the judges of the Supreme Court dissenting from the decision in an opinion which has attracted the attention of the legal profession throughout the country, and by many is regarded as a much stronger and clearer exposition of the case than the majority decision.

Upon the decision of the Supreme Court Mattox was sentenced to death, and was removed from Wichita to the Topeka jail to wait his execution. Thither his despairing and heartbroken mother whose meagre fortune had already become exhausted in the heroic but futile struggle made to save her boy, removed and went bravely to work on the almost hopeless task of securing a pardon from President Cleveland. Being a woman of refinement, with a beautiful face framed in permanent white hair, she aroused sympathy for her great sorrow from all. She secured petitions from the leading people of Oklahoma, and letters and recommendations from the judges and attorneys who had been instrumental in the conviction of her unfortunate son, and, provided with money raised by the wives of the State officials of Kansas, she came to Washington to see President Cleveland.

Upon her arrival here she learned that the President was at Buzzard Bay, and thither she went, with her great sorrow. She secured an audience with Mr. Cleveland, and told him with tears, the pitiful story of her mission. She pleaded in extenuation her son's extreme youth when the killing occurred, and the peculiar conditions of his surroundings. The President listened attentively and gave her assurance that the case should receive his earliest consideration and she was forced to return West in doubt as to the result of her mission.

Weeks passed, and no word came from Buzzard Bay. The day fixed for the execution drew near, and still no sign that her plea for mercy would be heeded. The gallows were erected, and all the dreadful preparations completed for the awful event that would forever blast her life. Twelve hours before the time set for the execution when all hope had been abandoned a message came from Buzzard Bay commending the set for life imprisonment.

Mattox was removed to the penitentiary at Leavenworth and began his career as a life convict. Then his devoted mother followed him and took up her residence within the shadow of the great building which held her only child. How she lived is best told in the deep lines on her once beautiful but now pinched and careworn face, and in the faded mourning she still wore for the husband who slept in a Southern grave. The story of her devotion and self-sacrifice interested the ministers and Christian women of Leavenworth, and a second effort was made for the pardon of Clyde Mattox. When the new administration came into power, Mrs. Hatch, armed with additional letters, came to Washington. Through the influence of Mrs. J. J. Frey, wife of the general manager of the Santa Fe Railway, she secured a pass to Chicago; her friends



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It's the wash,  
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out injury to fabrics.

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bought her a ticket the remainder of the distance. She was without money, and entered the home of one of her attorneys, where she was kindly sheltered. She secured the services of one of the eminent law firms of Washington, and the legal process for securing a Presidential pardon was put in motion. Through faith, courage and perseverance, under adverse circumstances, this noble woman and loving mother triumphed at last. After four months of weary waiting, Mrs. Hatch's attorney placed in her hands a full and unconditional pardon for her son. Three hours later the limited express as it sped westward through the darkness, bore a black-robed woman, whose radiantly beautiful face illy contrasted with the gray hair that framed it. Verily happiness is a great balm for a Washington Post.

**Black Bile and Melancholy.**  
The ancient Greeks believe that the soul resided in the liver, and that the chief duty of the liver was to make black bile, and that black bile and melancholy were one and the same thing. We have learned that there are other causes of melancholy than misplaced bile, but few more efficient than a disordered liver. Probably the chief duty of the liver is to burn up, or oxidize, certain substances no longer of use in the body. One of these is uric acid, a product of partially digested food and of worn-out tissue cells—that is, bodily substance. Well, when there is more of this thrown into the liver than it is able to dispose of, it sputters a while, and then turns everything upside down in its efforts to expel the intruder. This is a bilious attack; and a proneness to such attacks is what Mr. Peter Knight means when he says he suffered fifteen years from liver complaint and pleurodynia.

Pleurodynia is the name of the pain which Mr. Peter Knight describes. "I felt languid and heavy," says Mr. Knight. "My appetite was variable, and I suffered from a stabbing pain in the left side."

The latter was the pleurodynia mentioned—pain in the pleura, an ailment much like neuralgia. When there is inflammation it turns to pleurisy. In his case there was no inflammation. "I had so much pain," he goes on to say, "which continued month after month that I felt anxious and consulted a doctor. He gave me medicines and embrocations which eased me for a time, and then I had the pain bad as ever. In this way I remained for a year or more."

In May, 1881, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup and the cures it had made in cases like my own. I also knew that my mother-in-law had for years derived benefit from it. I got a bottle from Mr. Chase, the chemist at Slough. After taking two bottles I found relief. The pain gradually wore away, and I felt better than ever. Soon I was cured, and from that time till now, by taking an occasional dose it always put me right. I always keep a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and very useful my wife and family find it. You may use this statement as you like. (Signed) Peter Knight, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks, June 6, 1896.

"In the summer of 1892," says Mr. Simpson. "I had a bad attack of indigestion and congestion of the liver. I got medicine from two doctors, but it did not benefit me in the least. For three months I continued to suffer. In October, 1892, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I was then living at Hayes, Middlesex. I purchased two bottles from the chemist in High street, Southall. After taking one bottle I found benefit. The gnawing feeling at the chest ceased, and the melancholy and depression left me, and I felt brighter, stronger, and more active."

"I continued taking the Syrup, and after I had used five bottles I was cured, and escaped all the evil of indigestion and liver ailments for a year. Since that time I have kept a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house, and if I require medicine I resort to it and always get relief. You may use this statement if you think fit to do so. (Signed) Frank E. Sampson, Farnside, Farnham Royal, Slough, June 5th, 1896."

