OLD VETERANS

Good-by.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with his stately mien;
To thyself, Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasty feet;
To those who go and those who come—
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my Sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

At Chickamauga.

"Speaking of perilous positions reminds me that Jerry Ryan, still living in Chicago, did some extricating at a critical juncture worth remembering. When Gen. John B. Turchin made his famous charge on the afternoon of Sept. 20 at Chickamauga the Twenty-First Indiana battery was left at the angle where the right of Turchin's line had rested. Ryan, with the assistance of a corporal and a driver, limbered up two guns and retired diagonally back across the Lafayette road, swinging slantwise to Cloud's hill, and, reaching Col. Dan McCook's right, reported to that officer.

"Soon Gen. Turchin swung round to the left, driving the rebels from the Union rear, and brought up on Cloud's hill with McCook's men. That charge to clear the rear of the enemy was one of the finest military spectacles I ever saw. The rebels had passed the Union flank and were swarming in the rear, when Gen. Thomas called Gen. Turchin's attention to the matter. Gen. Turchin forgot to present his compliments, but said, in the hearing of all men, 'The tam rascals. We will drive them out.'

"He faced his men to the rear and charged on the exultant rebels, swinging his line to the left. When his horse was shot under him he followed the charging line on foot, indicating the direction that the line was to take by waving his sword. After a time an artillery horse with harness on him was brought to Turchin, and mounting him, the general maneuvered his brigade to the accomplishment of his purpose.

"Gen. Turchin had a bitter controversy with certain members of the Chickamauga commission as to the position of his brigade in the final maneuvers on Sept. 20, but I happen to know that the late Gen. Boynton was in sympathy with the surviving members of McCook's brigade in their efforts to place a monument or tablets on McCloud's hill to mark the position held by the brigade at the close of the battle. The government has built barracks on Cloud's hill, but Gen. Boynton, not long before his death, said that he would urge the Chickamauga park commission to set bronze tablets in front of the houses or quarters built on the line held by the brigade when the battle closed."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rare Relics in War Museum.

The visitor who has the good fortune to get a peep inside the museum of Capt. F. H. Buffum at Winchester, N. H., discovers a rare collection of war time relics and souvenirs.

Capt. Buffum was color bearer of his regiment during a portion of the conflict, and has, neatly framed, a fine reproduction of his regimental colors. Close by is a fragment of that same flag, shot away by a cannon ball in battle. The piece was later picked up and preserved.

Another fragment of cloth attracts attention, and upon inquiry it is found to be a piece of John Brown's blanket, secured at Harpers Ferry.

A large assortment of Confederate money, collected during forty years of Grand Army and newspaper experience—for Capt. Buffum is an old journalist—several hickory chairs made on the battlefield of Cedar Creek from wood that grew on that field, a cane cut on the exact spot where Sherman's tent stood when he was attacked by Beauregard, a leaf from a New Testament, stained deep with the life blood of its one-time owner—such are some of the minor trophies.

The museum contains a photograph of Mosby. This is the story that goes with it. H. Kid Douglas, one of the handsomest men that ever lived, back in the 80s, arrived in Boston and gave lectures before the Lowell institute. He was the youngest member of Stonewall Jackson's staff in the war. Douglas had come into possession of a very valuable photograph of Mosby, and while in Boston gave it to his warm friend, Capt. Buffum. The photo was taken at Leestown. Mosby is shown wearing the boots that he took from a New England cavalry captain, whom he captured, telling him that perhaps he needed them more than the captain did.—Boston Post.

In the Parade at Denver.

