Description of the Battle That Preceded the Surrender of Santiago de Cuba—The Spaniards Fought Like Demons.

The attack upon San Juan, the Spanish fort near Santiago, was conducted under the command of Gen. Kent, with the main division of the army. It was a bitter struggle, the Spaniards resisting with a determination and fierce energy that was surprising. After some two hours' hard fighting, in which the attack swayed the right of the defense slowly but steadily backward, the center broke and the position was won. Driven once from their position, the Spaniards had no heart to return. They continued to fight in a desultory way, but retired after a brief period, the main body retreating upon the intrenchments of Santiago, others hurrying to El Caney, where a bitter fight was in progress.

El Caney proved to be the real buttress of Spanish strength. The hill on which it stood gave the defending force a great advantage. Not only this, the larger portion of the Spanish army had been stationed there, in anticipation of the attempt to cut off the retreat to the interior which the capture of El Caney affected. These two factors combined made the task before the right flank a most difficult one. Had it not been for the exceptional bravery of the men it could have only resulted in a disastrous failure.

The American attack was well directed. From the front Gen. Lawton led with his infantry force of several thousand men. He was supported in the rear by Gen. Wheeler with four light batteries of artillery, on the left by Gen. Young, in command of a force of the regular cavalry and Rough Riders, and on the right by Gen. Garcia, with a command of some 5,000 Cubans. It was Garcia's mission to pass El Caney to the north and complete the circuit of the city should the Americans fail in the assault on the town. This was an easy task, with the attention of the Spaniards distracted. He, however, disregarded his orders and came to the assistance of Lawton, and by his brave efforts won deserved praise.

It was Lawton who faced the serious work. The character of the fighting in storming the main redoubt was not fully realized. The entrenchments lay west of the hills. Without cover the Americans, in their advance up the slope, were for fully 300 yards exposed to the volley fires of men protected to the shoulders in rifle pits. But they carried the trenches by successive rushes, pausing and huddling behind every bush or rut for temporary shelter from the rain of bullets, like storm-driven sheep. The wounded were dragged out of the death hail. After each pause the men, undaunted, pushed on, firing as they ran. When they reached the trenches the latter were full to the brim with the enemy's dead. The Spaniards had fled over the summit of the hills, but standing upon the bodies of their fallen comrades, there they remained fighting valiantly to the end.

They refused to give way, but continued the work with their Mausers, enfilading the American line as it came over the trenches. One volley which a company of cavalry fired tumbled them forward on their faces. This was the charge in which the Sixth, Third, Ninth and Tenth cavalry and the Rough Riders, all dismounted, and in which the Twenty-sixth, Sixteenth and Twenty-second Infantry and the Seventy-first New York were engaged.

After the trenches and redoubts were taken came a bold attempt by the Spaniards to recover them. This occasioned the fiercest fighting and the greatest loss of the day. When the Spaniards broke behind the hill and passed between the reserves, who came forward, with a rush upon our breathless men, striking and breaking the line in several places, their impetuosity for several minutes well-nigh made our boys waver. Then, rallying gallantly, they staggered forward, carrying confusion into the enemy.

Lawton's division bivouacked for the night near El Caney without fires. At 7 o'clock in the morning they were reenforced by Capt. Capron's battery, under Gen. Wheeler. Firing began at once. Promptly the Spanish answered the challenge from their forts and trenches. Grimes' battery, coming up, opened on the Spanish troops to the right.

The common powder used by our troops smoked, and was a fine target for the Spanish field battery, which was served by Admiral Cervera's marines. The accuracy of the aim was remarkable. While our smoke gave the enemy our range, Grimes could not locate the enemy's guns, which used smokeless powder, except approximately. But, satisfied as to the Spanish position, our men worked like mad. The Spanish fire gradually slackened, and in less than an hour it ceased altogether.

After that only one aggressive move was made by the Spaniards. It resulted in defeat, and they abandoned El Caney. At about 10 o'clock the enemy dashed straight for the American lines. In one or two places our men fell back from their position, but quickly rallied and drove the enemy back pell-mell into their own ditches. The Spanish losses must have been frightful, as they were exposed to a terrific fire for a quarter of an hour. The losses on the American side were light, as our soldiers lay behind trees and had every advantage.

