

SELLING BY SIGNAL.

CATTLE ARE DEALT IN AT THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

Sitting in Their Saddles, With the Lot Between Them, Seller and Buyer Conclude a Transaction by Raising Their Whips Over Their Heads.

The Chicago stockyards are unique among the great marts of the world. In no other place, say those who are most familiar with its daily routine, is so large an aggregate of business transacted in the language of gestures and without the "scratch of a pen" as in the noisy pens of the stockyards. A whip is held high in air, across a sea of clattering horns the signal is answered by a momentary uplifting of a hand, and a "touch" of cattle worth thousands of dollars is sold.

There is something splendidly picturesque and even spectacular in these wordless transactions. They ignore the artificialities of the complex system upon which modern business relationships are almost universally maintained. There in the cattle pens gets boldly back to primitive simplicity. It is done on honor, not on paper. And the undisputed transfer of millions of dollars' worth of the property here dealt in passes that a bargain sealed with the wave of the whip and an assenting gesture of the hand is quite as safe and sound as if the whole transaction were recorded "in black and white."

The trader in the wheat pit is armed with his tally card, upon which he jots down the names of those with whom he deals and the amount, nature and price of the commodities bought and sold. The broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange places equal reliance upon the quickly penciled memoranda made at the moment when the details of each transaction were upon the lips of those concerned in its fulfillment; but the buyer and seller of the yards carry whips, not pencils, and their deals are recorded in memory instead of written upon trading cards. As well try to picture the old knights making laborious written memoranda of their challenges as to think of the rough and ready traders of the cattle yards juggling in their saddles to jot down upon paper their purchases and sales. Such a procedure would bid defiance to the very nature of things and do violence to the magnificent unconventionality of every environment.

"Is there never any trouble in this kind of dealing?" a leading commission man was asked.

"If you mean do the men go back on their bargains made by whip and hand, I can answer, never," was the trader's answer as he brought his trim black horse to a halt in the cattle alley and leaned forward in his saddle. "There isn't another place in America, or the whole world, for that matter, where so much business is done on the basis of personal integrity, without a written word to show for the transactions, as right here," he continued, "and the method beats all the bonds on earth. The day's business in these pens will run about \$1,500,000. And how is it done? Little talk, a considerable waving of whips and hands and no exchange of written documents between buyers and sellers.

"Here is a bunch of cattle that will figure up about \$10,000. Over there in the other alley is a buyer who this morning offered me a price of \$5.10 for these. I thought that I could do better, but the market has been a little off, and I have decided to let the bunch go at the offer. Up to the present moment we have exchanged about a dozen words on this subject. Now, if he is willing to pay the price which he named in the morning I'll show you how a \$10,000 bunch of fat steers is sold without a word of mouth or a scratch of writing at the time the bargain is really made."

The commission man then straightened up in the saddle and waited for the debutant buyer to look in his direction. A moment later this representative of the big packing house wheeled his horse about and faced in the direction of the seller. Instantly the commission man lifted high his rawhide riding whip and held it aloft. His attitude was as striking as that of a cavalry colonel upholding his saber to concentrate the attention of his regiment before making a desperate charge. The pose, however, was full of natural grace and freedom and showed that the man was more at ease in the saddle than he could have been out of it.

A moment elapsed before the debutant of the buyer caught sight of the upraised whip. The next instant he raised his hand a little above his head, held it motionless a moment and then snapped it with a forward movement. Instantly the seller repeated the motion of assent with his whip, and then, turning to his caller, said:

"That's all there is to it. To a stranger this kind of a performance looks like a long range sign talk between deaf mutes, but we understand each other perfectly. We both know how many cattle there are in the bunch and the price at which they have been sold. And we've been within speaking distance of each other the transaction would probably have been a verbal one, just for the sake of sociability, but not because it would have made the bargain clearer understood or any more binding."

A Coin in the Bottle. There have been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of se-

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS.

The usual Outcome of Too Little Blood—Sufferers Often Brought to the Verge of Insanity.

