CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

How Gen. Lafayette Kissed a Little Girl Who Brought to Him a Bunch of Flowers—Fake Generals and Colonels and Governor's Staffs.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Lafayette Kissed Her.

Mrs. Orson M. Taylor, whose funeral was held this week, was a principal in a pleasant incident that occurred during the last visit of Gen. Lafayette to this country, says the New York Herald. She died at the age of 81 years. Mrs. Taylor, having lived through exciting epochs of the nation's history, possessed a great deal of interesting information about men and affairs during the thirty years ending with the close of the civil war. Her most interesting narrative, however, and the one she took most pleasure in telling, related to the occasion of Gen. Lafayette's visit to the United States in 1824. Mrs. Taylor was Mary Ann White, daughter of Charles Calvert White, a merchant in Georgetown, D. C. She was 8 years old when she was selected to present to Gen. Lafayette a bouquet as a token from the residents of Georgetown. When the barouche in which the marquis rode with his son and President Monroe passed her little Miss White, mounted on a step, handed flowers to the nation's distinguished guest, whereupon Gen. Lafayette, after accepting the bouquet, bent over and kissed the child in acknowledgment of the token. Mrs. Taylor was the mother of James E. Taylor, an artist who made many pictures during the war. Mr. Taylor early in life, visited Georgetown and sketched the surroundings of his mother's home. With these sketches and from descriptions of the visit of Gen. Lafayette given by witnesses he painted the scene in which his mother took a prominent part. The woman had lived in this city since 1866, residing with her son. She had been interested in various charitable and society works. She is survived by two sons and a daughter. The children are Jas. E. Taylor, whose painting "The Battle of Atlanta" and others are well known to soldiers; Richard L. Taylor of Rutherford, N. J., and Miss E. Augusta Taylor.

Fake "Generals" and "Colonels."

As the various governors rode by on horseback in the Grant memorial day parade, each in plain dress, but attended by a brilliant military staff, the question was natural, What is the use of all that? Why should the executive of the states of the union be organized on the basis of sonorous titles and gay uniforms? The national executive is simplicity itself in its democratic unpretentiousness. The executives of the great American municipalities present themselves before the public with the dignity of quiet reticence. Our state governors alone in American public life swing out with a parade of unrealities. If the governor of a state were first of all a military officer, if the states were primarily armed camps instead of citizens in business, then the military staff would have reasonableness. As it is, this prancing and be-titled staff is both irrational and absurd. The efficiency of these assistants of the governor would be as great without uniforms and unmeaning titles. The dignity of the state executive needs no bracing of a foolish imitation of a foreign court to make it respected by the people. The creation of fake "generals" and "colonels" by a governor's pen, hundreds of them a year, is rightly exasperating to the honored men to whom those titles belong by service and devotion. That bronzed and keen soldier of Japan, Prince Yamagata, when he visited us a year ago, found these imitation colonels and generals, who welcomed him for the state in their brave uniforms, very amusing. They had never smelled powder; most of them had not even served as militiamen. What is the use of them? They are anachronisms. Glitter does not harm, but such unreality as the "military staff" is out of place in this day.—The Illustrated American.

Saved by a Statue.

Houdon, the most distinguished sculptor of France in the eighteenth century, who executed the statue of Washington which now stands in the state house at Richmond, Virginia, was thrown into prison during the French revolution. He was saved from the guillotine by the tact of Barras, a member of the directory. The incident is told in the Gentlewoman. Madame Houdon, in despair, went to Barras, and with streaming eyes implored his assistance. Barras shook his head; he feared he could do nothing. Houdon was a man of genius and therefore as David, a rival artist, was one of the condemning judges, he feared there was little chance for his salvation. Madame Houdon refused to accept this opinion as final, and used all the arts of which an astute Frenchwoman is capable. Barras at last asked her if her husband had any statue for sale at this time in his studio. Madame replied that the only finished statue at present in his atelier was a figure of St. Scholastica, holding a scroll of manuscript in her hand. On hearing this, the wily Barras rang the bell and said to his answering secretary: "Monsieur Houdon has just completed a splendid statue of 'Philosophy Meditating on the Revolution.' Haste and purchase this sublime work of art, and have it placed in the Assembly." Barras' orders were carried out, with the result that not only was the sculptor's life spared, but he received more commissions for statues than he was able to execute. On such small issues did the lives of men hang in those tremendous times.

