HOW THE CLARK SPECIAL

Bearing the Delegates to the Democratic Convention

CAME FROM KANSAS CITY

Montana Men Stopped at Lincoln to See Bryan and Then Make a Record Breaking Run to Overtake the Regular Train—Eighty Miles an Hour Was the Speed of the Special for the Longest Run on Record.

By C. J. Lisle
Of the Inter Mountain Staff.

The story of the great run of the special train which brought the Montana delegates home from the national democratic convention at Kansas City in 1900 has been referred to in a fugitive way through the press. But in the greater excitement of a great political campaign it passed without the mention it deserved as a bit of really great railroading.

On the afternoon of July 7th, three days after the nomination for president had been made, the three cars which bore the Montana contingent were coupled onto the regular Burlington train that leaves the city by the Kaw for the northwest. The members had planned that they should reach their home on Sunday, where a celebration awaited them. The convention had supported their views in the platform, and they were in a hilarious mood.

Wanted to See Bryan.

As the heavy train labored on up into Nebraska losing time at every mile, the delegation decided that nothing would satisfy them but a visit to Mr. Bryan, their presidential nominee. Their train was already an hour and a half late and the authorities of the road flatly refused to give even an half hour's stop for the proposed visit. If the men wanted to see Mr. Bryan let them stop over one train.

Finally, however, permission was given Phil Daniels, general agent of the Burlington at Butte, who accompanied the party, to stop over two hours at Lincoln, and then take the three cars as a special to overtake the regular train wherever possible. Mr. Daniels took full charge of the matter, telegraphed ahead and arranged for the special engine and made out a time schedule for the full route, or so much of it as would be necessary to cover in order to overtake the regular train. The distance from Lincoln to Billings is upwards of a thousand miles, and while it was believed it would not be necessary to run more than one, or at most, two divisions, permission was secured to make the entire run as a special in case it be found necessary. Mr. Daniels, however, had full confidence in the ability of the Burlington engines to make a phenomenal run and he made every preparation for a record breaking race. Perhaps the passengers were not fully prepared for the ride they got, at any rate, to Mr. Daniels is due all the credit for the run from Lincoln.

From this point, it will be interesting to take the description given by one of the members of the party, and a careful, nay, almost a fascinated observer of the preparations and of the wild ride which followed.

"We made our call on the distinguished Nebraskan whom we had chosen to be our standard bearer. He was at home, and we routed him up out of bed for our congratulations. It was past midnight, and all of the street cars, even the specials that had been held for us, had long since gone to the barns. We were delayed in various ways, and barely finished our business within two hours.

Then the Chase Began.

"When we got back to the depot, a light engine was already backing up to the train, ready to pull out. But when the nature of the task was explained to the engineer, he protested that the engine was not heavy enough for the task. So it was run back into the stall, and one of the engines kept for fast passenger service was substituted. We were more than two hours behind; so much, indeed, that the train dispatcher and the train men one and all declared we should not overhaul the other train between Lincoln and Billings, 838 miles away.

"The engine was a marvel. It was a black, somber-looking monster, no gold leaf, no brass work, nothing but fire and steel and go. It was of the Burlington's highest type of machine, their class, six drivers, built for the marvelous runs like that of the fast mail in its eagle flight from Chicago westward. It was driven by Engineer Rockfellow, a steady-handed, cool-headed man, a hero of the throttle, I have always been pleased to call him. No other kind of man could stand the kind of run we made, and not lose his nerve.

"The train dispatcher was kind; he gave us a clear track for the night, save for one train that we were to meet, and with which we must take our chances. As to our own safety, we must take our own chances. We were masters of the road, and our own destinies for the night.

"Slowly at first, then faster and faster, we steamed out across the alkali flat that lies west of Lincoln. The night was inky black, though calm and pleasant. The arc lights of the city glittered as we swung out over the low, rolling hills that rise to the westward; presently they died away behind waving groves and nearby hill crests, and we were well on our way.

The Flight Through the Darkness.

