FROM MISERY TO HEALTH.

A Society Leader and Club Woman of Kansas City Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills for a Quick Cure.

Miss Nellie Davis, of 1216 Michigan Ave., Kansas City, Mo., society leader and club woman, writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, for they effected a complete cure in a very short time when I was suffering from kidney troubles brought on by a cold. I had severe pains in the back and sick headaches, and felt miserable all over. A few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills made me a well woman, without an ache or pain, and I feel compelled to recommend this reliable remedy."

(Signed) NELLIE DAVIS.

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

Immense Egg.

A duck which is owned by T. Lane of Chesterton, Staffordshire, laid an extraordinary egg. It weighed ten and one-quarter ounces, was four and three-quarters inches in length and eight and three-quarters inches in circumference. The whole of the contents filled an imperial half pint measure.

"The Woods Are Full of Deer."

A little leaflet bearing this title contains a lot of information in regard to the deer, small game, birds and fish in the Adirondacks this fall, and the shooting will begin at an early day.

Send a 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, New York, and he will send you a copy.

Easily Carried to Lockup.

A man locally known as the "living skeleton" was recently fined at Lytham, England. He stands over six feet high, but only weighs a little over 98 pounds. The constable who arrested him carried him to the police station under his arm.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists', 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Many a man sits around and growls about having to support a wife who works eighteen hours a day trying to support him.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years, The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Since 1840 the world's production of meat has been increased fifty-seven per cent and grain four hundred and twenty per cent.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

A man thinks he knows a woman when he asks her to become his wife, but after marriage he discovers his mistake.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

$1,200 TO $3,000 A YEAR

is being made by graduates of the Western Veterinary College practicing and in government positions. Catalogue free. Dr. A. E. WATTLES, 1139 Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.

Wiggle-Stick

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE.

Works quick; breaks; frees her spot clothes. Costs 10 cents; equals 25 cents worth of any other blue.

$400 for $100 Do you want it? We have $200 for $50 | you get it. Opportunity soon ends. $100 for $25 | Applications accepted in order of $40 for $10 | arrival until all taken; balance of money sent will be returned. Amounts from $10 to $100, some larger, to one name. This is your opportunity to make money in an honest and safe way. No money lost. You get value received and share profits equally. Do it now.

THE BURHAM, Box 231, Denver, Colo.

YOU CAN HELP

that tired stomach and weary brain by making

Mapl-Flake

your regular diet.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative

"I have used one of your Fish Grand Stickers for five years and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as far ahead of a common coat as a common one is ahead of nothing."

(NAME ON APPLICATION)

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

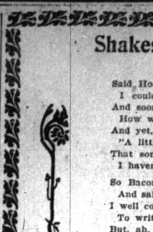
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing and Hats

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

Shakespeare and Bacon.



Said Hood: "I know, if I'd mind,
I could like Shakespeare write
And soon could prove to all mankind
How well I can indite:
And yet," remarked this genial man,
"A little hitch I find
That somewhat mars my simple plan—
I haven't got the mind!"

So Bacon might have borne his part
And said: "For sake of praise,
I well could find it in my heart
To write all Shakespeare's plays;
But, ah, I feel a touch of fear
That somewhat makes me start:
I have the mind, serene and clear,
But haven't got the heart!"

—London Spectator.

The DUKE'S RETURN

LEGEND OF AN OLD ITALIAN PALACE

(FROM THE ITALIAN)

At Pisa in Tuscany was a very old palace which had belonged to the Dukes of Villaciosa. Held for long years in the family, it was finally bought on the death of Giulio, the last of the line, by a man named Galemberti, who made the palace, with its famous carvings by Benvenuto Cellini, and mosaics designed by Raphael and Titian, into a fashionable hotel for those who were willing to pay high prices for the privilege of living amid these splendors of art.

"Yes, yes. My boy will be rich—very rich, some day," Galemberti used to say, and taking in his arms his

Gazing fixedly.

child, with the large, sad eyes, he embraced him. "Beppo Galemberti," said he, "you will be a great lord."

But Beppo only said, "We will go to the mountains, far away from the cities;" and we will drink milk and live on the ferm in the pure air."

The incident here related occurred on a gala day. All the great people of the neighborhood came to Pisa one day of the year to visit their friends in the town and every room in the house was spoken for.

Galemberti hurried here and there, while Beppo, to avoid the noise, took refuge in a window, where, looking out, he could see the other boys at play in the street below. Suddenly among a group of strangers he saw a man gazing fixedly at the facade of the hotel. His countenance was marked by sadness and dignity.

"How like Athos," said the child, who had read devouringly the novels of Dumas.

