BAD BACKS.

Bad backs are found in every household.

A bad back is a bad back that's lame, weak or aching.

Most backache pains come from kidney derangements and should be promptly attended to.

Reach the cause of backache by relieving the kidneys and curing their ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only and cure the dangers of urinary and bladder disorders, from common inflammation, to Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Case No. 40,321—Mr. W. H. Hammer, well-known builder, residing at 125 N. Hinde street, Washington C. H., Ohio, says: "I am glad to endorse a remedy which possesses such inestimable value as Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me of inflammation of the bladder which had caused me much annoyance and anxiety because of the frequency and severity of the attacks. I have advised others to take Doan's Kidney Pills and I know they will not be disappointed in the results."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Hammer will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

A man can't be the same kind of a husband twice. If he was good to his first wife, he is not quite so good to his second wife.

WESTERN CANADA AROUSING GREAT INTEREST.

The Wonderful Yields of Wheat Attracting Thousands.

Until the last five or six years but little attention was given to that vast area of grain-producing land lying north of the 49th parallel, and immediately adjoining the northern boundaries of Minnesota and Dakota.

The Canadians themselves were aware of the wealth that lay there, but being unable to fully occupy it, they have asked the Americans to assist them in converting the land from its virgin state to one that will largely supplement the grain-producing area of the North American continent and the response has been most liberal.

During the year 1901 upwards of 26,000 from the United States went over to Canada, being induced to settle there by the reports that reached them of the success of those who had preceded them during the previous years. This 26,000 was increased to 30,000 during the year 1902, and it is fully expected that there will be fully 50,000 during the present year. The work of the immigration branch of the Canadian government is now being directed towards giving information as to the advantages of settlement in Canada as it is to extending an invitation to the Americans to follow those who have gone.

Those who have charge of the work point with considerable pride to the success of those who have been induced to take advantage of the offer of 160 acres of land free in Canada, and have no cause to hesitate in considering the invitation. Many of those interested say there are no more free homesteads to be had in Canada, but the writer has most positive assurance from the Canadian government that there are thousands of such homesteads to be had, and in one of the districts now being opened up fully as good as the best, and it is probably the best.

The Canadian government has established agencies at St. Paul, Minn.; Omaha, Neb.; Kansas City, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Wausau, Wis.; Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie and Marquette, Mich.; Toledo, Ohio; Watertown, S. Dakota; Grand Forks, N. Dakota, and Great Falls, Mont., and the suggestion is made that by interesting any of these, who are authorized agents of the government, it will be to the advantage of the reader, who will be given the fullest and most authentic information regarding the results of mixed farming, dairying, ranching, and grain raising, and also supply information as to freight and passenger rates, etc.

What the devil hates most in a man is the image of God in his heart.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one fiendish disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Imitation fruits always cost more than the real ones.

Bathing the Baby.

Young mothers naturally feel anxious about the baby's bath. It is best to begin at six weeks to put the little one in water, first folding a soft towel in the bottom of the basin. Use only Ivory Soap, as many of the highly colored and perfumed soaps are very injurious to the tender skin of an infant. E. R. Parker.

Charity seldom crawls out of a crowded purse.

Double Your Income.

by securing agency in your city for the Northwestern and Life Savings Co., of Des Moines, Iowa. It is a strong company. Write them to-day.

The sanctified church will not be self-satisfied.

MISS TENA IFLAND,

Box 100, Elliston, Ohio, offers to furnish information free as to how she was cured of pains in her side, stomach and nerve trouble. Write her.

The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

Self knowledge will cure self-love.

LANDMARKS OF ALEXANDRIA

Quaint Little Virginian Town Contains Many Mementoes of the Highest Historical Interest.

Of all the interesting reminders of George Washington probably the least known and decidedly the least appreciated are to be found in the quaint little town of Alexandria, nestling on the banks of the Potomac a few miles below the national capital. In the days when Mount Vernon was the center of American heart interest and the site of the present city of Washington was but a broad expanse of green meadows Alexandria was a city of consequence and the capital of a social domain quite as brilliant in its way as that which now holds sway at the American seat of government.

