



"There is so much trouble coming into the world," said Lord Bolingbroke, "and so much more in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all." If a man and a philosopher comes to this conclusion, what must be the natural conclusion of the thousands of suffering women who undergo untold torture in bringing their babes into the world?

Philosophy of this kind is based upon gross ignorance. The fact is, that there is no necessity for the severe pains undergone by the average woman. If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the majority of women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can always be remedied. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic. It banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good."

"I suffered fourteen years," writes Mrs. Mary J. Stewart, of Box 46, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal., with female weakness, nervousness and general debility. "I tried everything to no avail. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

The names, addresses and photographs of hundreds of women cured by Dr. Pierce's medicines are printed by permission in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It's free. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing only. French cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Every woman needs a great medical book. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser fills this want. It contains over 1000 pages and nearly 800 illustrations.

HOBSON THE HERO

His Brilliant Naval Feat at Santiago de Cuba.

STORY OF THE MERRIMAC.

Sinking of the Vessel to Blockade the Spanish Fleet One of the Most Daring Acts in the History of Naval Warfare. Admiral Cervera's Admiration of His Prisoners' Bravery.

Off Santiago de Cuba, June 3.—(Delayed in transmission)—The following is a detailed story of the act of heroism performed by Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson and his seven companions in sinking the collier Merrimac across the channel leading into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba:

This result was accomplished through the heroism of Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, assistant naval constructor, and Daniel Montague, George Charette, J. C. Murphy, Oscar Deignan, John P. Phillips, John Kelly and H. Clauseau. The latter, a coxswain of the New York, took part in the expedition against orders. They were all captured by the Spaniards, but the Spanish admiral, in recognition of their bravery, sent word to the American admiral under a flag of truce that he was willing to exchange prisoners, and assuring the American commander that they would be treated with the greatest kindness. Money and provisions have been sent to them and the necessary steps are being taken to bring about their exchange.

What actually happened on board the Merrimac can best be judged from what Lieutenant Hobson said just before leaving the flagship. Sitting in his cabin, his face browned by the sun and his eyes flashing with excitement, he remarked: "I shall go right into the harbor until about 400 yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has 7,000 tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about 10 knots. When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long. There are ten 8-inch improvised torpedoes below the water on the Merrimac's port-side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains 82 pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge and they should do their work in a minute and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter."

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engineer room there will be two other men. This is the total

crew, and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in water tight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge on which I will stand. By that man's side will be an ax. When I stop the engine I shall jerk this cord and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashings which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the 4-boated dingy, which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys and is unsinkable. It is rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast on her bow and one on her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the bowline and pull the dingy on to starboard.

"The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The man at wheel will not leave until he's put her hard aport and then jump overboard. Down below, the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble up on deck and get over the side as quickly as possible. The man in the engineer room will break open the sea connections with a sledgehammer and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac, whether the torpedoes work or not. By this time six men will be in the dingy and the Merrimac will have

swung athwart the channel to the full length of her 300 yards of cable, which will have paid out before the anchors were cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York city will be able to raise her after that."

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of the lieutenant.

"Ah, that is another thing," said the lieutenant. He was so interested in the mechanical details of the scheme that he scarcely stopped to talk of the life and death phase. But in reply to frequent questions Hobson said: "I suppose the Estrella battery will fire down on us, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners faces and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro castle. We shall keep together at all hazards. Then we may be able to make our way along side and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers, and our surrender will only take place as a last and as a most uncontemplated emergency."

A Georgia farmer who has a son who gives promise of literary excellence brought the boy to the city with the view of apprenticing him to some literary chap, as he expressed it, "to learn the business." But he first sought an editor of his acquaintance and asked his opinion.

"How long would it be," he asked, "before the lad would be makin' money by his writins?"

"He'd have to make a name first," said the editor.

"But he's got that already," explained the farmer—"Jeremiah Jedediah Jones. What's the matter with that?"

"I mean he'd have to make a name as an author before he could command any cash."

"And how long would that take?"

"About ten years."

"Jerry," said the old man, "come along an less go back to plowin. Five cent cotton beats that all hollow. You've been a talkin' about a wider field. Come long home, an I'll give you ten acres."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Woman's Way.

Thirsty Thornton—Workin by day?

Cunning Cornwallis—Yes, but me boss is a woman; therefore I only works a half day. At noon I allus inquires with fault she's got ter find wid me work, an when she gets t'roo talkin it's quittin time.—New York Journal.

The Beginning and the End.

Judge—Did you see the beginning of this trouble?

