CatarrhCured

Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Health is Good.

"I was a sufferer from catarrh. One of my neighbors advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I did so. A few bottles purified my blood and cured me. I have remained in good health ever since." JAS. T. ADKINS, Attlesville, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Bribing Spurgeon.

The recent autobiography of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon contains an account of what may be termed an early business venture, and its influence on his character. Spurgeon was brought up on Watts' hymns; but not altogether willingly. His grandmother coaxed him with money to learn them. At first she gave him a penny, but when she saw how easily it was earned, the old lady reduced the prize to a halfpenny and then to a farthing. There is no telling how low the amount per hymn might have fallen, but just at this time his grandfather made a discovery which seemed more distasteful to Spurgeon. He discovered that his house was overrun with rats, and offered his grandson a shilling a dozen for all he could kill. The occupation of rat-killing gave him more money than learning hymns. "But," Mr. Spurgeon characteristically says, "I know which employment has been the more permanently profitable to me."

Germs Survive Half a Century.

Fifty years ago a well at Steinerville, Belmont county, O., was closed for the reason that it was contaminated with typhoid fever germs. Recently it was reopened and the water used, and although the well was made deeper than formerly the germs had remained, and a fever epidemic was the result. The well has again been closed.

In Damascus drunken men are called victims of "the English disease."

All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets.

The assessed valuation of the United States is $65,000,000.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

MRS. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

PATENT secured or money all returned. Search free. Collamer & Co. 3245 F st., Wash. D.C.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Rip-Ans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

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.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3yrs.in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

WANTED Reliable Agents and Canvassers to introduce the wonderful Mouse Trap that Catches Without Bait. Liberal terms and exclusive territory. Write for terms and circulars. Address every section. Gay Gould started in business selling mouse traps. BLAKE MOUSE TRAP CO., 1180 Caxton Building, CHICAGO.

GUNS Send stamp for our new Catalogue; gives just what Hardware are looking for. Latest improvements and lowest prices on Guns, Rifles, Fishing Tackle, and General Sporting Goods. The largest house in the trade. Agents wanted. Mention this paper. V. KINDLER, Saginaw, Mich.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

What's the Matter with KANSAS?

KANSAS OWNS (in round numbers) 800,000 horses and mules, 350,000 milch cows, 1,400,000 other cattle, 1,400,000 swine and 220,000 sheep.

ITS FARM PRODUCTS this year include 150,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and millions upon millions of dollars in value of other grains, fruits, vegetables, etc.

In debts alone it has a shortage.

Send for a free copy of "What's the Matter with Kansas?"—a new book of 96 pages of facts.

General Passenger Officer, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, CHICAGO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

It came to pass that there were born unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy two boys, William and John, who grew to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland county.

John was a home boy. His happiest days were those on which he hoed and weeded. With William it was different. He was like unto neither his mother nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, by the kerosene lamp in the sitting-room, stories of adventure and of youths going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He longed for a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of explorations into unknown countries, and of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John. He detested the sorry life of the farm, with the homely environment, the old, old routine, day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was 18 then. For two years he had saved every penny, every nickel, every dime that had fallen in his way, and ere long noted that the dollars were taking care of themselves in a little savings bank of their own. There were forty-two of them in the stone jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed to himself in the dim darkness. "I will do it—to-night!"

His thoughts were broken in upon by the cry of a woman down below, at the foot of the stairs.

"William, William, it's time to go for the milk."

"Ah, me!" murmurred the boy to himself, "another night has come. I must trudge, trudge on, through snow, through sunshine, and through rain, to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turnpike for milk. But this shall be my last walk——"

"William, William, ain't yew ever goin' for that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the foot of the stairway.

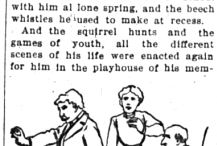
"Yes, mother, I'm comin' now."

The boy dropped all the $42 into his trousers pockets, and, after placing the stone jar back on its shelf at the head of the bed, slowly shambled down the stairs.