"It did not need much experience in traveling to know that we were moving at great speed. Looking out of the windows, the black bulks of nearby groves, or barns or houses, rushed by like mad things. The rail joints sent up a rattling roar that made a continuous sound. Though the night had been quiet as a grave when we started, an everincreasing gale began to beat around the car windows; tore with eager fingers at the fastenings, and flung a rattling hail of cinders and sand against the sash. The heavy cars rolled and swayed as they took the curves. The whistle never ceased its shrill warning, as we sped through the network of country roads. They were only seconds apart. Perchance some belated traveler might be out on the highway; this black, meteor-like train, shooting like an arrow through the night, might catch him unawares, but for the monotonous warning. A dense, impenetrable wall of night shut us off from all view of what lay along the line; we could but warn others to take care of themselves.

"Out across the mile-long spidery bridge spanning the broad, sandy Platte, we roared. At Grand Island, where the Burlington crosses the wilderness of Union Pacific tracks, there was a clattering of steel like a thousand boiler factories in full blast, as we dashed over the switches at full speed. Flagmen had been ordered out to keep the track clear, had they failed we should have known it but for the one brief second between seeing the danger and the crash.

The King of the Road.

"The night was pitch dark and little could be seen save the ghostly bulk of the houses and towns as we rushed by. There would be a glimpse of green switch light, a faint flash from the station window, and another town was left behind in our mad rush. Now and again there would be a great light flaming out in front of us, a round, red eye of fire from an engine standing on a side track, waiting for our special, which was the king of the road for the night.

Tirelessly, endlessly, the sinewy engine ate up the miles to the westward. The sweating fireman swung his shovel like a part of the great machine; the fiery heart of the steel monster shone out on the hot murky air almost continuously, through the open furnace door. The coal pile melted away like hoar frost chrystals before a summer sun; the lightening tender switched around behind its master like a trailing flag.

"But we were making up the time; keeping count on the number of stations passed—for we never stopped, and could not read the names on the station houses that flew by in an indistinguishable blur—the startling speed of eighty miles an hour was announced in the cars. We were making a record run; one of the wildest rides in the history of railroading.

"Eighty miles an hour is an easy thing to say; it is a somewhat difficult thing to experience. It means perfection of machinery for one thing; one heated bearing, one journal that does not fit, the loosening of a pin or bolt, the giving way of the rail, or of a bridge, and all is over ending either in failure or a frightful wreck. For the rider, it means that countless billions of people have lived and died without seeing such speed, that we may talk of so lightly. Since the world began no man had ever ridden at that rate of speed, for so great a distance. It means 120 feet a second, more than twice the speed of the fastest race horse that ever took the track, more than five times the speed of the fastest man who ever ran a mile, and double the speediest bicyclist who ever followed a machine-made pace on a board track. One may talk glibly of eighty miles an hour as a small achievement; let him but ride behind an engine making that speed, or let him try to build a flawless machine that can set that pace and he will know what it really means.

THE SPECIAL ON ITS RECORD BREAKING RACE ACROSS NEBRASKA

Eighty Miles an Hour.

"The Burlington road runs through some of the most beautiful land in Nebraska that ever greeted the eye of man. Level as a floor, it stretches away from the Platte a matchless Titanic race course. Across these beautiful, limitless plains we are speeding, never swerving, never faltering, following the gleaming rails that stretched out into the black night, and every hour eighty miles more are gone.

"We should have overtaken the regular train long before, even though we were so far behind them on the start. But they had made up their lost time, and were now running on schedule. We strolled into Ravenna, the first division station, just 30 minutes after they left. So far, our ride had been a failure in that we had failed to overtake the fleeting train; but we had broken all records for fast running.

"A new trouble confronted us at Ravenna. There was no new engine there to carry us onward in our flight; the coal and water were out of our own engine, and it was an hour's work to replenish them. Meantime, the train we sought to overtake was on its way, running on time, with a fresh engine, and still an hour and a half ahead, by the time we again took the road. But there was not a heated bearing, not a flaw in the great machine which carried us, and we were ready once more for the stern chase.

