A CHANGED SENTIMENT TOWARD THE U. S.

Visitors in England Find It a Great Shock to Their Humility—The "American Peril" and How England Intends to Meet It.

London, June 19.—With the Fourth of July so near one can think of no subject more fascinating than the changed sentiments toward America and her people of those from whom, at the sword's point, the colonies won their independence. And this is fortunate, because just at the time this letter is written there has been such a succession of remarkable occurrences, beginning with the investment by Andrew Carnegie of ten millions of American money in Scottish education and ending in the double triumph of our countrymen at Epsom Downs, with the receptions given to representatives of the New York chamber of commerce coming in between, that it would be difficult for an American visitor to London to ignore this subject. Really there has been in these weeks a new apotheosis in England, and the gods before whom the English people are now bowing down, who are they, do you think but our own modest selves? If hereafter American visitors do the least thing to merit the thread-worn English fling at Yankee loudness and boastfulness, who will be to blame? To stand so much adulation one must be more than human. My own humility never had such a shock.

"The American Danger," a phrase with which the papers here have made us very familiar, has now an altered significance for some of us. Originally it meant the peril to which English trade is exposed by American competition, and this "American peril," we have been repeatedly assured, is more to be dreaded than "the Yellow Danger from the East."

The English people themselves are pleading guilty, and no American pen could ever set forth more strongly than they the inferiority of their own methods to ours or the urgent need there is for the old mother to wake up and at the opening of the new century take a leaf out of the wonderful book opened in the last century by her enterprising daughter. It used to be that if the American people wanted anything very good said of them over here, they had to say it themselves, and everybody knows that to the emergency thus created by an unappreciative British public, American visitors, as a rule, were more than equal. But what a change! Now all one has to do is just sit still, keep one's mouth shut and listen to nothing but the big brass band of British adulation from rosy morn till dewy eve. From the president of the board of trade speaking before parliament and justifying the government in buying American locomotives on the ground that they are better and cheaper than those made in England, all the way down to those newspaper writers, who apropos of America's double triumph at Epsom, are asking "Is England going to the dogs?" there is only one tune kept up. There are, however, two strains in this tune, and I am wicked enough to confess that my chief amusement for some time has been an effort to determine which strain is produced with the greater frequency, that in which the people simply bemoan their own former stupidity, or that which so heartily insists that hereafter nothing must suffice but the adoption as quickly as possible of those trade ideals which have so long dominated in the United States.

The mere circumstance that recently the Massachusetts Institute of Technology held in London an entrance examination, would, of itself, be scarcely worth nothing. What give significance to it was the significant comment it elicited from the London press. In all branches of technical training the English, upon their own repeated confessions, are so far behind us as to be positively ashamed of themselves. Too show, too, how deep is their present feeling of humiliation, and how sincere they are in wanting to learn from us how to do things, some of the papers indulge comments like this. "Perhaps," they said, "this tempting of English pupils to American schools is a good thing for us. We must not forget that Germany got its lessons in commercial enterprise by sending young men to be trained in the business offices of London, and possibly we could not in turn more surely provide for our own commercial future than by encouraging the youth of England to go for a few years of training to the United States."

The change of sentiment toward America and her people has been so great in this country in recent months, and was so strinkingly emphasized by the visit of those New York magnates, that one can scarcely describe it without seeming to chuckle over it. One writes, too, with the fear that because he cannot help being a little playful on such a subject, he may be suspected of exaggerating and may not be taken seriously. But it is a fact, that, far from New York visitors article about in great big sugar-coated receiving "patronage," they threw this chunks wherever they went. And this was just the thing to do. It was what the situation called for, and the fact that these shrewd business men so quickly sighted the mark and then so efficaciously hit it, was another instance of American versatility. It showed, too, in what great kindliness we can act toward people after we've licked them. Altogether it was very amusing, and yet it had its impressive features.