"There's th' pail, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window.

William took it and passed out into the deepening darkness. As he walked down that road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called life, unrolled themselves before his mind's eye. He remembered the old swimming hole, the eager hunts for birds' nests in the days agone, the "stone bruise" he carried to school with him all lone spring, and the beech whistles he used to make at recess.

And the squirrel hunts and the games of youth, all the different scenes of his life were enacted again for him in the playhouse of his mem-



STAGGERED TO THE DOOR.

ory. And at the end he said to himself: "Well, it is over now, for to-night I shall go away. Never again will William take home the night's milk. This is my last walk."

He stumbled along the rocky path to the milk house on Green's farm, and then he trudged back over that country road. The moon was rising. Already a soft, silvery light flecked the foliage of the woods on the left, and cast shimmering shadows on the stone walls.

And William dreamed of the wealth of the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory, and the great good name that awaited him out in the world, beyond the ken of life on the Whittlesy farm.

Suddenly the boy stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that the frothing milk slopped over the top of the pail and fell in two splashes, one on the road, the other on his trousers.

"I shall not go home. I shall leave now!" he cried.

He walked to the edge of the road and peered into the white lighted woods. "I must hide the pail," he said, "but where?"

For a moment he stood in the shadow thinking.

"I remember!" he exclaimed. "The old blasted tree trunk. I will put the pail there." He walked a few rods further up the road and then sheered off into the woods. By and by he came out into the moonlight again. He had carried out the plan that had suggested itself to his mind. The milk pail had been placed in the old tree trunk.

Then William turned and went back down the country road.

"Yes," the station agent at the crossing told him, "there will be a train along for the West in thirty minutes."

William Whittlesy had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to go. An hour later he was rolling on his way.

And the years came and went.

Not a word was ever received by the Whittlesys from William. And after many months they came to regard him as dead, and no longer hoped that one day his form might again darken the kitchen door.

With William all went well. He pushed his way West. He succeeded in his first venture, and five years had not elapsed before his name had come to be known throughout the mining country. Often he thought of that home back in Michigan, and frequently he said to himself, "I will write." Then something would interfere with the carrying out of his intention, and no word would be sent back. Thus the days, and weeks, and years sped on until a fifth of a century had passed.

William Whittlesy had accumulated $100,000 in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one day the desire came to him stronger than ever to go back to the old home and gaze once again into the old eyes of father and mother.

So he returned.

Alone and unknown, the man wended his way along the county road to the old house on the hill. He had crossed the lane below the woods when he recollected that pail of milk that he had hidden in the hollow log twenty years before.

"I wonder if the pail can be there yet," he said to himself, and smiled at the thought. "I'll see."

He remembered the spot as distinctly as though he had but left the day before. He went to the blasted trunk, kicked away the stones, and moss, and twigs, and looked down. Yes, it was there; but in it nothing. He lifted out the old tin pail, its sides all full of holes eaten by time and rust, and continued on up the road.

"I shall knock at the kitchen door," he said to himself, "and when mother answers I shall say: 'Here is the milk.'" And William Whittlesy laughed aloud.

The house appeared unchanged. To be sure, there were honeysuckles growing on the back porch that had not been there when he went away, but twenty years is sufficient time for honeysuckles to live and die.

William Whittlesy ascended the steps quietly and knocked at the door. It was opened by a kind-eyed old lady. William stepped forward the rusty, battered pail and said: "Mother, here's the milk." The woman looked at him with wonder in her eyes. "Won't—won't—you come in?" she said.

William entered the room. It was the same old kitchen he had known when but a boy. And there by the fireplace sat a man, feeble, old, wrinkled, and gray. "Father, I have come back," cried William Whittlesy.

The old man turned in his chair and gazed at the stranger unknowingly.

"Don't you see who I am?" cried the long-lost. "I am William. I have come back. I went away twenty years ago——"

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man at the fireplace, had stood still at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I—I—I—understand now," she said.

