IS PEACEFUL NOW.

BUT MODERN CIVILIZATION THREATENS IT DAILY.

Some Characteristics of the People of Polk County, Ark—They Have Ideal Farm Land and Are Absolutely Free from Debt.

POLK county has long known the Georgia cracker and the razor-back hog. It is gradually becoming acquainted with a railroad. A few months more and the farmers and stockraisers of this county will receive the sunlight in full measure. By and by it will appreciate the joys of being in debt. Advance of civilization and trouble are rapidly being forced on a once happy people, says an Arkansas correspondent of the Kansas City Times.

Before the railroad came the people of Polk county voted the Democratic ticket and its female population dipped snuff. Low tariff, high tariff, good standard or wildcat, the farmers of Polk county stuck for generations pussed the even tenor of their way. But those who have sympathy in excess need not weep for Polk county. Rather, they should be glad on a large section of western Kansas, huge slices of Nebraska and the blizzard and drought stricken regions of Iowa.

The mossback is wedded to his idols, but he never suffers. Polk county's farmers have more to be thankful for than any number of northern and western counties which boast of numerous railroad crossings and big public school funds. Even without these things Polk county has contrived to get along not as well as it might, to be sure, but it has had people who have made fortunes, and an entire population free of debt. Polk county farmers do not know what a mortgage is. With no railroads nearer than fifty miles until very recently, when it was sixty miles from stations over trails which were hardly apologies for roads, you could not find a homestead with a mortgage on it in a two days' journey.

In this same county of Polk the Democrats are to the Republican as 20 to 1. To be exact, there were polled at the last election 1,654 votes, of which Mr. Bryan got 1,600 and Mr. McKinley 54. When Clay county, Missouri, cast 3,000 Democratic and 500 Republican votes the United States was asked to produce its equal. And when the vote from Barry was announced on the bulletin boards at the last election as 153 for Bryan and 3 for McKinley Missouri Democrats exulted in the belief that they had the politest Democratic community in the union. Compared to some Polk county precincts Barry is a veritable hotbed of Republicanism.

But there are other things besides the absence of debt. Republicans and mortgages which helped to make Polk county sui generis. When a resident of the west wishes to employ a figure of speech to emphasize intensity he says "bitter as a Kansas county-seat war." A county-seat war means to a westerner shotguns, raids and midnight assassinations. But they do not do things that way in Polk county. Such matters does not disturb the Arkansas mind.

If the people in Kansas are to believe what is here written perhaps I ought not to tell in the same story of the land where the mortgage is unknown and where the people of one town, without even making a mild protest, still permit the county government to be taken from them. But these are facts.

Dallas was only a few years ago a blissfully contented town of 1,500 inhabitants. What there is left of it now is contented enough, but instead of there being 1,500 inhabitants there are not to exceed 500. The location of the town is ideal. For thirty miles before it is spread the Ouchita Valley, ranging in width from five to ten miles. The lands in the world are richer or more productive than these. Two sides of the town of Dallas are bounded by the mountains. Exhaustless springs with as marvelous curing powers as those of Hot Springs supply the town with water. Some years ago a company was organized and an effort made to build a resort here, but invalids could not be induced to come sixty miles from a railroad over country roads that a perfectly sound man would survive with dread. When the handsome hotel which was built burned down no effort was made to put another in its place and the bottom dropped out of the resort boom.

It was probably this experience which taught Dallas that riches, after all, were largely a matter of location. Its inhabitants learned that, no matter what goods could be offered for sale, the means must be provided either of getting them to market or of getting people to them.

When the news came that a railroad was to be built to the gulf which would run through a part of Polk county so as to skip Dallas the inhabitants of the town knew that the county seat would be moved somewhere else. Its more progressive inhabitants surveyed the situation calmly. They did not offer to do battle, but followed the example of Mohammed, who found it easier to go to the mountain than to bring the mountain to him. Dallas business men made a rush for Mena town property and a little railroad town four miles away captured its entire business population within a month after it had been incorporated. The opportunity of hearing locomotives whistle proved to be a greater attraction than gushing springs and beautiful lawns. They talk at Mena of either a boulevard or electric road to Dallas. If they get either of these things the now practically deserted county seat may once more become a flourishing hamlet, but it can never hope to be anything of a business town.