From the Smith's Fall News.

Many cases have been reported of how invalids who have suffered for years, and whose cases have been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through the now world-famed medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or convincing than that of Miss Elizabeth Minshull, who resides with her brother, Mr. Thos. Minshull, of this town, an employee in Frost & Wood's Agricultural Works. The News heard of this remarkable case, and meeting Mr. Minshull, asked him if the story was correct. He replied—"All I know is that my sister had been given up as incurable by two physicians. She is now well enough to do any kind of housework, and can go and come as she pleases, and this change has, it is my honest conviction, been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mr. Minshull then related the following story to the News—"My sister is twenty years of age. She came to Canada from England about ten years ago, and resided with a Baptist Minister, Rev. Mr. Cody, at Sorel, Que. In April, of 1895, she took ill and gradually grew worse. She was under a local physician's care for five months. The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote me of my sister's state of health, and I had her come to Smith's Falls, in the hope that a change and rest would do her good. When she arrived there she was in a very weak state, and a local physician was called in to see her. He attended her for some time, but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was one which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object; the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required some one to be with her at all times, and often after a fit of extreme nervousness she would become unconscious and remain in that state for hours. When I went home I had to take my boots off at the doorstep so as not to disturb her. When the doctor told me he could do nothing for her, I consulted with my wife, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as she knew of several cases where they had wonderful cures, and I concluded it would do no harm to try them anyway, and mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor did not oppose their use, but said he thought they might do her good, as they were certainly a good medicine. In September of last year she began to use the pills, and before two boxes had been used, she began to show signs of improvement. She has continued their use since, and is today a living testimony of the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

BLOOD THIN AND POOR.

Mrs. J. O'Connor, Broad Cove, N. S. makes the following statement—"I had been suffering from what doctors call general debility. My blood was thin and poor. I had constant and at times violent pains in my hips and knees, and frequently passed sleepless nights. I had tried several remedies said to be sure cures, but without success. Then a lady friend who was very enthusiastic concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to try that medicine. I used several boxes before I found much benefit, then the change came and I speedily recovered. The pains left me. I could sleep and eat well, and am quite strong and hearty. It is now more than 6 months since I used the Pills, and have not been sick a day since I stopped using them. I am now quite as enthusiastic over this medicine as my friend was, and will always recommend it."

INSOMNIA CURED.

Mr. Wm Thomas, a teacher of vocal music, well known throughout Eastern Ontario, says—"I was greatly troubled with insomnia, and for over two years I believe I existed with less sleep than any other individual ever did. The strain on my nervous system was something terrible, and each day found me less able to perform my duties. My digestion was impaired, my complexion was sallow, appetite very fickle, and my whole condition of the most unenviable. I had tried many remedies without avail, and finally as a result of reading so much about them I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks it was plainly manifest that they were helping me. It took some months to restore my old time health, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it, and I am now feeling like a new man. When I retire to my bed I am sure of a good night's rest. I have a good appetite, a good digestion and a general feeling of renewed health, for all of which I am deeply grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

she has been engaged three times, each engagement lasting but a short time. Shortly after her debut she became engaged to Lord Gaspard le Marchant Romilly, a dashing young guardsman. At the end of the week the match was declared off, and then another suitor was accepted, only to be thrown over for a third, who chanced to be Ernest Cunard, the brother of Sir Bache Cunard, who married Maude Burke of Chicago and Newport. The wedding was to take place at St. George's church, Hanover square, and the invitations were all out, the presents received and the beautiful Paris trousseau completed. Imagine the wonderment of society, then, when on the day before the wedding the flighty little beauty was married to her first lover, Lord Romilly, at St. George's, being given away by her maid, while his handsome lordship was attended only by his solicitor. Mr. Cunard's first knowledge of the affair was brought to him by the papers, and was soon followed by his transient fiancée's

package of presents.—Chicago Inter Ocean. New Orleans Negro's Ingenuity. While young men of intelligence, education and talent are sometimes moral and financial failures, wondering always why they don't "succeed" in life, there are all around them innumerable examples of the pluck and persistency that make success, greater or less, according to the original advantage of the one employing them. One such instance is furnished by a negro who recently had his left leg amputated near the ankle. Being a laborer, he was thus deprived of his only living. But he did not sit down and wonder what to do. He made himself a banjo in the form of a star, and then he made a set of doll furniture, using cigar box material for the bedroom set and gilding it and making a very presentable looking set. Then he found a street corner where he was not molested and played his banjo and sang rouser songs until he had sold

Too Little Blood.