There is no doubt that the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic at Denver was a very imposing and magnificent spectacle, but for some reason, hard to understand, the Denver newspapers could not seem to agree, in their estimates, as to its strength. The Evening News, which claimed an actual count, gave the total number as 32,992. The Denver Republican estimated that there were 20,000 in line. Other papers got the number of G. A. R. men in line, "by actual count," down to 12,000. The Denver News gave the following as its final verdict:

Number in line, 20,000; time in passing a given point, 3 hours 7 minutes; length of parade, 7½ miles; length of line of march, 2 miles; accidents, 1; number of spectators, 100,000; number on the grand stand, 6,000; parade started, 10:04 a. m.; parade ended, 2:17 p. m.; total time of parade, 4 hours 13 minutes; number of departments, 45; number of posts, 1,500; states represented, 49; largest state representation, Kansas, 2,500; number of bands in line, 66; number of fife and drum corps, 66; total number of musicians in line, 1,400; second largest state representation, Colorado, 1,850; tallest man in line in parade, John H. Briggs of North Dakota; shortest man in parade, R. D. Brown of Massachusetts.

There was one Confederate uniform in the parade, worn by William M. Witten of Glenwood Springs, Colo., who came attired in a complete suit of gray, with the Confederate insignia, and received much attention. The old Leadville coach, of which so much has been said and written, and which is a memory of many thrilling adventures and much hard fighting, was another of the features of the parade, and was filled with disabled veterans.—New York Press.

Veterans and the Pension Roll.

The annual report of the commissioner of pensions shows that there are 998,441 persons on the pension roll. Of these 684,608 are survivors of the civil war. Of the civil war veterans 65,612 have come to the pension roll through the age order, No. 78. During the year 43,883 pensioners died. Of this number 20,324 were survivors of the civil war.

The report of the adjutant general of the Grand Army of the Republic presented at the Denver encampment shows a membership of 232,455, and a loss by death during the year of 9,155 members. This shows that there are on the pension rolls nearly three times as many survivors of the civil war as there are in the Grand Army of the Republic, and that the death list of the pension roll is three times as large as that of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Under the members of the Grand Army of the Republic 28,554 are in the national soldiers' homes and 13,741 in state soldiers' homes. This probably represents the invalid list of the organization, leaving 180,000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic living in their own homes or with relatives, and engaged in some kind of business.

Outside of the Grand Army of the Republic are thousands of old Union soldiers whose names are not on the pension roll, although the names of many of them went to the roll under the age order. This means that some 65,000 veterans who would not apply for pensions while they could earn a living became pensioners because of advancing age.

If there is any increase in the number of pensioners in the future, it will come from this class, under order No. 78.

Old Comrades Revisited.

Comrade William A. Mackenzie of Mackenzie Post No. 399, which post was named for his brother, who was killed June 11, 1861, soon after the civil war began, has been passing his vacation among his old comrades in the West. He served in Company B, Seventy-eighth regiment, Illinois Volunteer infantry, and was in Gen. Sherman's army. Comrade Mackenzie was accompanied by his wife. They visited Comrade T. L. Frazier of Canton, Ill.; Comrade John C. Frank of Fountain Green, Ill.; Comrade Charles L. Wilson of Macomb, Ill.; Comrade H. E. Selby of Golden, Ill., all of whom attended the reunion of the Seventy-eighth regiment, and seventy-two comrades signed a petition to buy a bond containing the history of the regiment. The regiment was in the battles of Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Rome, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, all in Georgia. The Atlanta campaign was 110 days long, during all of which time the regiment was under fire and on the march to the sea. The regiment participated in the battles of Averysboro, N. C., and opened the battle of Bentonville, N. C. On Sept. 1, 1862, 1,002 men were mustered in; 400 men were killed and wounded out of this number; twenty-four died in rebel prisons, seventy-seven in hospitals and from wounds and disease. Comrade Mackenzie never had to go to a hospital, never had a furlough to go home and never left his company during the three years. The regiment was mustered out at Washington, D. C., June 7, 1865, with 393 men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Meeting of Sons of Veterans.

The Sons of Veterans held a successful National encampment at Gettysburg, Pa. The attendance was large and the members enthusiastic. The reports for the year are very encouraging. The following officers were elected: Commander in chief, Harley V. Speelman of Cincinnati, O.; senior vice commander in chief, Arthur M. Soule of Portland, Me.; junior vice commander in chief, George H. Stebbins of Newport, Ky.; council in chief, James A. Seibert of Dwight, Ill.; Ralph Sheldon of Albany, N. Y., and Charles Tanman; national secretary, H. H. Hammel of Reading, Pa. Peoria, Ill., was chosen as the meeting place for 1906.

