GREEKS BEGIN WAR IN EARNEST.

Capture Fort Aghia in the Island of Crete and Take 400 Mussulmans Prisoners.

King George Dispatches Another Regiment to the Island and Will Send More Soldiers To-day.

Determined to Have the Cretan Question Settled "Once for All"---Residents of the Island Proclaim Loyalty to Greece.

Athens, Feb. 16.—The first definite news of a Greek victory in Crete was received this evening, and the wildest enthusiasm followed the receipt of the intelligence.

The Greeks, it is said, attacked and captured Fort Aghia, taking 400 Mussulmen prisoners. Among the number are 100 Turkish troops, the remainder of the prisoners being Moslems who had refuged in the fort.

Details of the engagement are lacking. One report states that no fighting occurred, the garrison surrendering upon the demand of the Greek commander. As no mention of any losses is made in any of the dispatches, it is surmised that this report is true.

Warlike Preparations.

Notwithstanding the reports that the powers would take concerted action to prevent Greece from taking further hostile action in Crete, warlike preparations are being made with all possible despatch. In addition to the "Corps of Occupation" already in the island, which corps numbers 2,500 men of all arms, another regiment embarked upon a transport and sailed for Crete to-night.

Another regiment will sail thence to-morrow.

The people are in a frenzy of excitement and demand that the Cretan question be settled now for all time. It is popularly thought that when the powers find the annexation of the island, which Greece has in view, an accomplished fact, they will readily acquiesce in this spoliation of the Turk.

Cretans Loyal to Greece.

The Cretan Christians are wild with delight over the manner in which Greece has come to their rescue. When the Greek troops landed on the island they were received with the greatest enthusiasm, men, women and children hailing them as deliverers from their long bondage to the hated Turks. Everywhere the deepest anxiety was displayed to swear loyalty to King George, the Christians taking it for granted that they were to become at once subjects of the King of the Hellenes.

The temper of the people is such that they would scarcely hesitate to undertake the foolhardy task of defying the combined powers in their effort to secure their liberty.

London, Feb. 16.—The Constantinople correspondent of the Daily News telegraphs that the Ministry of Marine has been ordered to prepare six vessels for sea service. The Powers intend to stand no nonsense, and Europe knows it. Colonel Vassos has, it is true, issued a manifesto of deliverance to the Cretan people, and apparently stormed a small fort near Platanias, but it is not thought here to be much of an achievement.

Protest Against Coercion.

A section of the Liberal press here is protesting against Greece being coerced by Great Britain now that she has entered on a crusade against the ""Great Assassin."

The truth is that unless Greece utterly defies the powers there will be no more bloodshed. The powers by their action have really liberated Crete from Turkey, which, as a Moslem diplomatist told me to-night, is quite prepared to put the best face on a bad job.

Only those conversant with the highly strung state of Europe can fully appreciate the general relief at the phase the situation has assumed.

TURKEY LOSES CRETE.

Even if the Powers Prevent Greek Occupation the Mussulman Can Never Rule Again.

By Special Cable to the Journal.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

London, Feb. 16.—Greece has not shown a single sign of weakening during the last twenty-fourhours; neither have the powers, and as this is, so there is no doubt about the issue of this unequal struggle. Notwithstanding the attitude of the powers Greece to-day landed troops in the Bay of Kolymbari.

Turkey has lost Crete as far as her untrammelled sovereignty over the island is concerned, and this will be the real outcome of the struggle.

I expect that some sort of control will be established like that in Egypt or perhaps Samoa, with the Sultan as titular lord, who will be paid yearly a cash sum down.

Greece Not in Control.

Greece is still doing her utmost to make out that she has occupied the island to the exclusion of everybody else, but this is ridiculous. Her fifteen hundred men, composing the "army of occupation," may have a few momentary successes in the outlying districts, but once they come in touch with the bluejackets of the respective nations they will subside.