Our Businesslike Militia.

One of the reflections awakened by the Grant day mobilization was on the businesslike character of the militia. The people saw with their own eyes that the day of the "picnic-soldier" was past. Odd and fantastic uniforms were present to some extent and gave piquancy to the scene. But the fuss and feathers were not anywhere near so prominent a feature as they would have been a dozen years ago. The nerveless militia of 1877, who surrendered to rioters, have no place in that body to-day. A new spirit has taken possession of the whole branch. The great armories and their opportunities for fine drill, the adoption of plainer uniforms, the yearly encampments, the serious study of the requirements of real service have all combined to develop in the militiamen an ambition to rival the regular in usefulness. There is no reason why he should not. It was reassuring to compare the appearance and the marching skill of these citizen troops with that of the professionals. If they seemed somewhat more self-conscious, their alignment was in nowise inferior; in many cases it was indeed superior to that of the regulars. They were clearly a body of men who had taken up arms in the serious spirit in which nowadays all Americans take up the various branches of skilled athletics, not for a little fun but for the attainment of a perfection of skill.—The Illustrated American.

A Trumpeter's Courage.

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver, perhaps, than Trumpeter Escoffier's rescue of his captain. The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of Captain De Cott, and everything was in confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable. At that moment the trumpeter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying: "Take him. Your life is necessary; mine is useless. You can rally the men. It does not matter about my neck!" De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escoffier was taken prisoner, but the Arabs, who adore courage, had witnessed the scene, and appreciating the nobility of the man, treated him with generosity. His trumpet was a source of great entertainment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various military movements. One day Escoffier gave the whole repertorie with great gusto, finishing up with an extended flourish.

"What was that?" asked the Arab chief.

"Ah!" said Escoffier, "you will hear that soon, I hope. That is the signal for a charge."

Oddest of Marriages.

William Buchles, of Eldred, Pa., has scored the shortest of courting records. At Machias, N.Y., recently, Mr. Buchles was married to Miss Hattie Clough. It was a case of marriage at sight and came about in a very unusual manner, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Miss Clough was a friendless young woman, whose circumstances compelled her to become a charge upon the poor district in which she lived. She was taken to the county almshouse, at Machias, where her thrifty ways and excellent knowledge of the culinary art gave her a prominent place in the almshouse family. One day William Buchles called at the almshouse, stating that he would like to obtain, if possible, a housekeeper from among the women inmates. He looked over a group of women, and his fancy settled on Miss Clough. Mr. Buchles surprised the young woman by asking her to marry him. She consented, however, and in the parlor of the institution, a half hour later, the pair were married by Rev. F. P. Simmons, and at once left for home. It is reported that the remarkable success of Mr. Buchles in securing a wife at the Machias almshouse has given that institution a wonderful boom in the matrimonial line. The other day two other men called there and inquired as to their chances of getting good wives.

A very little while and all will be o'er with thee here. Man is to-day, and to-morrow he is seen no more.—Thomas a Kempis.

VERY RAPID TRANSIT

THIS HORSE RIDES DOWN THE HILL ON THE PLATFORM.

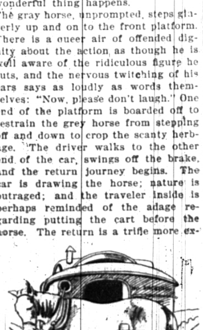
Then Tugs Car and Passengers Up a Long and Dusty Ascent—One of Denver's Remarkable Sights—The Nag Knows His Business.