The railroad has killed Dallas' commerce without damaging the individual prosperity of its citizens. Farm lands in the vicinity of Dallas bring more money now than ever before. And the town's people are doing more business at Mena than they could possibly have done at Dallas under the old conditions.

To the general statement that all the residents of Dallas were satisfied with their lot one conspicuous exception must be noted. At the base of the mountains near Dallas, on a homestead of 130 acres, lives D. H. Hopkins, a Michigander. The story of his discontent cannot but recall the classic which Dr. Johnson gave us in "Rasselas."

SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES.

One-Third of Paris Built Over Long Underground Ways.

That recent concert in the catacombs has drawn attention to the fact that one-third at least of the city of Paris is built over long labyrinthian galleries deep under the earth's surface, and called "The Quarries," says a Paris correspondent for the London Telegraph. Parisians are periodically frightened when they hear this, and begin to look forward to the sudden collapse of their high houses. M. Vesterseihelm, however, who is inspector of catacombs and quarries, hastens to assure the timid that there is no fear of any immediate danger, the soil of subterranean Paris. The galleries are well propped up and are continually under the supervision of vigilant persons, chiefly policemen, who on their off-duty days are paid 5 francs for inspection walks through the shafts which extend underground in nearly every direction. Any signs of decay or damage on the vaultings or pillars are promptly reported to the proper authorities, who instantly bring their repairing machinery into play. According to classification, the first group of galleries is under the Arc de Triomphe, extending in the direction of Passy and Auteuil. The second division runs under the Vauxirard district, and includes the catacombs which are so called because the bones from old cemeteries were placed there in 1776. The third, which is of subtreasement origin, is situated under the Boulevard of the Hospital and extends to the fortifications, and the fourth runs from the Bastille toward Vincennes Wood. The fifth and last group, that of the north, is the most important, and is pierced under Montmartre, the Buttes Chaumont and the Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise and extends out to Noisy-le-Sec. It is supported by thousands of pillars, and its network of crossings is the most complicated in underground Paris. All these galleries are stated to be in a good state of repair, but regular visits and supervision have to be exercised in the third group, several landslips having occurred recently at Issy and Clamart. A new map of each of the subterranean galleries is in course of preparation, the prefect of the Seine having observed that the existing plans are rather defective in their topographical details.

THEY CUT NO ICE.

Just Fooled the People with a Big Chunk of Pond Glass.

"It must have cost a lot of money to furnish the ice you use for cooling water," a gentleman remarked to one of the candy butchers," with the circus, as the butcher was dishing out real water from a tank at 5c per deal. It was a hot afternoon and a sweltering humanity was glad to enriching the coffers of the "butcher," who by way of variation, had scattered a few lemon rinds in the fluid and was assaulting the English language by crying "Lemonade!"

"Well, rather," was the reply, "we use tons of it every day—I don't think."

But the last remark was not overheard and the "butcher," to borrow from his vernacular, "coughed up" to a reporter.

"Wy, dese mugs mus' think we's millionaires," he began, with a look of disgust.

"Wy, when a show comes to town every plug in de metropolis is awake with hot bitts out, 'cause dey know de circus folks got to get stuff dey need, an' get it quick. See? Well, de lee man wouldn't do a ting to us, but me an' me pardner, over dere, after two seasons, tumbled, an' we got onto de greatest scheme you ever see. Tink dat's cr?" and he pointed to a great glittering square sitting in the tank and rising above the fluit 6 inches. "I should say not," he continued, "dat's glass. See? It cost us $16 when we had it made, but we've saved $1,600. Dese people wit come to a circus never come back twice in de same year, an

"Yes, sir; ice-cold lemonade," and the "butcher" dropped another nickel into his cash box as the crowd surged on.

The Sad Plight of a Strange Bird.