Even after capturing El Caney and San Juan and advancing upon Aguadores, the work of the Americans was not done. It was necessary to hold these positions against any sortie. Unless reinforcements arrived at once the men would be well-nigh exhausted by their difficult work and unprepared for any assault by the Spaniards. It was this precarious condition that existed on July 3, when the country was gravely alarmed by Shafter's dispatches. There was cause for alarm, not understanding the desperate straits in which Linares was, but there was no justification for the criticism of Gen. Shafter which was indulged in. His work was well done, and he deserves nothing but the highest praise. Subsequent developments soon proved these facts.

THE ATTACK ON SAN JUAN.

A Side Sacer at Marshall.

In the "Green Bag" the sketch of John Randolph includes this illustrative anecdote, the chief justice alluded to being, it is presumed, his political foe, John Marshall of the United States court. In some of Randolph's peculiarities he seems to have taken pride. One which he cultivated with care was an exaggerated precision of pronunciation. This led him to correct without hesitation whatever he considered a blunder in that respect. In one of his irritable moods at Roanoke he grew very impatient for his cup of coffee, and testily asked the woman who was waiting on him, "Why don't you make that coffee?" "I wuz a makin' it," she replied. "You 'wuz' makin' it," retorted the sick man. "Who ever said 'wus' but you and the chief justice."

Hawaiian Music.

The singing of the native Hawaiians is always melodious and pleasing. The Kanaka has a quick ear for music and learns new airs with facility. Yet, no matter what selection is sung by the natives, and no matter how closely the notes are followed, the singing is always peculiarly plaintive, due, no doubt, to some subtle, indefinite quality of the singers' voices. Their singing is at its best out of doors, and particularly when they are upon the water and the airs are their own.—New York Press.

Rabbits Climbing Trees.

A singular change has come over the habit of the rabbit since it became acclimatized in Australia. Here it burrows in the ground, but in that country it is in the habit of climbing trees, which it can do with great facility, for the purpose of feeding on the leaves and bark, of which it seems particularly fond.

Travel in Dancing.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled program travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at half a mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll, and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown, and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Lillian Russell is an insatiable poker fiend.

Baritone Del Puente has entered the vaudeville ranks.

Actor Max Figman's mother is dead in New York of cancer.

Modjeska finds her chief home pleasures in playing the role of housekeeper.

The peroxide blonde of the stage has been superseded by Her of the Titian Hair.

Bertha Waltzinger will sing for us in Jefferson De Angelis' opera company.

'Nother case of church and stage: Effie Shannon's grandfather was a clergyman.

Louise Muldener has been engaged to act in Stuart Robson's company next season.

Our old friend Henry Clay Barnabee is picnicking among the Thousand Islands.

And now there is a gleam of hope that Gilbert and Sullivan will "get together" again.

Emily Rigl is engaged to "create" the leading part in a new Russian play called "Vladimir."

E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned Sothern will wend separate professional ways next season.

Adolphe D'Ennery, author of "The Two Orphans and 209 other plays, has entered his 85th year.

"My Lady's Lord" is the name of a new play by that aspiring young Brittisher, Henry V. Esmond.

"As a show town," says Leander Richardson, "Pittsburg is one of the terminal points of the death trail."

Denver, with the aid of Colorado's Supreme court, has put an effectual stopper on Sunday theatricals. It would be a good idea to stop them in every state.

Don't blame a glove for squeezing a pretty girl's hand.