Great Britain alone could now land, if she chose, a powerful and splendidly equipped force from her huge war vessels in Canea Harbor, while she is hurrying up more vessels to the spot and keeping the channel squadron at Gibraltar in case of need.

Greece Shows Defiance.

It is announced to-night that Greece does not recognize the international occupation of Crete, and, indeed, she has called out two classes of the naval reserves.

Germany, according to the Neue Freie Presse, of Vienna, has proposed that the united squadrons blockade Piraeus, as in 1866, and if this is done, Greece may soon be muzzled.

BOLD ACT OF GREEKS,

Formally Proclaim Their Occupation of Crete. Clash With Powers.

Athens, Feb. 16.—Colonel Vassos, the commander of the Greek forces in Crete, has issued the following proclamation:

Cretans: You are suffering from the present state of anarchy and are exposed to the excesses of a fanatical populace, excesses which have awakened the national sentiment and have deeply stirred the Hellenic people.

This lamentable situation of a people of the same race and the same religion, having common destinies with ourselves, could not any longer be allowed to exist. The King of the Hellenes has resolved to end this state of things by proclaiming a Greek occupation of the island.

In making this proclamation, I promise in the name of King George to protect the lives, honor and property of the inhabitants without distinction of religion or nationality and to respect the religious convictions of the inhabitants, while bringing to them peace and law.

Advices received here from Crete say that none of the foreign warships in Cretan waters has landed any men except at Canea. As the Greek troops that were landed at Akrotiri were not hindered by the powers in debarking, it is hoped here that the powers will recognize the right of Greece to intervene in Crete.

Greeks Notified of Power's Act.

Canea, Feb. 16.—General Ber, who is in command of the gendarmerie at Canea, formally notified Colonel Vassos, commanding the Greek troops at Akrotiri yesterday of the joint occupation of Crete by the powers. To this notification the Greek Colonel replied: "I am ordered to occupy the island and must carry out my orders until I receive other instructions."

All business in Canea is suspended except that of a manufacturer of coffins, the demands upon whose wares have largely increased.

Fighting is still going on at Akrotiri and Selino, but it is confined to conflicts between the Turks and Christians. The Greek troops which were landed on the island have not yet been engaged in battle.

The Christians hold all of the districts around Canea.

Rome, Feb. 16.—The bold action of Greece in attempting to solve the Cretan question with the sword has excited popular admiration everywhere in Italy, and a great philo-Crete agitation is being carried on throughout the country. The sympathies of the people are entirely with the Cretan Christians in their struggle to throw off the yoke of Moslem rule, and this sympathy is taking a practical turn.

Enthusiastic mass meetings have been held in several cities, at which the speakers have traced the whole history of Turkish misrule in Crete and have dwelt upon the promises of the Porte, broken time and again, to inaugurate reforms in the island. At these meetings subscription lists were opened for the benefit of the struggling islanders, and large sums have been realized.

Many young men, whose enthusiasm has been aroused by the battle of the Cretan Christians and the bold defiance of Turkey by the Greeks, have volunteered to serve with the Christians, and numbers of them have already started for Crete.

Denies That Threats Were Made.

London, Feb. 16.—In the House of Commons to-day George N. Curzon, Under Foreign Secretary, stated that the reports that the Admiral commanding the British fleet in Cretan waters had menaced Prince George of Greece with the use of force should the latter attempt to execute the orders he had received from the king and Government of Greece could not possibly be true. No British commander, he said, could have been capable of using the threats alleged to have been made.

Minister Alexander Reports.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 16.—In regard to the Cretan crisis, Secretary Olney has had dispatches from the American Minister, Eben Alexander, of Tennessee, stationed at Athens, conveying briefly some of the important points, including full press accounts of the occurrences in Athens. Minister Alexander expresses the opinion that there is no danger of war.

SHE BROKE HIS HEART.

So Writes a Brooklyn Man of an Unnamed Woman and Then Attempts Suicide.