All at once Beppo saw him enter the courtyard of the hotel. Quitting his place at the window he hurried to the vestibule just in time to hear the stranger speak with a sharp, clear voice to a servant.

"I wish to speak to thy master, he said.

"I will call my master," the servant answered, and Galemberti soon appeared with a look which Beppo called "the expression of a bad day."

"What do you wish here?" demanded Galemberti.

The stranger raised his head and replied.

"I wish a room—your best one."

Galemberti made no answer.

"I wish your bedchamber, the one where hangs the picture by Raphael."

Galemberti could only answer: "You know it, then."

"Take me there at once."

The little hand of Beppo slid into that of his father, and he said: "Please papa, go with him."

The stranger glanced sadly at the child while Galemberti answered:

"But all my rooms are engaged by a club which may arrive any time now."

"Well, tell them I have the room—here. I pay in advance."

"Ah, well. He gets the room who pays. Come, little one."

Galemberti struck an attitude of despair as the stranger installed himself in the room. "The devil is in that man. Under his rags he acts as if he were a king," and a strange feeling of anxiety seized him.

The apprehensions of Galemberti were well founded, for it was a real Villaciosa who was in that rich room once again after twelve years. During his absence he had joined the Greek army and at the battle of Navarino was badly wounded in the head. He was reported to have been killed. Then he had taken a whim to live as an artist in a city far from Pisa until a chance word had made known to him the ignoble fate of the home of his fathers. Thereupon he had made his way to Tuscany.

Now he would rescue the palace of the Villaciosas, he thought. He would proclaim his name—a name known to all Italy. But who would believe him? This resuscitated man—who would know or recognize him?

When the clock struck for dinner, the grand dining hall was crowded with guests. Galemberti multiplied himself, red and radiant among the attendants.

Suddenly a door opened slowly and in the doorway appeared the stranger. It was the moment when Giulo, Duke of Villaciosa, was to claim his own.

With a salute of one accustomed to rank and power he presented himself to the guests. Every eye was turned on him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am happy on my return to Italy to feast with my friends in the house of my ancestors."

Some one cried: "But who are you?"

"I am Giulio, Duke of Villaciosa—"

"He is an impostor. Giulio died at Navarino," snarled Galemberti.

"No, you fool! Giulio was only wounded at Navarino, and has this day returned to his home—"

An old gentleman, the Count Barthold, came forward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I knew Giulio's father. He was my best friend. I am quite ready to offer my hand to his son if he can furnish me proofs of his identity."

"Yes, yes," said Galemberti, in despair, "we demand the proof."

"You demand it," answered Giulio with a laugh; but turning to the Count Barthold he added, "your request is very just and I hasten to receive the embrace of my father's friend. Follow me, then; and you, too, gentlemen."

All followed, Galemberti trembling in the rear with little Beppo.

The great staircase resounded under the many feet and the door of the chamber of the Dukes of Villaciosa was opened. The picture of the Madonna seemed suddenly to grow radiant.

With tranquil assurance the stranger stood before the picture and seemed lost in contemplation.

Galemberti was triumphant. "He is a madman—"

But the "madman," after having examined the gold frame, pressed upon a certain point near the lower corner. A panel slid back and there was seen a small treasure box. "See," said the Duke, "all the wealth of Villaciosa left in safety."

Then was confusion; all present offered their congratulations and good wishes, while Galemberti, profiting by the noise, took Beppo's little hand and hurried away. He had hardly reached the staircase when the voice of the Duke was heard to say:

"We have an account to settle with you yet, Mr. Hotel Keeper. This child—your child—pleases me. He was kind to the beggar, as I appeared to be a little while ago. For this reason I do not wish you and he should be sorrowful in our day of joy. I take possession of my palace, of which I was defrauded, but I offer you the care of my estate at Carrara. There, as here, you will receive a large in-

"No doubt you could open it if you only knew how."

come, and the fresh air and milk and eggs will be a happiness to you and your boy."

How happy was Beppo, and his father happy in him, as the Duke, receiving a soft hand in his, cried: "See, now, the contract is signed," and turning to the company: "Now for our dinner, which you will forgive me that I interrupted. I think I have the appetite of an ox."—From the Italian

Gen. Tracy's Queer Hand.

Some time during the year before Gen. Tracy was appointed secretary of the navy and went to Washington to live, the Tracys had in their Brooklyn home an Irish servant girl who was something of a character. Tall rawboned and muscular, cross-eyed and frackled, she was not much to look at, but her dignity was not to be trifled with. Unable to read or write her ingenuity in evading the admission was a source of much amusement to her employers. One day when the members of the family were all away in the country she received a telegram from the general, and, taking it around to the grocery store, she said to the proprietor, whom she knew well:

"Tom, there's just one word in this telegram I can't make out. The general does write such a queer hand."—New York Times.