Too little blood! That is what makes men and women look pale, sallow and languid. That is what makes them drag along, always tired, never hungry, unable to digest their food, breathless and palpitating at the heart after slight exertion, so that it is a trouble to go up stairs. They are "Anæmic," doctors tell them; and that is Greek for having "too little blood." Are you like that?


Are your gums pale instead of being scarlet?

Pull down your eyelid—is the lining of it bloodshot and pale? That is where "too little blood" shows.

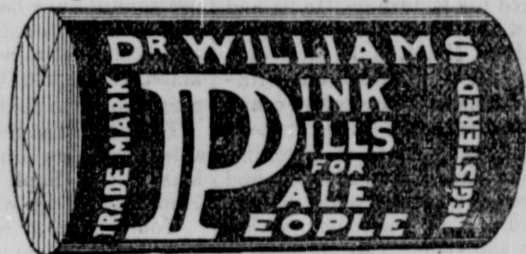


More anæmic people have been made strong, energetic, hungry, cheerful men and women by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means. They are the finest Tonic in the world; they have cured more people than any other medicine, but you must get the REAL Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, put up in packages

LIKE THIS 

or it is of no use. The wrapper is always printed in red ink on white paper.



If your dealer does not keep them, or tries to persuade you to take something else, send the price, 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, and get the genuine by return mail—postage paid.

ST VITUS' DANCE

Mr. Jacob Snyder, jr., of Bloomingdale, Ontario, says—"About three years ago, Adeine Webber, aged eleven years, an orphan adopted by us, showed symptoms of St. Vitus' Dance. At first we did not realize what the trouble was, but as she was growing worse, we consulted a doctor who told us what was the matter, but did not seem to help her. In fact she was growing worse, and her limbs twitched and jerked terribly. We then consulted another doctor under whose care she remained for about a year, and although he was very attentive, she was steadily growing worse. Her limbs became so unsteady that she could not walk, and she had wasted away to a skeleton, and we had no hope of her recovery. One day while in conversation with Mr. Martin Simpson, of Berlin, he told me that a daughter of his who had suffered in the same way had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and advised that they be tried. After she had used two boxes there was considerable improvement, and after the use of four boxes more, all the symptoms of the disease had left her, and

from that time she steadily regained her former strength. Her case seemed to us a desperate one, and we believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, she would not have recovered."

- Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Locomotor Ataxia, Anaemia, Heart Troubles, Indigestion & Dyspepsia, St. Vitus' Dance, Paralysis, Incipient Consumption, All Female Weakness, Dizziness and Headache, And all Troubles arising From Poor and Watery Blood

Pale, Tired and Listless

Miss Eva Hodgson, daughter of Mr. Wm. Hodgson, a well known farmer living near Proton Station, Ont., is another of the many young girls who owe health

and strength to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says—"My illness came on very gradually, shortness of breath after the smallest exertion, being the first symptom I noticed. Then I became very pale, was attacked with a pain in the side and a hacking cough. At first only home remedies were used, but as they did me no good, a doctor was consulted and I was taking his medicine for nearly a year. I did not derive any benefit from it, however, but seemed to be getting weaker all the time. The pain in my side grew more severe, and I had wasted away almost to a skeleton. At this state a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had used three boxes I could feel an improvement, and then I began to gain steadily in health and strength. I took the Pink Pills for a couple of months longer, and at the end of that time was completely cured. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a blessing to suffering humanity, and will always strongly recommend them."