Witness—I did, your honor. It occurred five years ago.

Judge—Why, how is that?

Witness—I began when the minister pronounced them man and wife.—Chicago News.

Village Life Not Dull.

In a certain Connecticut town one week recently they had a chafing dish party, a Klondike social, a New England party, a donkey party, a mum and gum social, a grub grab, a pillowcase soiree and a pink tea. And yet people say that village life is dull!—

THE SPORTING WORLD.

The name of Ten Eyck, says the New York Journal, is to be perpetuated in rowing. The present amateur champion has a brother, James A. Ten Eyck, Jr., only 10 years old, with arms of steel, lungs almost with the capacity of an adult, stout shoulders and stout heart, who is following in the footsteps of his father and brother with such marked ability that no doubt is entertained of his future as a champion. He has mastered the Ten Eyck stroke and can push a boat through the water with a swing that is the admiration of every oarsman who watches him.

Despite the fact that he is obliged to row in a boat much too large for him he can give his wash to bigger and stronger watermen. In fact, he is a Ten



JAMES A. TEN EYCK.

Eyck from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, and takes to rowing as naturally as a savage to fighting.

The Wachusett Boat club of Worcester, Mass., is as proud of the younger as it is of the elder brother. The club has taken action on the refusal of the Henley stewards to accept Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck's entry by forwarding a letter asking for reasons for the rejection and closing as follows:

"But one natural conclusion follows, and that is accepted by this club as the real reason for the rejection of the entry of Mr. Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck for the Diamond Challenge Sculls, and that is that he is too expert a sculler and too fast for the contestants in the Henley royal regatta."

Reform In Racing Suits.

One of the past disgraces of the bicycling track has been the slovenly appearance of many of the riders and a large majority of the trainers, who have presented themselves before the spectators in scant and filthy costume that has caused many a spectator to turn away in disgust. While this question is covered in the rules of the League of American Wheelmen, it has been persistently overlooked by the officials at the meetings, and the practice has become so common that numbers of the fair sex have declined to attend many of the important race meets for this reason. The uniforms of the members of the National Track association team will be finely woven goods, the sweater being particularly novel. Instead of fastening down the front, as many of them do, these sweaters open on the shoulder and when fastened on fit closely and look extremely neat. The sleeves are of full length and absolutely no advertising will mar their appearance. The trunks will come to the knee and will be close fitting. The uniforms will be of light blue, trimmed with dark blue.—New York Telegram.

Baseball Hands.

Examine the hands of almost any professional baseball player after the championship season is a little advanced and you will find calloused places in the palms of both hands. This is caused by gripping their bats. Good batters when they let go hard at a pitched ball grip the bat with might and main. The harder the grip the harder the blow, is their motto. Most players use sticky wrapping on the handles of their bats. They put it on so that they may grip the bat all the harder. It is this wrapping that causes the calloused places, and in some instances the cuticle of the palms of the hands peels off. "Grip the bat as if you were holding on for dear life," advises an old player, "and let the bat rest lightly in your hands when you attempt to bunt. You will find that this will prove satisfactory. I think that wrapping it is a good thing."—New York Sun.

Dancer of High Heeled Shoes.

Notwithstanding the fact that it has been shown time and time again that the use of high heeled shoes by women when riding is dangerous many wheelwomen are still averse to wearing any other kind of footwear. The high heeled shoes have the effect of setting off a shapely foot, but that is all. They are conducive neither to comfort nor pleasure, but, on the contrary, make pedaling troublesome, also interfering with the proper ankle motion. Low heeled shoes are the only proper footwear for wheeling, and most wheelwomen realize this, but there are others, happily in the minority, who still cling to the elevated heels.—New York World.

A Bamboo Bicycle.

A bright Connecticut Yankee has made a bicycle, more as an experiment than as a practical article, in which the framework instead of being steel tubing is made out of the best quality of bamboo. It is very neat in appearance, strong and elastic, and only weighs about 17 pounds. He believes that it is possible to apply the idea and make racing machines quite equal in strength and durability to the present styles of wheels. The strength of the bamboo and its elasticity are well known to all fishermen who have ever handled a rod made of that wonderful member of the grass family.—New York Mail and Express.

Business Enterprise.

An enterprising business firm of this city had a "Dewey waist" on the market within three days after the Manila

trick. "The heart of every loyal lady in the land thrills with pride and longs to show it," says the advertisement. But the shops are full of things for women to wear as evidences of their patriotism, and every business concern is right in it.