"Again the drivers took up their space-devouring stride, which cut down the miles as one would check them off the the map with a pencil. The little towns were farther apart now, and not so large. There were fewer groves, and fewer farm houses. The great level plain had given way to rolling sand hills, and there were some grades that checked our speed. But again the speed registered 80 miles an hour. That told the tale."

Daybreak on the Plains.

"The dawn began to lighten up the east and still no sight of the welcome twin red lights of the regular train ahead of us. The light strengthened, and rosy fingers shot up from behind the eastern hills, while the wild chase continued. Reeling off the miles behind us, the glistening steel rails, like the web of a great spider, we raced over the cheerless sandy hills, startling the sleepy herds and bringing curious faces to the doorways of the sod-houses.

"We had but two thoughts: To overtake the regular train, and—80 miles an hour! That was always first. It came to our minds through the gale at the window panes, in the roar of the rail's joints, continuous and uninterrupted by intervals of silence. A shifting panorama of hills, houses, herds, a confused jumble of fences and telegraph poles, and a never-ending brown band of sun-burned grass land met our view through the windows—the eye has no time to fix on details at 80 miles an hour.

"But it all came to an end at last. A hazy black smoke appeared ahead; it was the trail of the train we sought. Almost before we could realize it we darted into sight, and at Seneca overhauled the quarry, almost as if the train were standing still. Our engine was uncoupled, and three cars hitched behind the others, and the great ride was ended. And it may be that more than one man drew a long sigh of relief. Record-breaking rides are thrilling, but their cost is high in nerves.

"The engineers and firemen who made the record run were regularly detailed for the service, and expected nothing more than regular pay for the extra run. They were surprised and gratified by each receiving a handsome check from Charley Clark as a tribute to their magnificent performance."

Joaquin's Chirography.

"JOAQUIN MILLER, the 'Poet of the Sierras,' thinks no man live writes a more illegible hand than he," spoke up the reporter. "Upon his visit to New Orleans a few weeks ago he told that his poor chirography had always been a source of much mortification to him, and he had tried in vain for years to acquire a plainer fashion of writing.

"When news of the excitement incidental to the great gold strikes and discoveries in Alaska first got to the outer world, Mr. Miller was dispatched to the Klondike as the representative of a San Francisco newspaper. He thought there was a rich field before him for graphic descriptive material for stories, and he was right; but there was also plenty of hard newspaper work to be done by the conscientious correspondent. When Mr. Miller finally got into the Klondike he found a score of newspaper correspondents, representing the great dailies of the country, already there and ready for news of gold strikes and great fortunes being made by men daring enough to brave the ice and snow and hardships. Competition between these correspondents was keen from the very first, and there was any amount of 'scooping' and 'beating' done away up there in the Klondike.

"The only way at that time the correspondents had to get out their news was to send it from Dawson to Seattle by steamer, and, if it was important enough, have it wired from Seattle to its destination. One day Mr. Miller ran across Alexander McDonald, since famous as the 'King of the Klondike,' and a three-times millionaire. McDonald had just reached Dawson, after having made the greatest gold strike in the history of the diggings. He told his story to Mr. Miller, and likewise to several other correspondents. Then began a scramble to get the story out to the world. The steamer was to leave that afternoon for Seattle. Mr. Miller had taken no typewriter into the Klondike when he went there, and he had to write his McDonald story, which was a thrilling recital of the sufferings and hardships of one man, with pen and ink.

"It went off all right with the stories of two or three others, and reached the manager of the telegraph office at Seattle. The manager was able to make out the name of the San Francisco paper, but that was all. Not a line or sentence could he decipher; neither could any operator in the office. Printers and proofreaders were summoned, but they could do no better. Not a man in Seattle could read Mr. Miller's copy. The telegraph manager could do nothing but forward the manuscript by mail to San Francisco. There it arrived two days after the story of McDonald's strike had been published to the world. The other stories got out from Seattle by wire, and Mr. Miller's paper was badly 'beat,' simply because no man in Seattle could be found to read his handwriting."