COOK'S Addition to Denver, while nominally a portion of the chief city of Colorado, lies several miles from the business [illegible] and is as [illegible] inhabited principally by the social prairie dog and the stray cow. But it has a few residents more bipedal than those mentioned and for their accommodation a gray horse and a world-worn bobtail car labor each day up and down a remarkably long hill over which the car tracks drag their weary lengths, smothered in dust and bordered by prairie grass. The existence of the gray horse is one of unfulfilled endeavor and wasted ambition. Alighting from the electric trolley car that brings him from the city proper the homing resident finds awaiting him an undersized horse car that exhibits unmistakable evidences of old age. At the front of the car, looking over his shoulders, as though estimating the amount of human freight that it is to transfer to the top of the hill, stands the gray horse.

The gray horse starts off at an ambitious trot, much too good to last.

The summit is gained at last amid sighs of relief in which the gray horse joins. For a short distance on the level above he continues, evidently to make assurance doubly sure and not to allow the car a chance to slide back down the slope without him. Then he stops abruptly of his own accord and turns as far around as the traces will permit and patiently waits to be released. The car is speedily emptied of all remaining passengers and then a wonderful thing happens.

The gray horse, unprompted, steps gingerly up and on to the front platform. There is a queer air of offended dignity about the action, as though he is well aware of the ridiculous figure he cuts, and the nervous twitching of his ears says as loudly as words themselves: "Now, please don't laugh." One end of the platform is boarded off to restrain the grey horse from stepping off and down to crop the scanty herbage. The driver walks to the other end of the car, swings off the brake, and the return journey begins. The car is drawing the horse; nature is outraged; and the traveler inside is perhaps reminded of the adage regarding putting the cart before the horse. The return is a trifle more ex-



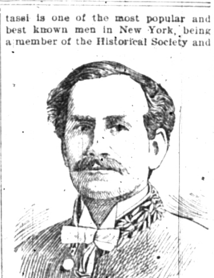
THE DESCENT.

hilarating than the pilgrimage up the hill. Gravitation is a faster steed than the gray horse, and the bottom is soon reached. The car that draws the horse gradually ceases motion and the horse that draws the car backs ungracefully off the platform, shakes himself as if to free himself of the odium forced upon him, and walks to his station. By this time another electric from the city has emptied its small cargo in the dust and the gray horse looks it over, silently estimates its combined weight, and then climbs again to the top of the hill, only to be brought ignominiously down.

A GREEK SCHOLAR.

He Is the Consul General for His Government at New York.

Demetrius N. Botassi, the consul-general of Greece at New York City, has become, within the last few weeks, one of the busiest and most sought-after of all the European representatives in the United States. The vacancy of the post of minister to Washington at [illegible] increases the official importance and responsibility of Mr. Botassi. He is a gentleman of thorough diplomatic training and mature experience, having attended to the relations, mainly commercial, between Greece and the United States for the past thirty-five years. Mr. Botassi is a native of the Greek island of Spezia, was graduated from the University of Athens in 1860, and came to New York as vice-consul during the Civil War. He was promoted to the consulship, then made consul-general, and has jurisdiction over all the Greek consulates in this country. Mr. Botassi is an exceptionally accomplished linguist, being a master not only of his own classic language and of English, but of French, Italian, Spanish and German as well, and a specialist in the Albanian language. Some years ago he wrote, in French, a study of the origin of the Albanian race, which has been subsequently translated into Italian and Portuguese. Personally, Mr. Botassi is one of the most popular and best known men in New York, being a member of the Historical Society and



CONSUL BOTASSI.

of the leading clubs, including the Press Club; also a lecturer on classical and political subjects, and an occasional contributor to the magazines and newspapers.

Minister Angell's Whiskers.

Every one speaks highly of the appointment of James B. Angell to be minister to Turkey, but most of this praise has been accompanied by jocose reference to the distinguished college president's whiskers. It is certainly remarkable that a man of so many graces of mind should frame his face with so extraordinary a crop of hair—a Galway fringe running into a beard that might pass muster in a populist council of state. It is significant that graduates of the University of Michigan are most ardent in his praise, and that he is most highly esteemed in his own domain, the college community of Ann Arbor. Of Mr. Angell's predecessors at the Porte, "Sunset" Cox found time for a superficial book of travel, and Lew Wallace for a novel; there is a fine opportunity there for a trained pen like the new minister's to fill in the intervals of leisure with a book on diplomacy or history.—Leslie's Weekly.