Shortly before 1 a. m. yesterday persons living in the Wyndham, a fashionable boarding-house, at No. 89 Henry street, Brooklyn, were annoyed by an overpowering smell of gas. Mrs. Loughlin, the landlady, was aroused and the odor was traced to the door of a room occupied by Thomas Thorn, who is a clerk in the Casualty Insurance Company, of No. 97 Cedar street, in this city.

The door was forced and Thorn was found unconscious from the effects of gas, sprawling over a desk, his forehead resting on a strange letter which he had apparently been hastening to complete before consciousness left him. No name was mentioned in the letter, which in part was as follows:

You cannot even understand the unhappiness I feel. * * * I told you that some time I would make you understand me. It may as well as be now, and if I succeed I hope to break your heart as you once broke mine. I threatened you once that those two weary months wherein you thought you had so much on my account suffered might be repeated with a more lasting pain. Read all I have to say and see if my threat was an empty one. I shall be obliged to speak in very plain terms, you may think in anger and disgust, to cast down what I am going to say unread. I warn you that you will do so at your peril. You have simply embittered my whole life and if I can, I will embitter yours. You have made of me a man lost to everything except the sense of his own wretchedness, bereft of the little capacity I had before for labor and flying to drink for every moment. I am left to the solitude my own misery drives me to.

Mrs. Laughlin said Mr. Thorn was in the habit of writing letters and reading them for the amusement of other boarders. He was not fond of the society of women, she said.

BICYCLIST BADLY HURT.

John O'Neill, a Driver, Ran Into James McCoy, Aged Sixteen Years, Seriously Injuring Him.

While James McCoy, sixteen years old, of No. 401 West Thirty-seventh street, was riding a bicycle on Eighth avenue and Thirty-second street last night, John O'Neill, of No. 318 Ninth avenue, a truck driver, ran into and knocked him down.

The wheels of the truck passed over the boy, inflicting severe internal injuries. He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where it is said his condition is critical. The driver was locked up in the West Thirtieth Street Station.

BURGLARS LOAD A TRUCK.

Men Break a Store Window, Take All They Want, and Drive Away at Six in the Morning.

Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 16.—Three men backed a truck up to a rear window of Pyle & Tomlinson's wholesale grocery house in Water street at 6 o'clock this morning, broke the glass, and entering removed a stock of goods which completely filled the truck. Then they drove away unmolested, passing the police station as they moved toward Fairfield.

One of the men spoke cheerfully to Thomas Tobin, proprietor of the Golden Valley Hotel, who stood in his doorway, a short distance from the scene of the robbery. He even called the proprietor by name.

Mr. Pyle said to-day that the loss was anywhere from $300 to $1,000. He thought the men must have been familiar with the premises, but no trace of them or the truck has been secured.

DANGER IN TIGHT SHOES.

They Caused Blood Poisoning, and Now Kiefer Must Have His Right Leg Amputated.

Henry Kiefer, a well-known Williamsburg saloonkeeper, doing business at North Second and Ewen streets, is a patient in St. Mary's Hospital, New York, where he was removed Monday for the purpose of having the right leg amputated at the knee. Mr. Kiefer is suffering from blood poisoning.

A month ago he bought a pair of tight shoes, which caused him much uneasiness on account of two small corns, which formed on the two smallest toes of the right foot. A chiropodist was called in and cut out the corns. For a few days Kiefer felt much relief. Then the foot began to swell. A surgeon was called, and found that blood poisoning had set in. The toes were then amputated, but more inflammation followed, and in order to save the life of the patient the amputation of part of the limb was decided upon.

Kiefer is a man well advanced in years, and it is feared that the operation may result fatally.

MOTHER'S WRATH BLAZES OUT.

Mrs. Tuttle Attacks the Man Who Led Away Bessie.

FISHBLATT A PRISONER.

"Let Me at Him!" Cried the Woman, in Court; "I'll Kill Him!"