William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about the old lady when she waved him back. "I understand," she went on. "Arter you went away your mother died in 'beout a year and your pa married me. Then when he died I married George there, an' we've been livin' on th' ol' place ever sence. So yew see we ain't your folks arter all, though likely ez not yew may have some legal connection with us——"

William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door—sobbing, with his head bowed upon his breast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the West.—Detroit Free Press.

INEBRIETY AMONG ANIMALS.

Monkeys, Apes, Rats, Birds and Insects Show a Liking for Intoxicants.

It is a curious fact that there are topers innumerable in the animal kingdom. Bipeds and quadrupeds alike are fond of alcoholic drinks, and although some display aversion when first tasting liquor, they soon acquire a craving for it. Chickens and ducks, after having once tasted brandy, become absolute slaves to the drink. They refuse to eat, grow thin, and exhibit symptoms of dejection when unable to obtain their favorite tipple. Monkeys and apes are passionately fond of spirituous liquors. Of these, Buffon's wine-bibbing chimpanzee was a shining example, and Brehm, the German zoologist, owned several mandrills that drank wine regularly and did not disdain brandy. Herbivorous animals frequently become intoxicated, innocently enough, through eating decayed fruit. In orchards, oxen and cows, after eating overripe apples, have been seen to display all the symptoms of drunkenness. They stagger, their eyes lose expression and they grow sleepy. It seems that animals are susceptible to alcoholism in proportion to the development of their intelligence. Elephants are fond of wine and rum, and rats gnaw the staves of wine casks to get at the contents. Cats, however, rarely exhibit a fondness for intoxicants. Among birds the parrot takes first place as an habitual toper. Insects have many opportunities to become intoxicated, and it is the most active that most frequently avail themselves of the chance. The blaps, aromatic, intoxicating fluid in the linden blossoms for which bees show an especial fondness. Instances have been observed where swarms of bees regaled themselves with the poisonous linden nectar until they exhibited all the signs of intoxication. Hundreds fell helplessly to the roadside, to be trampled under foot.—New York Herald.

Embroidery Silk Rack.

A very pretty little hanging rack, made of silver wire in ornamental filigree shape, with little hooks of bent wire, closely resembles a hatrack in miniature. But this is not a doll arrangement for hats, only a dainty adjunct to the embroidery table. On each little hook hangs still another silver wire arrangement, bent into a four-leaved rosette and intended to hold embroidery silks. The silks to be used in any one special design may be wound upon these silk holders and hung on the rack conveniently near the embroidery frame. This smooth silver wire may not be as elaborate as the heavily chased or all filigree silk holders, but they are better for the silks, do not fray them, and the pretty little rack keeps them together and free from the dirt about the table.

Easy Work.

"We've got to economize, Maud," said Henry. "It's absolutely necessary." "Very well," returned Maud. "I shall give up your cigars." "And I will do without your fall bonnet," said Henry.—Harper's Bazar.

Some men are engaged once too seldom and some once too often.

SURELY THE FINEST.

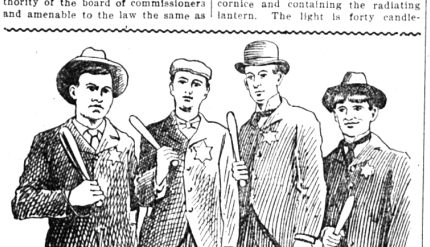
NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WHO ARE POLICEMEN.

A Missouri Town Where Newsgatherers Are Guardians of the Peace—There is Practically No Crime on Their Beats —Use Common Sense.

(St. Joseph, Mo., Letter.)