HOW TO BE SAFE FROM SUMMER SUFFERING.

Summer suffering!
What causes it?
Think for a minute!

In the summer every form of decay and fermentation is many times as active as in winter.

If milk becomes too warm it sours, curdles, turns to cheese. It will do it in a baby's stomach and bowels as quickly as in a pan.

If you leave meat off the ice it "won't keep." It becomes tainted and infected with vermin. Garbage rots and sours in the swill barrel in the summer heat. If your food remains even a short time undigested in your stomach and bowels, during the summer heat, it sours, creates gases, poisons the blood, which it also overheats.

You have noticed when a setting of dough begins to "rise" that it gets warm and makes bubbles of gas that swell up the "sponge." That's fermentation, and is all right when it takes place outside of the body, because the noxious gases escape into the air and leave only the good foodstuffs behind, ready for baking. Not until baked are they fit to eat.

But if it takes place in the stomach and bowels, no matter whether it is dough, meat, vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs, or what not, you will be sick—sick with a sour stomach, a sick headache, furred tongue, lazy liver, acid urine, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, cholera morbus, jaundice, rash, pimples, prickly heat, and if you are inclined to piles or chronic constipation all these things will be just that much worse.

Summer heat does it—just the same as you set the mash or sponge in the heat of the stove to sour.

Microbes and Tapeworms.

Everybody knows that summer heat favors the insect world—malarial mosquitoes, bugs, worms, maggots, jiggers, caterpillars, flies, carrion-beetles; all are lively and hard at work getting their livelihood out of the summer fermenting, decaying animal and vegetable matter that fills the universe during the hot spell. Nature has created billions of animals, large and small, to help destroy this poisonous stuff.

Same way in the body. Heat helps microbes, bacteria, ptomaines, all disease germs to breed and feed in the bowels of man, and wherever a weakness appears there they swarm in myriads. The terrible increase of the death rate among babies in the summer time is caused by the curd of mother's milk souring in their little insides and forming the breeding spot of dozens of varieties of disease germs, causing colic, vomiting, cholera infantum, summer complaint, scarlet fever and all the other summer horrors of childhood life. Half-grown children are apt to have worms at this season of the year; and it is hard to tell whether they have or not. The commonest symptom is a nervous picking at the nose. Grown-up people, too, have tapeworms without knowing it, and many a tapeworm born in summer time has lived and grown for years and starved the unfortunate, unwilling and unconscious individual with whom it made its home.

Appendicitis.

This dreadful disease, which killed untold millions before the medical profession discovered its cause, is the direct result of the souring of food in the bowels. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by a grape seed or berry seed lodging in the "appendix," a certain kink in the intestines, and there starting to "work." Inflammation sets in and the whole abdomen becomes affected by the disease, and in former years the victim would die—all on account of a little grape seed that stuck in the bowels instead of being thrown out of the system. Nowadays the doctors cut open the body, dig out the grape seed and straighten out the "kink" with a knife. Not a pleasant process, you may be sure.

What Nature Does.

The first provision nature has made to get rid of the nasty, sour mass in the body caused by summer heat is to drive it out through the pores. That's why a person perspires so much in the summer time; and every one knows that perspiration—sweat—is sour. Underwear removed after a hot day smells sour, and all sweat is sour and offensive, showing that it removes cold filth from the body.

Then again, nature cuts down your appetite, because when you eat a square meal parts of it over before it can be digested, and the machine backs up until the sour stuff can be gotten rid of. Nearly everybody loses flesh in the summer time, because the food is not digested properly. Of course, nature wants everybody to get in a cool place, take it easy, bathe frequently, so as to keep the temperature of the body low, and so on. But most people are not so lucky as to be choosers, and they have to work and hustle for a livelihood in the summer's heat same as any other time.

So, as you can't follow the dictates of nature and lounge in the woods or loll in the surf at the seashore and give the hot and tired wife and the colicky, prickly-heated babies a summer vacation by the rippling rills, you ought to be glad there's a way to assist nature and avoid all the dangers of summer suffering.