HER LOST SON IS FOUND.

William, Who Vainly Searched for His Kin, Again Embraces His Mother.

HE WAS ARRESTED AS A TRAMP.

Has Been Living in a Bowery Lodging House—How, Strangely, His Arrest Led to the Family's Reunion.

The hideous memory of all she had endured; of the abduction of her daughter, Bessie; of the wanderings of her son, William, penniless and starving; of the suffering of her child, Gracie; of her own agonizing suspense, mastered and controlled Mrs. Charles Tuttle yesterday. She was in the Harlem Police Court. Before her stood Samuel Fishblatt, who had pretended to be her friend, who had led away Bessie, so pretty, so good, so pure. Magistrate Mott was on the bench; all around her were policemen. But when Mrs. Tuttle again saw the man who has caused her so much woe she could not restrain herself. She rushed at Fishblatt, brandishing her umbrella—that weapon of women. She tried to strike him; she tried to blind the eyes that had looked so longingly on Bessie.

"Let me at him!" she cried, hysterically. "Let me at the old scoundrel! Let me kill him!"

Fishblatt, a short, stout man, and ill favored, shronk from this mother's fury. Agent Agnew, of the Gerry Society, caught Mrs. Tuttle's arm and soothed and quieted her. He had charged Fishblatt with abduction and he pleaded not guilty. Magistrate Mott, hearing the story of Mrs. Tuttle's woes, and of Bessie's, held the man in $2,500 bail for examination at 2 p. m. to-morrow.

For the first time since December 28 Mrs. Tuttle saw Bessie yesterday. She and Gracie were living at No. 6 Rivington street, the mother supporting them by her needle. Early yesterday morning Mrs. Tuttle learned that Bessie had been found and was in the Gerry Society's care, and that Fishblatt had been arrested. Mrs. Tuttle hurried to the society's rooms. She was told Bessie had been taken to court. She hastened thither. The girl, who is but fourteen years old, was in a small room set aside for the society's agents. Mrs. Tuttle entered.

"Oh, Bessie!" she cried, and like an echo sounded her child's cry, "Mamma!"

They ran to each other and embraced, now crying, now laughing.

"Oh, why did you go away?" asked the mother, half reproachfully.

"I wanted to come home," answered Bessie, "but he wouldn't let me."

This mother, in all truth, has been severely tried. She is the widow of Charles Tuttle, a rubber manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass., who was killed while sailing his yacht off Newport eight years ago. It was supposed Tuttle was rich, but his estate proved to be small, and dwindled to nothing in litigation. His widow, his son William, now nineteen years old, Bessie and Grace, now eight years old, came to New York in August last.

Mrs. Tuttle sought here the employment she was too proud to ask in Holyoke. She took an apartment on Third avenue, near Twenty-fifth street. Her daughters, after school, found recreation and fresh air in Madison Square. There they met Samuel Fishblatt, forty years old, older than the girls' father when he was taken from them.

Fishblatt ingratiated himself with the children; gave then sweetmeats. He was particularly fond of Bessie, declaring she called to his mind his own daughter, who, he said, was dead. Through the children he met Mrs. Tuttle. She distrusted him, but he forced his attentions upon the innocent Bessie, and insisted upon helping her mother with money, when he learned she was in need. He did that with pretended delicacy, employing William Tuttle to do work for him, run messages and all that.

Bessie got a place as a cash girl in a dry goods store. On December 28 last her mother and Grace visited her there. To Mrs. Tuttle's surprise Fishblatt appeared. He was very attentive; he treated them all to soda water.

"Let me lend you a little money," he said to Mrs. Tuttle. "Take $2. You can repay me when you please."

"I owe you $2 · · answered Mrs. Tuttle. "But you owe William $5. Give me $8 and we will be square."

"I'll be glad to do so," said Fishblatt. "Let Bessie go out with me and get a bill changed. She will bring the money to you."