comes also the usual army of women who want to get thin and the regiment of women who want to get fat!" said the specialist in the breathless spell between writing a prescription for a slim girl who wanted a muscle tonic and peering deep into the eyes of a woman who said she had nightmare when wide-awake, relates the New York advertiser. "I may jog along in comparative peace all the winter and spring, working and praying with hysteria and prostration and neurasthenia and anemia and other simple and soulful complaints, but just as soon as the warm days come and I begin to promise myself a little rest and relaxation, in pops Mrs. A. with an anxious face and fifty or sixty pounds for which she has no use and sets about bargaining with me as if I were a Shylock. She begs me with tears in her eyes to gaze upon her once sylph-like form and implores me to advise a 'surgical diet' for her. I tell her to row a boat and take a ten-mile walk at 5 o'clock every morning. I warn her against catnips, cool drinks, green peas, and all the other pleasures of life, and she goes away radiant. She always loses five or ten pounds during the summer, often more. Strength of will seems to develop with flesh. The slim woman is not nearly so persistent. A wasp-waisted little woman came in to see me this morning. She greeted me with a wave of her hand, flitted about to see the flowers in my window boxes, went into ecstasies over my new books, case, straightened her hat before the mirror and called my attention to the little lines around her eyes, saying, 'You see how thin I am, and how old and ugly it makes me.' Every time you fly around the room in that animated fashion you lose an ounce,' said I. Then she sat down and spread her skirts out, poking them here and pulling them there, drew off her gloves, looked for her handkerchief, mopped her brow and sighed. 'There goes another ounce,' said I. 'A fat woman would have come into this office, plumped herself down in the first chair at hand and stayed there, skirt rumpled up or not. That's why she's fat.' Then I preached a sermon, for that is all I can do for the thin woman. She will listen to advise and likes to hear me draw glowing pictures of how she will look when she weighs 150, but she will not take her medicine—milk and oatmeal usually—and gets acute melancholia if forced to go to bed early. It's perplexing—the way in which dispositions are dealt out. The fat woman invariably loves to loll and eat sweetmeats and has a positive mania for work and worry. But between them they make a sea voyage necessary for me every July."

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has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who toiled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopefully bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the west—great, noble hearted men who sought in the glorious west the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous east. They were brave and kind hearted, bold and gentle, and the story writer loves to dwell on their adventures and depict their hair-breadth escapes, and tell of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a chord of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the west has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots, hallowed at least in memory by some story, which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an opportunity. Those of the present day have the best of the earlier visitors of this mutual admiration society, for they can now make the trip in comfort, free from peril, and surrounded by all the luxuries incident to modern travel. Instead of toiling over the calcined track of those who preceded them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," the Union Pacific system, and, as much at home as though in the quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and allows his eyes to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded.

The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet, at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced.

"Echo Canon," says an English traveler, "is a superb defile. It moves along like some majestic poem in a series of incomparable stanzas. There is nothing like it in the Himalayas, nor in the Sullivan Range. In the Bolan Pass, on the Afghan frontier, there are intervals of equal sublimity; and even as a whole it may compare with it. But taken for all in all—its length (some thirty miles), its astonishing diversity of contour, its beauty as well as grandeur—I confess that Echo Canon is one of the masterpieces of nature." Such is the verdict of one observer, and another in describing it is equally emphatic: "So far in our overland journey we have met with no striking instance of that most frequently occurring feature of these regions—the canon. What in the far west is so termed is sometimes a narrow chasm in the mountains, the bottom of which is often the bed of a stream of water, the cliffs on either sides being nearly perpendicular or even inclining towards each other. Echo Canon has every feature of impressiveness, sublime, terrinitic color, majestic forms and a novel weirdness. Usually the descent into the canon begins soon after leaving Evanston; the air coming from the mountains is inspiring, the afternoon light is growing mellower, and all the conditions are favorable to the highest enjoyment.

At Castle Rock may be said to be the true beginning of the exciting ride. "He must be a very close observer, indeed, who can comprehend all the varied beauties and curiosities that follow. The high abutment wall on one side, so smooth that it might have been cut with a saw, the lofty hills on the other side, and the glimpse of mountains whose snows never melt, are inspiring and interesting. But they are not the only things that make a journey through Echo Canon memorable for a lifetime."

The Castle is one of the most perfect of all those striking objects whose vast proportions show them to be the work of nature alone, and yet whose symmetrical forms and adherence to architectural rules seem to stamp them as the works of man.

