

SENATOR SULLIVAN
 Says He Has Found Doan's Kidney Pills Invaluable in Treating Sick Kidneys.

Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan of New York, Member of Congress from the Eighth New York District, and one of the Democratic leaders of New York State, strongly recommends Doan's Kidney Pills.

Senator Sullivan writes: "It is a pleasure to endorse a remedy like Doan's Kidney Pills, having found them of greatest value in eliminating the distress caused by sick kidneys, and in restoring those organs to a condition of health. My experience with your valuable remedy was equally as gratifying as that of several of my friends.

Yours truly,
 (Signed) TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN,
 Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
 For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

Amethyst for Toppers.
 Amethyst is from a Greek word signifying a remedy against drunkenness, it being supposed that wine drunk from a cup made of amethyst would not intoxicate.

TEA
 You can have good tea if you want it, wherever you are.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Intelligence and the Voice.
 Just as people are trained to use their intelligence so they ought to be trained to use their voice.—Bishop of Bristol.

Here is Relief for Women.
 Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weakness, Backache, Kidney and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

"Firedamp."
 "Firedamp" and "afterdamp," words brought into terrible prominence in many disasters in mines, preserve the older English sense of "damp"—vapor, and especially noxious vapor. Precisely where the word came from philology does not know, but the earliest existence of its use is quoted by Dr. Murray's dictionary as Caxton's (1480)—"after the dragon shal come a goot and ther shal come out of his nostril a damp that shal betoken honger and grete deth of peple." Bacon is one of the writers of his time who speak of the "damps" of mines. "Damp" gradually came to be applied to visible vapors, such as evening mists, and the transition to the sense of moisture is obvious. But in "damping down" a furnace one finds a relic of the verb "damp" in the sense of "suffocate."

The Good Mixer.
 "He's a good mixer," or "He isn't a good mixer," are expressions you often hear. A "good mixer" is supposed to be a man who can associate with people and make business. A poor mixer is one who makes friends slowly, who minds his own business and is not much of a rounder. A man who gives his business close attention is the best "mixer." When people are in need of a certain article they buy where they can get the best and cheapest—where conditions suit them. When people are buying articles they need they do not care whether the dealer is a "good fellow" or not. We have never thought much of the "good-mixer" idea.—Atchison Globe.

OUST THE DEMON.
 A Tussle with Coffee.
 There is something fairly diabolical in the way coffee sometimes wreaks its fiendish malice on those who use it.

A lady writing from Calif. says:—"My husband and I, both lovers of coffee, suffered for some time from a very annoying form of nervousness, accompanied by most frightful headaches. In my own case there was eventually developed some sort of affection of the nerves leading from the spine to the head.

"I was unable to hold my head up straight, the tension of the nerves drew it to one side, causing me the most intense pain. We got no relief from medicine, and were puzzled as to what caused the trouble, until a friend suggested that possibly the coffee we drank had something to do with it, and advised that we quit it and try Postum Coffee.

"We followed his advice, and from the day that we began to use Postum we both began to improve, and in a very short time both of us were entirely relieved. The nerves became steady once more, the headaches ceased, the muscles in the back of my neck relaxed, my head straightened up and the dreadful pain that had so punished me while I used the old kind of coffee vanished.

"We have never resumed the use of the old coffee, but relish our Postum every day as well as we did the former beverage. And we are delighted to find that we can give it to our children also, something we never dared to do with the old kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum Coffee contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but relieves the coffee drinker from the old drug habit.

There's a Reason.

Enlisted

I once lived in a valley
 Where the flags of gain were furled,
 And far beyond its borders
 Throbbled the drum-beat of the world.
 Through many a mist of morning
 I heard the thrumming call:
 From many a cloud of evening
 I saw the shadows fall.

One day I climbed the mountains
 That round the valley ring;
 No more I saw my castles
 Or heard the thrumming sing;
 But in that mighty battle
 Where many a bolt is hurled,
 I heard my fellows marching
 To the drum-beat of the world.

Here in the crowded city
 From dawn till close of day,
 Wherewith each human soul
 A thousand hammers play,
 My shoulder to my fellow—
 The flags of gain unfurled—
 I march—O heart take courage!
 To the drum-beat of the world.

—Hugh J. Hughes in Sunset Magazine.