From the Philadelphia Record: The Cuvier toucan out at the zoo is in hard luck. He has lost his tail feathers, and, owing to his heavy bill—larger than the proverbial plumber's bill—he has a hard time maintaining his dignified position. He was perched comfortably on the topmost perch of his cage yesterday afternoon when he chanced to spy an appetizing bit of bread at the bottom. Starting to hop gracefully down he was prevented by the weight of his bill, which toppled him off his balance and made him spin around the perch like an animated pinwheel. Four or five times the poor bird went through the same antics, and it was only by a sudden and painful flop that he reached the coveted morsel.

Chased Home by a Whirlwind.

From the Marietta Journal: John A. Baswell, while out hunting, the other day, was unexpectedly caught in a terrific whirlwind which drove him in haste to his home. He tried every possible means to avoid its fury, but it followed him, no difference in which direction he would go. He only avoided its danger by a hasty retreat to his house, and then, to his surprise it vanished.

Asbestos in Shoes.

It has lately been proposed to use thin sheets of water-proof asbestos in place of the usual spongy material employed for the inner sole to shoes. Not only would dampness thus be excluded, but it is said the natural temperature of the foot would be better retained, because asbestos is a poor conductor of heat.

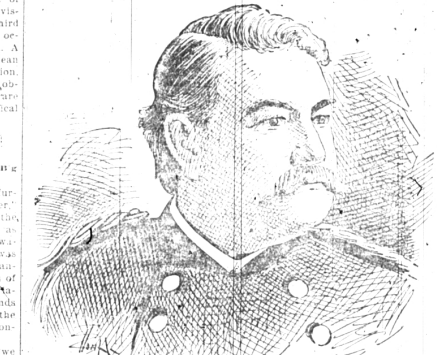
THIS AIR SHIP FLIES.

ASCENDS AND THEN OBEYS ITS PROPELLER.

Professor Flew 12 Miles. Despite Winds and Currents Prof. Barnard Never Lost Control of the Machine That Has Solved Problem of Aerial Navigation.

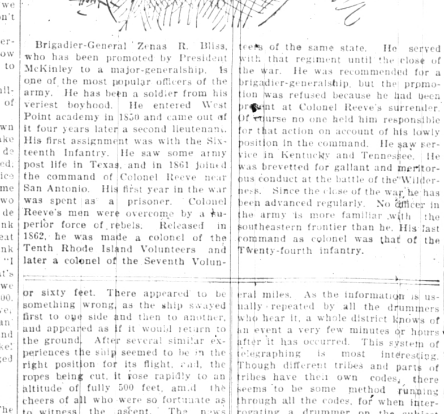
THE actual flight of the real air ship, invented, constructed and propelled by Prof. Arthur Sylvace Barnard of Nashville, Tenn., is the topic of the day. The successful voyage in midair taken a few days ago by the young aeronaut has developed into a bigger sensation than even the directors of the Centennial exposition had expected. Prof. Barnard, who is the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. of Nashville, took his flight from the grounds of the Exposition. He alighted in a grove twelve miles away, breaking a spar of his ship in the process, but while in the air circled round and round, and declares that he demonstrated beyond a doubt that his machine is a success—that under normal conditions its progress can be regulated and controlled by its operator. The air ship is now in a house on the Exposition grounds. It is carefully guarded, and nobody is allowed to go near it except Prof. Barnard, and he is repairing the damage done when he alighted, preparatory to a second and more ambitious flight, probably next Monday if conditions are favorable. The inventor experienced no little trouble in getting the ship ready for the trip. After the machine had been taken out of the house, which stands on a little hill west of the Exposition grounds, into the open air, the balloon connected with it was charged with hydrogen gas. When this work had been finished Prof. Barnard seated himself on the bicycle part of the ship, placed his feet on the pedals and his hands on the bars and informed the attendants that he was ready to take his departure. Those in charge of the ropes let them out a little at a time, and the ship rose slowly to a height of fifty or sixty feet. There appeared to be something wrong, as the ship swayed first to one side and then to another, and appeared as if it would return to the ground. After several similar experiences the ship seemed to be in the right position for its flight of every rope being cut, it rose rapidly to an altitude of fully 500 feet, amid the cheers of all who were so fortunate as to witness the ascent. The news spread like wildfire from the gates at the front entrance to Vanity fair, a long distance away, and all out of every building on the grounds came men, women and children to see the air ship. They saw Prof. Barnard turn the machine in various directions, as he had told the people who were present when he left the grounds he would do. There was a good wind from the east at this time, but the navigator of the ship seemed to be able to do what he pleased with the machine. As stated by Prof. Barnard, the ship attained a great height and sailed on until it was landed at a point twelve miles from town. During almost the entire journey Prof. Barnard was busy propelling the machine. Stopping while in a calm to ascertain how the ship would work without his aid, he found that it was about to drift into a current, and he was obliged to resume propelling in order to get out of it. The ship has an air chamber shaped like a cigar and 46 feet long by 18 feet in diameter. It is made of silk and cotton and filled with hydrogen gas. This chamber is confined in a network of small rope which holds the metallic framework and aeroplanes underneath. The seat is made on the order of a bicycle frame, and from this the operator controls the wings or aeroplanes, on either side. The two propellers, or screws, extend in front of the operator, acting on the principle of an auger. In guiding the air ship the operator moves the screw from right to left in the direction he wishes to go and ascends or descends by raising or lowering the side wings. Prof. Barnard does not claim all the credit for his invention, as he is willing, by permission, several features employed by other experimenters in aeronautics. The aeroplanes are frames of ash wood and covered with a cotton fabric. The other frame work is of metal and the parts were made in Nashville. New York and Connecticut and shipped to Nashville, where they were put together by Prof. Barnard. The greater part of the air ship he made himself without any assistance and during his spare time. Prof. Barnard drew the plans of the present ship about ten years ago, and they have been changed only in a few respects, the alterations being in the supports and mechanism.

