COULDN'T LIFT TEN POUNDS.

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Strength and Health to the Sufferer, Making Him Feel Twenty-Five Years Younger.

J. B. Corton, farmer and lumberman, of Depp, N. C., says: "I suffered for years with my back. It was so bad that I could not walk any distance nor even ride in an easy buggy. I do not believe I could have raised ten pounds of weight from the ground, the pain was so severe. This was my condition when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly relieved me and now I am never troubled as I was. My back is strong and I can walk or ride a long distance and feel just as strong as I did twenty-five years ago. I think so much of Doan's Kidney Pills that I have given a supply of the remedy to some of my neighbors and they have also found good results. If you can sift anything from this rambling note that will be of any service to you, or to any one suffering from kidney trouble, you are at liberty to do so."

J. B. CORTON.

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers; price, 50 cts.

King's Sacred Rattle in Museum.

When the king of Benin, Africa, fled from his palace on the approach of the British troops some months ago he left behind him the sistrum, or sacred rattle, used in religious worship when human sacrifices were offered. In it is a receptacle for the blood of human victims. It is of very ancient design and owes its origin possibly to Portuguese influences. The reverse view of the sistrum shows an image of the crocodile deity, one of the many to whom human sacrifices were made. The strange object is now in a museum.

New Tourist Sleeping Car Service to California.

On August 15th the Missouri Pacific Railway will establish a daily through Tourist Sleeping Car Line, St. Louis to San Francisco. Train will leave St. Louis daily 11:59, p. m. The route will be via Missouri Pacific Railway to Pueblo, Colorado, thence via Denver and Rio Grande to Salt Lake City and Ogden and Southern Pacific to San Francisco and Los Angeles. This is the famous scenic line of the world—through the picturesque Rocky Mountains. The service and accommodations will be up-to-date and will be personally conducted.

Very low rates will be in effect from August 15th to September 10th via Missouri Pacific Railway to the principal Pacific Coast points and return. Also Low Rate Colonist one way tickets will be sold from September 15th to October 15th. For rates, information and reservation of berths, apply to nearest representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway, or address H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Word "Weigh" Too Much for Him.

A London juryman fainted the other day while the judge was charging the body. The judge was saying: "You must give the statements of the witnesses for the defense full weight." At the words, "full weight," the juryman fainted. Later, it was found that he was a coal dealer.

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"DEFIANCE" SHOE

for Boys, Big & Little and for

Women and Girls

"Defiance" Shoes are simply "Wear - Proof"

Ask your dealer. Booklet free

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$1,200 TO $3,000 A YEAR is being made by graduates of the Western Veterinary College practicing and in general positions. Catalog free. Dr. A. E. MATTOX, 1120 Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.

$400 for $100 Do you want it? We have a sworn statement that $200 for $50 you get it. Opportunity soon ends. $100 for $25 Applications accepted in order received. $40 for $10 Interest until all back money and will be returned. Amounts from $10 to $500 in larger or smaller sums. This is your opportunity to make money in an honest and safe way. No money lost. Your value received and share profits equally. Do it now. WM. HUBMAN, Box 23 I, Denver, Colo.

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BLINDNESS AND DEAFNESS CURED AT HOME

If you have weak eyes, failing sight, chronic inflammation, cataract, film or one or more specks on any kind, catarrh of nasal passages, or any description of your case and a trial treatment will be sent you

FREE OF CHARGE.

This trial treatment is mild and soothing, has cured many people who had to give up hope. Dr. Moore was appointed by two Governors, Chief Eye and Ear Surgeon for the State Militia, Examiner for the Board of Pensions, and was also Professor of the Eye and Ear in the Atlanta Medical College. Many testimonials and references. Write to DR. J. HARVEY MOORE, Eye and Ear Specialist, Suite 50, Odd Fellows' Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

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

A Prayer for Dead Children.

Lord God, whose judgment ever right
Has fallen, swift and keen as light
Upon our land,

The prayers of thousands echo loud—
The poor, the rich, the humble, proud
In sorrow stand

To ask thy mercy on the souls
Of those o'er whom the water rolls
Or breezes blow.

We feel the force of thy decree
"Suffer ye must to come to me"—
Oh, mercy show!