WHEN a man refuses to answer a question asked by a newspaper reporter in this city he may be arrested and taken to the police station. The reporter may call the patrol wagon and send the offending citizen there if he feels inclined to do so. The reporters are all policemen. A short time ago the police commissioners gave all the reporters commissions, vesting them with the right to wear stars and carry clubs and with all the powers of the patrolmen. The reporters are not expected to perform any of the work of the patrolmen, of course, and they do not draw salaries from the city, but they are peace officers and can make arrests. While the experiment has not been given a thorough trial, the police commissioners believe it will prove a success. Several of the reporters have already made arrests in the absence of the regular patrolmen, sending the prisoners to the station in the patrol wagon. They have quelled disturbances on several occasions, and the commissioners find that they have added to the force a squad of alert men, scattered day and night in every part of the city and mingling with the throngs, ready for duty at any moment and without a cent of cost to the city. The appointments were made at the request of the newspaper writers themselves because they had been barred a few times from public places where they believed they had the right to be present. As officers of the law they can go anywhere now and with the authority of a policeman they can perform the work of newsgatherers.

Fears were expressed at first that the reporters would overstep the bounds of their authority after they had been commissioned, but it has never yet been done. They are under the authority of the board of commissioners and amenable to the law the same as



SQUAD OF REPORTER "COPS."

the regular patrolmen. Should one of them violate the regulations laid down for the guidance of policemen his commission would be revoked and he would find himself a plain reporter once more, minus his star and club.

Unusual adventures accompany the new roles of the reporters since they have been made policemen, and others are yet to be experienced, no doubt. Four of them have been arrested on the charge of carrying concealed weapons, but they were liberated again when it became known that they were vested with the same authority as the man who made the arrest. One of them was compelled to club a man who resisted arrest, and the clubbing was done as scientifically as the most experienced man on the force could have performed it.

It is noticeable that the personal enemies of the reporters are very quiet, and retractions are believed to be a thing of the past in St. Joseph. The policemen-reporters have more authority than they have ever enjoyed before, and so far they have been careful to not abuse it. They are no longer compelled to waste valuable time awaiting the pleasure of an autocratic officer or someone with self-assumed authority when there is an item behind closed doors. The policeman-reporter may now rap with his club, show his star and enter. In a few minutes he has gathered the facts as they really exist, and not as they come to him distorted by several repetitions.

Since the reporters have been commissioned it is noticed that the amount of news gathered by them is nearly twice as great. Its volume the first day was too much for them to handle, but the novelty has worn off considerably by this time. In detective work the reporters have already outdone the secret service men of the city force, and many times have been of great service to the regular detectives. One or two of them have made good captures and "scoops" at the same time. The chief advantage is that they can now get at facts instead of being compelled to accept rumors and sift the true from the false by the use of good judgment. Several persons have learned that the commissions given the reporters by the police board are not jokes by any means. They regarded them as such until they felt the weight of a club. Threats have been made of lawsuits on account of the commissions, but the members of the board have found that the appointments are legal. They have the right to appoint any number of special officers, and there is nothing in the law to prevent them from conferring the power upon the reporters. The experiment is so new that it is practically untried yet, but it will be watched with interest by the entire country.

It isn't always the fighting parson who puts his congregation to sleep.

TROPICAL STORMS IN CUBA.

Downpours of Rain That Bring Waters in Cataracts.

A sudden pattering in the trees, a sudden darkening in big spots of the white canvas, and down came the tropical rain. How it rained! Like waves breaking; great heavy blobs of water volleying at you like bullets from a machine gun. Men who were ten yards from their tents were wet through before they gained shelter. In five minutes the camp was under water; on the slopes were rushing torrents; on the levels were deep swirling pools. Down the trunks of the trees the water poured in cataracts. From the lower edge of every tent it flowed in a broad stream. The men, drawing up the corners of their rubber blankets so as to keep the flood away from themselves and their belongings, crouched under their tents and shivered. It rained for two hours without stopping. In the first half hour every man in camp was wet through, so that many of them took off their wet clothes and stood naked in the rain for the remainder of the time. The sun came out again soon after, hotter than ever, and the damp earth steamed till the camp was an opaque vapor bath. But blaze away as the sun might, the ground never got dry again that day, and at night we turned in shivering with the damp earth striking cold through the rubber sheet and blanket. Pity the poor devils now who, when they were marching in the sunshine, threw away the rubber sheet and blanket.

LIGHTHOUSE IN CEMETERY.