What these visiting millionaires found was that John Bull was on the stool of repentance because he had learned so poorly the latest device in making business go. It was evident in every paper they read and in every conversation they held that this hitherto self-satisfied and rather conceited old gentleman was quite out of the notion of himself and was having a fit of the blues. He was taking on quite seriously because he didn't know any more and hadn't done any better, and was wondering, as many a man does when pride or self will gets a sudden shock, what would become of him in the future. In saying that this was what these men found when they reached England, one does not exaggerate in the least, and in proof of this one might put in the witness stand, not only these men themselves, but every single London editor and almost every man who about that time was discussing current business conditions from English platforms. Naturally, therefore, the one call upon these influential New Yorkers was for words of friendly re-assurance, and with the true American genius for doing the right thing in the right way, these were the sort of words they began at once to utter.

"Don't be so frightened," they said. "After all this is a great country. Don't be down-hearted, old man. Don't think that the star of England is going to set. We've beaten you in some things—that's true; but that's only a reason why you should pull yourself together and go into the battle with more vim. Look at us," they said; "ar'n't we of the same blood with yourselves?" So did they express themselves in substance, and then their pointed query was, "If this spirit of triumphant enterprise is in the blood of the daughter, why isn't it also in the blood of the mother?" And this last remark seemed to suit the patient better than anything, if one may judge from the editorial comments upon it. "Yes, indeed," replied these good-natured knights of the English quill, "that's just the point to tie to. It is the energy and the adaptability of the Anglo-Saxon that have done these great things for America; now let us be encouraged by this to make another supreme effort ourselves; for ar'n't we also of this great race?" And so, since then, John Bull has been feeling better. He is more hopeful; and I'm glad of it, for I never saw him so really down in the mouth before. But one reflects again, what a change? For it isn't so very long since this "same blood and same race" argument was brought into frequent service by the leaders of public thought in England in quite a different way.

They used to wonder what would become of us. The experiment of democracy, how would it turn out? Badly, they feared, badly. Yet, we were Anglo-Saxons, and we ought to know how to use freedom, whether we did or not. The civil war and its great issues—especially its issues of bitterness—how could these ever adjust themselves to a common flag? This would surely take generations, if not ages. Yet, after all, was there not some hope, for isn't it one of the traits of the Anglo-Saxon to make the best of defeat, and isn't he also in victory a generous foe? Our working class population with the ballot in its hands in a country which was not so law-abiding as it should be, how was that ominous peril to be avoided Probably it wouldn't be; probably there would be revolution and all sorts of bad things. Yet we might be saved, even though it were by the skin of our teeth. And, of course, if we were the saving salt in our national make-up would be that we belonged to the same race with the law-abiding people of Great Britian and Ireland. So this "same race—same blood" argument used to serve the turn of these English editors in the years gone, and perhaps, administered and brought to bear by them as it was so unremittingly in every time of real or imaginary need—perhaps under their wise and beneficent application, it did us a good turn now and then. But, O, the whirligig of time, what changes it brings, for behold now these same editors bolstering up their own hopes by the identical argument which in years gone they so magnanimously threw out for salvation! Then, America's chance was in the fact that in descent she was English. Now England's chance is in the fact that, if she only knew it, she is, in spirit and capability, American! So they are talking and writing over here at the present time, and everyone will admit that this altered condition of things, while it certainly ought to awaken in Americans any feeling that is not generous, is still not a matter calling for any apologies on our part either in the glorious Fourth or any other day. —Henry Tuckley.

TOREADORS DODGE THE BULL AT THE BUFFALO MIDWAY

How the Cow's Husband Develops a Taste at Man-Baiting by His Success in Escaping Death.

Mary Bronson Hart in New York Mail and Express.

Nobody had ever more righteously serious intentions than I, when, on the first fair day of this scandalously drizzling season, I went out to the Pan-American to instruct my mind. I conducted myself through the Court of Fountains without once stopping to watch the rainbows, or listen to the cool, light splash of the score of plumy jets, and I was strolling past the electric tower on my way to the big locomotive exhibit beyond the Propylaea, when sounds—such sounds—stayed my steps. "Aw-aw-aw-aw! House Upside Down!" "Hurry, people, the vulcano will take place in htree minutes!" "Peanuts-popcorn and corn fritters; a meal in every package, a nickel, a half a dime!" "Saw-aw-aw-aw! Squee-ee-eek! Bumbiddy-bum-bum" (the valiant Oriental band) "All aboard! Oo-oooo!" (the foghorn of the airship on her way to the moon).