ALBION W. TOURGEE, NEW CONSUL GENERAL AT BORDEAUX FRANCE.

Albion W. Tourgee, the new consul-general at Bordeaux, France, is one of the foremost literary men in America. The titles of many of his books, are household words. He is a lawyer, too, and has written much on political matters. But his chief claim to fame is that of the novelist. Mr. Tourgee's most widely read and widely commented upon books are "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw" and "Hot Plowshares." His career has been that of a very versatile man. A brave soldier who fought for the union, he was severely wounded at Bull Run. He was a member of the constitutional convention of North Carolina in 1867 and again in 1875. He has been a Superior Court judge, and has practiced law in a successful way. In 1882 he started the Continent, a weekly magazine of a purely literary character, and conducted it successfully from a purely literary point of view. The Continent failed, it is said, because of a lack of demand for a weekly literary magazine. In 1889 he became professor in the Buffalo law school, and since that time, while filling his function as a teacher of law, he has used his pen with good effect. His later books have been for the student of law and the jurist. He has more recently appeared as a writer in the heavy magazines, and since his removal from the south he has lived in New York, near Chautauqua. Mr. Tourgee is 59 years old.

LIKE HELEN KELLER.

THIS GIRL DOES NOT FEEL HER MISFORTUNE.

Grew Into Womanhood Not Knowing That She Was Different from Others—She Pities Miss Keller—Faith in God.

(Sioux Falls, S. D., Letter.)

LINNIE Haguewood, a 17-year-old pupil in the South Dakato school for the deaf and dumb, is the Helen Keller of the west and promises to develop the marvelous capacities for seeing, hearing, speaking while deaf, dumb and blind exhibited by the wonderful girl now a student at Harvard "Annex." Miss Haguewood is 17 years old and her story is almost a precise repetition of that of Helen Keller. The eastern girl, however, has had a great advantage over her western sister in that her teacher was more adept than Miss Haguewood's instructor.

Linnie was born at Ida Grove, Iowa, and, like Helen, was a perfectly normal child up to her eighteenth month. At that time she was stricken with a spinal disease and when she recovered it was found that she had lost the senses of sight and hearing totally. She lived in a world without sound and practically never having heard the human voice she was unable to speak, notwithstanding that the muscles and nerves used in articulating were in no wise injured. But Linnie's parents, unlike those of Miss Keller, were not rich, and were unable to engage special teachers for her. Indeed they did not know that their child could be rescued from the awful solitude in which she lived until she was nearly 14 years old. What has been accomplished with her in that short time is almost incredible. Not long ago Miss Haguewood was presented with a beautiful typewriter, and the other day, at the request of the writer she sat down and wrote a letter, which is given below. She wrote this note without any aid whatever, never missing a letter and handling her machine as expertly as might be expected of a girl in the full possession of all her five senses. The letter is perfect. There is not a single misspelled word in the communication. Miss Haguewood's letter runs thus:

Mr. Day wants me to tell you about my typewriter. All the children and the teachers of Sioux Falls gave it to me Saturday, Feb. 27, 1897. It has made me happy. The ladies of Sioux Falls gave me a beautiful new ring. I shall not forget them. Do you think my typewriter is nice? I am visiting Mr. Simpson. We are good friends. He teases me when I go to see him in his office. I like Dakota. The blizzards blow at me and make me laugh. They are gone now. Spring made them go away. Spring means March, April

LINNIE HAGUEWOOD.

and May. I shall go to my home in Delaware, Iowa, when happy June comes. They will be glad to see me. My school is the Iowa College for the Blind at Vinton, Iowa. I have many dear friends in Vinton. Some day I shall go to them. Your friend,

LINNIE HAGUEWOOD.