—J. F. C. in the New York Sun.

RASPBERRIES FOR SUPPER

BY BERNICE CHASE

Supper at the old red farm house where farmer Peter Wheeler and his wife had lived for a score of years had been over for half an hour.

The gray-haired husband sat smoking his pipe under the cherry tree at the corner of the house, when Aunt Jane, his wife, came out to take a seat on the home-made bench beside him.

"Look-a-here, pa," said Uncle Peter, as he looked out across the garden, "I've been wondering what's the matter with Kate. She hasn't been 'tall like herself for the past month."

Kate was their 18-year-old daughter and there were plenty of people who called her the belle of Ingham township.

"She got cold and had a rash break out on her, you know," was the reply, "but there's nothin' to be scart over. I think these hot days make her sort o' stupid, too."

"It's the first I've heard about a rash. Kate ain't no baby to be hevin' rashes. I tell ye, ma, that gal's got sunthin' on her mind."

"Pooh! Pooh!"

"Wall, I believe it. She used to be singin' and whistlin' and cuttin' up from morn till night, and now she's as dumpy as a sick lamb. Yes, sir, sunthin's worryin' her, and I'm jest goin' to find out what it is."

"You are jest goin' to let things alone and not go pokin' around," said Aunt Jane.

"Then, tell me what's the matter. I was thinkin' to-day that Joe Kidder hadn't been over here for—for—why, ma, it must be a month since he was here. Has she and Joe had a spat?"

"All lovers have spats. Didn't you'n me get mad a dozen times over? If Joe Kidder wants to stay away, no one's goin' to lasso and drag him over here."

"I was down in the back field to-day where he was workin', and I thought he was purty grumpy. If I'd known what I do know, I'd told him what was what. He's a good 'nuff feller, and would probably make Kate a good husband; but he mustn't be growlin' around like a sore-headed bear. I'll make it my business to——"

"To attend to your business, pa, and that is to keep still and say nuthin' to nobody but me. When a gal's mother don't know how to carry her through a little spat with her lover, no one else need try. I forbid you to say one word to any livin' soul."

"But I'm her father," protested Uncle Pete, waving his pipe around until the tobacco fell out.

"And that's just the reason you should keep quiet. What was Joe doin' down in the back lot?"

"Diggin' post holes for a board fence."

"Purty near our line?"

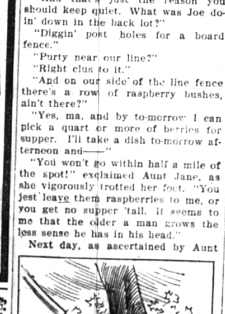
"Right clus to it."

"And on our side of the line fence there's a row of raspberry bushes, ain't there?"

"Yes, ma, and by to-morrow I can pick a quart or more of berries for supper. I'll take a dish to-morrow afternoon and——"

"You won't go within half a mile of the spot!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, as she vigorously trotted her foot. "You jest leave them raspberries to me, or you get no supper 'tall. It seems to me that the older a man grows the less sense he has in his head."

Next day, as ascertained by Aunt Jane from an upper window, Joe Kidder dug post holes by the raspberry patch. Aunt Jane observed that he was not making the dirt fly to any appalling extent, but he worked like a man whose thoughts were elsewhere, and he took a rest every few minutes to glance at the old red house.



"But I'm her father!" protested Uncle Perry.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon she went down stairs and said to the daughter, who sat on the front piazza with a book upside down in her hand:

"Kate, I want you to go down along the pasture fence to the creek and gather raspberries for supper. Pa says there are heaps of them down there. Take that two-quart tin basin I bought the other day.

The girl started off. Her mother, looking after her, saw how little ambition she had, and chuckled to herself:

"You'll come back walking on your heels, Miss Lady, or I'm no prophet; and I shouldn't wonder if there'd be four of us to supper instead of three."

To give Miss Kate due credit, she did not know that Joe Kidder was at work there, so she had no part to play. She wandered along in an aimless way until she reached the raspberry bushes, and then she began gathering the luscious fruit.

Each was dying to make up.

She had been at work ten minutes when Joe, straightening up to rest his back, detected her presence.