At first the cliffs are neither very lofty nor precipitous, though always picturesque. The slender stream creeping along beneath them is fringed with the hardy willow, and on every shelf, and up to the summits of the rocks, the dwarf cedars have obtained a footing, their russet foliage and dark spots of shadow giving a mottled appearance to the landscape. It is almost incredible, the tenacity which these cedars have on life; give them the narrowest ledge on the smallest cranny in the parched rock, and they go on growing, making up in hardihood and fantastic curve in trunk and limb what they lack in size. Soon the cliffs grow higher, more barren, more savage in form. In color, also, they change. At the canon head they are of a yellowish gray, in some places even ashen; now they stand up, stalk and bare, and of almost a blood-red color. At one point we are whirled past a chaos of tumble rock; the whole face of a lofty cliff has fallen at once, leaving the part yet standing of a fresh, bright hue, that it will take a thousand years of summer sunshine and winter frost to tone back into the general color of the surrounding heights. One can well imagine the roar, the volume of sound, that went rolling across the hills when fell that mass.

During the so-called Mormon war, when Johnson's army was on its way to Utah, there were a number of stonework fortifications erected on the crests of the cliffs.

From these old rock works, perched like crows' nests on high, a splendid view of the canon may be obtained. W. H. Eideing, whose language we have used before, has written a beautiful description of this view, which we cannot do better than quote:

"From such a point of view as Hanging Rock, or the ridges above it, a much better idea of what one may term the tumultousness of the surrounding country can be obtained than from the bed of the canon. The earth is split by a score of transverse ravines, which extend like blue veins from the main artery and mar the face of the country with shadow; isolated columns, positive and brilliant in color, stand alone in their chromatic glory, without a visible connection with the main rock from which they were originally detached; old groups of conglomerate, mountains of the Wahsatch and Utah Ranges."

Shrill blows the whistle as we cut across the pioneers' road, and the echoes are prolonged, striking against the red cliffs to rebound from height to height and die away up in the shaggy ravine. We have passed the "Steamboats," the "Rock of Gibraltar," and the "Monument Rock," standing lonely in its lonely ravine. As we flash by wonders numerous and unnamed, an afternoon sun is streaming down slant rays and lighting up the southern side of the cliffs and casting long blue shadows across our path. The somewhat harsh and incongruent colors of rock and foliage are brought into harmony, and the mind suddenly receives the impression that the wonderful picture presented by the cliffs of Echo Canon is one to dwell in the memory for a lifetime. At last the locomotive, giving another resounding whistle, passes round a sharp curve; Pulpit Rock, the portal of the canon, is on our right hand; we can almost touch it. We have entered a valley running at right angles to the canon; this is the Weber. A few moments more and the train slackens its speed at the cluster of houses called Echo City.

Pulpit Rock is so called both from its shape and from the supposition that Brigham Young preached from it his first sermon in Utah, addressed to the pioneers then on their way to Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

Weber Canon! To those who have made the great transcontinental trip over the Union Pacific railroad, the name will revive the memories of a host of imposing scenes—the Devil's Gate and Slide; the Wilhelmina Pass; the turbulent Weber River sweeping onward and awakening with its angry voice the echoes from cliff to gorge; the long, black tunnels; the dizzy bridges, a kaleidoscopic change of wonders of nature and art. To those who have not yet made the notable tour, who have yet to learn from actual sight the peculiarities and grandeur of western scenery, the name will serve to put their expectation on tiptoe, for, of all the canons passed through by the rail between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, this one has earned the reputation of containing the most wonderful scenes, the strangest sights, some that will be long remembered for their wildness and grandeur alone; and others, because they are more striking examples of some of the distinctive features in western scenery.

It is a trip which everyone should take, varying the climate, the altitude and general environments of business and care, and it can be taken so comfortably and at such reasonable expense in the splendid cars of the Union Pacific system that it should be decided upon at once as the one next to be undertaken.

F. P. BAKER.

With a Wall of Water.

The idea of protecting buildings against fire from without by means of a water curtain, to be made to fall all around the structure, appears to be gaining favor, having the indorsement of some of the most experienced professional experts in this line, and the plan is exciting special attention in Chicago, where it is being applied to the great public library building. The arrangement is extremely simple. A seven-inch steel water main is laid around the top of the structure, upon the broad stone table formed by the top of the coping, this pipe having connection with force pumps situated in the basement, and, through perforations properly arranged, insures the introduction of a substantial sheet of water from cornice to pavement, around the whole or any imperiled portion of the building. The arrangement of the system of piping is such as to enable operating in prescribed sections; additional relays of smaller pipes are also placed in position above windows and doors, in order to complete the curtaining of those points in the most serviceable manner, should the curtain in the main be broken by wind impingement against the building.