MAKING OF FINE LACES.

One Case Where American Genius Is Still at Fault.

"Fine laces," said W. W. Chace, "constitute one of the most readily salable classes of merchandise which is imported to this country, and it is a source of wonder that American genius has not devised some way in which to meet this demand with a domestic article which will serve the same purpose and can be sold at something like the same price.

"But it has not," he continued. "We have had many machines invented, but the nearest we can come is to manufacture a type of lace which is naturally cheap and does not in any sense approach its hand-made foreign rival. Of course, American women could be taught in time to knit such fine fabrics as their sisters do in Ireland, England, France, Germany and Spain; but we in this country are too busy making money to waste time in that way.

"I have traveled all over Europe, and the most interesting method of making lace over there that I came across was at Plauen, Germany. It is woven on a kind of bolting cloth made of fine silk, and after the pattern is completed a certain acid, parts of which are kept secret, is applied and the bolting cloth eaten away, leaving only the lace. They also have a way of altering the strength of the acid in order to give the lace a rich, old color."—Louisville Herald.

EGYPT'S PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

Agricultural Interests Alarmed at Their Ravages.

There is every probability of the plague of locusts which has now descended on Egypt proving a very serious one. Great anxiety is felt for the young cotton and other crops.

The locusts first arrive in comparatively small numbers, but they multiply very rapidly as soon as they reach the edge of cultivation. Within ten days the young insects, still wingless, advance in a solid phalanx, sometimes two or three feet deep and several miles in length. It is essential that at this stage they should be destroyed as it would be impossible to check the ravages of flying locusts.

The method adopted during the last visitation, that of 1890, was to dig deep trenches, sometimes miles in length, between which and the advancing swarm huge heaps of straw were laid and fired. Any locusts which succeeded in escaping the flames and smoke fell into the trenches, where they were destroyed by natives under the supervision of English instructors. It is a providential habit of young locusts never to turn back or aside when once started, no matter what obstacles are put in their way.—Cairo correspondence London Daily Mail.

Disraeli On His Marriage.

Disraeli autographs, formerly among the scarcest, threaten to glut the market. At least a dozen have been put into the hands of the auctioneers and dealers during the last few days.

One of the number has that touch of nature which makes men kin. It is a letter written to announce his marriage, and is addressed to his uncle, Mr. Ratcliff, the parliamentary lawyer. "I rather think," he says, "that you will not be so much surprised as I am, that I am going to be married, and you can even hazard a conjecture as to the lady who is about to make me a happy man."

Alas, there is no footnote to say whether and to what extent the nephew "drew" his uncle. A wedding present was likely to be acceptable enough to Disraeli at that date, when he was still in the hands of his compatriots—the Jews; and though his uncle was a man of means, he was also a man of prejudices, and of these his nephew had the full disadvantage.—London Daily Chronicle.

Wild Dogs of Central Africa.

Of the wild dog of central Agrica an explorer writes: "The wild dog is common enough. He is an ugly looking beast, with a pied body, coarse hair, short head and large upright ears. These wild dogs play fearful havoc with game, occasionally clearing out whole districts precisely in the same manner as the red dhole of India, before which even the tiger is said to retreat. They have a wonderful power of scent, wonderful boldness, endurance and pertinacity, and their looks say gallop covers the ground far more quickly than it appears to do. They usually hunt in considerable packs, although I have sometimes met them in threes and fours. I have never heard of wild dogs actually attacking man, but they often behave as if on the point of doing so, and unarmed travelers have been literally treed by them before now."

Different Here.

"In Japan," she said, "the shopper is considered the merchant's guest and is treated as such."

"That's all right where it's necessary," he replied, "but it isn't necessary here."

"Why not?"

"Why, I gather from what I have seen of shoppers in this country that they own any store they happen to be in. They don't have to have courtesies extended to them either; they can reach for them."

My Hope.

I am not brave,
But fear has made me so,
And dread lest I forego
The honor that you gave.

I am not wise,
But you loved wisdom so,
That what I did not know
I learnt it in your eyes.

I am not true,
But you have trusted so
That faithfully I go
Lest I be false to you.

If heaven I win,
I can no virtue show,
But that you loved me so,
Will they not let me in?
—Ethel Clifford in "Songs of Dreams."

Show Humane Spirit.

From Bombay presidency a native petition has been forwarded to the government of India, praying that the sale of feathered caps, etc., throughout British India may be prohibited by law, on account of the cruelty involved.

THE ODD CORNER

"Dollie."

She sports a witching gown,
With a ruffle up and down,
On the skirt;
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye—
She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never will
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief;
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that,
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!
What does Dollie care,
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet,
Like the bees around the sweet
Little rose!