Throughout the world there are hundreds of lighthouses dotted along the coast, but a lighthouse in the midst of a cemetery is a rare thing. Such a one, however, has just been erected in the cemetery at Ulverston, Lancashire. A Miss Wilson had it built in remembrance of her father, who died in London eighteen months ago. The structure, which is twenty-three feet in height, with a spreading base twenty-five feet in circumference and eight feet in diameter, is constructed of white Carrara marble. The tower proper bears a striking resemblance to Sir John Barrow's monument on the Hill of Hoad, which, again, is like the Eddystone lighthouse. It is surmounted with a small dome and ball, supported on four pillars, and between these is a chamber, ornamented with a molded cornice and containing the radiating lantern. The light is forty candle-

ULVERSTON'S MARBLE LIGHTHOUSE.

breaking against the rocks, and a coping covered with sea sand is going to be erected around this in order to give the whole a thoroughly realistic appearance.

The Eyes.

That the color of eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not now be proved, and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension which the eyes can sustain.

International Miners' Congress.

The International Miners' congress held at Vienna in August voted in favor of making the eight-hour workday compulsory by law. It commanded that laws be enacted in every country by which employers shall be made responsible for all accidents happening to miners. The demand that all mines be made the property of the government was voted unanimously by France, Belgium and Austria. The next congress will meet at Brussels.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Jibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Bamboozling Mamma.

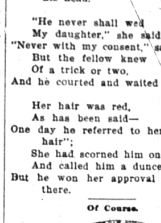
"He never shall wed
My daughter," she said,
"She shall never be his with my consent!"
She had money to throw
To the winds that blow,
And freely she gave her feelings vent.

The maiden was fair,
And her mother had hair
Of the color that's commonly known as red;
The man in the case
Had an innocent face,
But plenty of gray matter stored in his head.

"He never shall wed
My daughter," she said,
"Never with my consent," said she;
But the fellow knew
Of a trick or two,
And he courted and waited patiently.

Her hair was red,
As has been said—
One day he referred to her "auburn hair";
She had scorned him once
And called him a dunce,
But he won her approval then and there.

Of Course.



Father—"I thought you was goin' to marry Miss May?"

Son—"Yes, pop, but last summer she was engaged to every city fellow here, and this summer to all the soldiers."

Resented His Insinuation.

The sympathetic old lady looked at him with pity, as he sat there eating the moldy crust that she had fished out of the bread box.

"What," she asked, after he had gulped down the last mouthful, "is the matter with your foot? I see that you have a quilt tied around it."

"Ma'am," replied Ragged Rube, "dat's de result of high livin'. I've got a bad case of gout from meetin' so many people like you dat insist on stuffin' me wid dainty luxuries."

"The horrible, sarcastic thing," she exclaimed, as he hobbled out the gate, "if he ever comes around here again, I'll scald him."—Exchange.

Modern Transmigration.

"Often when I look at you," he said to the beautiful woman whom he had met in North Dakota, "it seems as if I must have known you in some former state."

"Well, that isn't very wonderful," she replied. "You used to know me in two former states—when I was married and living in New Jersey. Tom, don't you remember Nell Giddington?"

Then it all came back to him, and he confessed that he had gone out there for the same purpose.

Unlimited.

St. Louis Citizen—"I read in the railway notes this morning that the Chicago Limited——"

Chicago Citizen—"Say, you must have read that in one of your village papers. You ought to know that Chicago has no limit."—Chicago News.

A Wise Surgeon.

She—"How is it you are not away with your regiment?"

He—"The surgeon-major looked at me, thought a minute, and then shook his head."

Doing the Elegant.

Mrs. Golightly (fishing for compliments)—"Ah, Mr. McJoseph, beauty is the most precious of all gifts heaven has vouchsafed to us women. I'd sooner possess beauty than anything else in the world."

Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable)—"I'm sure, my dear madam, that any regret you may possibly entertain on that score is amply compensated for by—er—by—the innate consciousness of your moral worth, you know—and—of your many and numerous superior mental accomplishments."