Bessie left the store with this man, older than her father. Until yesterday her mother never saw her again. She and William roamed the street searching for the girl. They could not work. They were starving, and they were distracted. At last William appealed to Sergeant Blake, of the Charities Department. He said he feared his mther would go mad, the loss of her child so preyed on her. So Mrs. Tuttle and Grace were committed to the Temporary Home for Women, No. 219 Second avenue. They left there on January 10. William then could not find them. He kept up his tireless search for them and his search for Bessie. He walked the streets, footsore and hungry. He was arrested as a tramp last Friday night in front of the Holland House. In Jefferson Market Court on Saturday he told of his mother and sisters, who were lost to him; of his search; of his povety.

And the newspapers printer William Tuttle's story. Michael Howard, a boss decorator, read it. Fishblatt's dead wife had been a step-sister of Mrs. Howard. The Howards live at No. 122 East One Hundred and Twentieth street. With them in one room lived Fishblatt and Bessie "Furnish."

Howard and his wife suspected Fishblatt. A word let fall now and then by Bessie "Furnish" strengthened their suspicions. The child finally confessed to them that her name was Tuttle; that Fishblatt had taken her first to Jersey City to a house on York street; that he called her "Bessie Fisher" and himself her father; that she had implored him on her knees to take her to her mother; that he ad threatened to "cut her heart out." She told the kindly Howard of her mother, of her sister Grace, of her brother William.

"Ah! William Tuttle," said Howard, when he read o fthe arrest of the poor tramp who was seeking his sister. Howard hurried to Jefferson Market Court. Tuttle had been discharged, but Howard left his address.

Agent Agnew heard of Howard's quest. On Monday night he and Agent Stocking went to Howard's flat. A man with a big mustache, a short, stout, ill-favored man, lay on a couch.

"What's your name?" asked Agnew.

"Fishblatt," said the man.

"Put on your coat," retorted the agent; "you're under arrest."

"Under arrest," said Fishblatt, trembling. "What for?"

"For abducting and abusing this little girl," said Agnew, turning to Bessie, who, as soon as she understood she was saved, was happy, smiling.

Fishblatt was lodged in the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station House; Bessie was taken to the Gerry Society's rooms.

"I took the child with the mother's permission," said Fishblatt, yesterday. "She is very bright and I wanted to educate her. I sent her to school all the time she was with me. The mother is poor and could not afford to educate her. I had no evil intention in taking her, and I did not injure her in any way. I am perfectly innocent of harming her."

Twenty-three pawn tickets were found on Fishblatt when he was arrested. He said his wife died a year ago. He said, too, he was formerly a tumbler in Stickney's circus and, lately, end man in a minstrel show. He has a daughter, a school teacher.

Bessie was still in the society's care last night. But she was happy, for soon she will be restored to her mother.

And Mrs. Tuttle, the woman who had suffered so much, was doubly happy. She was in the lodging house, No. 6 Rivington street, when to her came a message.