Two better witnesses than these gentlemen we need not ask for. Mr. Knight is a builder, known and respected in the district; and Mr. Sampson is of equally high repute among the people of Slough and Windsor, where he has resided many years. Both commend the medicine to their friends and acquaintances. No disease has so profound and disastrous an effect upon the mind and spirits as the one from which they suffer—dyspepsia, with its consequence, torpidity of liver. The mischief wrought by it to body and mind, and hence to the power of thinking and working, is incalculable. It strews all nations with wrecks of men and women. Engrave, then on your memory these words—Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it.

**A NURSE'S STORY.**  
Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."



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## SOME OLD-TIME DON'TS.

Buts For the Guidance of Children 200 Years Ago.

The Strand, in a recent article, reprinted several pages from a little book published almost two centuries ago and entitled 'The School for Manners, or Rules for Children's Behavior at Church, at Home, at Table, in Company, in Discourse, at School. Abroad and among Boys.' (This last, by the way, suggests that the 'rules' were destined more especially for the guidance of little girls). The brochure was printed by 'Tho. Cockerill, at the Three Legs and Bible against Grocers-Hall in the Poultry.' The few extracts which we reprint, says Truth, seem to indicate that the little folks in 1701 were subjected to about the same kind of 'don'ting' that prevails nowadays; there are one or two of the rules, however, which no nineteenth century mother would ever find it necessary to include in her list.

In coughing or sneezing make as little noise as possible.  
If thou cannot avoid yawning, shut thine mouth with thine hand or handkerchief before it, turning thy face aside.  
When thou blowest thy nose, let thy handkerchief be used, and make not a noise in so doing.  
Gnaw not thy nails, pick them not, nor bite them with thy teeth.  
Spit not in the room, but in a corner, and rub it out with the foot, or rather go out and do it abroad.  
Lean not upon the chair of a superior, standing behind him.  
Spit not upon the fire, nor sit too wide with thy knees at it.  
Sit not with thy legs crossed, but keep them firm and settled, and thy feet even.  
Turn not thy back to any, but place thyself conveniently.  
Bite not thy bread, but break it, but not with slovenly fingers, nor with the same wherewith thou takest up thy meat.  
Dip not thy meat in the sauce.  
Take not salt with a greasy knife.  
Spit not, cough not, nor blow thy nose at table if it may be avoided; but if there be necessity, do it aside, and without much noise.

Lean not thy elbow on the table, or on the back of thy chair.  
Stuff not thy mouth so as to fill thy cheeks; be content with small mouthfuls.  
Blow not thy meat, but with patience wait till it be cool.  
Sup not broth at the table, but eat it with a spoon.  
Feed thyself with thy two fingers, and the thumb of the left hand.  
Speak not at the table; if thy superiors be discoursing, meddle not with the matter. If thou want anything from the servants, call to them softly.  
Grease not thy fingers or napkin, more than necessity requires.  
Eat not too much, but moderately.  
Eat not so slow as to make others wait for thee.  
Make not a noise with thy tongue, mouth, lips or breath, either in eating or drinking.  
Stare not in the face of any one (especially thy superior) at the table.

**A Male Woman Compliment d.**  
An interesting incident has just leaked out concerning the wife of one of the Maine delegation. It is anent the recent dinner given by President McKinley to President Dole of Hawaii, upon which occasion Maine was largely represented. The day before the affair President McKinley was in New York. He met one of the Maine delegation there, and just as they parted the President said: 'I shall see you at the dinner tomorrow evening.'  
'I'm sorry, but I can't be there,' replied the Maine man.  
'That's a shame,' said the President, 'but your wife is coming?'  
'No, she won't go without me,' was the reply.  
'You tell her that she must, that the President says so,' and the two separated.  
About an hour later a telegram was received in Washington by the wife of this same Maine man. It read: 'You must be sure to come to my dinner party tomorrow night,' and signed 'William McKinley.'—Lewiston Journal.

**Fun With the New Boy.**  
The office boy in the reporters' room has been encouraged to try again. Here's his latest: 'A fresh boy in the office of an uptown business concern had some fun the other day with the green office boy who had his first day to work. When the newcomer came to work the boy was told by the foreman the work he was supposed to do. Forgetting something the boss had told him, he thought he would ask his partner, whose name was Johnnie. Going to him, he said: 'The boss told me to take a bucket to the cellar and get something, but I can't remember what it is.' 'Oh! I will tell you,' said Johnnie. 'He wants you to go to the engineer and get a bucket of steam; if he ain't got steam, get electricity.' The boy journeyed to the cellar and tried to explain to the engineer what he wanted, but the engineer could not understand, and, after getting a little rattled, he yelled to the green hand to go up and see if he didn't make a mistake and wanted a left-hand monkey wrench instead. The boy went home that night, but has not yet returned.'—Philadelphia Record.

There are 1,061 students at the Pope's Gregorian University at Rome this year, 900 more than in the last year before the Italians took the city. Of these, 666 study theology, 307 philosophy and 78 canon law.



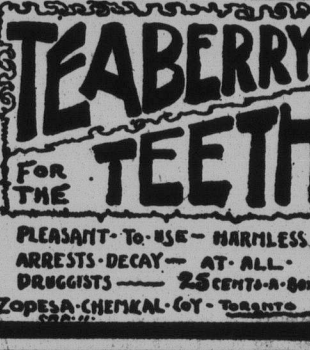
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