Moscow's Barbaric Splendor.

No one, so far as we know, has presented to the mind of the distant reader a more vivid picture of the barbaric splendors of Moscow than Arthur Symons gives in this passage from his book about European cities: "Colors shriek and flame; the Muscovite eye sees only by emphasis and by contrast; red is completed either by another red or by bright blue. There are no shades, no reticences, no modulations. The restaurants are filled with the din of vast mechanical organs, with drums and cymbals; a great band flashes against a chain on all the trams, to clear the road; the music which one hears is a ferocity of brass. The masons who build the houses build in top-boots, red shirts and pink trousers; the houses are painted red or green or blue; the churches are like the temples of savage idols, tortured into every unnatural shape and colored every glaring color."

His Shaving Mug In a Tree.

The Webb City correspondent sends this "belated but interesting item" regarding a storm which took place near Neck City a few days ago: "J. N. Scott was not at home on the night of the storm last week, having gone to a neighbor's, some little distance away, and being prevailed upon to stay all night on account of the threatening weather. When he arrived at what should have been his home next morning he found that his new two-room house had disappeared, not a trace of it was visible anywhere in the vicinity.

His shaving mug and brush, which were in the house at the time of the storm, have been found in a tree two miles away. This leads Mr. Scott to believe that if he had been in the house at the time he would have had a long and perilous trip."—Kansas City Journal.

Sorry She Hatched Quail.

John Yeakel, residing near Limeport, Pa., on July 2 accidentally killed a pet quail in his meadow. A bantam hen which just then was looking for something to hatch was placed on the eggs. About a week or so ago six young quails appeared, and the bantam is having a lively time with them.

The manages to keep them at home pretty thoroughly, unless they are disturbed, when they hide so quickly and effectually that their foster mother has a great time finding them again.

Big Rattlesnake Killed.

One of the largest rattlesnakes found in Georgia for several years was killed on Cumberland Island July 25, by Miss Noemi Neill of Macon, a guest on the island, and W. T. Johnsten, cashier of the Hotel Cumberland. The snake measured 7 feet and 3 inches in length, weighed 18¾ pounds, measured 16 inches in circumference, and had twelve rattles and a button. It was killed in the woods about half way between the hotel and the dock landing.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

New Swindling Game.

A Connecticut man answered an advertisement the other day from which he expected to get rich. This is the bait that was hung out: "Save gas bills—the most wonderful invention of the twentieth century; over 15,000 sold last year; agents wanted; price, 25 cents. Address, etc." The Connecticut gudgeon sent on his quarter, received a nicely decorated book and with it this line of instruction: "Hang your gas bills on it and then you will save them."

"Grill Room" for Railroad.

An innovation in passenger cars has been planned by the general passenger agent of a western road. It is a "Dutch grill room" on wheels. The interior woodwork of the car is to be of antique oak, with heavy crossbeams carrying wrought-iron lanterns. Red tile is to be used on the floor, and a large fireplace will afford a comfortable corner in which to while away a tedious car ride.

Queer Freak of Memory.

The Italian traveller, Salvatore Farina, recently delivered an address before the society of Psychic Research at Milan, in which he minutely described the case of an author who, six years ago, completely lost his memory for language and names, while otherwise his mind was more active and wideawake than ever before. At the expiration of that period the memory returned.

Tree Grew From Cane.

Twelve years ago John Nutt of Rockport, Me., had a willow stick which he used for a cane. He placed it in the center of a flower bed for flowers to trail on. It soon took root, and to-day measures six feet six inches around the trunk.

Jilted Man's Revenge.

The jilted Philadelphia man who sent as a wedding present to his former sweetheart a miniature coffin full of old love letters, took a delicate means of demonstrating that his heart had not been broken.

Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly is it said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"Don't Worry and Don't Hurry."

Send a 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, New York, and he will forward you a copy of a little leaflet bearing the above title, which will be sure to interest you.

There is one leper for every 500 of the world's population.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

A young man has too much confidence in the girl he loves to believe her when she says "No."

"I had Inflamatory Rheumatism, but I am well now, thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It's my best friend."—Garrett Lansing, Troy, N. Y.

"He is the flower of the family," Possibly. He seems to be a blooming idiot.—Puck.

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

To live every day as if it might be our last is to make it our best.

To Hold the Boys in Shoes and keep them well shod, buy the best line made.

"DEFIANCE"

Shoes for Boys and Girls' wear for keeps.

Ask your dealer for them. Booklet free.

SMITH-WALLACE SHOE CO., CHICAGO

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

Ripans Tabules are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat, and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tabules. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 37—1904

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