

HE WENT ON CRUTCHES

All Medicines Failed Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured His Rheumatism.

"Some years ago," says Mr. W. H. Clark, a printer, living at 612 Buchanan street, Topeka, Kans., "I had a bad attack of rheumatism and could not seem to get over it. All sorts of medicines failed to do me any good and my trouble kept getting worse. My feet were so swollen that I could not wear shoes and I had to go on crutches. The pain was terrible.

"One day I was setting the type of an article for the paper telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for a man afflicted as I was and I was so impressed with it that I determined to give the medicine a trial. For a year my rheumatism had been growing worse, but after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I began to improve. The pain and swelling all disappeared and I can truthfully say that I haven't felt better in the past twenty years than I do right now. I could name, off hand, a half-dozen people who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at my suggestion and who have received good results from them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be safe and harmless to the most delicate constitution. They contain no morphine, opiate, narcotic, nor anything to cause a drug habit. They do not act on the bowels but they actually make new blood and strengthen the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they make rich, red blood and no man or woman can have healthy blood and rheumatism at the same time. They have also cured many cases of neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases that have not yielded to ordinary treatment.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or they will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Philosophy from Kansas.

Nobody knows what produces earthquakes, although it is often claimed that they do. The earth quakes somewhere every day. Nobody knows when the earth came or when it will go, where it came from, how it came or how it happened to be here. The fact is, when you get down to the truth, nobody knows anything about anything—past, present or to come—and about the only way to get along in this know-nothing world is not to try to know very much.—Eldorado Republican.

Taking the Odd Trick.

Wife—Well, John, I don't see how I can suit you. You don't like my cooking and you have complained of every cook I have hired. I can't get one to suit.

Husband (stubbornly)—You could if you went after the right one.

"That's all you know about it. I telegraphed your mother offering her ten dollars a week and she declined to come."—Bohemian.

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.

In Tennyson's Land.

A reader at Buckingham, England, wrote to a London newspaper, asking for the name of the author of the line, "God's finger touched her, and she slept." He said the local burial board would not let him put it on his wife's tombstone unless he gave the author's name. Apparently the members of the burial board are not readers of Tennyson.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Inc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Polish Litterateur.

The man who more than anybody else made American letters and American life and history known to the Poles of Europe has come to Boston to live, a refugee from the persecutions of the Russian police. He is Jakob C. Goldszmit, himself at one time a lecturer at the Warsaw university and widely known as an author and correspondent.

Write Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for sample of Garfield Tea. Mild laxative.

Record of Revolutions.

At a private exhibition held in New York, Marie Beyrooty, a "Dervish dancer" connected with Barnum and Bailey's circus, whirled in a dance for 35 minutes without stopping. She completed 2,450 revolutions, breaking her world's record of 2,240 revolutions.

Reduced Rates East for School Teachers.

And the general public, via A. T. & S. F. Ry. One fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Utah, Wyoming and other territories to Missouri river, St. Louis, Memphis, Chicago, St. Paul and intermediate points. Dates of sale, May 26th and 28th, June 1st, 3rd and 16th. Return limit, Oct. 31st, 1906. Stop-overs allowed. For further information apply to C. F. Warren, General Agent, 411 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Do Fine Work.

Dredges used in taking gold-bearing sand from the beds of rivers are so economically operated that they can be made profitable when six or seven cents' worth of gold is obtained in a ton of gravel.

DECOUPLAGE DAY MAY 30



The Grand Army of the Republic. Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear. And at each succeeding roll call, fewer voices answer: "Here!"

Still their regiments are marching—many march with noiseless tread. And no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here; Lift them to the living heroes—hall them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half-mast waves, Keeping green dead heroes' memories at the grass above their graves.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay; Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore, Eighty millions throats are swelling—we are free forevermore!

—Elsie Florence Fay, in Success Magazine.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

With blossom-laden hands, to-day the nation stands,

Beside the graves of those who died for liberty.

The story is long told, our hearts can no more hold

The bitterness of strife, the tears, the agony.

Yet the memory of these men shall perish only when

The manhood of the land, the love of freedom, dies.

And lo! beside their sod new fold is turned; for God

New martyrs called for freedom, 'mid women's tears and cries.

By these just newly dead—their blood for Cuba shed—

And these who lie at peace, in the land they died to free;

Let all men know we keep their vigil while they sleep—

On guard, for aye, of this great nation's destiny.

These heroes have not laid their brave lives down in vain,

Her sons again have pledged our land to liberty.

O hearts that grieve to-day for soldiers far away,

Who bore our country's flag and died to set men free.

Look up and sigh no more. Like those who died before,

The nation keeps their memories and the people's hearts are true.

For Chickamauga still echoes on through San Juan Hill

To one nation and one people 'neath the red, white and blue.

To the Nation's Dead,

Long have they lain 'neath the grass and sod,

Those noble sons that in battle trod.

No more the sound of the bugle call Shall quicken their steps to duty's call.

They only wait for the trumpet sound, When the great and good shall at last be crowned.