A YOUNG VETERAN
 BY BELLE MANNING
 (Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Mayme Winslow had a decided aversion to seeing the "localities" of a strange city, and always declined emphatically to "go through" any institution by way of sight seeing. Therefore, it was with rather an ill grace that she was accompanying her father, who was bound on a tour of inspection to the Soldiers' Home, having been recently appointed on the board of trustees.

The winsome young girl looked very pretty, if petulant, as she came into the office of the commandant of the Home. There were some books and papers her father wanted to examine first of all.

"This will be very uninteresting for you," suggested the commandant to Mayme. "Would you not like to go through the grounds and see the gardens?"

here. Would you not like to go for a row?"

"Indeed, I would," she replied quickly.

In the hour that followed their conversation was bright and sparkling. She found the young officer thoroughly conversant with the ways of her world.

"Why, I had no idea it was so late!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as she looked at her tiny watch and named the hour. "It's the luncheon hour at the Home, or dinner, I believe they call it. We must return at once!"

"Well, I feared we had lost you both!" was the colonel's laughing remark, as the lieutenant and Mayme entered. "Dinner is just about to be served."

Mayme acquiesced quite readily. "I will get you an escort," he said, leaving the room. When he returned he was accompanied by a young man. "Miss Winslow let me introduce Lieut. Loranger. He will be pleased to show you about."

Mayme glanced up, expecting to see some grizzled veteran. A flush of surprise suffused her face as she beheld a tall, stalwart youth of fine command and appearance. As she walked beside him down the winding driveway leading to the gardens, she sustained her part of a light conversation, but she wondered the while what he was doing in this institution.

"I supposed," she ruminated, "that all the inmates were soldiers of the civil war, too old or too incapacitated to work. I never thought of the Spanish-American war soldiers, but of course they could come, but I didn't think they were in service long enough to get disabled. I should think he would be ashamed to loaf around a Home when he is young and active. Maybe he was wounded."

Mayme walked into the family dining room, where she saw that covers were laid for the commandant, his wife, a major connected with the institution, her father and herself.

"I suppose poor Lieut. Loranger has to eat with the other inmates in the big dining room," she thought. "I think they might have asked him to dine with us under the circumstances."

As she was about to take her seat the lieutenant entered.

"I have to go to the city now," he said, "but of course you will be here on my return, Miss Winslow, and I should like to take you for a drive while your father and the colonel are transacting business."

Mayme accepted this invitation, and the young lieutenant departed. Immediately after dinner Mr. Winslow received a telegram which necessitated his leaving for home at once. Mayme found herself very loath to leave without again seeing Lieut. Loranger, and he was quite uppermost in her thoughts on the way home. The next day her recollections of him were still vivid enough to induce her to send him a package of new books accompanied by a little note expressing her regret at missing the ride.

She received a prompt and responsive reply from him informing her that he contemplated paying a visit to Mrs. Mordaunt, who lived in Mayme's vicinity, in a few days, and he hoped to be allowed to renew their acquaintance. By chance she met Mrs. Mordaunt on the street that very afternoon, and that lady invited her to a lawn fête she was to give for the young lieutenant the following week.

The night of his arrival in the city Mayme came into the library in response to his card which the maid had brought to her.

"I owe you an apology," she said with a smile, as she took his outstretched hand. "Mrs. Mordaunt tells me you are a United States army officer home on a furlough, and a brother-in-law of the commandant of the Home."

"It is I who should apologize and explain. When it dawned upon me that you thought I was an inmate—a most natural inference—I was so taken by surprise I did not explain. I felt that you were secretly feeling contempt for my feigning inability to work, and then suddenly when I told you I had been ill, your manner changed so completely and you were so sympathetic that I feared a disclosure might change your demeanor again. I had an appointment at the club at the dinner hour, so I decided to ask you to drive and then undeceive you as to my status at the Home. When I returned you had gone, and I was afraid I should never see you again. Then the books came, and you very tactful, kind note which made me feel like an impostor. I was the more anxious to see again one who would be so kind to a poor, indigent soldier.

"This makes us even."

dine with us under the circumstances."

"Where you wounded?"

"No," he said, smiling. "I was in numerous engagements, but couldn't get hit."

"Were you ill?" she persisted.

"Yes, I had a fever in Manila."

"That accounts for it," she thought. "I'll bet he gets a pension, too."