Until she was 12 years old Miss Haguewood was cared for like an infant. At that age she was taught the manual alphabet. In this study she made but little progress. At 14 she was taken to the asylum for the blind at Vinton, Iowa, and although at that age she was yet unable to walk she was in perfect health. When she entered the asylum she was unable to communicate a single thought to another human being. Miss Dora Donald, one of the teachers in the asylum became interested in the girl, and determined to do what she could to help her. Editor Bernard Murphy of the Vinton Eagle took up the case, and opened a subscription for the purpose of educating little Linnie. The Iowa legislature appropriated $500 for the purpose, and the work was begun. Miss Donald took charge of Linnie, and devoted all her time to her pupil. Miss Donald has worked unceasingly with her charge, and is now being rewarded by most marvelous results. Some time ago pupil and teacher came to Sioux Falls to get the benefit of the superior facilities in the school here and give Miss Donald an opportunity of studying the methods and results of the system in vogue here.

It was only until recently that Linnie began to realize that she differed in any respect from the ordinary human being. Her teacher has told her all since the two came to Sioux Falls. At first Linnie was greatly saddened. Then she began to make inquiries. She is now resigned and has announced that in spite of her defects she will make the most of her life. She has a deeply religious vein in her nature, and has the most touching and beautiful ideas of heaven and the future life. Her expression is one of rare and refined beauty, and her hands—delicate, sensitive and tapering—would be the envy of a sculptor. She has lately been told about Helen Keller, and Linnie thinks that Helen, herself and a girl in Council Bluffs, Iowa, who has broken her leg, are the most unfortunate people in the world.

Miss Donald is now teaching her pupil how to talk. The method used is similar to that employed by Miss Sullivan in her education of Miss Keller. Linnie places her delicately sensitive fingers on the mouth of her teacher. Miss Donald then enunciates a sound, and the pupil endeavors to imitate it. One sound is repeated hundreds of times until it approaches perfection, and then another is tried. The various sounds are then combined, and the result is articulate speech. Miss Donald readily understands what her charge says, but others cannot. The teacher regards this work as almost hopeless, but with the patience and great success of Miss Sullivan and Miss Keller before her she could not despair. The process is tedious and long, but the results are certain if the method be persisted in.

Linnie has a wonderful memory and is a close observer with her hands. It was only through the sense of touch that [illegible] was told to her in the manual language. Greater difficulty was experienced when it was necessary to give her abstractions, verbs, adjectives and the like. So successful has her teacher been, however, that Linnie is now able to talk rapidly with her teacher through the manual language, and to communicate with the world outside her sight, her hearing and her speech. Her vocabulary is now that of a child about 7 or 8 years old, for it must be remembered that her education did not begin until she was 14 years of age, and at that time she had no name for anything and little idea of its size, shape or use, being in effect an infant without an infant's opportunity. Her mind is very mature, however, and she is rapidly enlarging her vocabulary. Her

HELEN KELLER.

special delight in study is in mathematics, and she is able to add, multiply and divide numbers below 1,000 with wonderful accuracy on the slates provided for the blind. She is very fond of display, knows when she is well dressed, and, like others of her sex, is said to enjoy having her own way.

Miss Haguewood is able to cut and sew her own garments, to write letters on a typewriter, to read readily her Sunday school paper and her Bible and to write slowly on the tablets which are provided for the blind. By her delicate sense of touch she is able to recognize her friends, and even to remember on second meeting those whom she has noticed before. She is able to recognize at the first touch those whom she knows well. She is passionately fond of flowers, of dress and jewelry, and, next to her typewriter, her dearest possession is a gold ring with a beautiful setting, presented her by the ladies of Sioux Falls. Miss Donald says she forms a very accurate idea of the general qualities of persons by posting herself on their habits of dress.

DR. MARY A. SEYMOUR.

New President of a Famous Female Medical Club.

(Chicago Letter.)