George Washington always took the greatest interest in the welfare of the little city, whither he turned alike for supplies for his plantation and for the social diversions of which he was notoriously fond. The great cobblestones in Alexandria's streets were laid by the Hessian prisoners under Washington's directions. Here the Masonic lodge of which he was worshipful master held its festivities, here he came to Sunday services in old Christ's church, sitting with his family in the old square pew which yet bears the silver plate with the facsimile of his autograph, and here, finally, he came to indulge his proverbial fondness for dancing at the celebrated "birth-night balls" instituted in his honor.

However, George Washington's connection with Alexandria dates back far beyond the time when he was feted here as the nation's hero. In this community of a by-gone age with its colonial doorways of the Georgian period, its Liverpool warehouses and mansions set close to the pavement are the records of young Washington's enlistment in the French and Indian war and indeed there is the old house in which Gen. Braddock held council of war with five colonial governors. At Alexandria, too, Washington voted for the candidates for the house of burgesses at a time when the air was filled with the first mutterings of the impending storm of revolt.

After Washington married and inherited Mount Vernon he greatly shocked the aristocratic society of Alexandria by sending his market cart to the city to dispose of the produce of his estate, but he endeared himself to the humbler portion of the community by his work in securing the erection of the first town pump. In his younger days he had been an enthusiastic member of the Alexandria volunteer fire company and assisted in extinguishing many a blaze. In 1775 he purchased, at a cost of $400, a small fire engine, and sent it to his fellow firemen in the little city on the Potomac.

Even the names of the streets in Alexandria are reminiscent of the old regime, the principal thoroughfares rejoicing in the names of King, Washington, Princess, Duke, St. Asaph, Pitt and Fairfax. There may yet be viewed the Lowrason or Smoot house, where Lafayette and his suite were quartered when the distinguished Frenchman was so royally entertained upon the occasion of his visit to Alexandria in 1825, and on King street is the Marshall house, where Col. Ellsworth of the New York zouaves paid the penalty of his life for tearing down a Confederate flag—one of the most dramatic incidents of the civil war.

Even the houses which have no particular historical association are so strange as to give the visitors the impression that he has suddenly been set down in a foreign land in another country. Rich carving ornaments the staircases; there are quaint old porticos. Century old walled-in gardens contribute an air of mystery, heightened by damp courtyards and sepulchral wine vaults, and, finally, stately mahogany furniture, treasures in old china and somber old family portraits aid in carrying out the impression. For all that did it not happen to be on the road from Washington to Mount Vernon it is likely that Alexandria would be almost entirely neglected by the modern tourist.

The most interesting place in Alexandria, however, is the old Christ church, where Washington and Lee worshiped. There among the trees it stands, simple and unadorned in its architecture, and, with its old red brick walls and stately steeple, it looms up as a monument to the past. The north side of the building is almost entirely covered with ivy. To the left of the church stretches the churchyard, with its solemn tombstones, a century old, standing like sentinels guarding the last earthly resting places of the dead forefathers.

That Washington was faithful in his attendance at the meetings of his church is conclusively shown by the diary kept by himself, some of the entries in which are as follows:

"1760, Feb. 9, Rev. C. Green dined at Mount Vernon.

"1768, May 8, went to church from Colonel Bassett's.

"1768, June 5, to church at Alexandria, dined at Colonel Carlyle's.

"1768, July 10, vestry meeting.

"1768, Sept. 9, vestry meeting at the new church, dined at Carlyle's.

"1769, April, church from Eltham and dined with Colonel Daingerfield at the pastor's.

"1773, May 3, to Alexandria with Nellie Calvert.

"1774, June 24, to church at Alexandria.

"1785, Sept. 15, sent my chariot to Alexandria for Miss Sally Ramsey and Kitty Thompson, to be bridesmaids for Fanny Bassett. Rev. Dr. Griffith and Rev. Dr. Grayson came to dinner. After the candles were lighted George A. Washington and Miss Bassett were married by Rev. Dr. Grayson.

"1788, Nov. 4, Mr. Herbert and lady, Mr. Potts and lady, Gen. Lee and lady dined here, with Count Mostier and the Marchioness of De Bretan."