Ladies of the G. A. R.

The convention of the Ladies of the G. A. R., held recently at Denver, Colo., elected the following officers: President, Ruth E. Foote of Colorado; senior vice president, Margaret Stevens of New Jersey; junior vice president, Mincie Barnum of Minnesota; treasurer, Ella Jones of Pennsylvania; treasurer, Catherine Ross of Colorado; chaplain, Anna Weaver of Iowa; council of administration, Mrs. Abbie Krebs of San Francisco, Cal., chairman; Mrs. Genevieve Langfield of Illinois, and Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin of New York.

The man who says grace before his meal and then proceeds to eat like a pig is still a long way from heaven.

FLATTERY WORTH THE MONEY.

Colored Mammy's Enthusiasm Had a Commercial Value.

The young man, dressed in his best, was walking along looking pretty well satisfied with himself. Standing near a telegraph pole was an old negro woman. As he approached her she accosted him.

"Why, Mistah Tom," she said. "Good mawin' to yoh." The young man stopped.

"Hello, Aunt Nancy," he said.

"Why, Mistah Tom," the old negress went on, "yoh is sutinly de pixcher of prettiness. Yoh lookin' swell dis mawnin'. Mah goodness, yoh's de nices' lookin' young man Ah's seed in a month."

The young man was pleased. "Thank you, Aunt Nancy," he said, straightening up a little, "I'm afraid, though, that you're a flatterer."

"No, sah, Ah isn't, Mistah Tom. Yoh suahly look delightful. Ah's mighty proud ter know you. You's de essence uf swellness."

The young man smiled and began to move away.

"Say, Mistah Tom," she called after him. He stopped. She hesitated.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, sah," came from the old negress, "mah sutinly is lookin' fine an' Ah was jist thinkin' dat es good lookin' young man es yoh 'ud be mighty glad ter loan a poah ole niggah woman er quahtah."—Kansas City Times.

Beginning to Doubt.

"It beats all about this political corruption," said the old farmer as he laid aside his country paper. "Every week there is something about exposing some big man who was thought to be perfectly honest, and it's getting so you don't know who to trust."

"Were you ever in politics yourself?" was asked.

"Once, and that's what's bothering me now. Yes, I was elected to the legislature once. While I was serving as a member a fellow-member came to me and said that my aunt in Iowa had died and left me $200, and he paid the money over to me. I had never heard about the aunt, and I don't know how he got the money for me, and I am just beginning to doubt."

"A doubt what?"

"Wall, I voted for a land grab and we carried it by only four majority, and I'm just beginning to doubt if I got enough for my vote. I think if I had held out a few days I'd have had an uncle die, too, and got as much as $2,000 out of the thing."—Baltimore American.

Method in His Madness.

He had called at a house in the suburbs on business, and as he rose to go he said:

"I believe you were in the Lake district last summer?"

"Yes."

"Go fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"One little perch."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what I expected. Well, good-night."

When the caller had gone the wife said, indignantly:

"Richard, how can you sit there and tell stories in that bold way? You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds apiece; and that big pack weighed eleven pounds."

"My dear wife," returned the husband, soothingly, "you don't know human nature. That man is now willing to take my word for $1,000. If I had told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest fibber in the country."—Exchange.

Bound to Be in the Procession.

About fifty years ago there lived in Barkeraville, one of the suburbs of Bangor, Maine, a man by the name of Seth Rogers, a well-to-do farmer, who owned several fine horses. He had one spare horse that he used to let out to his neighbors to help them with their plowing, harvesting, etc. He would always admonish them to be careful of the horse and not work him too hard.

One morning Joe Clark applied to Rogers for the use of his horse for a part of the day.

"Yes, you can have him," said Rogers, "but it is going to be a pretty warm day, so be sure and not drive him too fast."

"I am going over to Veazie to attend a funeral," replied Joe, "and I'm bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

Dreaming and Doing.

"These who dream do not do. Those who do have no time to dream."