His heart gave a jump and a sudden weakness took him in the knees. His first idea was to rush to the fence and address her, but he suddenly remembered that she had been aggressively independent, and that he owed something to his dignity.

Two minutes later she had discovered him. Her first thought was to walk away, but she did not propose to let Joe Kidder think she was afraid to face him; therefore she began to hum a tune as the berries fell into the dish.

It was an awkward, embarrassing situation for both. Each was dying to make up, but just how to begin proceedings was the puzzle.

A poor, innocent rabbit solved the difficulty. He was hidden under the raspberry bushes, and when Miss Kate got too close to him he bolted. The noise caused the girl to scream out. Joe rushed to the fence.

"What is it, Kate—what is it?"

She pointed to the rabbit loping across the clover field, and Joe continued:

"I didn't know but what it was a black snake. I saw one on this side yesterday, and—and——"

He mounted the rails, but as he reached the top he paused. Didn't dignity require something of him? Wasn't he going ahead too fast?

"I don't think there are any snakes here," remarked Kate, with her back to him, "but——"

She waited there and Joe waited, and by and by a happy inspiration came to him.

"But I might help you pick raspberries for supper?"

"Ye-yes."

An hour later Aunt Jane saw a happy pair of lovers approaching, her basin of berries borne aloft, and as she looked from them to Uncle Pete, working in the garden, she said:

"The idea of pa mixin' himself up in a lovers' quarrel! He'd have separated them forever. When he finds Joe over here and sees Kate smilin' and gigglin' and that big dish of raspberries—! Wall, it's a good thing for Pa Wheeler that he's got me to look after him!"

Author Made His Own Terms.

In Parisian literary circles they are telling a new story about Eugene Sue and the queer way in which he used to bargain over his serial rights. His "Mysteries of Paris" had just appeared and Sue was the man of the moment. To him went the editor of the Constitutionnel, then one of the leading French papers, for the purpose of securing the rights as a serial of whatever new work he had in hand.

"I shall want $20,000 for it," replied Sue, "payable to-day."

The editor said he was willing to pay it, and produced his check book.

"Hold on," cried Sue, "there is one condition. I understand that you have the smartest carriage and pair in Paris. I stipulate that you shall send them every day to my house to bring me my proofs and fetch my copy."

Though the request was rather an odd one the editor agreed to it, and as the work which he thus obtained was "The Wandering Jew," he probably never regretted of his bargain.

Pass Under the Rod

An Old Favorite

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheeks,
And the future looked blooming and gay.
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There I heard, whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips, as they murmured his name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
For the pale of her sorrow was sold!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away!
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high.
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

I saw a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evenings of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet,
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosom had fled,
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

Hat on a Frolic

The young man seemed to be of a particularly mild disposition and the straw hat he wore was not out of the ordinary, but the combination was the cause of a series of mishaps on a Seventh avenue car the other day. And it was a closed car at that. The young man and the hat took a seat well forward and were soon in deep thought—at least the young man was. The hat was evidently cooking up mischief.

The chance came at last. It was blowing a gale in the street and hats were flying in all directions. The slight probably fired the ambition of the hat on the young man's head.

At Twenty-third street the car stopped. A stout woman climbed on the front platform and the motorman obligingly opened the door for her. With the woman came the tail end of a particularly fierce gust of wind which hit the car plumb center. The hat arose from the young man's head, seemed to pause for a moment in mid-air as though selecting a victim, and then started on its aerial flight. It nipped off the eyeglasses of a choleric looking old man, caromed across the car and smacked a German woman in the face. Then, gathering fresh impetus from an open window, it sailed up to the roof of the car, tried to ring up a couple of fares on the register, and fell into the lap of a woman carrying a baby. From thence it dropped lightly to the floor, evidently satisfied with its work.

The owner of the hat jumped after it at the first stage of the desertion, but was obliged to tack about the stout woman whose entrance to the car had caused the trouble. When he got by he failed to save the choleric old man, who was blindly groping for his glasses on the floor of the car and saying harsh things sotto voce. Therefore, the young man was hardly to blame when his knee came into violent contact with the choleric party's ear, knocking off his hat. The young man, who was crimson with embarrassment, turned to apologize, and, plunging forward in his confusion, stepped squarely upon the crown of his mischievous hat, which was reposing at the feet of the woman with the baby.