Payment in Advance.

A case of attempted bribery recorded by the Sioux City Journal must have happened a good many years ago. At least we will hope that no justice of the peace in these days would pass over so flagrant an offense in so light a manner. A lawyer was called upon to defend a negro accused of petty larceny. The evidence against the prisoner was overwhelming, and the unscrupulous lawyer determined upon extreme measures. As he entered the court room he slipped a twenty-dollar gold piece into the justice's hand, and gave him a knowing look. The justice said nothing, but pulled open a drawer and dropped the coin into it. The case came on, and the proof of the man's guilt was brought out. The lawyer for the defendant made such a plea as he could, but based his expectation of an acquittal upon the effect of the bribe. The justice summed up the evidence, and then said: "The court finds the defendant guilty as charged, and fines him one hundred dollars, of which amount twenty dollars has been paid. The defendant will be committed to the county jail until the remainder is paid into this court."

How to Pronounce Alger.

"How do you pronounce the name of the Secretary of War?" is a question asked many times every day, and as in most cases people do not know, a different pronunciation is given by each. "Alger," hard g, "Awejar," and "Aljer" have been the most frequent pronunciations. As Camp Alger has caused the name to be on the tongues of so many, the private citizen may be asked to give the correct pronunciation, so all may now rest assured that they have it right if they say "Ahljer," pronouncing the first two letters as in the exclamation "ah," bringing in the l in the only way it can be enunciated and the last three letters as in jerk. The first syllable is not as if spelled "awl," although this error is made frequently.—Richmond Times.

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each other, but we came across a case a few days ago where such a silence had been maintained for eighteen years. The couple in question did not agree on certain points, and as arguments led to quarrels, the wife concluded that it would be a good plan not to speak to each other. The husband agreed, and the difficulty was then how to communicate with one another, seeing that they continued to live in the same house.

A cat became their "go-between," or rather several of these animals during the long period of their silence. If the husband wanted anything he told the cat, in his wife's hearing, and she, in like manner, apprised the same animal when her husband's dinner was ready. Rather an unsatisfactory way of doing business, one would imagine. How long such a silence will be continued it is difficult to say; but after eighteen years of it, it is not too much to expect that they are somewhat tired of their peculiar system of married life.

Another married couple kept silence for twenty years. The man had a violent temper, and one day, after having a row with his wife, he vowed that he would never speak again. The couple continued to live together in the same house, but no conversation passed between them for the period stated. At the end of that time, however, the man fell ill, and relenting of his rash vow, he broke through the long silence. The illness immediately preceded his death, and, as may be expected, the wife nursed the husband, who for 20 years had not spoken to her, in the most faithful manner.

In another case two schoolboys who were great friends quarreled, and as a result they vowed that they would never speak to each other again. These resolutions were kept for sixty years, but last year, when attending a holiday gathering of their old school to which former pupils had been invited, they decided to forget the past, and at once entered into conversation. They recounted their experiences to each other, and appeared to be two of the happiest old scholars at the gathering.

We have heard of prisoners being condemned for a short period to the "silent system," but this, although an unenviable position, is not to be compared with that of the Trappist monks in Italy, who take a vow of eternal silence. In France, too, there is a convent where between forty and fifty women have taken shelter, and lead remarkably silent life. They never speak to each other, never lift their eyes, except when in prayer or at work and never leave their silent home.—Tit-Bits.

Brought Home to Him.

Something like this has probably happened in other families besides that of Mr. Plunkett since the war with Spain began: "I can't bear to think of this country going to war!" exclaimed Mrs. Plunkett. "War is so cruel—so barbarous!" "But war in behalf of an oppressed people is glorious!" responded Mr. Plunkett. "Every man who has a spark of patriotism in him feels like making sacrifices in a war for humanity! The selfishness and narrow-mindedness that would——" "Father, said Harry, the eldest boy of the family, bursting into the room, "I want to enlist! Tom Wrenham and George Harris are going, and I'm older than they are. I'll be nineteen next month, and——" "You go to war?" sternly ejaculated his father. "Are you crazy, Harry? Do you imagine I will let you go and get the yellow fever or be shot? Do you think I could spare you anyhow——" "I see," interrupted Harry's mother. "It's some other man's boy who must do the fighting—not yours. It's some other patriot who must make the sacrifices—not you." Whereupon Mr. Plunket became silent and thoughtful.

