



Cleveland Plaindealer.

And Now He's Making Eyes at China.

A REMARKABLE STORY

WOMAN TELLS OF HER FOURTEEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.



From Buffalo, N. Y., comes a startling story, illustrating how much suffering a woman can bear and yet live.

Mrs. H. J. Rehorn, 159 Landon street, that city, says: "Soon after the birth of my first child 14 years ago constipation became troublesome, and the various pills and medicines I used would give temporary relief, but gradually they seemed to lose their influence and the condition became worse. I must have used fully 50 different remedies. At times I would have no relish for food, and what I did eat would distress my stomach. Gas would form and rise, headache and restless sleep, bearing-down pain, backache and gradually I began to recognize the loss of strength, easily tired, and never feeling fully rested.

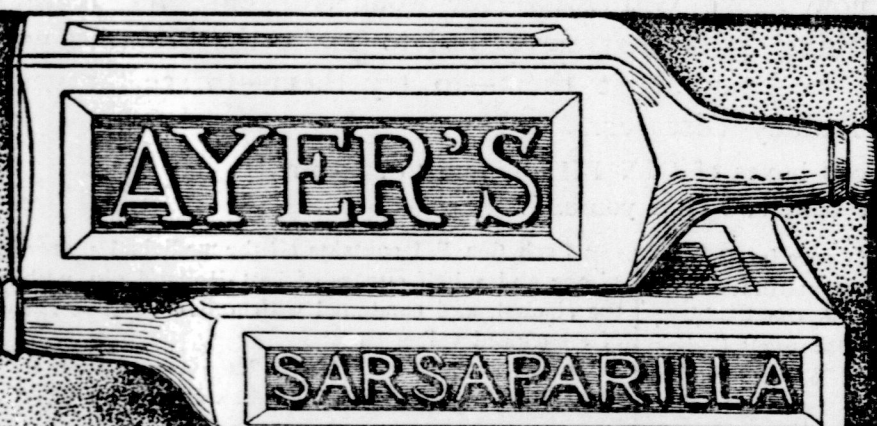
"My husband brought me home a bottle of a new medicine called Anti-Pill, and from the first I began to improve. My appetite was better and what I ate did not make me feel uncomfortable. Anti-Pill is mild and gentle in its action, and yet it cured my terribly obstinate constipation and made me feel so well."

Every Druggist sells this wonderful Anti-Pill that cured Mrs. Rehorn.

Sea Gazing in Bermuda.

It was a little parrot fish who started out so briskly on this summer morning. Keeping his bright eyes fixed straight ahead, he passed the corner of the reef where the coral was incrusting with mollusks and sea-urchins, and where a pair of beautiful squirrel fish, deeply engrossed in sentimental affairs, turned to look after him wonderingly through their enormous eyes. Below, in a deep pool, a school of spotted trunkfish played headlessly, under a projecting plate of staghorn coral a huge grouper waited expectantly, but as the parrot fish, warned of his danger, turned quickly away, he gave his attention to a pair of gray snappers—great, quiet, ghostly figures that seemed like two shadows drifting slowly along, far down through the green waters.

A few feet further on and the hurrying parrot fish passed a tall sea fan, around which three dainty butterfly fish, clad brilliantly in yellow, were peering into each nook and corner in their search for small prey, which a sober cowfish, with his two conspicuous horns, looked on seditiously. Suddenly the parrot fish turned sharply aside to avoid a spot where the reef was broken by jutting rocks covered with green ulva; around this school of bright little zebra-striped sergeant-majors were sporting, while just to the right an angel fish, whose blue body tipped with gold first attracted the attention of mariners so many centuries ago, sailed from under a purple gorgonia with a disdainful air.



There are no less than four-teen remedies in this standard family medicine. Among them we might mention sarsaparilla root, yellow dock root, stillingia root, buck-thorn bark, senna leaves, burdock root, cimicifuga root, cinchona bark, phytolacca root. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is certainly a medicine, a genuine medicine, a doctor's medicine.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—For coughs. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.

THE MAN WHO GOT OVER IT.

The elder of the two men was still young, but something had crossed his face as a fire crosses a forest, sweeping out the lines and looks that had been. The younger was bright, buoyant, self-confident, in love with himself and the world.

The elder had a newspaper in his hand, and he was reading it intently, and he was looking at the younger man, who had been leaning lazily back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"It was good of you, Howard, to hunt me up as soon as you came back to the city," the elder said, for the third time. "I have missed you—I have needed the old companionship—"

"I have been sticking to the office too closely, Morrison," he said, kindly. "Of course, ambition and building one's self up, and hard work, and getting on all right, but you've overdone the thing. It's taking a good deal out of you."

A wintry smile flickered around the lips of the elder man as he unfolded the paper and looked at it critically, and then carefully rolled it again.

"Ambition," he said, "Yes—I used to be ambitious, didn't I?—and rather talented, too, people thought."

"I hope you haven't thrown it all away," cried Howard, with a shocked face.