I faltered, one eye on duty in the shape of locomotives, the other upon the uninstructive Midway. As I looked, there burst from Streets of Mexico a troop of madly mounted Mexican "vaqueros," filling the Midway with the sharp, echoing report of horse pistols. The signal for a bullfight! Just then, not twenty paces from me, I spied my long-lost friend, Thomasina. Another moment and we two were trotting hand in hand toward the gates of the Streets of Mexico.

Mexico to the Life.

Thomasina and I jostled our way through the pretty Spanish towered gateway, and stood presently within the broad, foreign-looking street. We would have liked to linger over the fascinating leather work and Mexican knick-knacks in the shops under the low arcade, to examine the queer Sjanish signs painted on the walls and to stare at the curious Mexican Indians in straw sombreros, sandals and slinky, dirty-white cotton garments. Lounging cross-legged in lunettes of sunlight under shadowy archways, these dusky fellows would tempt the brush of John W. Alexander. But while we tried to see all this the bull-ring ticket seller kept calling insistently, "Hurry a little, please; the bull is just about to enter the ring."

When the seats were too full to hold another spectator, the gates at the eastern end of the arena swung open to admit a dashing Mexican rider, the alguacil, who sent his black horse flying melodramatically about the ring and reined up sharply at the head of a little procession of clean-limbed, neat little men, gorgeous in satin and gold lace, with gray silken capes swung gracefully over one shoulder, who made their way daintily across the slippery, cinder-spread arena to the front of the president's box. There they saluted; the alguacil received the key of the bull pen and dashed away to the tune of a spirited march by the band, to release the first bull. Meanwhile the toreros exchanged their silken capes for less splendid ones of pinkish cotton, and disposed themselves about the ring.

Teasing the Bull.

Thomasina fairly gasped when the bull—a little red fellow with an inquiring eye—finally trotted into the ring. A moment he stood, deciding which of the demons with the insulting capes he should demolish first. Then a banderillo stepped directly in front of him and trailed his cloak scornfully before his very eyes. The bull responded. With a vicious snort he lowered his great head and charged the cloak. The little satin man stepped neatly to one side and let the bull go thundering past him, his horns ripping horribly through the cloth.

Toro came to a halt and stood disgustedly pawing the ground. "Fooled again," said his little red eye. "Come, we'll try that fellow in pink." That fellow in pink was no other than the matador, Llaverito himself. He received the ugly charge with a contemptuous smile and a graceful swerve of his body which just evaded the sharp horns without so much as moving from his place. There was a cheer from the Mexican part of the audience, which knows a good thing when it sees it. And then there came a warning shout. The bull, instead of blundering on, as he should to be teased by the next banderillo, had made a sharp wheel and was almost upon the unwary matador.

Llaverito left the cloak dangling across the brute's horns and himself came flying over the first barrier, with the bull not far from his heels. That immensely tickled the American audience, which apparently regarded the bull as the star performer, and is hugely pleased when he scores.

A New Game.

But the Pan-American bull fight is like neither the Spanish nor the Mexican sport, and so deserves a word of explanation. Word has gone out that the bull fight in Streets of Mexico might well be given for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, since neither horse nor bull is slain, from which people argue that it is but a tame affair.

Nothing could be further from the truth. This Pan-American bull fight is really an entirely new game, and should more properly be called man-fighting. For while it is no end of fun for the bull, who has things all his own way, it may at any time prove death to the plucky little bull fighters. It is one thing to fight a bull to the finish and put him to death; it is quite another to permit him to live to fight another day.

When after the first fray he finds himself a perfectly good bull, he begins to take an interest in man-baiting, and develops no small science at the game. He learns to cut and come again, surprising the foe by wheeling in mid-charge and transferring his attentions from the teasing cape to the satin-clad man behind it. Then it is no joke to play with him. Llaverito, the matador, has refused to fight a bull the second time since the day when he came perilously near to being gored by a sophisticated second-day bull.

Coffins in the Dark.