"Do you know," she continued aloud, "I had forgotten about any of the young soldiers being here. I thought it was just a home for old men—civil war soldiers, you know."

A slight flush came into his face.

"There are a few of the Spanish-American war soldiers here," he said. "Of course none of us would be here from choice."

Quickly Mayme's slight contempt turned to warm pity.

"No, I am sure of that," she said sympathetically, and then she tactfully turned the subject.

When she reached the rose garden he bade her pick any flowers she chose.

"Oh, are you allowed to pick them?" she asked in surprise.

"The colonel would expect me to be allowed to pick them."



Sustained her part of a light conversation.

"pick you some, certainly," he replied, with the quick flush recurring again.

"How little tact I have!" she thought. "Poor fellow, he evidently has not been here long, and I am reminding him of his restrictions just as if he were a convict."

"You don't seem like the typical visitor of this institution," he observed, "that is, you don't look like the kind that wants to be 'shown around.' The river is but a short distance from



as you thought me, so I accepted a long-standing invitation from Mrs. Mordaunt in order to tell you this."

"Wait," she cried, her face reddening painfully. "I am the impostor! At dinner that day, after you had gone, I made a casual remark concerning you which disclosed my error and delighted your sister and the colonel, who told me all about you. They promised me not to mention the matter to you, however. I thought to heap coals of fire on your head by sending you the gift of books and so force you to 'fess up.'"

"This makes us even!" he laughed, "and we can now renew our acquaintance on the right basis. I shall keep your gift of charity, however."

"MAMMY JANE'S" LAST DAYS.
 One of John C. Calhoun's Slaves Cared for by Grandsons.

The future of the negro is not a problem with the old aristocrats of the south, even where the families have taken up their residences, as many of them have, in New York, says the New York Press.

Two of the grandsons of John C. Calhoun live in this city. The old colored mammy who served them in their infancy is cared for by them as tenderly as if she was born of their bone. "Mammy Jane," as she is known in the family and to the immediate friends of the family, is far better cared for than if she had accepted her freedom. "Mammy Jane's" son is the coachman in the family, and his son is the butler, and the butler's son is the boy at the door, or, as he would be called in the south, "Buttons."

In connection with this remnant of the days of slavery the following story is related of "Mammy Jane" when she was living in "Chawlistun." It was a part of her duties to attend the gate and receive the cards of callers. The bell was on the gate of the southern homes and visitors did not leave their carriages until the servant of the house waited upon them at the gate.

"Mammy Jane," like all good house servants in the south, understood her business. On the occasion referred to one of the callers asked if Miss M. C. was at home.

"No, mum, she ain't in to-day," said "Mammy Jane" in her best manner. "Is Miss Sallie C. in?" inquired the caller.

"Mammy Jane" happened to know that Miss Sallie was not to be seen that day by any one except the family, and curtsying very low, she replied:

"No, mum, Miss Sallie am particularly out to-day, mum," and she retired in her loftiest manner.

Didn't Miss the Train.
 Some time since two merry sons from the land of the shamrock were walking down a railroad track of one of the suburban lines, and so interested were they in an animated conversation that they didn't hear the rumble of a train that was rapidly bearing down upon them.

The warning whistle came too late for one of them, and before he could sidestep he was urgently lifted to a bank some feet away. Instead of dying on the spot he sat up, rubbed his eyes a few times, and then his face broke into a broad smile.

"Shure, Molke," said the one who had nimbly jumped from the track and escaped a rude jar, "do yez think it is a joke to be kilt?"

"Begorra, an' who said it was?" returned Mike.

"Thin phat air yez grinnin' about, yez haythen?" asked Pat.

"Nothin'," was the reply, "except that was the first time in me life that I didn't miss a train."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sheriff Herrick and Speeches.
 The late Horatio G. Herrick of Lawrence for many years high sheriff of Essex county, always took a keen interest in the Lawrence schools, and was for a long time chairman of the school committee. Visiting the Saunders school soon after the death of Garfield, Sheriff Herrick spoke to the pupils of the life of the late distinguished statesman, and thus asked, genially:

"Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?"

A little hand went up, and a little girl replied:

"A statesman is a man who makes speeches."

"Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."

The little hand again went up, and the answer came, triumphantly:

"I know; a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"—Boston Herald.