In 1766 the vestry ordered a levy of 31,180 pounds of tobacco to be made upon the people of the parish for the purpose of building a new church at Alexandria, for which the ground was donated by Charles Alexander. The church was built for £600 by James Parsons, in accordance with plans drawn by an architect named Wren. On the day of acceptance ten pews were offered for sale, and No. 5 was purchased by Col. George Washington for £36 10s, being the highest price paid.

The woodwork and walls are white which seems to add to the surroundings a charming air of purity and simplicity. There is the altar, with its heavy canopy, on each side of which are large panels containing the original doctrines of the church printed in bold, old-fashioned letters. Direct by Charles Alexander. To the left of the font is the reading pulpit. In the wall on each side of the chancel are slat tablets. The one to the left is inscribed "To the Memory of George Washington," and the one to the right "To the Memory of Robert E. Lee." In the middle of the room hangs an elaborate chandelier which was presented to the church in 1785 by Washington; it was made for candles, they being used for illuminating until 1853.

Over on the left side of the church is the pew which Washington bought for £26 10s. It is a high box, about five by eight feet in dimensions, and has straight-backed seats on three sides. All the pews were originally this size, but owing to an increasing congregation it was found necessary to divide each pew into two, Washington's alone being left as it was. On the door of No. 5 is a little plate inscribed with a facsimile of Washington's signature. The pew is now used by Lawrence Washington, a great-grand nephew of the general and one of the present vestrymen. He was, by the way, the first white male child born in the mansion at Mount Vernon.

Across the aisle from Washington's pew is No. 46, which was owned and used by Robert E. Lee. Lee was a vestryman of the church at the time the civil war broke out. The pew also bears a plate with a facsimile of the owner's signature.

THE DAY FIRST HONORED.

Chief Executive's Residence Was Then in New York.

The birthday of Washington has been observed as a holiday since his inauguration as President in 1789. Until then we had no national holiday, except the "Glorious Fourth." The colonies had always celebrated the king's birthday as the chief national holiday, and it came very natural to substitute the President's birthday.

The 22d of February, 1790, found the President established in the Franklin mansion, located at the corner of Cherry and Franklin streets, New York city, and well out of town. The house was the property of Mrs. Samuel Osgood, wife of a congressman, who had inherited it from her first husband, Walter Franklin, a merchant of New York. Although one of the largest and finest houses in the little city, contemporary opinions differed about it. The simple deemed it very fine, the more sophisticated failed to be impressed. It was of red brick, three stories in height, had a vestibule on Franklin street and a big door with brass knocker, and Congress paid Mr. Osgood $8,000 to fit it up for the President. Some people called it the "Palace."

Here Washington dwelt in fine stately fashion. When he attended the halls of Congress, in Wall street, he rode in a gorgeous coach drawn by six horses, with liveried outriders, powdered footmen and an escort of gentlemen mounted. Those who desired to pay their respects to the head of the state sent their names to his secretary beforehand. Once a week there would be a levee. The company assembled in a room bare of chairs, so that none might sit. At the hour named the President, in black velvet, and wearing a court sword, entered, and the gentlemen were presented to him by Col. Humphreys, who had been attache to our legation at Paris, and who knew all about such matters. There was no handshaking. The President carried his cocked hat in one hand, and the other rested on his sword. After having said something to each of his guests, he bowed and retired. Congressmen and foreign ministers came by appointment.

On the first birthday anniversary celebrated and the only one observed in this house, Congress adjourned, as did the municipal body, and accompanied by the corps diplomatique, repaired to the "Palace" where appropriate addresses were read, and a reply made by his excellency. This custom continued through the whole of Washington's first term. But the administration grew so at odds with Congress before the second term was ended, over the President's neutrality policy and the treaty with England and other matters, that the members refused to adjourn any more or take any notice of the days. Thereupon the "President's birthday" ceased to represent the "king's birthday" as an official holiday, but the people treasured it in their hearts and kept it green until it gained the formal recognition it has now.

William H. Seward: "George Washington the highest human personation of justice and benevolence."

COURTIN' A WIDDER

By GEORGE A. HARRIS

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"Yes, cousin Deb, there is no use talkin' I've seen more bad luck than any man livin' and it does seem sometimes as if the Lord or the Old Boy—I dunno which—had a perticlker spite ag'in me, and took delight in pilin' on the whacks! Who would ever have 'sposed a big, noble lookin' woman like B'lindy would have dropped off right in the dead of winter when my rheumatiz and lumbago, and ashmy and brownkeeters, always rage the wust kind? O, dear! what shall I do?" and Ebenezer Pert, a little wizened man, with pale watery blue eyes, and scattering wisps of yellow hair, buried his nose in the depths of a gingham handkerchief a yard square, and groaned dismally.