These epigrams from a recent article by Sarah Bernhardt apply not only to the art students, for whom she wrote it, but with equal aptness to the woman ordering a home or the business girl earning her livelihood out of the home.

"The epigrams to me," she continues, "that the successful ones are those who never think at all about success, but simply work. They love art, and they toil. They make no speeches, never seek to impress others with the certainty of their own success; never, in fact, bother their heads about others or the opinion of others at any time. They work patiently, they work year after year; their work improves little by little, and they wake some day surprised to find themselves successful."

Labor's Dawn.

The toiler's day begins to dawn,
Its golden morn comes gently on;
Yon mountain rises from the night
With honest, gilded wish its light.

There high appears the morning's glow,
While black extends the night below.
Where yonder the centurions of Use dark,
Where still is heard the watchdog's bark.

The light that tips yon mountain's crest
Portends the age of darkness past;
That glorious orb shall chase the night away;
The world of toil shall have its day.

The clouds that clothe the mountain's side
Begin to fall apart, divide;
The day shall follow break of dawn
And labor come into its own.

Shall peace not usher in the day;
Or cloud and crag shall lightning play;
Shall thunder's voice the wake wake
And wild the storm in fury break.

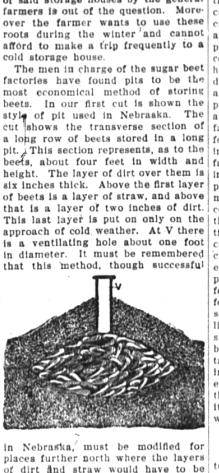
Shall rather reason's ray serene
With soft effulgence light the scene,
A world where love and labor reign,
Will peace on earth, good will to man.

—Thomas E. Milroe.

FARMER'S FUTURE HOME

Pits for Storage of Roots.

At this time of the year the farmer is considering how he may best store his roots and tubers for the winter. It is desirable to so store potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots and the like that they will remain in a temperature just above the freezing point. In the cellar it is frequently so warm that the different roots lose much moisture and in some cases begin to grow. A regular cold storage house in which the temperature is kept at about the freezing point is the desirable thing, but to most of our farmers this is an impossibility. Most of our farms are situated at a considerable distance from such houses, and the hauling would be so much trouble that the use



of said storage houses by the general farmers is out of the question. Moreover the farmer wants to use these roots during the winter and cannot afford to make a trip frequently to a cold storage house.

The men in charge of the sugar beet factories have found pits to be the most economical method of storing beets. In our first cut is shown the style of pit used in Nebraska. The cut shows the transverse section of a long row of beets placed in a long pit. This section represents, as to the beets, about four feet in width and height. The layer of dirt over them is six inches thick. Above the first layer of beets is a layer of straw, and above that is a layer of two inches of dirt. This last layer is put on only on the approach of cold weather. At V there is a ventilating hole about one foot in diameter. It must be remembered that this method, though successful in Nebraska, must be modified for places further north where the layers of dirt and straw would have to be thicker.

Our second illustration shows the pits used for the storage of sugar beets in Wisconsin. A greater degree of cold and otherwise adverse conditions must be provided against. The beets are placed in a deep and wide furrow, which may be as long as needed. The pile here shown is six feet wide and three feet high. Above the beets are piled eighteen inches of earth. At V is shown a piece of ventilating tile. These tile are placed in the row every six feet. This tile is left open while the beets are sweating, but can be closed after that process is completed.

Temperature of Soils.

One great field of experimentation is as yet almost untouched, and this is the field of soil temperatures. In some of the experiment stations of the world an apparatus is in use for determining soil temperatures and it proves very valuable in giving data from which the experimenters can determine the effect of cold and heat on plant production. Any farmer can make such an apparatus by using a thermometer and attaching to it any instrument that will permit it to be inserted to any desirable depth. The farmer who studies his soil will find it to his advantage to know the different temperatures of the different fields of his farm. He will be surprised to find out how greatly these temperatures vary. The temperature controls to a very great extent the germination of seed in the soil. If the seed is put into a cold soil it will, in many cases, not before sprouting. This is especially true of the corn seed. Many a farmer has planted valuable seed corn in soil that was yet too cold to allow of germination and has afterwards had to replant the field at great loss to himself.