Keep Clean Inside.

It's simple and easy, if you know how.
Keep clean inside!
Stop the undigested food from souring in your stomach and bowels! Remove regularly all sour refuse in your body, sweeten the system and keep it in shape to take every nourishment out of your food and expel all unnecessary rubbish.
Keep cool inside!
You can't keep cool outside if you have a blazing, boiling, souring mass of corruption inside of you.
Isn't that common sense?
Most people think diarrhea is the opposite of constipation. It is not. Diarrhea is a form of constipation and is caused by nature trying to get rid of the obstruction of acid-weakened bowels.

The proper thing to do, therefore, is to keep your bowels strong, healthy, natural all summer; and to do so you must use a medicine gotten up for that particular purpose. A physic, pills, liquids, old-fashioned rippers would kill you. And yet you must keep the channel clean, pure and open.

There is only one preparation that will do it, and you will find it in any drug store, 10c, 25c or 50c a box—Cascarets Candy Cathartic, purely vegetable, sweet, eat like candy, stop fermentation, make the mouth, breath pure and sweet and keep the insides clean and cool. One of Cascarets' most wonderful qualities is that mamma eats a tablet; baby gets the benefit. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative by eating Cascarets. This is the only scientific, safe way to protect suckling infants against summer suffering. Children like Cascarets and should take a little piece of a tablet every day.

The writer of this article has written the above from most careful tests, and his experience proves that Cascarets used regularly during the summer's heat absolutely prevent all the diseases usually attributed to the effect of summer. In the south they have been used successfully as a preventive of yellow fever, Asiatic cholera and elsewhere of the plague. Should any one desire to try them before buying, the writer has arranged with the manufacturers to send a free sample and booklet to any person mentioning this article and addressing Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

STRIKE!

Hundreds of Thousands Are Involved.

Trouble in an Important Part of the Organization Affects All the Rest—A Perfectly Harmonious System Easily Thrown Out of Gear.

Organized labor has reached such a stage that anything affecting a particular branch of it draws all the rest into the difficulty.

It is exactly the same way with the different organs of the human body. Work too hard, eat too much, drink too much, exercise but little, be a little irregular in any way and the liver quits work.

Then the bowels become constipated and the stomach goes on strike. The heart is affected, the brain follows suit and every part in the body is dragged into the trouble.

The only way out of it is to go at the source of all this—the liver. Square yourself with the liver and all will get back to regular natural work.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic make things right with the liver. They perfume the breath, prevent food from souring on the stomach, give tone to the bowels, strengthen the intestinal muscles, while they are cleaning and stirring up the liver to renewed activity.

No matter how long a case has been incurable, Cascarets are guaranteed to put things right so that should be and set the whole machinery a-going. And you can get them at any drug store or by mail for price—10c, 25c or 50c. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

CARNEGIE'S CRY.

Would Give Up His Millions for Health, When 10 Cents Would Buy It.

"I am not really to be envied," said Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, in a recent interview at Skibo castle. "How can my wealth help me? I am 60 years old and I cannot digest my food. I would give you all my millions if you could give me youth and health."

Poor millionaire! So wise and yet so blind! Youth he could not buy, but a hale and hearty old age is his to purchase, and it will not cost him his millions.

It will cost him just 10 cents, and his plaint "I cannot digest my food" need never cross his lips again.

Read this:

I have tried almost every remedy for the cure of dyspepsia and its attendant troubles, have paid a large amount in doctors' bills and have even taken a hospital treatment, but I must confess that I have never had anything to act upon me so well as your ideal laxative, Candy Cathartic Cascarets. I am convinced that it is the one perfect remedy for slow, sluggish movements of the intestines. Subsequent upon too close attention to business in the office or schoolroom, and I only wish every brain-worker could test the virtues of this remarkable remedy.—Philip Roy, Principal Woodstock High School, Va.

And these:

I was troubled with constipation for two years, and it [illegible] me to sleep or eat or [illegible] of Cascarets at [illegible] a new person. I [illegible] to be one [illegible] ket.—W. H. [illegible] Co., [illegible]

$100.00 REWARD.