"Do," responded cousin Deb. "Why, spunk up and put the best foot forward. A widderer of your age with nine children on his hands has got to hustle. You can't lay round and eat and sleep and smoke old cob pipes same as you always have done."

"I never disputed Job's troubles," sniffed Ebenezer, and he flourished the gingham handkerchief spasmodically, "never—he had 'em like me—but his comforters was angels compared to mine. 'Twould melt a heart of stone to see the way I'm fixed. 'But my sufferin's air about over—I shall never climb winter hill—I feel it in my bones. I ain't had a decent thing to eat sence poor B'lindy died, nothin' but dough cakes and slops, and my stummick is all out of kilter. Poor B'lindy! what a treasure I've lost! so prudent, so clever natered!"

"Look here, Ebenezer, I've advised and advised, but what has it amounted to? If there is anything I despise it is a snivelin' man that has got no gumption. You've got to face facts, B'lindy's gone, you've lost your berden bearer, and all your howlin' won't bring her back," and Deb, flashed a glance at her elderly relative which was far from sympathetic.

"I know it, Deb—" he whimpered, "but my poor heart is buried in her grave. Nobody knows my feelin's but myself. I shall never find another to take her place—not if I live to be as old as Methuseller! She took all the care of the critters and the milkin', and the barn and the house, and the young 'uns, and if—"

"If," broke in Deb sharply, "you don't stop your wallin's I'll leave this house inside of twenty minutes, bag and baggage. I've hearn it jest as long as I'm a goin' to. I have been here two months and you've not made the least effort to git a housekeeper."

"I'd like to know who I'm goin' to git?" queried Ebenezer, and he eyed her warily through his finners.

"Well, there is plenty of widders. I heard Elder Trieger say there was twenty-seven drawin' pinshins out of the government, right in this neighborhood."

"Well," said Ebenezer in a resigned tone, "it's pooty cool weather for a man of my years to start out lookin' up widders, but I 'spose its got to be done. Do you think of any perticler one you can rickermend?"

"Well-let me think—there is Mis' Holden, she's as smart as a steel trap."

"Yes, but I won't have her, she is homlier than a lodge fence.

"Mis' Davis is a pretty good cook, but she is slow."

"I won't have her nuther, she is crosser lookin' than buttermilk, and would jar on my feelin's."

"How about Mis' Brown, she is very capable."

"I don't want her. I couldn't rellish her grub. She's got false teeth, caus I watched her handlin' 'em down to the donation, when she thought nobody see'd."

"How would Nancy Green do?"

"Nancy Green!" and he opened his little eyes in horror. "Cousin Deb Potter, air you crazy? A woman that's been disworsted from three livin' husbands! Why, I wouldn't step in the same house with that woman for a million dollars!"

"Well, I can't think of anybody else that could fill the bill unless its the widder Jumper over to Durham. Don't you remember, she was Janie Dobson?"

"Janie Dobson! Well, I guess I do!" and a sickly smile overspread his withered face, "I courted her considerable when we was both young. I 'spose she was really the woman I should have merried, but we had a little bust up, and she merried old Proggit, and I merried Polly Dudley—, and then she was a widder and merried old Jumper jest after I merried B'lindy and things has always gone kind of skew-gee for me both. Poor little Janie, she was an awful pooty girl, red cheeks and black eyes, and shaped just like a weasle. I snum Deb, how I would like to see her and git to talkin' over old times! Who knows but I can coax her to keep house for me awhile; and then—um-um—" and he poked his cousin's ribs significantly.

"That's the way to talk, Ebenezer. I think she would come over and jump at the chance. All you lack is git-up. Why can't you ride over to Durham to-night—strike while the iron is hot you know."