Generally cold soils are damp soils or wet soils. But this is not always the case, as sometimes the cold soils are simply heavy clay soils. The farmer who has the wet soil is deceived by the drying out of the surface. The water presses down the temperature immediately under the surface, and when the seed is put in the result is that it is lost. The matter of soil temperature is one that has, up to this time, been considered generally by the world's scientists; but the time is coming when every progressive farmer will make this study for himself.

Calcium and Magnesium.

Calcium and magnesium are both soil elements which enter into the composition of plants. They are, however, so generally distributed in the soil that they are little considered by the students of plant nutrition. One German expressed a theory that there must be a certain ratio maintained between the calcium and magnesium in the soil or plants would not grow. Some German scientists have recently completed some experiments to determine the truth of this expressed opinion, and it was found that there was no needed relation between the presence of calcium and magnesium. Hence what is known as the "Loew hypothesis" is discredited.

In the northern part of Illinois many of the farmers are turning to seedling peaches as being the only kind that will stand the winter conditions.

COMPOSITION OF PERFECT FUN.

Sense and Thought Should Fit Together in Antagonistic Identity.

A perfect pun makes good sense both ways; the edges meet with a click like the blades of a sharp pair of shears. Perhaps some very thoughts fit tight together in antagonistic identity, as when the man said of the temperance exhorter that he would be a good fellow if he would only let drink alone; or when Disraeli (if it was he) wrote to the youth who had sent him a first novel, "I think you very much; I shall lose no time in reading it;" or as when a man seeing a poor piece of carpentry said: "That chicken coop looks as if some man had made it himself." Exquisite perverse literalness of thought! And the same absolute punning, the very self-destruction of a proposition, was the old death thrust at a poor poet by the friend who said: "His poetry will be read when Shakespeare and Homer are forgotten." It was a fine, double-edged blade of speech until some crude fellow, Heine, I think, sharpened it to a wire edge by adding, "and not till then," a banality that dulled its perfection forever.—Atlantic Monthly.

Get at the Cause.

Sacramento, Kv., Nov. 12th (Special).—A typical illustration of the way Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Rheumatism is well told by Catherine Devine, who is very well known here. She says:

"For over four years I was greatly troubled with Rheumatism. I used to take me worst in my legs and feet. At times I would be so bad I could not put my feet to the ground. As I am over seventy-three years of age I began to think I was too old to get cured and should have to bear my Rheumatism the best way I could. But I heard about Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought I would give them a trial. So I got a box and began taking them. Well, I must say Dodd's Kidney Pills did me a wonderful lot of good. They eased the pain from the first, and today I am in better health than I have been for many years."

Widower's Queer "Ad."

The following advertisement appears in a Devonshire newspaper: "Widower, no family, renting a small farm near Kingsbridge, wants a housekeeper; a chapel-going person, and one that has charity, meekness, the love of God, preferred, with views of marriage, if the Lord prospers my ways and she be willing. Apply," etc.

Evidence of Brain's Activity.

Talking to one's self is generally considered a sign of a weak brain, says a doctor, but nothing could be a greater mistake. It is a sign of an extremely active brain. It may be a strong or a weak intellect, but the activity must be there to cause this peculiarity.

The Isthmian Canal.

Now that the Canal Treaty has been ratified, we may expect to see work resumed in a short time, and the great canal-ships, carrying huge loads of Pillsbury's Vitos to all parts of the world. By the way, have you ever eaten Vitos? You'll like it better than any other cereal food.

Misunderstood.

President White of Colby, Mass., was making an appeal for donations to the college, and in the course of his remarks cited the case of a wealthy gentleman in the west to whom such an appeal was not made in vain.

"I spoke of his boyhood days in Waterville," said President White; "I recalled the dear old landmarks he knew so well, and as I spoke of the college on the dear old Kennebec he made out a check, while tears ran down his cheeks. I tell you, gentlemen, he was touched." And President White, not as well versed in the slang of the day as in the management of an institution of learning, stood amazed at the ripples of merriment which followed his tale of pathos.