Prof. A. W. Barnard was born in Massachusetts in 1865. He attended the common schools then the military academy at Albany, N. Y. He has a good record as an amateur athlete. His first formal engagement in N. M. C. A. work was at Topawanda, N. Y., as physical director. For two years he was physical director and general secretary for the Auburn, N. Y., association. He went to Pawtucket, R. I., in 1891, and later to Nashville, Tenn.



A NEW MAJOR GENERAL.

Brigadier-General Zenas R. Bliss, who has been promoted by President McKinley to a major-generalship. Is one of the most popular officers of the army. He has been a soldier from his veriest boyhood. He entered West Point academy in 1850 and came out at it four years later a second lieutenant. His first assignment was with the Sixteenth Infantry. He saw some army post life in Texas, and in 1861 joined the command of Colonel Reeve near San Antonio. His first year in the war was spent as a prisoner. Colonel Reeve's men were overcome by a superior force of rebels. Released in 1862, he was made a colonel of the Tenth Rhode Island Volunteers and later a colonel of the Seventh Volunteers of the same state. He served with that regiment until the close of the war. He was recommended for a brigadier-generalship but the promotion was refused because he had been present at Colonel Reeve's surrender. Of course no one held him responsible for that action on account of his lowly position in the command. He saw service in Kentucky and Tennessee. He was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of the Wilderness. Since the close of the war he has been advanced regularly. No officer in the army is more familiar with the southeastern frontier than he. His last command as colonel was that of the Twenty-fourth infantry.

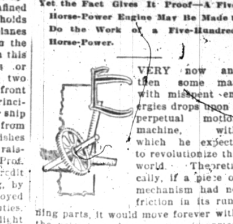


PROF. A. W. BARNARD.

MR. POLE'S MACHINE.

APPARENTLY CONTRADICTS RECOGNIZED LAW.

Yet the Fact Gives It Proof—A Five-Horse-Power Engine May Be Made to Do the Work of a Five-Hundred-Horse-Power.