The young man was still several blocks from his destination, and the rain had begun to fall; but somehow he felt that his presence in the car was rather embarrassing to the other passengers, so he got off. The choleric man found his hat and glasses, but not his temper. The German woman quoted Wagnerian selections while she prospected about her face for possible scratches, and the woman with the baby said something that sounded like "chump."—New York Press.

Digging in Ancient Ruins

Interesting and valuable archaeological discoveries have been made on the site of the ancient Greek city Olbia. The site is situated on the southern bank of the Boug, about midway between Otchakoff and Nicolaieff, and not far distant from the estuary of the Dneiper. This ancient city was a great center for Greek trade with the interior. It is generally maintained among archaeological authorities that a trade route extended from Olbia across country to the northern sea, and when a find of ancient Greek coins was made it was contended to be substantial proof of the fact. Recently, however, it was proved that these coins were spurious.

Olbia was destroyed by the Getoa about 70 to 60 B. C., but it revived and when it was visited by Dion Chrysostum about 100 A. D. it was again a flourishing city. The excavations that are now in progress upon the site of this city are being carried out by M. Formakovski under the auspices of the Russian Archaeological society. M. Formakovski has succeeded in unearthing extensive portions of the walls and foundations of the original city, which date back from the seventh century, B. C. The masonry is identical with that of the ruins of ancient cities excavated in various parts of Greece. Before this depth was reached two different strata of walls and basements bearing descriptions of the fourth and first centuries B. C. were encountered.

The stone blocks composing the ruins of houses, temples, etc., in these upper strata are of remarkably exact area, square proportions and excellently dressed. The more solid constructive work is, however, found in the remains of the original city. At this depth there was unearthed a perfectly preserved wine cellar. Some fifty huge jars or vases had evidently contained red wine, now turned to a light powdery substance. A large collection of valuable antiques in gold, marble and ancient pottery has also been found in these newly uncovered ruins. These have been dispatched to the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. M. Mormakovski, however, is carefully examining every antique unearthed, to establish its genuine character, as it was on this site that the spurious tiara of Saltypharnes, now in the Louvre, was alleged to have been discovered.

When Time Hung Heavy

J. B. Southard, old-day miner in the Western El Dorado, lawyer at the state bar, preacher for a season, judge on the bench, but now gone over "Lethe's wharf" into the sea that sweeps away to an unknown shore, once found time hanging on his hands.

He accidentally met one afternoon a long-lost friend and ex-partner from the mines of an upper county. The judge had not seen Bill since they had shoveled dirt into a flume together back in the dim '50's. They dropped all else and hugged each other in Oriental fervency. Then the hours flew with a whiz. Not in the ordinary rush, but so rapidly that the minutes and seconds fell off the body of time and were lost on the way. First at the Occidental bar, where the judge was at home; thence to Frank Garcia's, and afterward to the Pacific club—now out of date. Then to the other resorts frequented by the boon companions of the town and the day. Without halting they went over the route again, hurrying, hurrying on through the night. No account has been kept of the libations that were poured out in that bacchanalian feast. Bill had frequently turned himself loose and made the golden dust fly after the clean-up, but this was faster than the best time of a mining town carouse.

Along toward morning Bill began to break, and finally lost his feet. The judge carried him on around the streets, but his condition called imperiously for a downy bed and the restorer—sleep.

When the hack had rolled off for the hotel with Bill the deserted and lonely man stood looking sadly down the street. The sun was flushing the sky over the Alameda hills and the young day was finding its way through the city streets. But time had left no record of the passing night. To him an hour was as a second and a century as a day.

"What shall I do," he soliloquized; "what the thunder shall I do the rest of the night?"—San Francisco Call.

How to Boil Roasting Ears.

There is but one way to boil roasting ears. Put on a pot of boiling water and "break" it with a little soda, skim the water, and put in another vessel in order to get all the lime out of it. Add a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, several pinches of salt, and, when the water comes to a boil, put in the roasting ears, cover tightly, and boil furiously till thoroughly heated through—from fifteen to twenty minutes—and serve hot. It will be cooked in a way that one can eat three or four ears—my husband can and often does eat six ears and asks for more.—El Dorado (Kas.) Republican.