Double Role Hard to Maintain.

"Did it never occur to you, young man," asked John Bright of a young fellow who was discoursing about "the fetters of matrimony," "that you cannot be a bachelor and a married man at the same time?" Many of the men who complain loudest of the extravagance of marriage find it so costly because they are trying to maintain the double role.

Searching Excitement.

"Hang these here motor cars," said the man with the sunburned suit, round shoulders and long beard. "I think I've gone a-running up to no less than a dozen crowds, expectin' to see a fight, and only found some fellow doctorin' a motor car."—Stray Stories.

FROM TEXAS

Some Coffee Facts From the Lone Star State.

From a beautiful farm down in Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meads, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit,

"When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink Postum Food Coffee, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing healthy baby 14 months.

"I have since continued the use of Postum for I have grown fond of it, and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself.

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off the old kind of coffee and using Postum. He has become seven pounds fat by the use of the old coffee.

"In fact the entire family, from the latest arrival, (a 2-year old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning) up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

A GIANT LAID LOW.

Crippled and Made Ill by Awful Kidney Disorders.

John Fernanys, fruit raiser, Webster, N. Y., says: "I used to lift railroad ties easily but wrenched my back and began to suffer with backache and kidney trouble. I neglected it until one twinge felled me like a log and made me crawl on hands and knees. I was so crippled for a time that I couldn't walk without sticks, had headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions were muddy and full of brick-dust sediment. Dean's Kidney Pills made the pain disappear and corrected the urinary trouble. I have felt better ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wearing Out Motor Tires.

On heavy motor vehicles the cost of the wear and tear of tires is about four cents a mile.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Old Mother Nature.

Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.—Emerson.

A Great Monarch.

Wealthier than any brother sovereign; master of legions, which number over a million; lord of more than one-sixth of the surface of the globe, with subjects of many colors and races, amounting to over one-hundred and twenty million souls, the Czar of all the Russias will not be invincible until he adopts Pillsbury's Vitos as his regular breakfast diet.

It's a wise wife who is able to trump her husband's tricks.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease a powder. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

How to Get Cream for Tea.

Always keep two basins for your milk, one larger than the other. Get your milk if possible before it has had time to cool, and put it in the small basin, place the basin of milk within the large basin and surround with cold water. Keep it in a cool place. So treated, milk will keep any reasonable time.

On an Electrical Parade.

"I don't know much 'bout prophesiacation," said uncle Eben, "but I kin say dar is three mighty reliable signs o' rain—a horse race, a circus an' a camp meetin'."—Washington Star.

NOT A TRACE LEFT

Rheumatism Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There is one remedy that will cure rheumatism in any of its forms and so thoroughly eradicate the disease from the system that the cure is permanent. This remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the proof of the statement is found in the experience of Mr. T. S. Wagar, of Pine Hill, Delaware street, Watertown, N.Y. He says:

"The pain was in my joints and my sufferings for over two years was beyond description. There was an intense pain in my shoulders that prevented me from sleeping and I would get up and walk the floor at night. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the improvement was gradual, but by the time I had taken four boxes I was entirely cured and I have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism since that time."

Mr. Wagar's wife is also enthusiastic in her endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I have tried the pills myself for stomach trouble and have experienced great relief from their use. My daughter, Mrs. Atwood, of Gill street, Watertown, has used them for female weakness and was much benefited by them. I regard Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as an extremely valuable family medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of blood disorders, indigestion, influenza, headaches, backaches, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, spinal weakness, and the special ailments of girls and women, where blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or any harmful drugs and cannot injure the most delicate system. At all druggists or from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Many a lonesome and expensive trip to Florida, California or the Adirondacks has been saved by the use of

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure. If this great remedy will not cure the cough, no medicine will, and then all hope rests in a change of climate—but try Kemp's Balsam first.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

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530 Woodward Ave.

The Finest Conservatory in the West

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR. 42 INSTRUCTORS

MANY FREE ADVANTAGES

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