"Sart'in Deb, sart'in!" and he sprung to his feet with a suddenness which fairly took away her breath, "just hunt me up a paper collar, and grease my best boots, and don't forgit a clean handkerchief in case I should shed tears. I 'spect the neighbors will say its airly for me to go courtin' widders, but what they say don't put short cake in my mouth, or mend the holes in my stockin's. No-sir-e—" and he snapped his fingers—"Let 'em cackle!"

* * * * *

The widow Jumpers' kitchen was as cosy and comfortable as fresh paint and paper, crétonne covered furniture, and gay home made rugs could make it. A cheerful log fire blazed in the

"I snum, Janie, if this don't seem like old times!"

old fashioned fireplace, and Janie was in the act of lighting the evening lamps when there came a loud rap-rap-rap at the door.

"Its only me—Mis' Jumper," answered a faint voice from outside. "Don't you remember Ebenezer Pert?"

"Well I guess I do!" and she threw the door wide open letting a stream of warmth and light upon the shivering figure on the doorstep.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Pert!" and she clasped his numb fingers effusively. "Let me take your overcoat and muffler, you must be nearly frozen! Now set up to the fire and give your poor feet a good toastin'. Have you been to supper—no—well then let me git you some and a cup of hot tea—shant I?"

"I should feel turribly obleeged if you would Mis' Jumper. I don't mind tellin' you I'm jest about on my last legs. I s'pose you've hearn about poor B'lindy?"

"O, yes, Mr. Pert, such sad news always travels fast. But you must try and reconcile yourself to the ways of providence."

"I try to marm—but it's pesky hard," and he began to ransack his pockets in quest of a handkerchief. 'Losin' B'lindy was a turrible blow!"

"It must have been, Mr. Pert," and the widow rubbed her nose with a corner of her white apron sympathetically. "But I can feel for you—dear friend—I have lost two beloved companions—"

"But four, marm—think of four—three of 'em as likely females as ever stirred a bannock—the other—to my sorrer—was a weak vessel, who forsook a loving husband for a sewin' machine man—but she got her comeuppance. O, marm—I've been called to wade through seas of trouble—yes sear:"

"I know you have, poor girl, but you must try and bear up—it is the only way. I don't suppose you have much appetite, but do set down and force yourself to eat a few mouthfuls anyway. I've got cold chicken and lemon tapioca cream, and boiled cabbage and canned string beans, and a two quart jug of old cherry cider—drink every drop—do now—it will do your soul good."

Solemnly, and as though he was performing a sacred duty, Ebenezer proceeded to manipulate his knife and fork, and when the plump chicken was reduced to bones and the tapioca cream had vanished from sight, when every fragment of cabbage and canned string beans had disappeared from the platter, and the last drop of old cherry cider had gurgled slowly down his throat, he leaned back in his chair and smiled upon the widow with moist eyes.

"I believe I never see lovlier chicken then yours, Mis' Jumper! rooster or pullet?"

"Rooster."

"I snum Janie if this don't seem like old times, come over here and set down side of me, I want to have a long talk with you."

"In just a minute, Mr. Pert."

"O, now Janie," and his face took on an injured look. "Don't call me Mr. Pert. Is useful to be 'Ebby' once, don't you remember?"

"Y-e-s-s?"

"I've thought of you all these years Janie, I have I swan—I never see anyone I loved half as well as I did you. Phaps you don't believe it but its the truth. Now things has worked our way spos'n we 'jine conditions. Say, Janie, will you hev me?"

"O-O-O My-My-My—!

"Say 'Yes,' Janie."

"Yes, Ebby."

At the Kindergarten.

"Would you be sorry if your mamma was to die?" asked the smallest little girl on the bench as she painstakingly threaded her needle and fell to work on her hemming.

"Oh, what a silly question!" replied the plump girl with a blue pinafore who sat next to her. "Of course I snould." And she gave a vicious tug at her thread to shake the knot out of it.

"Well, I shouldn't be sorry if my father was to die," put in a thin little woman of eight.

The other looked shocked and asked why.

"Oh, he's too fresh," replied the thin girl in accents of deepest disgust.

"A widderer of your age with nine children on his hands has got to hustle."

An Ideal Woman's Medicine.

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Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equaled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

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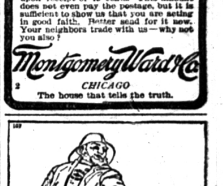

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will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.

Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer in the world, he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $4 and $5.00.

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