Dr. Mary A. Seymour, the new president of the Chicago Woman's Medical Club, is one of the oldest of the women physicians of Chicago. Dr. Seymour began the study of medicine with her husband and was graduated from the homeopathic college in St. Louis and later from the Hahenmann College in Chicago. She is a wonderful traveler and went to the Pacific coast long before the railroads made travel easy and a pleasure. The Woman's Medical Club organized in 1894 in Dr. Seymour's office in Central Music Hall. Its platform provided that all legally qualified women physicians in Chicago, no matter what their school, might unite with it. Dr. Gertrude Gail Wellington was elected president, and served continuously until the recent election. Dr. Wellington remains president of the board of the proposed new city hospital, which is the most cherished object of the club. In addition to the scheme for a city hospital, the club proposes to establish a new hospital, for emergency purposes, in the "downtown" section of the city. It is urged that death often results from long trips in ambulances over rough streets. The club takes an active interest in all matters of public sanitation and offers exceptional social privileges to women physicians.

DR. MARY A. SEYMOUR.

Dr. Seymour is popular among her associates. She is a native of Auburn, N. Y., spent her girlhood at Albion, Mich., and was educated at Albion College.

Bursting Steel.

An experiment which demonstrated the capacity of steel to endure greater pressure than the hardest stone was recently made at Vienna. Corundum was chosen for the stone, the small cubes of both substances were placed under pressure. A weight of six tons smashed the corundum, but forty-two tons were required to crush the steel. When the steel did give way, the effects are described as most remarkable. With a loud explosion, the metal flew into powder, and its sparks are said to have bored minute holes in the crushing-machine.

Poisoned Blood.

Malaria

These come from poisonous miasms arising from low marshy land and from decaying vegetable matter, which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. Keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and there will be little danger from malaria. The millions take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price 25c.

Talent is the capacity of doing anything that [illegible] and industry [illegible]

[illegible] Unfermented Grape [illegible] perfectly divested of all fer[illegible] principle by electricity and fumigation, that if uncorked and half a bottle used and well corked up again immediately and placed upside down in a cool place, it will keep for months; but if allowed to come in contact with the air in a warm temperature it will absorb the fermenting germ from the air and will not keep good but will ferment and become slightly alcoholic. For sale by druggists.

It often looks as though the devil's first choice of places in the church is to be on the music committee.

New Use for [illegible].

It has been discovered that used with Elecampane Root and the herb Horehound in proper proportion made into a cordial is performing wonderful cures in stubborn cases of colds, sore throat and hoarseness. Public speakers claim it far superior for the throat to any confection. It is coming in general use among physicians. Ask for Aunt Rachael's Horehound Cordial. For sale by druggists.

Education is leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others.—Ruskin.

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

Patches for single-tube pneumatic tires which can be used temporarily without cement or tools are formed of a rubber band with a flexible plug in its center and lacing holes at the ends to be wrapped around the tire over the puncture, the plug lying over the hole and closing it.

A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight. —At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Our representative called at 26 Battle Creek Avenue, the residence of S. L. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts. Mr Robbins tells of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says: "I am sorry my wife is not at home this P. M., but no one knows better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as $900.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on, such as a pain in through the kidneys and back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician; however, I got some and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see their action; the attack was warded off, and she continued taking them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years, the pain in the back and others in the kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day goes by that we do not mention the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinions. If it were not for those pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon."

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

Death only changes the surroundings, not the eternity.

Virtue is always paying dividends.

WE WANT A MAN —a lively fellow—a good, honest business hustler—in every **Town in this State** where we have no branch. We will make it worth his while to represent our standard line of **CLOTHING, SUITS and OVERCOATS FROM $4.00 UP**. No Experience or Capital Required. Write **White City Tailors**, 224-228 Adams St., CHICAGO.

GET RICH quickly. Send for "200 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

ALABASTINE IS WHAT? A pure, permanent and artistic wall coating ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE. **FREE!** A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine Souvenir Rock sent free to any one mentioning this paper. ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED. The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

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