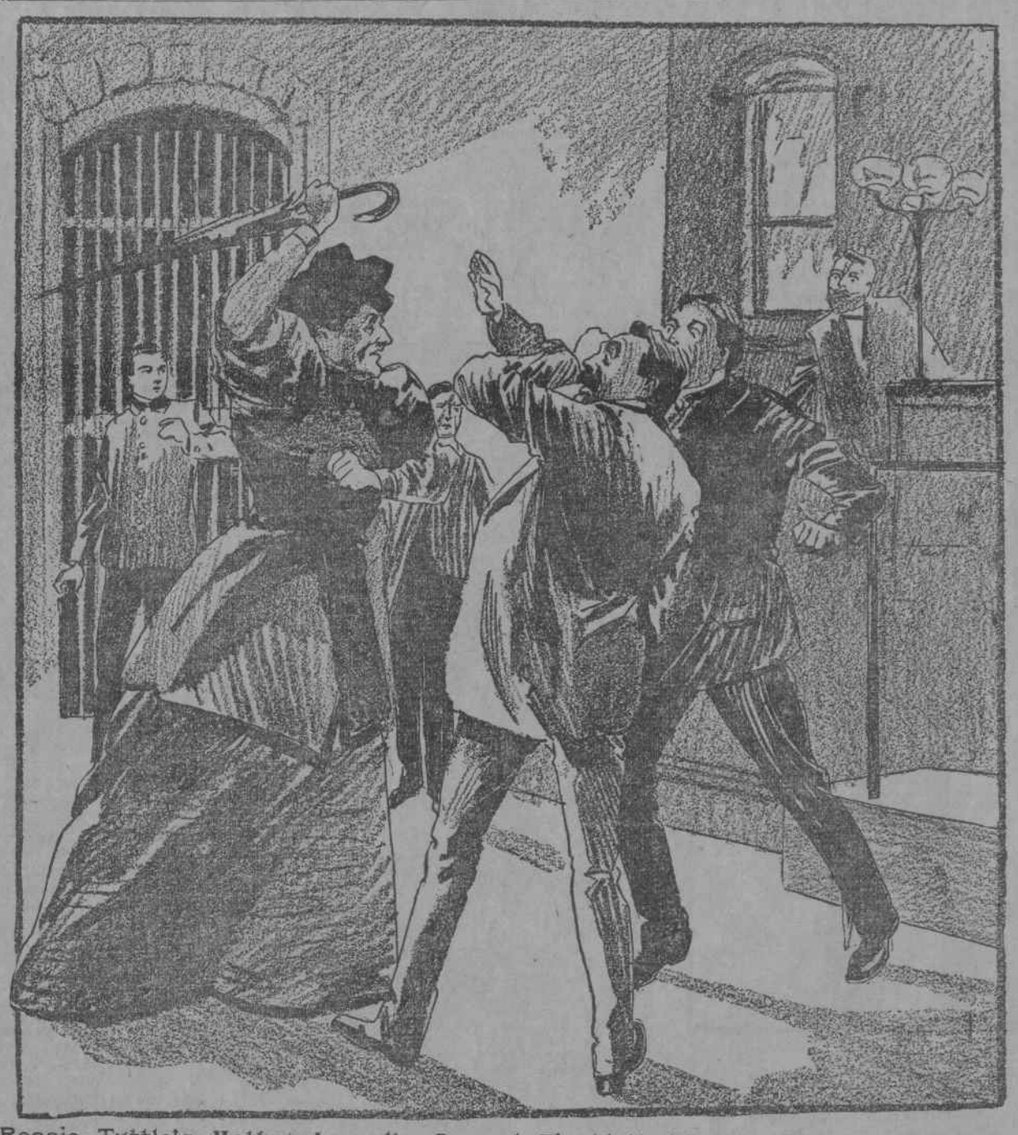
In Her Son's Arms.

"A young man wants to see you."

Mrs. Tuttle hurried to the door. There stood her son, William. A mother's eye instantly knew him, although he was pale and emaciated. They threw their arms around each other; they laughed, while tears rolled down their faces. After his long and vain search, William at last had found her and Grace; had learned of Bessie. He had read of Fishblatt's arraignment in court, and read, too, where his mother had found shelter.

They recounted their sufferings. Mrs. Tuttle told how she and Grace left the Temporary Home, thinking, of course, William would rejoin them. William told how he had kept life in him. Like so many other men in need, he has been shovelling snow. With the little money he earned he paid for a bed in a Bowery lodging house.

Thus, strangely, after all their miseries, were the Tuttles reunited.



Bessie Tuttle's Mother Assaults Samuel Fishblatt, Who Led Away Her Child.

HER DANCE WAS THE DANCE OF DEATH

While Whirling Like a Dervish, Mrs. Simis Came to Her End.