Get What You Ask For and Don't Let a Dealer Talk You Into Buying Something Else.

The Sterling Remedy Co., manufacturers of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, have just succeeded in locating and legally crushing one of many who are securing the results of Cascarets' fame by making imitations and substitutes. Justice Wing of the U. S. Circuit court, northern district of Ohio, at Cleveland, has entered a comprehensive decree of injunction against one Gevey, the person in question, restraining him from using the word Cascarets, the words Candy Cathartic, any box, tablet, label or advertisement like those used by Cascarets or any way similar thereto. The Sterling Remedy Company are determined to defend these, their rights as defined by the honorable court.

$100.00 reward will be promptly paid to anyone furnishing us evidence which we can secure conviction of any other dealer who attempts to [illegible] when Cascarets [illegible]

A MOTHER'S MERCY.

Lack of Proper Care in Childhood Lays the Foundation for Habitual Constipation, Causing Lifelong Suffering.

Nothing so sweet and touching as a mother's care for her little ones.

What a tender, watchful eye her anxiety keeps on the young hopefuls!

In the young nearly all ailments are directly traceable to stomach and bowel complaints.

Physic and purges are the most common and most dangerous of all medicines. Nearly all contain opiates or mercurial and other mineral poisons, which permanently affect the tender bones and tissues of the child.

The only proper laxative for a child is a gentle, positive vegetable liver stimulant, like Cascarets Candy Cathartic. For the babe in arms the mother gets a Cascaret. It makes her milk mildly purgative and benefits the baby. Older children eat a piece of a Cascaret like candy. They taste good, make the liver lively, expel sour stomach, purify the blood and regulate the bowels perfectly.

Go buy and try Cascarets to-day. It's what we do, not what we say they do, that proves merit. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

[illegible] OF PAIN.

[illegible] by Far, of All [illegible] Cured.

What causes [illegible] the bowels. [illegible] irregular [illegible] thin [illegible]

[illegible] blood [illegible] bloodsiff horribly [illegible] unoying. [illegible] pt to go at the [illegible] r, and then tone [illegible] an keep regular. [illegible] man do it, and [illegible] are the best known. [illegible] is the experience of Mr. Heitz:

[illegible] ulcers: I have been [illegible] ion for the last twenty [illegible] red the tortures of the [illegible] ding piles. I have spent [illegible] trying all kinds of patent [illegible] and got relief, but all to no [illegible] three weeks ago, when I [illegible] scarets in the town of [illegible] say that I never found [illegible] d to-day I am entirely [illegible] a new man. I also [illegible] who from infancy [illegible] stipation and was [illegible] quence thereof, [illegible] a tablet every [illegible] ever saw. [illegible] night. I must say that your tablets are a bo[illegible] suffering humanity, and you are at liberty to refer any one to me. Wishing you success, I remain, yours truly, C. H. HEITZ, 1411 Jones-st., with Doering Harvester company.

Sufferers from piles! Go and do likewise! Buy and try Cascarets to-day! It's what they do, not what we say they'll do, that proves their merit. They make the liver lively, the bowels regular, the blood pure. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy company, Chicago; Montreal, Can.; New York.

GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

Within Five Years Cascarets Have Reached the Largest Sale

Of any liver or bowel medicine in the world simply because they [illegible]. They have great merit, and we consider the sale of over six million boxes is your best testimonial. No matter what ails you, start using Cascarets to-day, and if you are not benefited and in every way satisfied after you have given them a fair trial you can have your money back for the asking. There is no waste. They are put up in tablet form and every tablet is stamped "C. C. C." They don't cost much—10c, 25c and 50c a box, and a 50c box will furnish a whole month's treatment for the worst case. Cascarets are the best and cheapest liver and bowel regulator in the world.

FOR ALL SUMMER BOWEL TROUBLES

Cascarets

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE.