At the Slot Machine.

He walked two miles to save a nickel,
For he felt that he must economize;
Then he spent a dollar vainly trying
To win a little ten-cent prize.

A SIRDAR'S BULLET.

Gen. Kitchener's Singular Experience in the Campaign of 1898.

The Sirdar of the army in Egypt, on whom the eyes of Englishmen are now turned from every quarter of the empire, has had a very extraordinary experience, having swallowed a bullet with which he had been wounded, and which he now preserves as a memento. During the campaign of '98 Major Kitchener was hit in the side of the face by a bullet, during a skirmish near Suakim, and was taken down the Nile, and thence to the Citadel hospital at Cairo, where, despite all the efforts of the surgeons, the bullet could not be located, the X-rays being then unknown. On the authority of Sergeant Bilton, late of the medical staff corps, who is now in London, and who was then specially detailed to look after the injured officer, the wound was a healthy one, and very soon healed, and the medical officers came to the conclusion that the bullet had worked its way out without being noticed on the passage down the Nile. Bilton one day tempted his patient's appetite with a tasty beef steak, which the major had no sooner attacked than he put his hand to his throat exclaiming: "Bilton, if there's no bone in the steak, I've swallowed that bullet; I felt it go down." This proved to be the case, the bullet passing through the alimentary canal without injury to the distinguished officer.

A Gigantic Grand Duke.

The only man known who is obliged to take his own bed with him wherever he travels is the Grand Duke Paul of Russia. He is so very tall that it is impossible for him to obtain a comfortable night's rest unless he can sleep in his own bed, which was made specially for him. The bed itself is constructed so that it can be packed into a small trunk.

A FATHER'S STORY.

From the Evening Crescent, Appleton, Wis.

A remarkable cure for a disease which has generally wrecked the lives of children, and left them in a condition to which death itself would be preferred, has attracted a great amount of attention among the residents of the west end of Appleton.

The case is that of little Willard Creech, son of Edward Q. Creech, a well known employe of one of the large paper mills in the Fox River Valley. The lad was attacked by spinal disease and his parents had given up all hope of his ever being well again when, as by a miracle, he was healed and is now in school as happy as any of his mates.

Mr. Creech, the father of the boy, who resides at 1062 Second Street, Appleton, Wisconsin, told the following story:

He Goes to School.

"Our boy was absolutely helpless. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and when we used electricity he could not feel it below his hips. Finally we let the doctor go as he did not seem to help our son and we nearly gave up hope. Finally my mother who lives in Canada wrote, advising the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I bought some.

"This was when our boy had been on the stretcher for an entire year and helpless for nine months. In six weeks after taking the pills we noticed signs of vitality in his legs, and in four months he was able to go to school.

"It is two years since he took the first of the pills and he is at school now just as happy and well as any of the other children. It was nothing else in the world that saved the boy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things and is not hurt by trifles.

A violinist works a bow—and some girls do likewise, but they spell it differently.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some men take less advantage of opportunities than of those who offer them.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Unless a man has poor health, he helps the devil when he wears a long face.

Dr. Carter's K. & H. Tea

does what no other remedy does. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the Stomach Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. 25c package.

The man who talks the most about obliging his friends very seldom does it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

We inherit nothing truly, but what our actions make us worthy of.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 623 Rogers Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy, of dishonesty.

If You want to learn Telegraphy send to the CHATHAM TELEGRAPH SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Chatham, N. Y., for free catalogue.

The broader the way the more people you will find traveling in it.

"There are no cross babies or sick babies in families that use Brown's Teething Cordial."

To live is not to live for one's self alone; let us help one another.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

J. M. Barrie is said to be a good talker, but so shy that every word has to be forced from him.

Harold Frederic says that over 25,000 copies of his "Damnation of Theron Ware" have been sold.

Paul Laurence Dunbar says that until the publication of his latest book few of his readers knew him to be of unmixed negro blood.

Admiral Schley is one of thirteen children and has two uncles and the father of others thirteen. He is no believer in unlucky numbers.