"Thrown it away! Oh, no! Some men would have done that. But I had a great deal of self-control. I remembered, afterward, that I had been ambitious with certain objects in view, and so I put myself at the old tasks and have gone plodding, plodding at them with set teeth ever since. It has made a difference, of course. I am a plodder now, where I used to run with my soul on fire."

"What in the world has happened to you, old man?" asked the younger, with troubled eyes on the face the fire had swept.

"I am glad you came to me as soon as you reached town," he said again, always with that curious hesitation in many times—and have wished to warn in his manner. "I have thought of you—you are so very young. Howard, fully three years younger than I—and I know that I ought to warn you—"

The younger, who had bent forward, leaned back again, and from this time on he did not take his eyes from his companion's face.

"Against whom?" he repeated, mechanically, still holding tight to his self-control. "For you are young, with"

a sensitiveness and delicacy of spirit which I often noticed when we were boys together. If such an experience came to you—why—it might wreck your life. You might never recover. I doubt if you would ever live through it. I have thought of that often. As for me, I am not sensitive nor delicate; and you see I have lived. Not only that, but I have entirely recovered. You could scarcely believe that I can even laugh now when I think of it."

He laughed then, to prove it, and at the sound of that laugh the face of the other man grew white.

"Oh! yes, it is a long over ago," he added. "I have thought of many times that I was made of coarse fiber, and could triumph over such experience. But as for you, my boy, don't ever try it. Keep away from them women. They will not wait to see if you are the kind that—lives through it. They will break your heart as a child breaks a doll—to see what is inside—and though your heart is a child, the quickness is gone from your spirit and the fire from your brain. That is, it would be from yours. You can see for yourself that I have entirely recovered—entirely."

He waited until he had unrolled the paper and looked at it on all sides, and swiftly rolled it again, before he went on.

"It was three years ago—just after you left town—that I first met—her. I don't tell you her name—you would not know her—but she was young—I was young then, too—and she was so beautiful that all men were attracted to her."

"Do you smile to think that I was attracted, too? True—I had not lived the life most men live. I was a student and had lived among books and dreams. She was the embodiment of all that was pure and lovely in literature and fancy. I had worshipped her far off until she called me to her. Howard, she sent me others away and called me, as a queen calls a courtier, and I went."

The paper was growing ragged at the edges. He held it up a moment and looked at it, then clasped his fingers around it till they were white from the pressure.

"For weeks I saw her every day. I found that I could say brilliant things to amuse her, the reclusive, the silent. Other men, wealthier, well-known, more socially, stood off and were amazed, but I cared nothing for them. Through all the ages, through all the impossibilities of time and space, our two souls have been coming together. Missing her, I would have gone on a solitary student, to my journey's end. I whiled away sometimes, to think what my life would have been if I had not gone to the house where I met her first."

"One evening I went to her home. Elinor was alone, with a shadow on her face, and something took possession of me, and I spoke to her. She was disturbed—for me. You need not be troubled—it was all over, long ago. I have lived through it. I can laugh now, when I think of it—"

"She laughed, too, at the time, and said that it was the strangest thing that a girl could never be friends with a man but that she studied to be a wife to marry her. She leaned back in her cushioned chair—there was something about her face and her head, and—and she looked so fair and dainty and gentle—but she was laughing, and she told me that she liked to have me near her for several reasons."

"Missing me she would have laughed and jested with the crowd of suitors, she varied of them, and they fell away, one by one, and left her still heart-whole and alone."

"My life was filled with such dreams as these, which seemed so true, so natural that I felt it necessary to speak to Elinor, for she must see as clearly as I."

In the first place, I was tall, and she liked tall men. Then, I could talk to her about books, and that enabled her to talk about them, too, without being at the trouble of reading herself. Then, I was so deliciously serious, and that refreshed her—and above all, she knew that I was perfectly safe with me, for no one would ever be intimate enough to dream of my marrying."

"She laughed a great deal, yet she was vexed that I had spoken and spoiled it all. She had broken her heart inside it, she threw it away. But men were all alike, she said; they all took themselves so seriously."

"And then I laughed also, and went out into the night. A little while later she left London and went abroad; and I sat here at my desk and lived."

"Yes, I am quite well now, fortunately. With some men it might have been a very serious thing. There are men, you know, who put so much of life into a thing that what is left behind isn't worth considering. It would be so with you, Howard, I have thought of you many times, for I knew

—what might come—and I wanted to warn you. When you are pouring out your soul they are tolerating you because—because you are tall. It would ruin your life, my boy. Don't let them do it."

"Wait a moment," said the pale-faced younger man, with his hand on the other's arm. "Never mind—I would not have heeded it—no man would—because you are tall. It would ruin your life, my boy. Don't let them do it."

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TRAIN HELD UP BY BUSY BEES

CURIOUS CAUSES FOR CARS BEING STOPPED IN THE EARLIER DAYS OF LOCOMOTION.

An Express Could Not Leave Because of Stingers—Umbrella Delayed Train. Nearly Crusing Two Deaths.