Medical Science Grows Apace with Civilization

And among the leading remedies—one that combines all the results of scientific study up to the present time and is put up in convenient and economical form, easy to take, easy to carry—is the famous Cascarets. Five years ago marked the time of the sale of the first box. Last year the sale reached the enormous total of

Over Six Million Boxes.

In this hustling, every-day, busy life of ours people need just this kind of a medicine to stimulate their bowels and keep them regular. Cascarets act on the liver just enough to help nature without causing that awful sick, weakening feeling that usually follows the taking of calomel and violent purges. We hope our readers who have never tested the merits of Cascarets will give them a good trial. We like them because we believe in them and because we know they are good.

[illegible] the lookout for [illegible] and counterfeits [illegible] you ever buy [illegible] and sometimes [illegible] believe, whose intention is to mislead the [illegible] and intrigue on our trade-mark and trade name.

The same reward will be paid for evidence enabling us to convict any one of manufacturing and offering for sale any imitations, counterfeits or infringements of Cascarets or No-To-Bac. As soon as you decide one trice to sell you something else, when you ask for Cascarets or No-To-Bac, look for him! Get all the details and conscientiously write us on the subject at once.

CCC

Cascarets are made in tablet form, this size, always stamped CCC., never sold in bulk but always packed in metal boxes, with the long-tailed C on the cover. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

HEALTH FOR 10 CENTS.

A lively liver, pure blood, clean skin, bright eyes, perfect health—Cascarets Candy Cathartic will obtain and secure them for you. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

THE DAYS OF MIRACLES ARE NOT PAST.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 14—(Special).—I write to tell you how much Cascarets Candy Cathartic have done for me in the past year, and you may send any or all of the people of Western New York to me and use my name as strongly as you wish, for I know that they have saved my life. I had an injury to my spine and the spinal cord was hurt, and of course was paralyzed from the hips down. The doctors could not move my bowels, saying that they would never move again, and one of the doctors—my own cousin—an army surgeon, said a syringe could not be used on account of the large bone being broken and bad; and they also said that I could not live six months, if that long. Well, thanks to God and your candy cathartic, Cascarets, I sit here four years later in my wheel chair and write this to you. I can walk for 5 minutes on crutches, and say that your Cascarets have saved my life and, with old Mother Nature's help, are curing me. I have used one 10c box a week for two and one-half years. But my case is one in 100,000 to recover at all; and I had the best of doctors, too, all saying the same thing—no hope. But we fooled them all this time.—George W. Herniman, 68 Boyd-pl., Buffalo, N. Y.

BURNT BRAINS.

When the Brain Tissue Is Overheated You Can't Think.

There's close sympathy between the brain and the stomach.

A hot, sour stomach means a hot, tired brain unless relieved.

Mental worry causes indigestion, and summer dyspepsia causes irritability, worries, fears and anxieties without any apparent cause.

Burn the stomach and you burn the brain.

If the bowels are constipated, and the liver lazy, the stomach becomes filled with sour food, the blood is full of bile, the complexion becomes yellow-greenish, full of spots, the breath is bad, and there is an offensive taste in the mouth. Then it is that the whole world seems gloomy, the brain is tortured with hopeless anxieties, despondency follows, and if the conditions continue may lead to insanity and death.

Biliousness, irritability, dissatisfaction, sleeplessness, are the first serious symptoms. If a man gets up on a summer morning feeling as if he'd like to kick a cripple or kill the canary bird, he had better look out for his liver.

The first sign is a warning to take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the ideal laxative, which cool the bowels, make the liver lively, prevent sour stomach, purify the blood, brace the brain, and make all things right as they should be.

Go buy and try Cascarets to-day. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that will please you. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address the Sterling Remedy company, Chicago; Montreal, Can., or New York.

MURDEROUS MICROBES.

Bred by Summer's Heat in Human Intestines.

There are seventy-five different kind of microbes that summer produces in your mouth alone.

Any one of them under proper conditions can develop into the cause of serious illness.

Millions of microbes, bacteria, ptomaines, disease germs of every kind live and breed and feed in the stomach and bowels.