THE NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE.

Eugene Henri Brisson had occupied the chair of the presidency of the chamber of deputies twice oftener than any other person when he was defeated for reelection on the second ballot on June 2 by the government candidate, M. Deschanel. M. Brisson was elected to the national assembly Feb. 8, 1871. He had previously been defeated in 1869, in an attempt to enter the corps legislatif. An honorable career in the chamber followed. It was after the fall of the cabinet of Jules Ferry, March 31, 1885, and after the ineffectual attempts of M. de Freycinet to form a cabinet, that the president called upon M. Brisson to be premier. The task seemed then hopeless. Nevertheless M. Brisson succeeded, and his cabinet went into office April 6, 1885, he occupying the premiership and the portfolio of the minister of justice. His cabinet might have been called a moderate republican one. In the winter of 1885, his cabinet nearly sustained a defeat, owing to a formidable coalition in the chamber against the government's policy in Tonkin and Madagascar. He gave way to the more liberal policy advanced by

HENRI BRISSON.

M. de Freycinet in 1886 and retired from the ministry. In 1890 he was an important candidate for the presidency of France.

A $5,000 block of Spanish bonds was sold at auction in New York a day or two ago for $1100. They were of the kind secured by a pledge of Cuban revenue.

Ninety reporters are employed in the gallery of the house of commons.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures that tired feeling almost as quickly as the sun dispels the morning mist. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in bad blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. $1, six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

The man who persists in doling his fellowman usually ends by doling time.

The Place for Your Daughters.

St. Mary's Academy at Notre Dame, Ind., ranks first among the educational institutions for girls. Young women from all parts of America and Europe are found in its classes. The faculty have just issued a catalog that contains much valuable data. Parents desirous of sending their daughters to the best institution should send for the catalog before deciding on sending them elsewhere. It is under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and is located at Notre Dame, far from the excitement of even village life, and right among the beautiful scenes of the Creator's handiwork.

Don't think because a man loses his head he quits talking through his hat.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

The absent are never without faults nor the present without excuse.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Tillers of the Soil Appreciate the Little Wonder Worker.

Near the little town of Woods Corners, about six miles from Ionia, resides R. L. Pierson. Mr. Pierson, a farmer by occupation, and like all hard working tillers of the soil he has found the burdens the back must bear no light load to carry. Few people who never lived on the farm appreciate what it means to follow the plow from sunrise to sunset, but if the public in general don't know how hard such work is, the kidneys do. Long hours of work of any kind means long hours for the kidneys, and they can't stand it without rebelling. When the farmer comes home tired out at night, if he only realized that the tired feelings mostly always came from tired kidneys, and that the little wonder worker, Doan's Kidney Pills, would right the wrong brought on by overwork, life would be easier for him. Read what Mr. Pierson says about his experience:

"I noticed when I stooped, lifted or changed my position suddenly, early in the fall of 1897, that I was very troubled with sharp pains across the small of my back, and in the morning I was so lame and sore that I could scarcely get out of bed. The too frequent action of the kidney secretion, especially annoying at night, plainly indicated that my kidneys were the cause of the trouble. I had often heard Doan's Kidney Pills spoken highly of by my neighbors, and so it was the first time I required such a preparation, I procured a box. I noticed their beneficial effects in a day or two and I continued the treatment until my backache was gone and the other weakness was thoroughly relieved. I make no mistake when I say that Doan's Kidney Pills are backache and kidney cure."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name "Doan's" and take no substitute.

He who establishes his argument by noise and command, shows that his reason is weak.

For a perfect complexion and a clear, healthy skin, use COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP. Sold everywhere.

Our ideal moments are our best ones; our practical moments are risky.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.

SYRUP of FIGS

NEVER IMITATED—EQUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Remember the name when you buy again

BattleAx PLUG