Kept Cutting the Dirt Off.
 The members of the family were camping out south of town for the day and little Georgie had been assigned the work of peeling the potatoes for dinner. After laboring for half an hour he hunted up his mother.

"Mom," he said, "I gotta have some more potatoes."

"Why, I gave you enough for two families like ours," she replied in surprise. "What did you do with them?"

"I forgot to wash my hands," said Georgie, "an' by the time I got all the dirt cut off the potatoes they was too small to eat. I throwed 'em away."—Kansas City Times.

PLAYED WITH DYNAMITE JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN

Aeronaut Blown to Atoms, Twenty-five Thousand People, Including His Wife and Children, Witnessing the Accident.

Greenville, O.—In sight of 25,000 persons Professor John Baldwin was blown to atoms here Thursday afternoon by the explosion of six sticks of dynamite while 1,500 feet in the air. His wife and three children were among the spectators who witnessed the tragedy. Baldwin has been giving daily exhibitions at the county fair here. He would ascend several thousand feet in the air and explode dynamite at intervals. On Thursday he mounted 1,500 feet in the air. Every eye among the thousands of spectators below watched him until he became almost a mere speck.

Suddenly a great cloud of smoke appeared. It hid the airship from view, the spectators supposed, as the balloon had vanished completely from sight. In another moment the sound of the explosion reached the straining ears of the watchers, but the airship did not again appear. For a moment the crowd waited expectantly, thinking a view of the aeronaut would be obtained through a rift in the smoke. Then a groan of horror rose from the multitude. The airship had vanished. Searchers immediately began looking for fragments of the wrecked airship. Baldwin's body was torn to fragments.

Baldwin's business was aerial warfare demonstrations. For nearly twenty years he had been giving balloon and airship exhibitions about the country.

SPREAD OF CHOLERA.
 Asiatic Scourge Has Made Its Appearance in Hamburg.

Berlin.—The spread of cholera, from two localities on the river Weichsel five days ago, to thirty-four cases in twelve localities extending from the Baltic to the river Warthe 150 miles south, and its appearance in Hamburg, has given an unpleasant thrill to the people of Germany, for it may mean a long and steady fight, as in 1832-3, to prevent the disease from getting beyond control. In these years it is estimated that 800,000 persons died in Russia from cholera. The Russian government is keenly aware of the possibilities of the danger, which, so far, is not regarded as giving ground for any apprehension. A committee of the cabinet, consisting of Dr. Studt, minister of medical affairs; Herr von Sudde, minister of state and minister of public works; Herr Moller, minister of commerce and industry, and Von Bethmann-Hollweg, minister of the interior, has the central direction of preventive measures. Numerous bacteriologists have been sent into the infected districts to assist in the surveillance of persons who have contracted cholera.

CRIME OF LOVE SICK MAN.
 Shoots Girl and Then Attempts to Take His Own Life.

Spokane, Wash.—Harry Stanley, aged 38, fired two shots at Alice Durkee, aged 19, in the Eldorado lodging-house Thursday night, and then sent a bullet into his own head. He is living, but will die. Miss Durkee was shot in the groin, but will recover. She came here a few days ago with her sister from Northport, Wash., in search of employment. Apparently Stanley had known her before, for after some words regarding her approaching marriage to another, he pursued her into a room, firing his revolver. She rolled under a bed, when Stanley stooped down and fired another shot. As she exclaimed that she was killed he turned the revolver against himself. Stanley was employed in a livery stable.

WANT HONEST ELECTIONS.
 Effort to Purge Philadelphia Assessors' List of 60,000 Fraudulent Votes.

Philadelphia.—The director of public safety on Thursday issued orders to the various police lieutenants of the city directing them to detail policemen to appear before the assessors of their respective election divisions on the evening of September 5, and present to the assessors all fictitious names and those of persons who have died, moved or are illegally upon the voting lists, and request the assessors to strike the same from the roll. After a recent canvass by the police it was announced that they discovered more than 60,000 names illegally upon the election lists. The department of public safety has prepared 60,000 affidavits sworn to by policemen and these will be presented to the assessors when the demand is made upon them to strike off the alleged bogus names.

CRIME OF A MOTHER.
 Drowns Herself and Her Five-Year-Old Son.