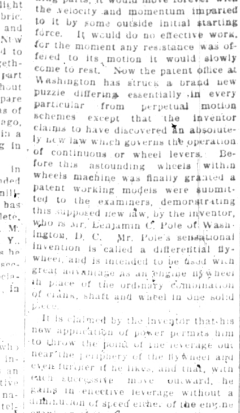


VERY now and then some man with misspent energies drops upon a perpetual motion machine, with which he expects to revolutionize the world. Theoretically, if a piece of mechanism had no friction in its running parts, it would move forever with the velocity and momentum imparted to it by some outside initial starting force. It would be of no effective work, for the moment any resistance was offered to its motion it would slowly come to rest. Now comes a fellow at Washington has struck a grand new puzzle differing essentially in every particular from perpetual motion schemes except that the inventor claims to have discovered in absolute form a law which governs the operation of continuous motion wheels. Before this astounding wheels within wheels machine was finally granted a patent working models were submitted to the examiners, demonstrating that it supposed new law, by the inventor, who is a Mr. Lozamin of Pole of Washington, D. C. Mr. Pole's sensational invention is called a differential flywheel, and is intended to be fixed with great advantage as an engine flywheel in place of the ordinary combination of crank, shaft and wheel in one solid piece.

It is claimed by the inventor that his new application of power permits him to throw the point of the average out near the periphery of the flywheel instead of near the axle, and that, with each successive move onward, he gains in exerting leverage without a distribution of speed either of the engine crank or of the flower wheel. He also asserts that, for the first time in the history of mechanics, he has produced a contrivance which will give continuous leverage in the line of motion.

Differential gearing is always complex, and a little difficult to understand, but, with the aid of the illustrations, this unique device may be followed: First, the big flywheel is loosely mounted on the crank bearing shaft of the axle, to which power is applied by the piston of the engine. On this same crank shaft is also loosely mounted a gear or cogwheel A, which engages with a second gear lettered B, known as the other, and this gear again turns on a third gear C. Now here begin the mysteries of the machine, the gears C and D are fastened together by an axle, which passes through a bearing in the arm of the big flywheel, D. It will be noticed, then, engages on the rear gear E, which is fixed and immovable. By turning the engine crank motion is imparted to this final wheels, and, as the back gear E cannot move, the rest of the mechanism has to travel around it, forcing the big flywheel with it, through the bearing F, in the same direction that the crank is moving. The beautiful part of the whole thing, wherein the meat of the claimed advantage lies, is that the two rear gear wheels, D and E, can be modified in size with some very curious results. As long as their diameters are increased or decreased in equal proportions, the crank shaft and the flywheel always keep the same relative speed—that is, two revolutions of the crank to one entire revolution of the flywheel. As Mr. Pole looks at it—and apparently it seems to be an indisputable fact—if he enlarges the two back wheels to twice a former diameter he must from necessity throw the point F, which turns the big wheel, farther out from the center, thus gaining greater leverage, because the power is applied nearer the periphery of the flywheel. He performs another feat in mechanical gymnastics by letting the fixed wheel E remain the same size, and alters the diameter of the gear D, with the startling result of actually increasing the speed of the flywheel when he increases the size of this gear, though he has, apparently, at the same time increased the effective leverage on the flywheel by again moving the point F toward its circumference. There is no doubt that Mr. Pole has, with wonderful inventive ingenuity, hit upon a device which is startlingly novel in its movement, but whether he has discovered a means of creating an unlimited amount of power from very small beginnings, or, technically expressed, will make his mechanism develop a vastly greater amount of power in foot pounds than that which is required to drive it, remains for the present a very interesting problem which engineers will solve favorably or unfavorably within the next few months.

If the decision should be a favorable one the realization of the most vivid and fantastic dreams of a mechanical Utopia has at last been reached. It would mean, practically, that a five horse-power engine could be made to develop a hundred horse-power, or, for that matter, any amount of energy, limited only by the strength of materials and the possibilities of mechanical construction.



MR. POLE'S MACHINE.

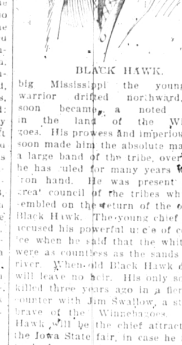
The Only Pearl Farm in the World.