Deepest Sounding Ever Made.

The deepest sounding ever made by any vessel was the United States ship Nero while engaged in Honolulu-Manila cable survey. When near Guam the Nero got 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet, only 66 feet less than six miles. If Mount Everest, the highest mountain on earth, were set down in this hole, it would have above its summit a depth of 2,613 feet, or nearly half a mile of water.

CLOUDS EIGHT MILES HIGH.

Peculiarities Attending and Preceding Thunderstorms Noted.

A great cumulous thunderhead cloud, towering up on the horizon like a huge flamboyant iceberg, is often higher than the highest Alps would be if they were piled on top of the Himalayas.

It is not unusual for these clouds to measure five, six and even eight miles from their flat, dark base, hovering a mile or two above the world, to their rounded, glistening summit, splendid in the sunlight. And in these eight miles the changes of temperature are as great as those over many thousand miles of the earth's surface. These clouds contain strata of temperature, narrow belts of freezing cold alternating with large distances of rainy mist and frozen snow and ice particles.

Hailstones, which are formed from a snow particle that falls from the upper strata and is frozen hard in the freezing belt and coated with added ice on the wet belt, are often found with a series of layers in their formation, showing that they have passed through this succession of cloud strata more than once on their way from the upper air to the earth.

Homeless of London.

From an investigation made by the medical officer of the London county council, according to a writer in a recent issue of the New York Medical Record, it is estimated that one in every 2,000 of the population of the city of London is homeless. A census of the persons who could not pay for a night's lodging in the cheapest of lodging houses and passed the night out of doors in the streets, or under arches, or in the recesses of front doors, or on landings and staircases of tenements where the doors had been left open, revealed such a number in a certain district that the officer felt justified to make the estimate presented to the council. On the night this investigation was undertaken there were 6,000 vacant beds in the lodging houses.

Mentality Shown by Laughter.

High mentality is shown in a laugh. There are savages in Africa who never laugh; they grin, that is all; and this lack of the quality of laughter is a symptom of their low mentality.

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

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The good man looks for the good in the bad, the evil for the bad in the good.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the Great Kidney and Liver Cure. World Famous. Write Dr. Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle.

A man is not likely to live a supernatural life without a supernatural hope.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The atmospheric pressure on a man of average stature is about fifteen tons.

The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, send Home Eye Book free. Write them about your eyes

Salt rubbed on the black spots on dishes will remove them.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N.Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member of W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can also thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of my troubles. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, Box 229, Lillydale, N.Y.

$5000 forfeit if original of above letter, proving genuineness cannot be produced.

TRY A CHANGE from MEAT to Mapl-Flake for breakfast and supper.

WET WEATHER WISDOM

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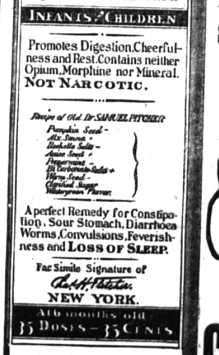

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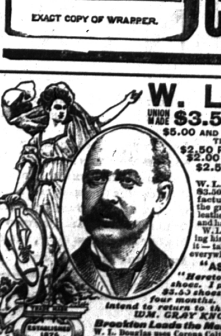

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$2.00 WORKINGMEN'S, BEST IN THE WORLD.

$2.50, $2.00 AND $1.75 BOYS, FOR DRESS AND SCHOOL WEAR.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason is because the greatest values in the world are made of the best leathers, hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and have more value than any other shoes.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by dealers everywhere. Send Color Eyelets used exclusively.

"AS GOOD AS $7.00 SHOES."

"Herefordshire" is another three-sole shoe. I purchased a pair of W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes and have worn them four months. They are as good as any $7.00 shoe I ever had, and have more wearing qualities. I intend to wear no more expensive shoes.—WM. GRAY KNOBLOCH, City Electrician, Brooklyn Leads the Man's Shoe Fashions of the World. Write for Catalog giving full information. Sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, send direct to factory. Shoes sent to any part of the world. Established 1876. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.