

PAIN IN THE JOINTS

Rheumatic Tortures Cause When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood.

The first sign of rheumatism is frequently a pain and swelling in one of the joints. If not combated in the blood, which is the seat of the disease, the poison spreads, affecting other joints and tissues. Sometimes rheumatism attacks the heart and is quickly fatal.

The one remedy that has cured thousands so that it may cure you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills expel the poison from the blood and restore the system, so that the poisonous matter is passed off as nature intended.

Mr. E. T. Fisher, of No. 120 Minn. street, Newark, N. J., suffered for about three years from rheumatism before he found this cure. He says: "It began with a queer feeling in my fingers. In a little time it seemed as though the finger joints had lumps on them and I could not get my gloves on."

"Then it grew worse and spread to my knees. I could not stand up and I could not sleep nights. My suffering was more than I can describe. I took a good deal of medicine, but nothing ever gave me relief until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I read an account of a cure in a case that was exactly like mine and I bought one box of the pills. I took them for three weeks before I really felt better and they finally cured me."

Mr. Fisher, who is a veteran and a member of E. D. Morgan Post, No. 307 of New York, substantiates his wife's statement and says that she now walks without difficulty, whereas a year ago she was compelled to push her about in a wheel chair. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fisher are enthusiastic in their praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

For further information, address the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Wanted a Secretary.

Mamma—So you want to give your dear teacher a present?

Tanny—Yes, ma; I'd like to give her some of that cheap candy like I had the other day.

Why, Tanny, that was what made you so ill.

Yes, ma; I know it was.—Chicago Journal.

5 Tons Green Hay Free.

Especially low rates and lots of fodder for hogs, cows, sheep and pigs.

THE GREEN HAY FEED.

The enormous crops of our Northern Green Hay are now ready for shipment.

It is the best and most nutritious feed for all kinds of stock.

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Her Ransom

By WILLARD MACKENZIE

CHAPTER III.

Two days passed—four days—and Neville Lynde was still at his claim. He had not been down to the camp, nor one had come up to him since the doctor had paid him the visit. He had heard nothing of the death and burial of the man, the stranger, and solitary and alone he sat at his barren claim. Sometimes when the heat and the dust and the dust seemed worse than usual he pitched the pick and the spade as far as he could and flung himself on his back and lay with his hands over his eyes, not asleep, but thinking. The old hag came up shouting and shook an empty mug at him.

"This year's as empty as a drum!" she cried.

"So it is; so am I; so are you," said Neville, quietly, "and so is the claim!"

But he got up and fetched his pick and spade and dropped into the hole again.

The old woman came down to the wife and shook the dust from her dress.

"This year's as empty as a drum!" she cried.

Neville got out of the pit slowly, and walked to the bar, unlocked the box, and took out a silver pencil case.

"My last piece of luck, Meth," he said, with a short laugh. "Take it down to the camp, and swap it for meat. Somebody who can't write may take a fancy to it."

The old woman clucked at it with her grimy claw, and shuffled off toward the camp. Neville went slowly back to his claim and took up the pick.

"Yes," he said, "the doc was right; Lora Hope has played out. I ought to have cut it with my partner. Now, look here, I'll take just six strikes, and then good-by."

He raised the pick above his head and struck to the right of him. Once, twice, thrice, four, five times. A cloud of red dust, a heap of stones—as usual. He held the pick poised, a grim smile on his sun-browned lips.

"The sixth and very last, so help me Heaven!"

Down came the pick, up went the dust, down rattled the stones. He scarcely looked at the heap, but let the pick fall and turned to leap from the hole. As he did so the corner of his eye, the corner only, caught the sweet, dull glitter, which is the greatest light earth holds for a digger's eye.

He swung round, dropped on his knees, and, clawing at the heap with his hands, dragged out—a nugget.

The sudden turn of the wheel of fortune stunned him for a moment. He took up the nugget and weighed it in both hands. In six months you learn something of the value of a nugget. Neville thought there must be over a thousand pounds in the one he held in his hot, trembling hands.

With a thousand pounds he could go back to England, if not rich, at riches are counted, yet, at any rate, not a beggar. Jordan could buy land, a small farm in Devonshire and rear cattle. He could—at any rate, he could get out of this wretched, sun-baked, plague-stricken, blackguard-haunted Lora Hope.

He leaped out of the pit with the precious nugget hidden under his coat, and ran toward the bar, and began turning out the contents of his bag, flinging the things to right and left in a careless kind of fashion. What he was trying to do was to look out some more decent apparel. The old woman derided the discovery.

"This year's all I can get," she cried, holding up the bag, in the bottom of which was some meal. "That's meek; that's half enough, but that don't seem so run on pencil cases."