For their propagation it is only necessary for the liver and intestines to become overheated, lazy and operate irregularly. The undigested food then remains in the stomach and bowels and rots, forming a perfect hotbed for the cultivation of disease breeders. They get into the blood, poison the brain, the heart, the whole system. Skin eruptions, liver spots, green complexion, fever, bad breath, belching, sick headache, general lassitude, loss of energy and a thousand other serious symptoms are a consequence.

Modern science has been at work to find a means of killing microbes, and the most successful germ destroyer of all is Cascarets Candy Cathartic. They slaughter bacteria wherever they find them, are antiseptic, stop sour stomach, make the liver lively, the blood pure, the bowels regular, everything as it should be.

Go buy and try Cascarets to-day. It's what they do, not what we say they'll do, that proves their merit. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

Washington, Kan., June 1—(Special).—I had constipation of the worst nature for years. Medicine had no effect on my stomach, and my stomach was in such a condition from purgatives that I could not take food. I was taken to a hospital and my bowels were operated upon for constipation. I did not get any better after going through that terrible operation. My bowels were dead—no action at all—and the doctors gave me up. I could not eat anything but stale bread and water, literally starving to death. Lost over 100 pounds and was nothing but a living skeleton. After trying everything else I gave Cascarets a trial, not thinking they would help me. But they did right away. I commenced to eat and sleep, and from that on I could get out of bed and then got so I could go out riding—something I had not done for over three years. Now I do all my work. My friends just marvel; they say they never saw such a miracle. I tell them Cascarets did it, and they all want them. I weighed 60 pounds when I commenced taking Cascarets and now I weigh 170.—Mrs. George W. Sharp.

AMERICA SAYS SO.

The Entire Country Is on the Move.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic Did It and Record a Phenomenal Victory—Six Million Boxes Sold Last Year.

From every part of America comes the news that sufferers from constipation have found relief in Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful modern scientific laxative and intestinal tonic. Cascarets are, figuratively and literally, in everybody's mouth. Thousands have tried Cascarets with the most pleasant and effective results and voluntarily testify to their experiences. Here are a few extracts from some of the letters:

I have been using Cascarets for headache and constipation and have received great benefit from them.—Mrs. M. Gabler, 512 Larrabee-st., Chicago.

I have been taking Cascarets for over a month and find them just the thing for constipation.—Albert B. Burt, 70 Main-st., Andover, Mass.

I am using Cascarets and have never found anything so satisfactory.—Mrs. C. W. Durrant, 57 Emerson-st., Buffalo, N. Y.

I have taken Cascarets and cheerfully recommend them to all my friends.—Mrs. G. J. Gradwell, Frugality, Pa.

Cascarets are fine for biliousness and malaria and are so pleasant to take.—Mrs. Mary Cummings, Maud, Oklahoma.

I use Cascarets in my family and find them all you recommend them to be.—E. L. Irvin, corner Mead and Railroad, Meadville, Pa.

You can safely add appendicitis to the list of diseases that Cascarets will benefit or cure.—Eunice J. Smith, Rich Valley, Ohio.

I have used Cascarets. There is nothing better for constipation.—Benj. Passage, Knightstown, Ind.

Cascarets are all right. They have cured me of constipation, and I never expected anything would.—Charles H. Nye, lock box 365, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am so thankful for your Cascarets. They are better than any medicine I ever used.—Mrs. M. Row, Lacelle, Iowa.

I do not hesitate to say that Cascarets is the very best medicine ever placed before the people.—Andrew Woodruff, Daysville, N. Y.

Cascarets are the best cathartic I ever used.—Tom Holt, Wellwood, Manitoba.

I have tried your Cascarets and I want to tell you they are just splendid.—John Wiegmink, box 963, Allegan, Mich.

We could fill the whole paper with expressions like the above. Thousands of similar recognitions of the merits of Cascarets have been volunteered and prove that this delightful laxative—so pleasant of taste, so mild and yet effective—has secured a firmly established place in the hearts of the people.

Go buy and try Cascarets yourself to-day. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.