There is said to be only one pearl farm in the world, but that pays its proprietor handsomely. This farm is in the Torres Strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and belongs to James Clark of Queensland, Mr. Clark, who is known as "the king of the pearl fisheries," originally stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters. Now 1,500 men—200 of whom are divers—and 250 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop. "I have been fifteen years engaged in pearl fishing," Mr. Clarke told a correspondent of the Melbourne Age. "My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise oysters. I started my farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shells which I obtained in many instances far out at sea. My pearl shell farm covers 500 square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the largest size. I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from 40,000 pounds worth up to almost five times that amount."

CHIEF OF THE WINNEBAGOES.

Black Hawk, the Mighty Indian, to Attend Iowa's State Fair.

Black Hawk is the last of a famous line of fighters. He is a nephew of the original Black Hawk of the wars of 1832, and fought in the battle of Bad Ax. When the Indian forces were finally overthrown on the shores of the big Mississippi the young Sac warrior drifted northward, and soon became a noted hunter in the land of the Winnebagoes. His prowess and imperious ways soon made him the absolute master of a large band of the tribe, over which he has ruled for many years with an iron hand. He was present at the great council of the tribes which assembled on the return of the original Black Hawk. The young chief openly scorned his powerful uncle of cowardice when he said that the white men were as countless as the sands of the river. When old Black Hawk dies he will leave no heir. His only son was killed three years ago in a fierce encounter with Jim Swallow, a stalwart brave of the Winnebagoes. Black Hawk will be the chief attraction at the Iowa State fair, in case he is able to beat up under the unaccustomed journey.

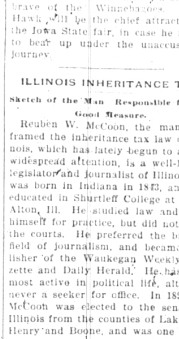


BLACK HAWK.

ILLINOIS INHERITANCE TAX.

Sketch of the Man Responsible for the Good Measure.

Reuben W. McCoon, the man who framed the inheritance tax law of Illinois, which has lately begun to attract widespread attention, is a well-known legislator and journalist of Illinois. He was born in Indiana in 1843, and was educated in Shurtleff College at Upper Alton, Ill. He studied law and fitted himself for practice, but did not enter the courts. He preferred the broader field of journalism, and became publisher of the Waukegan Weekly Gazette and Daily Herald. He has been most active in political life, although never a seeker for office. In 1892 Mr. McCoon was elected to the senate of Illinois from the counties of Lake, McHenry and Boone, and was one of the prominent members of the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth general assemblies. He was the author of numerous measures, the most important of which has just been declared valid by the state supreme court. The bill was most strenuously fought in the legislature. Powerful influences were at work to secure its defeat, but it was passed and has now become a fixed force in the state. Mr. McCoon wrote it out in 1895, and efforts were made to strangle the bill in committee, but all efficancy failed. The passage of his bill was regarded as a great personal victory for



REUBEN W. McCOON.

Senator McCoon. It is estimated that revenues from its enforcement will exceed $1,000,000 annually.

Contemporary of Charles Lamb.

Mrs. Julia Davies, who died at Clifton, England, a few days ago, at the great age of ninety-four, was probably the last survivor of the intimate friends of Charles Lamb. She was the daughter of Joseph Hume, of Montpelier House, Notting Hill, where Lamb, Godwin and Hazlitt were constant guests. She married Vice-Admiral George Davies, R. N., and was the mother of the late Mrs. Augusta Webster. Another daughter is the widow of Isaac Todhunter, the mathematician.

Black satin accessories are popular on cashmeres of light color.

A Teacher's Experience.

Constant Exposure to Changeable Weather Brings on Rheumatism and Severe Prostration.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

Miss Sa ah Cones who lives about three miles northwest of Aurora, Ind., is well and popularly known. Miss Cones is a school teacher, having charge of a country school about two miles from her home. She drives to and from her school each day. She is stout and robust, and in the best of health, as the ruddy glow on her plump cheeks testifies.