Neville turned his glowing face up to her wrinkled, wrenched one.

"All right, Meth," he said, with a laugh in his voice. "It's all right; I've struck it!" And he held up the nugget. "That's what!" for the old woman had uttered a suppressed scream.

"Struck it just now, five minutes, half an hour—" He didn't know how long he had been sitting in the pit staring at the nugget. "Just after you had gone, Grand, ain't it?"

"Goodness makes!" murmured the old woman. "To think of it! And I'd 'er but my lissen dollar that there Grand, a quoth of yellow in the whole claim."

"That's just it! That's just the way of it," said Neville, rapidly. "It always comes when you don't expect it. That's the charm of this gold digger's business. But it's over; that's the path thing. Let me see. This is the sixteenth, isn't it? Yes. The day the bank agent comes down. I'll take it down to the camp and swap it for notes and then—"

"And then you're off," said Mrs. Meth, stirring up the fire with one hand and turning out the meal on to a board with the other.

"Then I'm off, if you say," he answered. "No more Lora Hope for me, thank you."

"There might be more where that came from," she cried.

"No; it's just a pocket, Meth. I know the look of it. And if there were— Well, I don't think it would keep me; I'm sick of it—just sick of it. I want to go back. I'm home-sick, do you understand, Meth? What's the use?" He hesitated up and, screwing his eyes with his hand, looked at the shining gem. The bank agent will be down at the camp in a week, won't he, Meth?"

stay for tea. And look here, I mean the square thing by you. You're stood by me through a long run of bad luck."

"That's nothing," she said, hitting the boiling kettle from the fire. "But it is, and I'll stand by you. Meth. You shall have—let me see— you shall have fifty pounds."

She opened her lips and showed her toothless gums.

"Yes," he said. "And if my partner were here he should have half of it—the sugar, I mean."

"You believed in your luck, Young man," she cracked. "Nothing like sticking to your luck. Here's your tea; and here's a cake."

He drank the awful mixture of curried hash and hot tiling and ate some of the hot meal cake.

"Fifty pounds," he said, as he set the tin mug down on the top of the bar. "That will give you a fresh start, eh, Meth?"

She laughed and nodded. He washed himself, thrust on a light jacket, and with the precious nugget hidden beneath it, left the bar.

A new moon was rising placidly above the mountain range, its faintly defined crescent shining feebly against the light from the west in which the sun had sunk surrounded by golden fire.

He passed his claim, picked his way past many a similar hole, threaded the cuts and shanties which formed the outskirts of the camp, and presently reached the center—Sandy Magregor's great tent.

He trod lightly, sprightly, drawing strength and energy from the nugget pressed against his breast. He knew that the bank agent would be found there, and in imagination he already held and counted the precious notes which he would receive in exchange for his nugget. The flap of the tent door was thrown back; he drew near and looked in.

Sandy was standing at the bar, behind a counter of rough deal. The place was full, but the men were not sitting and sprawling around, playing cards or quarreling, but standing in a crowd with their faces turned toward the end of the tent. Something unusual and out of the ordinary was going on.

CHAPTER IV.

Neville drew nearer and looked farther in. He saw at the end of the big tent a man standing on an up-turned barrel. He was the spokesman of Lora Hope, a man named Lockit, and was evidently holding forth.

He stood, ragged and with unkempt hair and long neglected beard, the hand held up to invoke silence. Neville, curious but impatient, listened.

And this is what he heard: "Now, parde," the orator was saying, "this year's the case in a nutshell. A stranger comes to this year camp, comes here from no one knows where or how, sick and sorry, and this year stranger, after receiving every attention from our mutual friend, the doc—"

"Three cheers for the doc!" cried a voice, followed by "Shut up! Turn it off!"

"After receiving every attention from the doc," continued the orator, "the year stranger, in his checkered coat and long neglected beard, the hand held up to invoke silence. Neville, curious but impatient, listened.

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—a young girl that'll learn to wash and cook before you can say Jack Robinson; a scrubber for any man's house, let him be whomsoever he may. Who bids for the orphan?"

The girl looked round at the hot, sun-burned faces, and, being still tighter to the woman nearest to her, and the woman tried to soothe her.

The bank agent looked on with a smile. He was accustomed to the rough humor of a digger's camp, but it had been reserved for Lora Hope to afford a new excitement. The scene reminded him of the "good" old slave times in the States.

"Now, then," shouted the auctioneer. "Here's the rules and regulations. The orphan is to be disposed of to the highest bidder."

"What are you going to do with the money?" demanded a voice.

"Well, hand it to the doctor as the beginning of a fund for the Great Lora Hope Hospital."