JOSEPH RUSSELL.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

In Training For Soldiering—Hetty Green Talks of Her Troubles—A Theory About Some French Journals.

[Special Correspondence.]

The rounders are not the only appropriators of war ideas as the means of getting out of scrapes. It happens quite often now that a clerk or a bookkeeper shows up late at his place of employment or is away a day or so because of some duty in connection with the war, but these excuses crop out in the police courts oftener than elsewhere. For instance, a well dressed young man, giving his name as Charles M. Beck and Brooklyn as his residence, was up before the Yorkville police court on a charge of intoxication. He denied that he had been drunk. "I found him lying on the sidewalk in East Twenty-third street last night," said the policeman who arrested him.

"I was asleep, not drunk," replied the prisoner. "I intend to join the army and am getting myself ready for camp life. I gave up sleeping in a bed a week ago and sleep outdoors so as to accustom myself to campaign life."

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"None as yet. I haven't picked out my regiment," was the answer.

"I don't believe your story and will fine you \$3," announced the magistrate.

The prisoner went down stairs and sent out for the money to pay his fine.

Hetty Green and Her Troubles.

Hetty Green, the queen of stockdom, has been attracting considerable attention in this city notwithstanding the fact that ordinary affairs are lost sight of in the war. Hetty is fighting a lawyer who is trying to collect \$50,000 of her for services rendered. Here's a sample of the gems she dropped on the side in court during the progress of the case:

"All my troubles have been caused by a lot of legal buzzards. Any one who opposes me has bad luck. A judge in Chicago who decided against me failed to get re-elected. All young lawyers have swelled heads—like a count (I call him discount) who chased my daughter for two months last winter. He wrote her as many letters as a certain lawyer wrote me when he wanted his note discounted. He said he was a cousin of the German emperor and had a wonderful family tree. I finally had to keep my daughter in."

"Mrs. Green's reference to her daughter reminds me of a characteristic story I heard about that young woman some time ago," said a man at the Astor House. "Hetty frequently visits Boston, and her daughter usually goes along. A young lady friend of Miss Green, who isn't much of a tourist and who was going to the Hub, consulted her as to the best route. Hetty's daughter told her that the sound trip was the nicest. 'Are the meals good on the boat?' queried the young lady. 'Well, I don't know. Ma and I always take lunch along in the basket and have some sent up to our cabin from the dining room.'"

Hetty is evidently bringing her daughter up in a full appreciation of the virtues of frugality. Russell Sage and Hetty Green are said to be neck and neck in the race for first honors as trainers in this class. A brother newspaper man suggests that if groceries and provisions continue to go up the New York

correspondents should organize an Atkins' Cooking club and adopt sage green as the color of the club.

French Papers Want Subsidies.

"I have a theory regarding the hostility of several French papers on the war," said A. G. Sherrill the other day in the presence of several newspaper men.

"Some of the best known journals of Paris that have been specially hostile to the United States, according to the information I have, concluded it would be a fine stroke of policy to send an agent to Washington to interview prominent government officials on the advisability of subsidizing the aforesaid journals. To put it bluntly, if cash was forthcoming there would be no hostile attacks on the United States, but unless the money was given up the attitude of the syndicate would be anti-American all the way through.

The commissioner must have left Washington in disgust, for he didn't carry away with him a dollar of American coin that was tendered as a bonus.

Think of the combined stupidity and vanity of a bunch of papers in Paris that could imagine themselves powerful enough to extort money as the price of their friendship. Whether they approve us or not is a matter of small moment, for the interest of France in our war with Spain is, as everybody knows, purely selfish. If there were no Spanish bonds owned over there, we would probably be deluged with French protestations of good will."

The Hustling Button Maker.

The redheaded button man was talkative. After kicking himself for not cornering the flag market he soliloquized thusly: "My button makers are on double turn, so you see buttons are all right anyway. The popular demand has shifted from talkers to fighters. Patriotism has knocked out politics, and I couldn't get an order today for any buttons for windjammers or spellbinders. Politicians had their day in the last campaign. I sold 20,000 Dewey buttons the first week after the battle at Manila, and there is still a steady demand for them. I made up 40,000 Sampson buttons as a starter, and I'll have a carload of Schley buttons if we keep on grinding 'em out."

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

Notice is hereby given that the County of Adams of Indiana, Indiana, will meet for the purpose of hearing and determining grievances and to realize the same within said county, in the room of the county commissioners in Decatur, Indiana, on Monday the 20th day of June, 1898.

NOAH MANGOLD,

Auditor Adams Co., Ind.

13-2

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