Pueblo, Colo.—The bodies of Mrs. L. B. Haver, wife of a prominent real estate dealer, and her 5-year-old son were recovered from the Bessemer ditch early Thursday. The bodies were securely tied together with a stout cord. The woman is said to have been in poor health for some time. No explanation was left by her for taking her own life or that of the child.

The Universal Belief.
 They say that cleanliness is next to godliness, forsooth.
 Were it reversed the maxim would be so much nearer truth:
 For who is there of all us,
 The temperance or the wet,
 The Protestant or Catholic,
 The orthodox or heretic,
 Who wouldn't choose to dwell with one
 Not yet escaped the wrath,
 In preference to a godly one
 Who never took a bath?
 —William J. Samston in New York Herald.

SIXTH SENSE IN BIRDS.
 Experiments with Carrier Pigeons Prove Its Possession.

Although birds are not placed near the summit line of evolution, their ability to fly gives them advantages over nearly all the mammals. Their mysterious power of changing their polarity or weight, in order to drive in water or fly, has been often discussed, and the almost incredible velocity of their motion when migrating, sometimes amounting to four miles a minute for vast distances, has no parallel among other animals.

A series of careful trials with carrier pigeons shows apparently without doubt their possession of a highly developed sense of direction. In twenty minutes the first bird, dispatched at 10 p. m., reached its roost, a distance of seventeen miles being traversed. Half of the number arrived before midnight and the remainder followed in a few hours.

English Joke With a Point.
 An anti-tobacco lecturer spoke so powerfully against the use of tobacco that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths—by way of punishment.—London Tit-Bits.

Sure Cure at Last.
 Monticello, Miss., Sept. 4 (Special).—Lawrence County is almost daily in receipt of fresh evidence that a sure cure for all Kidney Troubles has at last been found, and that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Among those who have reason to bless the Great American Kidney Remedy is Mrs. L. E. Baggett of this place. Mrs. Baggett had dropsy. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"I was troubled with my kidneys," Mrs. Baggett says in recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to her friends, "my urine would hardly pass. The Doctors said I had Dropsy. I have taken Dodd's Kidney Pills as directed and am now a well woman."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys. Cured Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That means pure blood and a sound, energetic body. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest tonic the world has ever known.

Took a Chance.
 At a recent parliamentary election in Carlisle, England, one of the candidates was named Chance. His placard read: "Give Carlisle a Chance." Those of his opponents read: "Take no Chances—Vote for Sanderson." But the electors took a Chance.

YELLOW CRUST ON BABY.
 Would Crack Open and Scab Causing Terrible Itching—Cured by Cuticura.

"Our baby had a yellow crust on his head which I could not keep away. When I thought I had succeeded in getting his head clear, it would start again by the crown of his head, crack and scale, and cause terrible itching. I then got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, washing the scalp with the soap and then applying the Ointment. A few treatments made a complete cure. I have advised a number of mothers to use Cuticura, when I have been asked about the same ailment of their babies. Mrs. John Boyce, Pine Bush, N. Y."

Bird Has Extended Repertory.
 A bird which can talk in two languages and whose repertory consists of seventeen phrases, is the latest addition to the London Zoological gardens. The bird belongs to a species which flourishes in northern India. Three of the phrases are in an Indian dialect and the rest in English. The bird's name is Tommy and it asks all visitors, "Who are you?"

TEA
 We look through your grocer to you; beyond, but through your grocer, to you.

"Our grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best."

His idea of it.
 "Yes, sir," said the old man, "one feller spoke a piece in Greek; 'nuther make a lick at Latin, an' both got a piece of paper with a blue ribbon!"—Atlanta Constitution.

TEA
 A trifle of tea in a dainty cup has in it a world of rest or of stimulant—what is the time o' day?

Parasite Destroys Codlin Moth.
 A colony of codlin moth parasites imported from Europe and set free recently in the apple orchards of the Parajaro valley, California, is clearing them of the orchardists' enemy in great style.

TEA
 One lingers long over tea, if the tea is fine. It is a good time and place to linger.

Bantam Chickens From Java.
 Bantam chickens came from Bantam, a town in Java.

DON'T FORGET
 A large box of Schilling's Best Tea, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Broad, Ind.

Brazil's Staple Food.
 In Brazil the black bean is as important an article of food as the potato is in Europe.

TEA
 There's a Reason.

There's a Reason.