"A jail 'ud be more useful," commented some one sarcastically.

"Or a cemetery and lunatic asylum combined," yelled another.

"As you please, parde," said Lockit. "We can decide what we'll do with the money after we've got it. Jail, cemetery, hospital—whatever you like. Now, then, the first bid. Mind, the money's no use without a comfortable home and a good character; understand that. This year orphan is the ward of Lora Hope Comp. Now, then, first bid."

The men looked round at each other and laughed half shyly, no one liking to make the first offer.

"What! I'm to start the running?" said the auctioneer. "All right!" He took out some buttons and odds and ends from his pocket, and pretended to count over a large quantity of coin. "Well, to start you, here's a shilling."

(To be continued.)

THE WOMAN AT WORK.

A Problem that is Practical, Not a Sentimental One.

A trade school for girls (such a school as was not long ago established in Boston) is a venture more significant than on the surface appears, says Scribner. The aim of the trade school is or should be to furnish those attending practical knowledge and detailed practical information to girls of the working classes. And it has been thought recently that it would be a helpful move to enlist the interest of some of the women's clubs in the enterprise.

The point directly at issue is whether the aid of the women's clubs would truly further the efficiency of the girls' trade schools.

In order that it should it would be necessary that the animating spirit of women's clubs in relation to subjects affecting working girls should be practical and not philanthropic. This is rarely the case. The sentimental consideration almost always obtrudes itself in some form or other. Women's clubs have themselves existed too short a time, relatively, and the whole movement they express is too new, not to be still, so to say, in the metaphysical rather than the scientific stage. That all the practical problems of women's lives must be solved practically, however, if they are to be solved at all, is something that men are more apt to be able to see than the sex itself.

If this is not to be done it is really a vain attempt to bring up the practical problems in any way. The trade school, if it teaches respect for thoroughness and single-minded devotion to specialized efficiency, must also teach subordination of the personality of the sex—the setting aside of privilege. Anything else is illogical. Too many forces in American life war against this result—so much so that there is always a danger of any trade school for girls degenerating into essentially a "short-cut" school. In the present day and generation short-cut schools of all kinds may be indispensable, but we should do well frankly to acknowledge, all the while, that as agents of genuine intellectual and moral growth little can be claimed for them.

The Difference.

There is a good story told of Sir Chieh-Chen Lo Feng-tuh, who was formerly Chinese minister to England. Years ago he was secretary to Li Hung Chang. He is a very able man, and among other accomplishments speaks and writes English perfectly. The story is given in "The Navy as I Have Known It."

Li Hung Chang is reported to have said to him, "I don't know how it is we send our men to Europe and America, and have foreign instructors in our colleges, as do the Japanese, but we do not seem to derive the advantage from their instruction which the Japanese do."

To this Chieh-Chen Lo Feng-tuh replied: "That is quite true. I was a classmate of the Marquis in England. He is now prime minister, and I am your excellency's secretary."

Feminine Logic.

After the tea things had been cleared away the young wife came over and sat on hubby's knee, put her plump arms about his neck and kissed him half a dozen times.

"Well, what is it now?" he queried. "A new dress, dear," she answered. "But don't you know that times are awful hard just at present?" he queried.

"Of course I do," she replied. "That's why I want to give the poor dress-maker something to do."

No Wonder.

"Julia" yelled the poet, "why don't you keep that kid quiet? What's the matter with it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the patient wife. "I'm singing one of your ballads to the little darling."—Palm-Beach Post.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Enormous New Pear.

London Gardener's Chronicle in a recent issue illustrates a new pear now being introduced by the distinguished pomologist, M. Charles Ballet, Troyes, France. M. Ballet thinks this pear, for which he proposes the name "Roosevelt," is destined to bring about a revolution in fruit gardens and orchards. The tree is said to be a robust grower, and very productive, either as a standard or as a dwarf, grafted on quince stock. The pears grow very large, sometimes measuring over five inches in diameter. The cut is supposed to be about half the natural size of the best fruits. The flesh is snow white, melting and of a delicate, sweet and agreeable flavor.



NEW FRENCH PEAR.

posed to be about half the natural size of the best fruits. The flesh is snow white, melting and of a delicate, sweet and agreeable flavor. The color of the ripe fruit is light yellow shading to lemon, with bright red spots on the sunny side. The season in Northern France is from September to November, being in good eating condition through the whole month of October. M. Ballet has tested it for years, and does not hesitate warmly to recommend it. His great reputation will go far to encourage trials of this sensational variety.—Farm Progress.

What Our Farmers Produce.