In the early days of locomotion, when the fastest trains would wait five minutes for a beated traveler or put back to the nearest station to recover some forgotten luggage, varied and curious were the reasons for the breakdown of an engine, but even in these times of smooth traveling remarkable incidents are sometimes recorded relative to the sudden stoppage of trains.

When Jumbo, the famous elephant, sought to dispute the right of way with an American locomotive, one was not surprised to learn that she succeeded in putting the engine temporarily out of business, though one cannot help feeling a certain amount of astonishment when one is told that the same remarkable feat has been performed by a small dog weighing less than four pounds. Yet this strange accident happened as lately as last August, when a passenger train on the Walkill Valley Railroad was brought to a sudden stop by a little rough-haired terrier.

It seems that while the train was running at a very high rate of speed the airbrakes were suddenly applied with such force as to cause the passengers to think that a collision was imminent. The engineer was dumfounded at the application of the brakes, and at once made an investigation. He found that his engine had struck the dog and he tried it against a valve in such a manner as to turn on the air and set the brakes.

This accident, though remarkable, is not, however, without precedent, for some three months before an express was brought to a standstill in an exactly similar manner, the only difference being that the primary cause of the stop was not a dog, but a man. The accident, however, was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as at the time the unfortunate train was standing in the permanent way when two trains going in opposite directions, passed him. The suction caused by the express raised the man from his feet, and he was thrown from the train to the backward and forward, until he finally landed on a valve of the train going eastward. The man's body was found many hundreds of feet away from the delayed train, and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that there was not a bone left which was not almost entirely powdered.

One of the most extraordinary accidents ever reported on the Union Pacific Railroad occurred on Sept. 17 last, at Cheyenne, Wyo. The engine attached to the Cheyenne train, which was going west, ran along the ties for almost a mile, owing to the motion of the train, which was going down grade at a terrific rate. At the foot of the hill the engine leaped back on to the track without damage to the locomotive or the train.

The engineer, his eyes bulging with astonishment, stopped the express as he had recovered from his fright. He made a thorough examination of the engine, but found no damage whatever. The express, which is the fastest train on the Union Pacific, continued its journey, and arrived at its destination on schedule time. This is probably the only instance on record in which an engine has jumped the tracks and returned to the track without damage to the locomotive or the train.

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Put up only in 50 cents boxes.

At all druggists.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

of the box, which had also destroyed all the other fuses, and so put the train entirely out of order. Ultimately it was dragged to the yards and the damage remedied. The two victims of an old man's carelessness, though shocked and painfully burned, were not seriously injured.

A few months ago a St. Louis accommodation train was held up by bees at Edwardsville, and delayed for more than an hour. At the station several hives were waiting shipment, but they had not been on the platform more than ten minutes when the boxes were covered with thousands of strange bees that gathered from all directions, attracted by the scent of the honey and the other bees inside.

The trainmen put on thick gloves and covered their faces with handkerchiefs, and heaved the boxes on to the farther tracks, but the bees then left the boxes and swarmed over the entire length of the 200-foot platform, while the passengers who had been seated in the train fled in dismay. Then a telephone message was sent to the shipper of the bees, and when he arrived he simply carried the hives to the freight houses, locked them in, and then discharged the stranger bees by means of a lighted torch. After that the passengers returned, and the train made its way out of the station an hour after schedule time.—Houston Herald.

WHY GO LIMPING and whining about your corns when a decent bottle of Helloy's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

The Western National Bank of San Francisco soon will proceed upon a "never close" basis. All classes of its business, including that of its safe deposit vaults, will be carried on night and day.

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

The diameter of the funnels—there are two—of the new Cunarder Caronia is so great that were they laid on their sides a couple of locomotives could pass abreast.

St. Peter's, at Rome, is in the form of a cross 656 feet long and 450 feet wide. Its height is only two feet less than its width.

The man who talks as if he had his mouth full of hot mush is never able to make a stirring speech.

Artists and connoisseurs, as well as musicians, delight in the beauty of the New Scale Williams Piano.

Williams. The costly woods, intricate carving, brilliant finish and elegant appearance, make the New Scale Williams the fitting piano for even the most magnificent homes.

"Will hold its own with the very best pianos made on this continent."
—R. Wackin Mills, England's Famous Baritone.

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Chocolate, pink, white, orange, lemon, maple and almond, are prepared, ready for use.

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A Tonic Wine, pleasant to take.

Gives strength

Makes new blood

Builds up the system

Throws off all weakness

A boon to those recovering from wasting fevers and long illness.

Sold by all medicine dealers.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The rate at which the Zulus can run in an emergency is astonishing. Some will cover as much as 50 miles in six hours. Eight miles an hour is common.

IT IS AN ELIXIR OF LIFE.—Since forgotten time men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in it. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism and all bodily pains.

A man at Geneva, Switzerland, claims to have remained in the water for one month. He used a rubber suit of his own invention.

SO POPULAR is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of coughs and colds or all affections of the throat, due to exposure, draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

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