And the battle and strife of yesterday Shall be lost alike to the Blue and Gray.

Ye who march on this day in May,

To scatter garlands of flowers gay

Over the mounds of soft green sward,

Where sleep the brave in battle gored;

Know that to these ye owe your land,

So scatter the buds with willing hand,

With thoughts of love while lips do pray

For the peace and rest of the Blue and Gray.

And let the flag on each grave rest,

Of him whose struggle made it best.

Those Stars and Stripes let proudly wave

Above each soldier honored grave.

For these are they who held them high,

Caring not that they should die.

So let the Union flag to-day

Thoughts of love for the Blue and Gray.

Sleeping, Not Dead.

Ye silent men, who to your country gave

The last full measure of devotion—life—

Ye fell asleep while the tumultuous strife

Around you swelled in fury, like the wave

Which breaks upon the rocks which prove

Its grave.

To-day, around you all the air is rife

With wailing cries from bugle and from life—

The voice of that dear land you died to save.

Nay, ye have never died—ye live to-day

In every soul which joys that it is free;

In that fair flag with which the breezes play.

With every flashing star undimmed, unlost;

In all our hearts, which clay like yours

shall be.

Before our land forgets what freedom cost.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Sun.

The Fallen.

Hark! a bugle winds shrill

O'er the brow of the hill,

At whose base stygian waters outpour;

"The our comrades, beyond sight,

Signal back through the night

To the few who are left on this shore.

Old Charon oars free

Our brave hosts through the sea,

As they, prompt to the bugle, respond—

How his boat rocks and rolls,

With the weight of their souls,

Who are linked with affection's strong bond.

To the blue and the gray

Gives, in each right of way,

And a chaplet of glory as well;

Since nobly they fought

Each as honor had taught,

And nobly, as heroes, they fell.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says:

"I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. To-day, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

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

The Fickle Goddess.

Mrs. Style—I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style. Snopman—Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing.—Melbourne Life.

First "Infantry."

The term "infantry" was first used by the Spaniards in the war with the Moors, to designate the bodyguard of a royal prince or "infante."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 10c a bottle.

Reassuring Odor.

Nervous Johnny—I love the smell of motor cars. Hostess—Really? What an extraordinary taste. Why do you like it? N. J.—Because when you smell it you know the danger's past.—Punch.

Garfield Tea, the herb laxative, is better than drugs and strong cathartics; it cures.

ORIGIN OF "TWENTY-THREE"

Hero of Dickens' Story Who Died on the Guillotine Was in Line on That Number.

Dickens lovers have no trouble these days in proving that all of our supposed up-to-date Americanisms are merely stolen expressions from their favorite author. They have indeed found that Dickens used many phrases and expressions that have been taken up to-day as universal o-y-words, and the latest acquisition of the enthusiasts of this sort is told in the statement that Dickens originated the expression "twenty-three," which in the vernacular of the present is used to express "all in," "chase yourself," "skiddoo," "the end," and many other things.

It will be remarked by anybody, says the Kansas City Star, that in the last chapter of "The Tale of Two Cities" Dickens describes the procession of human-leaden tumbrils to the guillotine. In one of them is Sidney Carton, the hero. In a garden overlooking the hideous machine is a group of old women knitting. As the heads fall in the basket one after another the women knit stealthily and count them out loud. The paragraph describing the last moments of Sidney Carton reads thus: "The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three!"

There you have it. You can take it for what it is worth.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out. Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

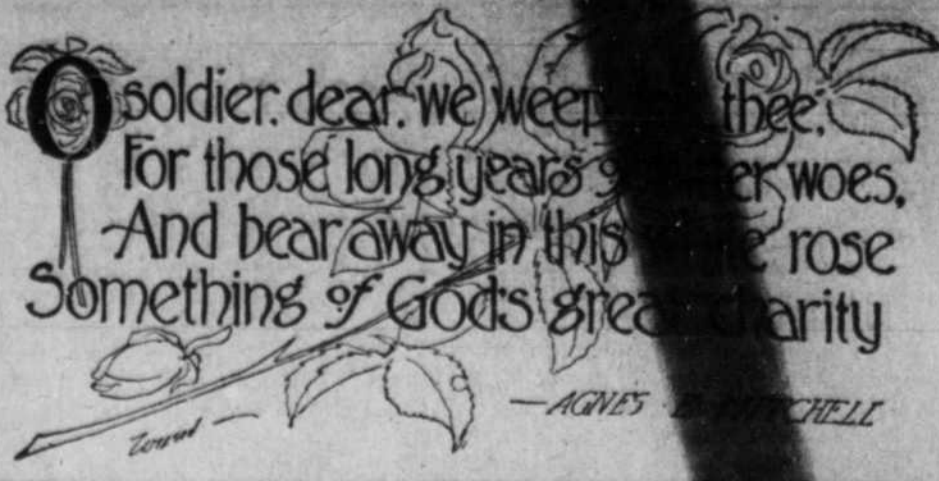
This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"There's a reason."



AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS

A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF FORT CAPTURED 1864 BY OLESEN

What sublime quietness! Can it be possible that here—these memories, boundless deep, which sweep across me like a surging flood, merely the torturing dreams of a fever-racked brain?

But no. All around me are abundant proofs. The outline of the old fort is still visible, and in fact I wonder that time has wrought so little change. I now recognize many familiar objects. The then solitary tree is still standing, but a wound made in its trunk by a vicious shell has never healed, and is now hastening its decay.

Yonder, half way down the slope, nearly buried in earth, I also discern a huge, shapeless mass of iron. Dumb witness of a bloody past, it is all that remains of a monster gun whose voice made the trees tremble. In the last hour of horror, overworked, triple-charged, it exploded, hurling a score of men into eternity.

This memory, then, is no mere dream. This panorama of peace before me has a dark background of graves.

Through yonder field of waving corn, from the mile-distant wood, with pick and shovel, by ditch and trench, inch by inch, we worked our tedious, tortuous way. Day and night we were dogged by the messengers of death. Each step was gained at the price of some brave life. Yet the work was pushed steadily on. We were there to do, to dare, to endure, but not to falter.

In a nation's redemption struggle men can afford to die, but cannot afford to be found wanting. When a comrade fell wounded, we cared for him with such kindness as the circumstances permitted; if he was killed, wrapped in his blanket we buried him, while with the rough sleeve of a soldier's coat we wiped the tears away—and pushed ever onward.

As I gaze spellbound, I wonder—I can never cease to wonder—that we did not fail. It required men with nerves of steel and hearts of oak, reinforced by the inspiration that back of us was our country, and above was God. It required these, and all these, to make victory possible.

For there, in the fort before us, were Americans, and none but Americans could have taken it. Our foes were never tired, their vigilance never relaxed, their courage was sublime. And while we believed them entirely and eternally wrong, they fought as it is only possible for men to fight



It Was Forty-Two Years Ago.

who believe they are entirely and eternally right. At last the point was reached where the work must be completed by an act of extreme desperation—we must charge the fort.

Between the trench in which we were concealed and the coveted prize was a space of about 500 feet, filled with every sort of obstruction which cunning, desperate men could devise. In part this consisted of stout stakes driven firmly into the ground at an angle pointing towards us, and sharpened. These were so thick and close that we could not pass between them, and were too strong to be easily broken. If there was a spot anywhere affording the least protection from the leaden storm, it was planted thick with torpedoes. It was through and over such obstructions that we must force our way while the guns of the fort would be flashing on us floods of death.

The signal was to be three guns fired from a battery near the center of our line, at an interval of half a minute each. To deceive the enemy, precisely the same signal had been fired at noon for three preceding days. A moment, when the word was relayed, to hastily scribble upon the scrap of pocket diary the last word

hopelessly overpowered, at last surrendered. The fury of rejoicing which followed rivaled that of the charge. The struggle had been so long and desperate, the victory was so complete (not a single one of the foe escaping) that men lost all self-control, and some in a frenzy of joy even hugged each other and cried like women.

But the vanquished—God pity them. The ground was strewn thick with their dead and dying, with pools of blood, with fragments of rent and scattered bodies. Some of their guns were literally covered with the shattered remains of the poor victims who had perished in handling them.

Amid the stifling stench of human gore, the survivors stood, some huddled in little groups, dumb with terror; some upright, facing us in cool defiance; others, blackened by smoke, bareheaded, half naked, were on their knees in prayer.

And this is war!

It was 42 years ago. Yet I instinctively listen, imagining I must still hear the roar of that conflict, or at least its echo—but no, the midday bears no cadence save the silklike murmur of the zephyr whispering—Peace.

A Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, and antiseptic. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from the lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures. Send for and read the little book of extracts, treating of the properties and uses of the several medicinal roots that enter into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and learn why this medicine has such a wide range of application in the cure of diseases. It is sent free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drug. Ingredients all printed on each bottle wrapper in plain English.

Sick people, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 81 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

Novel Cards.

Visiting cards of iron are popular on the continent of Europe, the name being printed in silver. The thickness of the cards is one four-hundredth of an inch.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, brings good health.

Where to Have a Boil.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, commenting once upon the trials of Job, remarked that the only proper place to have a boil was between "John" and "O'Reilly."—Boston Herald.

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years With Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

War on Soap.

Scientific medical authorities are waging a war on soap; that is, soap in a form commonly used. The cakes of toilet soap for promiscuous use have already been driven from nearly all the hotels and office buildings in New York. Some startling discoveries were made recently in tests of soap taken from a number of New York hotels. Filth and disease bacteria were found in nearly every sample. The soap from the first-class hotels was no better than that found in cheaper hostleries.

Compass Nests.

In the tropical northern territory of South Australia travelers need not carry a compass. The district abounds with the nests of the magnetic, or meridian ant. The longer axes of these point due north and south.

The Easter Way.

"Some o' de gloomy conversation," said Uncle Eben, "is caused by de fact dat it's easier to talk hard times dan it is to do hard work."—Washington Star.