The reporter happened to meet this young lady's mother in Aurora a few days ago and learned that although her daughter is now in the best of health, last winter she was suffering untold agony, from troubles arising from exposure.

Mrs. Cones said: "Sarah has been teaching for four years, beginning when in her sixteenth year. She invariably taught at the same school and got along well until last December, when the weather was unusually cold and she got a look at some cold which developed into the "grip." She was confined to the house about two weeks, when she got out and taught her school again. She had a relapse, and this time was confined to the house several weeks, having to give up her school.

"She was troubled with rheumatism and nervousness, and suffered great agony, her nerves being so completely shattered. She could scarcely eat, and in fact could not retain a full food on her stomach at all.

"We tried five different physicians but with little avail.

"One day our druggist advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as they seemed to benefit many persons about Aurora.

"Sarah used one box of the pills with satisfactory results, and by the time two boxes were half gone she was able to go about the house. Seven boxes were used, the last one in July. She was entirely relieved of all pains or signs of rheumatism, and nervousness, and has since felt as well as she ever did and has not missed a day of her school on account of illness."

Mrs. Sarah, who entered at this time verified all her mother had said, adding also that she lives in Aurora. The druggists of A. J. Gardner & Co., and J. A. Riddell & Co. and John M. Ulrich, sold the medicine to a constant sufferer with them, and gave universal satisfaction. "People who buy nostrums and say 'anything' may safely try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, confident in consequence that the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, in men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or exposure of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

As in Days of Old.

"I can unfortunately clear you, my dear fellow," said the lawyer, "but it will require a considerable sum of money to perfect your defense."

"I have only a small amount with me," replied the scion of a wealthy family, "who had wandered away from home and the path of integrity, "but my father will honor my draft for any sum within reason."

"Then," returned the disciple of Coke, Littleton et al, promptly, "draw and defend yourself."—New York World.

The Widows of a Mormon.

Reporter: You look worried. What's the matter? Utah Congressman: One of my constituents has just died. He was a soldier in the Civil War and all of his twelve widows want pensions.

ONE MAN'S SUFFERING.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Battle Creek Citizen—How He Comes to Tell This Story.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Among the moulders at the works of the Michigan foundry company can be found Mr. Amos Maynard; he has lived in Battle Creek for over ten years, is honored and respected by all who know him; such is the man who makes this statement, he says: "I have had kidney trouble for years, and it has made my life miserable. The heavy lifting, necessary in my business, made me worse. I have been compelled to lie in bed in a helpless condition for as long as nine days at a time; the greatest pain was from my back, which sometimes felt as though a bayonet was being run through me in the region of my kidneys; many citizens of Battle Creek know how bad I was. I could not move without the greatest caution, for as soon as I attempted to stoop over, bend to one side, or even turn in bed, the pain was simply excruciating. I used porous plasters constantly for the little temporary relief they brought me. Whenever I caught the slightest cold it went straight to my kidneys and made me worse. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and got some. I have taken in all four boxes of them, and I now feel as well as I ever did. A few months ago I would have ridiculed the idea of being cured so quickly, and being able to work as I can now. All the long-standing pains are gone, and the former kidney troubles and orders found in my urine have disappeared. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many friends who were troubled as I was, and in every case I have learned they proved as beneficial as with me. Doan's Kidney Pills could be cheap to me at almost any price."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

The first newspaper in the modern sense was issued monthly at Venice in 1536; the first English newspaper was published in 1622; the first American in 1704.

No need to fear the approach of croup if you have Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never was a case that it wouldn't cure if used at the outset.

Mrs. Patrick Murray, of Blackman township, Jackson county, has died from injuries received in a runaway.

For bronchitis, asthma or kindred troubles of the throat or lungs, take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a household specific for all of these complaints.

A packing house will be established at Fennville.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, Ont., was completely cured of scrofula after 17 physicians had failed to give him relief. Burdock Blood Bitters did it.

People talk little lils into great ones, but seldom talk little goods into great ones.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Faith is the thing that makes the Christian rich after he has lost everything else.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Tweakers keep not their motion in one sphere.—Shakespeare.