The American farmer raised in 1905 2,708,000,000 bushels of corn, 749,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000,000,000 bushels of oats, 35,000,000 bushels of rye, 150,000,000 bushels of barley, 30,000,000 bushels of flaxseed, 250,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 28,000,000 barrels of apples, 3,000,000 bushels of onions, 910,000 bushels of cranberries, 650,000,000 pounds of rice, 280,000 tons beef sugar, 11,000,000 bales of cotton, 58,000,000 tons of hay, 42,000,000 pounds of broom corn and 150,000,000 pounds of tobacco. In addition milk, butter and cheese from 1,270,000 cows, which products alone will be worth in 1906 more than \$965,000,000. He values his cows at \$482,000,000, to say nothing of the 43,700,000 other cattle, worth in round numbers \$663,000,000. Just to make the figures even up, add another \$1,500,000,000 for horses and mules and 47,400,000 sheep and swine in the barns and fields. Next year he expects to handle 1,800,000,000 dozen of eggs.

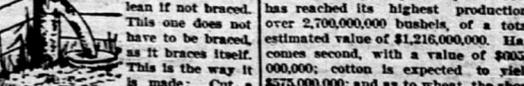
Wasting Feed.

A large proportion of the hay and fodder produced on farms is stacked, but hay stored in the barn will keep in much better condition than when stored in stacks. It is almost impossible to escape loss when it is exposed in stacks. Damaged hay will be wasted by the animals, and there is an additional loss in quantity by exposure that may not occur in the mow. It is better to sell the hay that cannot be stored in the mow than to accept risk of the weather.

Fodder can be as truly wasted when put in the stomach as when trodden under foot. Unhoused cattle have a consumption of food for no result, for the reason that it is used wholly in keeping life. Moreover, they are stunted by their stay at this unthrifty stage, and will never show as good results afterward.

Good Corner Post.

There are a good many ways to make corner posts, but they are not all good ones. I send a sketch of one which I think is the best I ever saw. Posts on corners and short bends in a line of fence will lean if not braced. This one does not have to be braced, as it braces itself. This is the way it is made: Cut a small tree (also you wish for post) that is forked. Cut fork one foot shorter than body. Put post in ground, turn fork on inside corner and place rack under end of prongs. Corner posts made this way will never pull over. To hold fence on banks or hill sides, cut short posts—say three feet long, and dig holes two feet deep above each post. Put in post, then nail plank between short post and fence.—Roscoe Torbett.



CORNER POST.

Exclusive Corn Diet.

It has been concluded at the Wisconsin experiment station that it is impossible to raise young pigs on an exclusive corn ration. The feeding trial made dwarfed animals out of every pig in lot 1, fed exclusively on corn. While they gained some in flesh, they did not develop in bone, and as they went on their vitality decreased. The hair on their bodies became thin and their skin hard and scaly. Toward the end of the trial they were indifferent about eating and showed considerable emaciation.

Why Cows "Leave Their Cud."

When a cow "leaves the cud," or, more correctly, fails to "chew the cud," it is not because she has lost

THE COUPON BELOW IS GOOD FOR \$1.00 IF SENT AT ONCE.

It is Wrong for You to Neglect Your Duty to Yourself! Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Troubles Grow More Dangerous Daily.

There is now a remedy called Mall's Grape Tonic that cures these troubles absolutely.

A full sized bottle is furnished you free. Prove it—use the large number of cases of Typhoid Fever, Typhoid Fever, Malarial Fever, Appendicitis, Impure Blood, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Flies, Female Troubles, etc., are the result of Constipation.

Don't allow it to run on without proper treatment. Mall's Grape Tonic cures Constipation, Bowel and Stomach trouble in a new way, different from any other—and it is permanent.

Alcoholic, opium and morphia preparations are injurious and dangerous. They destroy the digestive organs, and literally starve the system to pieces.

Mall's Grape Tonic strengthens and builds them up. It cleanses the system of impurities, incites the digestive system to natural action, and cures the disease in a short time. To prove it to you, we will give you a bottle free if you have never used it.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers. A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

COUPON.

101 GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR. Give Full Address and Name Plainly. \$1.00 bottle contains about 100 doses. It will cure you of all the troubles mentioned above. There is a great saving in the use of this bottle.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Great Applause.

"I hear that the handsome matinee boy is carrying a side line."

"Yes, he is getting a big salary from a glove factory."

"A glove factory?"

"Sure! When the matinee girls begin to applaud him uproariously he holds up his finger for silence and says: 'Young ladies, all who split their gloves will please patronize Fittens' Glove Company.'"

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief—Doctor Afraid to Touch Them—Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered with sores on the hands which were itching, painful, and disagreeable. I had three doctors and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."

One Thing Needed.

Marks—I hear you are interested in the promotion of a mining company, Shaks—Yes.