72 YEARS OLD, AND JOLLY.

Her Prediction That She Would Die in Gayety Fulfilled to the Letter.

NEVER LOST HER YOUTH.

She Was Madly Revolving to the Music of Her Own Voice When Her Heart Failed.

In a dance, twisting like a dervish, her thin little arms, heavy with bracelets, extended, Johanna, the widow of AdolphSimis, who was a hatter and left a fortune, died Monday night.

She had said always that she would die in gayety and her gray eyes, so brilliant and so young, in her face that age had made similar to the faces of ancient tapestries, half effaced and colorless, had an assured expression when she said it. Her grandsons knew that she predicted correctly.

Mrs. Simis was as learned as a sybil or a magian king. She was seventy-two years old, had read and retained in her memory a pyramid of facts, and, priding herself on her heedlessness, had dissipated beauty, strength, health, like pearls of a neckless the thread of which is cut.

"I am not old," she said three days ago to the governess of her grandsons, eleven and nine years old. "A woman is not old when she is as youthful as I feel. I may admit that I have been youthful for many years. I have a son fifty years old. But do I look like a septuagenarian?"

Dazzling Eyes at the Arion.

She did not. Her hair was iron gray, not black; her bangs, though they were false, framed her little forehead prettily, and at the Arion ball last week, when she danced in a quadrille with a man who might have been her grandson, she captivated him and the three other men in the quadrille.

She was masked. Nothing pleased her better than to wear a mask and enchain with her eyes men who had always known her with new eyes in old features.

She lived at No. 176 Lexington avenue in a house which she owned, with her son William, his sons and their governess. William sermonized. "Mother," he would say, "you must not go to the theatre to-night. Mother, late suppers are not good for your health. Mother, the night air in Winter will give you pneumonia."

William, Sunday night, hid the latch key, and, quite sure that his mother would not risk the liability to return home late, went up to his room. But Mrs. Simis went out, and the governess threw the latch key to her from the second-story window at 1 o'clock Monday morning.

Mrs. Simis liked the company of actors, had always regretted that she was not an actress, and studied parts with the conviction that she might be glorious on the stage if she tried. Meanwhile she danced.

She danced at balls, at private receptions, in her drawing room, when an organ grinder played at her door; at the sound of her own voice, and all other music. It was at the sound of her voice that she danced Monday night, like a twirling dervish, till her heart failed. The governess in whose arms she fell says that her eyes were very beautiful then.

The Original Woman's Valet.

Mrs. Simis, at the Eagle Hotel in Brooklyn, in 1895, was robbed of jewelry valued at $4,000. The robber was her valet, Harry Mortimer, whom the police learned was in reality Harry Fisher, a female impersonator. He was arrested and sentenced to Sing Sing Penitentiary for six years and half.

Mrs. Simis was a spendthrift, but she leaves a fortune nevertheless.

Ives's Reply to Schaefer.

Frank C. Ives, the billiard champion of the world, has written from Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, concerning Jake Schaefer's challenge as follows: "In regard to Schaefer's letter of the 13th, I have this to say: If Schaefer thinks he can defeat me, and is in earnest and wants to play, I will play him five afternoons and evenings, 600 points every afternoon and evening—6,000 points in all—and will concede him 1,000 points' start, and will play for from a five-hundred-dollar note to any part of $10,000.

FORTUNE A BRIBE TO LEAVE CONVENT.

Strange Bequest to a Niece in Frederick Taylor's Will.

SHE IS NOW IN A NUNNERY.

Must Leave the Roman Catholic Church Before the Money Is Hers.

RELATIVES SURE OF HER ANSWER

Half of the Wealthy Banker's Estate Upon the Death of His Wife, to Be Divided Among Charities.

In the will of the late Frederick Taylor, filed in the office of the Surrogate yesterday, one remarkable bequest is made.