Dr Williams' Pink Pills

MAKE

RICH, RED BLOOD

Rich, Red Blood Makes Strong, Healthy, Energetic, Men, Women and Children

his doll's furniture and then he went home and made another set of furniture. And thus he earns his living, selling the product of his own labor, which grows daily more skilled, and occasionally getting an odd dollar or two dropped into his hat in return for the songs which he sings with good native ability. His homemade banjo seems to appeal to the sympathy of all, for it tells a story of pluck.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EXERCISE FOR COWS.

John Gould, of Ohio, defends his side of this question as follows: I have never seen a cow take much exercise. I have seen them take lively exercise to get enough to live on, but I have never seen a cow go around for it. I have heard people who required their cows to exercise themselves to get enough to eat complain that dairying did not pay, but if you will give a cow all she wants to eat, water in the barn, and enough to eat in the pasture, when

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Could Not Raise Either Hand or Foot and Had to be Fed and Dressed—Doctors Said a Cure was Impossible.

From the Millbrook Reporter.

Rheumatism has claimed many victims and has probably caused more pain than any other ill affecting mankind. Among those who have been its victims few have suffered more than Mr. G. W. Coon, now proprietor of a flourishing bakery in Hampton, but for a number of years a resident of Pontypool, where his severe illness occurred. To a reporter who interviewed him Mr. Coon gave the following particulars of his great sufferings and ultimate cure: "Some seven or eight years ago," said Mr. Coon, "I felt a touch of rheumatism. At first I did not pay much attention to it, but as it was growing worse I began to doctor for it, but to no effect. The trouble went from bad to worse, until three years after the first symptoms had manifested themselves I became utterly helpless and could do no more for myself than a young child. I could not lift my hands from my side, and my wife was obliged to cut my food and feed me when I felt like eating, which was not often considering the torture I was undergoing. My hands were swollen out of shape, and for weeks were tightly bandaged. My legs and feet were also swollen and I could not lift my foot two inches from the floor. I could not change my clothes, and my wife had to dress and wash me. I grew so thin that I looked more like a skeleton than anything else. The pain I suffered was almost past endurance, and I got no rest either day or night. I doctored with many doctors, but they did me no good, and some of them told me it was not possible for me to get better. I believe I took besides almost everything that was recommended for rheumatism, but instead of getting better I was constantly getting worse, and I wished many a time that death would end my sufferings. One day Mr. Ferrin, store keeper at Pontypool, gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I did so somewhat reluctantly, as I did not think any medicine could help me. However, I used the pills, then I got another box, and before they were gone I felt a trifling relief. Before a third box was finished there was no longer any doubt of the improvement they were making in my condition, and before I had used three boxes more I began to feel, in view of my former condition, that I was growing quite strong, and the pain was rapidly subsiding. From that out there was a steady improvement, and for the first time in long weary years I was free from pain and once more able to take my place among the world's workers. I have not now the slightest pain, and I feel better than I felt for seven years previous to taking the pills. I thank God that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came in my way, as I believe they saved my life, and there is no doubt whatever that they rescued me from years of torture."

IN A DECLINE.

Mrs. W. Goodwid, Argyle Sound, N. S. says: "After the birth of my first child I was in poor health and unable to recover my strength. I had a severe pain in my left side and lung, which almost made it impossible for me to breathe. I had a bad cough day and night and was troubled with night sweats, and on awakening found myself very weak. My complexion was sallow and my appetite entirely gone. All my friends believed me in a decline. Our family physician attended me for a long time but I got no better. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting on this advice I bought a supply and continued their use until my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

CONSUMPTION OF THE BLOOD.

Mrs. J. N. Gordon, Cataract, Ont., says: "If I could not have got Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do believe I would not be in the land of the living. I had what one of my physicians—I tried a number—called consumption of the blood. I was wasted away to a shadow and my hands were literally transparent. I had a hacking cough and could not sleep at all. Doctors having failed to help me, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was soon gratified to find that they were helping me. I continued their use for several months, and am thankful to say that they have fully restored my health. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a blessing to humanity."