As we left the Plaza des Toros, Thomasina remarked that now we would like really to be horrified. I opined that if anything on the Midway would do that for her it must be Darkness and Dawn. So we turned in at the elaborate entrance, strolled through the foyer, gorgeous with crimson and silver, and came presently into a great darkened chamber half full of people. A slight, black-robed figure led us to seats and went away again.

When our eyes had adjusted themselves to the gloom, Thomasina suddenly clutched my wrist and pointed to a dark object before us. "What's that?" she said, in a thrilling whisper. I looked, and behold! we were seated between ranks of grim, black coffins. Thomasina's hold relaxed. "I don't care," she said, tremulously. But a moment later, when our chairs were violently shaken from behind and the oppressive silence was broken by a hollow groan, Thomasina got up decidedly and crossed the aisle.

"Oh-h-h-h! I've got a hot box!" wailed the coffin. At that the awed crowd took heart and began to break their small wit upon the ghostly joker until the guide appeared and begged some public-spirited gentleman to come up on the platform and die for the benefit of the assemblage. Nobody taking kindly to the suggestion, a ready-made mercenary went up, fitted himself into an upright coffin, and before our eyes faded into a grinning skeleton and came back again as good as before.

Him we followed from out the chamber along spooky passages to the infernal elevator, and so sank into the bowels of the earth. Here Charon, gaunt and silver-haired, poled his small skiff across the lurid lake. Here through illimitable caverns roamed the dark spirits of the unhallowed dead. At last we passed into the presence chamber of the king of the underworld, where his flame colored highness received us with ill-judged pleasantries.

Thomasina is a very remarkable girl. She is deadfully afraid of spiders; but she never so much as shivered through all the dread passage, not even when a live skeleton leaped from behind a pillar and tweaked her arm. When we had come from without the thick darkness into the splendid chamber of the Dawn, where angels floated stiffly among tumbling feather pillow clouds and a fresh voiced girl sang "The Holy City," we found ourselves again in the lobby with the silver pillars.

"Well," said I, "were you properly horrified?"

"Alas," wailed Thomasina, "I want a great many more skeletons in mine."

Cole Younger as Robin Hood

Colonel Waters, who was United States district attorney for the Kansas City district of Missouri in 1879, tells a good story about Cole Younger in a Kansas City paper. When the first attempt was made to release the Youngers years ago, Colonel Waters came to Northfield to talk over the matter with the prisoners. The case appeared hopeless because of the popular prejudice against the Youngers in Minnesota and Colonel Waters cautioned Cole, the oldest brother, to be careful about what he said. The colonel tells the story thus:

"'I am getting the worst of it in the newspapers,' said Colman, 'and I have tried to be courteous, too. The reporters insist on coming to see me, to ask me to give them stories about our exploits. I can't tell them anything that seems to interest them, and they write a lot of stuff that prejudices my case.'

"'Why don't you tell 'em a lot of stories about robbing the rich and giving the swag to the poor?' I asked him.

"'I don't know that I ever did that,' he replied, 'but I came very near it once.'

"'How's that?' I asked.

"'It was down in Mississippi, just after the war,' he replied. 'We were trying to make our way through a friendly country and one morning thought we would go to a small hut near by, where we saw the smoke curling out oft he chimney, for breakfast. As we approached the place I heard a woman shouting in a loud tone and stopped the party to listen to her. "Lord," she cried, "come down and help Thy poor servant." She told the Lord all her troubles. Her son had been employed by a merchant in town and had run away with some goods or money and the merchant had got judgment and was going to sell the widow's horse and cow to make good the loss. I locked around and saw that an auction sale had been advertised for that day. Just then the woman cried, "Show your presence here, Lord, now and help—" I broke into the yard and answered: "Here I am; I'll take care of your case."

"'The woman started to get down on her knees to thank me, but I wouldn't let her. I told her breakfast was what we most wanted just at that time. We fell to on the little she had to eat, and had just finished when the merchant and constable, followed by a small crowd, came up. They first took the cow and the constable began in a sing-song tone to ask for bids. I brought my pistols around so both of them glistened in the sun and the other men did the same. The merchant and his crowd eyed us rather suspiciously and I could see that they were uneasy

"'How much do I hear for this cow?' cried the constable, in an uncertain tone.

"'I'll bid one dollar for the widow,' I said.

"'Who are you?' the merchant asked.

"'My name is Cole Younger,' I replied, 'and I am representing the widow at this sale.'

"Nobody else bid, and the constable cried, 'Sold to Mr. Younger for $1.

"The constable started to get the horse, but the merchant protested. 'We'll postpone this sale to another date,' the merchant said, but I stopped him. 'This sale is advertised to occur to-day,' I said, 'and will have to take place.' 'That's right,' the constable said, 'how much am I offered for this mare?'

"'One dollar,' I said. 'Sold to Mr. Younger for $1.' said the constable, and the whole crowd left without any further ceremony.'

"I asked Cole if he had ever told that story to the newspapers," continued Colonel Waters, "and he said he hadn't.

"I told him to tell it to the first reporter that came around. If you haven't got any more as good as that, I said, make up a few and have them in stock. There's nothing that so quickly popularizes a man as a reputation for taking from the rich and giving to the poor. If a half dozen stories like that get in circulation they will let you out and run you for governor.' I haven't seen the story in print, but I suppose the Younger boys have acted on my advice, for I see they are going to be paroled."

Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Return Only $45 via Great Northern Railway.

Tickets on sale July 6 to 13, inclusive, and good returning until August 31st. The Great Northern Ry., the short, fast line to Pacific Coast points. See Great Northern Ticket Agents for details of these cheap trips.

For 30 Days we will sell Corrugated Iron Roofing at $2.65 per square in lots of 5 squares or more and less than 5 square orders $2.70. This price includes 1 lb. nails and 1 lb. of paint with each square. This is less than present mill price. The mill shipped us several cars in excess of what we ordered and to reduce our stock we make this price. It is all fresh new stock, 28 gauge, 2½-inch corrugations, in 8 and 10-foot lengths. Width of sheets, 26 inches. We reserve the right to limit the amount to each customer. Order at once and obtain this low price. T. S. 7041. Painted, for less than 5 squares, net.....$2.70
T. S. 7043. Painted, for 5 squares or more, net.....2.65
Prices on other sidings: Painted brick, $2.80; painted beaded, $2.80; roll and cap, $3.15; standing seam, $2.95; galvanized, $1.50, per square more. Send for complete price list. Send for free samples of building papers.
T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, - - - MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

WINDOM'S GOVERNMENT RAILROAD

The Distinguished Minnesotan Favored Construction of a Freight Line---Some Interesting History of the Transportation Problem---The River as a Valuable Factor.

Following the granger movement of the early seventies and the hard times following the panic of '73, questions of railway transportation, relating principally to cost, became of prime importance in state and national politics. In 1874—during the first session of the forty-third congress—the senate of the United States appointed a "select committee on transportation routes to the seaboard," to inquire into the question of bettering and cheapening the service. This committee, impressed with the conviction that the hard times were largely due to costly and inefficient transportation facilities, went earnestly to work and soon turned in an exhaustive report. This was presented by William Windom, then senator from Minnesota, who accompanied it with an admirable summation speech, strongly advocating the report.

Futility of Legal Regulation.

Many of the facts set forth in both speech and report are of no little interest in these days of railroad combination and centralization. In view of the subsequent failure of the interstate commerce act to accomplish what was expected of it, and the persistent violation or evasion of state regulations, it is interesting to see that Senator Windom then declared against all forms of governmental regulation of rates as futile.

No Effective Competition.

He was equally convinced that nothing was to be expected of competition between railroad companies. "Actual and effective competition between railways is unknown," he says. "Combination is the natural law of their development. Competition, which is so powerful a regulator in other commercial affairs will not suffice to regulate railways unless it be itself regulated by some power other than the motives of self-interest which govern railway managers. 'When combination is possible, competition is impossible.'"

In another place Mr. Windom says: "Railroad competition, when regulated by its own laws, will not effect the object, because it exists only to a very limited extent in certain localities; it is always unreliable and inefficient, and it invariably ends in combination. Hence additional railway lines under the control of private corporations will afford no substantial relief, because self-interest will inevitably lead them into combination with other lines."

A Government Railway.

The conclusions arrived at by Senator Windom, after a thorough and logical discussion of the subject, are:

> The only means of maintaining reliable and effective competition between railways is through national or state ownership of one or more lines which, being unable to enter into combinations, will serve as regulators of other lines.
> One or more double-track freight railways, honestly and thoroughly constructed, owned or controlled by the government and operated at a low rate of speed would doubtless be able to carry freight at much less cost than can be done under the present system of operating fast and slow trains on the same road; and, being incapable of entering into combinations would, no doubt, serve as very valuable regulator of all existing railroads within the range of their influence.

The committee's report speaks favorably of such a government-owned line, extending from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic coast; but, apparently on account of sectional jealousies and the logical sequence—the building of still other government roads—does not specifically recommend its construction.

May Become a Live Idea.

But this idea of one or more government-owned lines is something which may come to the surface again in the near future. If the great railway combinations shall exercise their power selfishly and despotically, the government may be confronted with the necessity of building competing trunk lines or taking over some of the existing railroads. A great exclusive freight railroad designed to move commodities and merchandise as cheaply as possible would probably be a very efficient check on any tendency the railroads might develop to raise freight rates to an unjust point. It is plain, though, on the whole, that freight rates tend ever to decrease rather than increase, though with centralization of ownership and control exceeding anything known in the past, it may be that rates may be raised in the future.

A Suggestion.

In line with this idea of a government road designed as a freight regulator, cities in danger of suffering from discrimination at the hands of the powerful latter-day railroad combinations may find it necessary to build lines at their own expense to preserve their trade, if not their very commercial existence.

Aside from such government-owned railroad competition, the Windom committee found that the only efficient means of regulating transportation is by means of the maintenance and establishment by the government of water routes from the interior to the seaboard, open to free competition.

The Four Water Routes.

The four general waterways recommended for government supervision and improvement were the Mississippi river route from the Falls of St. Anthony to New Orleans; a Great Lakes route from the Mississippi to the ocean; a third route via the Ohio and Kanawha rivers from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, using canals or freight railways to piece out the route; and, fourth, a route from the Mississippi to the sea via the Ohio and Tennessee rivers and the necessary connecting canals or freight railways.

Since 1874 the government has devoted much attention to the lake route, though as yet little has been done to give adequate connection between the Mississippi river and the Great Lakes or between the latter and the ocean. The other route of present interest to the people of the northwest is the Mississippi river route to the seaboard. On this, too, the government has spent much money since Senator Windom's committee made its report, and, while the river is in a fair condition from St. Paul to St. Louis and in excellent condition between St. Louis and New Orleans, it is not used so much as he undoubtedly thought it would be.

A Case in Point.

Yet it does to a certain extent act as a regulator of freight rates—as a Minneapolis business man found the other day when he had 164,000 pounds of wool to ship to St. Louis. The railroads were very unaccommodating until they found that he could use the boats, then they offered inducements.

Senator Windom presented figures as to relative cost of transportation to show that wheat could be shipped from Minnesota to Liverpool, via the river and New Orleans at some 28 cents less per bushel than via lake-and-rail to the Atlantic coast, the estimated rate via New Orleans being 39 cents.

How freight conditions have changed since that time is shown by the fact that wheat may now be sent from Minneapolis to Liverpool, lake-and-rail, for 12½ cents a bushel.

An Actual Shipment.

Fifteen years ago one consignment of wheat was actually forwarded from Minneapolis to Liverpool via the river and New Orleans, it costing about 9 cents a bushel to move it to the latter city, which was 8 cents less than Senator Windom thought it would cost. But grain exporters say that the Illinois Central in its determination to build up New Orleans as a port is now prepared to haul wheat cheaper than it can be moved by river steamers and barges.

It is by no means impossible, however, that there may come a time when river navigation will be of great utility again. New Orleans is rapidly gaining as a great seaport and when the east and west trade lines are once broken down and goods move southward as easily as they now move eastward it may be found that river connection with the gulf port will be of the greatest value to cities otherwise at the mercy of the railroads, combined out of combines, and controlled by the community-of-interest system.

It may yet be, as has been suggested, that Texas oil will be brought up the river for fuel purposes, the steamers and barges taking return cargoes of wheat and corn and wool and other northern products. At any rate once freight begins to move south to get to the seaboard a water route will be a wonderful regulator of rates, whether it be actually used much or little.

Increased Car Comforts for Pittsburgh Passengers.

Another sleeping car has been added to equipment of The Pittsburgh Special, the 7:30 p. m. train from Chicago Union Station over Pennsylvania Short Lines. This train also carries vestibule coaches and a buffet car from which lunch and breakfast may be ordered. Running on this train between Chicago and Pittsburgh and intermediate points in Indiana and Ohio. Returning it leaves Pittsburgh daily 6:30 p. m., arrives Chicago 7:45 a. m. Obtain tickets through H. R. Dering, A. G. P. Agt., 248 South Clark street, Chicago.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation and disordered stomach.

BLOTS

Are not more disfiguring to pure white paper than blotches and pimples are to the clean white skin. Both men and women are at a disadvantage when the face is marred and scarred by an eruptive disease. Perhaps the woman is the more unfortunate because the beauty of a clean skin and clear complexion is her rightful heritage. And while she has the friendly shelter of the veil, it only covers what it cannot entirely conceal. The worst misfortune in the case of a man with a pimply face is that he is generally set down as dissipated. If he seeks a position his "dissipated" face discounts his abilities. If he is a salesman he finds customers disinclined to do business with a man whose commercial reliability must be taken largely on trust, because his face is against him.

The misery and discomfort of such disfiguring eruptive diseases is apparent to everyone. The great question is: Can these diseases be cured? Can this rough skin be made smooth? Is there any escape from the torment of eczema and salt-rheum? Can scrofulous sores be healed?

The answer is: "What has been done can be done." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured eruptive diseases in men and women, and cured them perfectly and permanently. It has cured pimples, boils, scrofulous sores, erysipelas, eczema, salt-rheum and other distressing and disfiguring eruptive diseases. What "Golden Medical Discovery" has done for others it can do for you. It is an absolutely reliable medicine. It always helps. It almost always cures.

"It gives me great pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Ezekiel Floro, of Graytown, Ottawa Co., Ohio. "I suffered everything for two years with a humor on my face, which baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. Was advised to go to the hospital; was doctored there for three months without success. Came home discouraged. Then began to doctor with a "chemist." He also failed to help me. Then I began Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with no faith whatever in it. Did it only to please my wife; but I am happy to tell you that after taking five bottles I am entirely cured."

"I feel it my duty to inform you of my wonderful cure by the use of your medicine," writes Mrs. E. H. McLain, of Meredosia, Morgan Co., Ills. "In 1881, a place about the size of a silver dime broke out on my scalp and kept spreading until it went all over my head. It pained a great deal and ran, and we tried a great many doctors and all kinds of patent medicines but none did any good. So it went on until 1890, and I was taken sick and lay about ten weeks. I was in a very weak condition, and I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took about six bottles, I think. About three bottles of medicine for my weakness, not thinking of it helping me in any other way, but I feel so thankful that I don't know how to express my thanks for the cure of the sore. I have often thought I would write to you but neglected to do so. I think it a miracle, for I had given up all hope of ever being cured. You have all the praise of the wonderful cure. My husband thinks this was all that was necessary to write. If you want proof you can ask all in the neighborhood. I am now in my 68th year and am very strong."

"Three times I have cured myself of erysipelas," writes Mrs. Lolita J. Mitchell, of 1824 Adeline Street, Oakland, Alameda Co., California, "by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' after I had been under the doctor's care and found no relief."

"It has been five years since I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' for a scrofulous affection of the cervical glands of the neck," writes Mr. Zebulon B. Loftin, of Grifton, Pitt Co., N. C., and I am glad to tell you that I have had no return of the disease. I thought I would write and let you know that I have not forgotten you, and never will while I live."

The reason for the thorough cures of eruptive diseases effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is this: It entirely cleanses the blood from the impurities which cause the diseases. Until these corrupting impurities are removed there can be no permanent cure. Pimples, boils sores, etc., are only the outward signs of the inward disease. To cure the disease the cause must be cured, and "Golden Medical Discovery" absolutely eliminates from the blood the corrupt and clogging elements which cause disfiguring eruptions. It restores the skin to normal smoothness, and the pure, healthy blood supply produced by its means dyes the cheek with the ruddy hues of health.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with the "Discovery" when the bowels are irregular or the liver sluggish. The two medicines are especially adapted to be used together whenever a laxative is required.

The manifest motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious remedies. To accept a substitute medicine as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is to repeat the folly of the familiar fable and trade substance for shadow.

THE BEST BOOK you can have as a household medical guide is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work containing over a thousand large pages, and more than 700 illustrations, is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers.

Address: Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

CURE IN FASTING

Boston Doctor Regards Both Drugs and Prayer Useless.

Boston, June 29.—Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer of this city is about to engage in a fast to demonstrate his theory that a remedy for all diseases of the human family is to depend solely on nature, independent of drugs or even of prayer. Dr. Pfeiffer will begin his fast on July 1 and he says he will for thirty days abstain from the use of all solid food. He declares there is no such thing as medical or Christian science and his purpose of fasting is to demonstrate that by physical culture and regard for the simple laws of nature disease can be cured. He claims that neither drugs nor prayer do a sick man any good.

Keep your eye on Walton Park.

"North Coast Limited"—"Lake Superior Limited."

Look the world over—you will not find such magnificent trains; the former runs via the Northern Pacific Railway via Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Seattle to Portland and the latter via the "Duluth Short Line" to Duluth and West Superior. Why travel on railroads twenty years behind the times when tickets on these trains cost nothing extra?

Complete Bicycles from $11.75 up.

SEND 97 CTS.

Cut this ad. out and send to us and state whether Ladies' or Gents' model is desired, height of frame and gear, and we will ship one of our 1901 HIGH GRADE ROBERTS' SPECIAL BICYCLES by freight or express (as you may specify) C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your depot and if found to be a Strictly HIGH GRADE 1901 Bicycle, equal in all respects to any $50.00 wheel you ever saw and exactly as represented, pay the agent our special price $21.97 less the 97c with order, or $21.00 and charges and bicycle is yours.

This bicycle is covered by a binding one year guarantee and ANY parts proving defective inside of one year will be replaced FREE OF CHARGE.

It is constructed of the very finest material throughout. Best quality Shelby seamless steel tubing. Main frame 1¼ inches. FLUSH HEAD, 1-7-16 inches. Rear stays and forks ⅞ inch, tapered to ½ inch. All reinforcements are long drawn and perfectly welded. All joints are flush with 2¾ inch drop to crank hanger.

FORKS have double oval crowns heavily nickel plated—one of the handsomest crowns made; nickel plated fork tips; tapered fork sides with 3 inch forward curve. CRANK HANGER, We use a new 1901 one piece crank, which is admitted by all to be the best hanger made. CRANKS are round with 7 inch throw. PEDALS, very best quality with hardened bearings, either rat trap or rubber. WHEELS are 28 inch best quality, Excelsior needle wire spokes, 15x17 gauge, 32 spokes in front wheel and 36 in rear. TIRES: Morgan & Wright 1901 double tube, fully guaranteed for the year 1901. RIMS, best quality rock elm, neatly striped or plain black. ENAMELING, three coats very best quality enamel, hand rubbed after each coat. COLOR, plain black, no striping. BEARINGS, we use no stamped cups or head fittings, all are turned from solid bar tool steel, all are highly ground and polished, which insures a perfectly smooth running wheel. HUBS, are turned from bar steel, cone, adjusting bearings, dust proof washers. Gents' frames are 22, 24 or 26 inch; gears, 72 or 60. Ladies' frames 20 or 22 ins., gears, 67 or 54. 52 gear always sent unless otherwise specified. Every part of the Roberts' SPECIAL Bicycle is fully guaranteed. We can furnish the ROBERTS' SPECIAL with the celebrated G. & J. detachable tires for $2.00 extra. If desired, state so when ordering. We have completed bicycles for $11.75. The Argyle for $15.47. The Blue Ribbon with Morgan & Wright tires for $17.67. All are big values. The ROBERTS' SPECIAL is the best wheel made. Made for those who demand the best. Full set of tools in neat tool bag furnished with each bicycle. Send for special bicycle catalogue.

T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.