"One of my nieces," the document reads, "has embraced the Roman Catholic faith and is soon to become a sister of the Order of the Sacred Heart. I have no desire to disinherit her on account of her connection with her adopted faith, but I do not desire to lease her any sum, which might, on account of her connection with sacred orders eventually revert to the Roman Catholic Church. Therefore should she not become a sister and sever her connection with the religious orders, then a sum of $25,000, which is to be set aside by my executors, is to be held for her in trust, and the income paid to her."

The beneficiary of this strange clause in the last testament of the wealthy banker is a pretty young woman of twenty-five, who is now an inmate of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis, Mo. The will was written about seven years, shortly after Miss Jewell had astonished her entire family by announcing her intention to become a Catholic.

It was regarded by her relatives as an accident. She had been sent to a Catholic school when a mere child and had there fallen so deeply in love with that faith as to determine, early in life, to devote herself to it entirely. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon her to prevent her from becoming a nun.

It was at that period of her religious development that her uncle, Frederick Taylor, made his will and included in it the strong inducement which is now held out to his young niece.

Despite all protests and arguments Miss Jewell left her family and entered the famous nunnery in St. Louis, where she has since remained. None of her relatives believed that she will consider for a moment the thought of leaving there or of giving up her faith on account of the codicil in her uncle's will. In the event that she does not, the money is to be turned over to a large fund which he has left to various charitable institutions.

Mr. Taylor's estate is valued at $200,000 in personal property, of which over one-half will go to charitable institutions on the death of his widow, Loisie Josephine Taylor. About $100,000 is divided an. the two brothers, two nieces and two nephews of the dead banker. The residue of the estate is left his wife in trust, the income to be hers for life. On her death the principle is to be divided, share and share alike, between the following institutions:

Children's Aid Society, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Five Points House of Industry, New York Ladies' Home Missionary Society, St. John's Guild, Working Girl's Vacation Society, Auxiliary Society of the Working Girls' Association, Society for befriending Working Girls, Free Home for Destitute Girls, the Female Guardian Society and the Home for the Friendless.

LAST FORTNIGHTLY DANCE.

Attendance Unusually Large at the Closing Cotillon at Sherry's.

One of the fortnightly of subscription dances took place last night at Sherry's. It was the last for this season, and the attendance was unusually large.

Russell Landale led a spirited cotillon. The favors distributed included liberty scarfs, artificial roses and banners emblazoned with the word "Fortnightly" in gilded letters for the young women. For the beaux there were boutonnieres of carnations and tarletan scarfs. An elaborate supper was served at small tables.

One of Mrs. Pinkham's Talks

Concerning a Mother's Duty to Her Young Daughter. Together with a Chat with Miss Marie Johnson.

The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. On the proper performance of this function depends her health.

Irregularity lays the foundation of many diseases, and is in itself symptom of disease. It is of the greatest importance that regularity be accomplished as soon as possible after the flow is an established fact.

Disturbance of the menstrual function poisons the blood. In young girls suppression develops latent inherited tendencies to scrofula or consumption, and no time must be lost in restoring regularity. Many a young girl goes to her grave because this difficulty has been thought lightly of, and mother has said, "Time will bring about a cure; she is young, I don't worry about her."

Mother, when you see your daughter languid and indifferent to things that usually interest a young girl, when you note that flush on her cheek, that glassy appearance in her eyes; when your daughter tells you that even the weight of her dress waist oppresses her, and that she has terrible pains in her stomach shortly after eating, don't ignore these signs! If you do, you will be following your daughter to the grave, for she will die!

This is gospel truth—she is developing consumption of the bowels!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest regulator known to medicine. Make haste to use it on the first appearance of the tell-tale symptoms; it will restore all the female organs to their normal condition. Miss Marie Johnson's letter to Mrs. Pinkham, which follows, should interest all mothers and young ladies. She says:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I would have the headache so badly that everything would appear black before my eyes, and I could not go on with my studies. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity. Words cannot express my gratitude, and I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice and medicine."—MISS MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa.