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"Nearer to absolute novelty than any book published this spring."—*New York World.*

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At all Bookstores, $1.50

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TO ODD FELLOWSHIP

New Building at Montevideo Dedicated by the Craft.

Special to The Journal.

Montevideo, Minn., April 26.—The Odd Fellow building was completed yesterday. The dedication ceremonies took place this afternoon. Following came the banquet for lodge members and friends. In the evening, at the opera house, Past Grand Master Frank E. Powers and Mrs. Eunice Melville, editor of the National Rebekah, will deliver addresses on the nature of the lodge work. After these addresses there will be a public reception at the hall. Among the visitors are Grand Master McGregor, Grand Warden Win Powers, Grand Secretary A. L. Bolton, Grand Representative Wallace G. Nye, Deputy Grand Master Wilkenson, Past Grand W. H. Welles of Duluth, Mrs. May E. Johnson, president of the state Rebekah association, and about 125 others from various parts of the state.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS NOW.

This Is the Time to Take Advantage of Nature's Conditions.

The late spring made early planting unsatisfactory, but the rain is coming to the rescue, and how green everything looks. If you are going to have a garden and haven't begun, it is high time that you plant your seeds. Asters, sweet peas, nasturtiums, pansies—it is time they were in the ground. If you want to plant shrubs or roses, the time is right at hand. Northrup, King & Co. will have their nursery stock ready for sale Monday. There is no time for delay. If your lawn needs attention, get the lawn seed and fertilizer at once. Northrup, King & Co., are at your service. 28 Hennepin avenue.

For Piles.
Sample mailed free.
One application gives relief.

The continued use of Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil permanently cures Piles or Hemorrhoids—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching or Burning, Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

KANSAS WHEAT PRICES

FARMERS WILL REGULATE THEM

New Plan Proposed Under Which Each Man Will List His Own Crops.

New York Sun: Special Service

Topeka, Kan., April 26.—The farmers of Kansas intend to fix their own price on their wheat and corn and will refuse to accept the terms of the Wall street barons. The directors of the Farmers' Co-Operative association have decided upon this plan.

It is for each farmer to list his crops with the secretary of the association, who will thereby be better qualified to name a price for which the products will be sold because he will have a monopoly of the entire crop, if all the farmers of the state co-operate in carrying out the plan.

The man who is to head this movement and out-Herod the grain trust is James Butler.

PRESIDENT'S NEW AMBITION

Cultivating the Art of Extemporaneous Speaking.

New York Sun Special Service

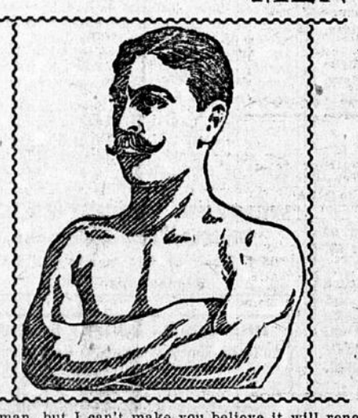
Washington, April 26.—President Roosevelt has an ambition. It is to become a clever and extemporaneous speaker. He delivered his pretty little address at Columbia college on the occasion of the installation of Dr. Butler without any preparation and is highly delighted with the success he achieved at that time. The president realizes that in the next few years he will be compelled to do a great deal of talking, and he hopes to cultivate the art of thinking on his feet.

A Matter of History.

It is a matter of history that between the Twin Cities and Chicago the North-Western put in service the first Dining Cars, the first Pullman Sleepers, the first Compartment Cars, the first Parlor Cars, the first Reclining Chair Cars, the first Observation Cars, and the first trains having all the appointments of the "Limited."

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S MEN OF MIGHT.



Men who have regained their youth, who have attained the highest standard of physical vitality from wearing Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

You will never know what a grand power electricity is until you feel its genial, glowing warmth penetrating every vital part of your body from my Electric Belt.

I received your belt March 28th, and have used it faithfully since then, according to your specific directions, and I assure you of my improvement, as I feel better day by day, and life looks now worth living to me, writes Charles Carlson, Murphy, Idaho, April 16, 1902.

You know how easily electricity runs street cars, makes plants grow without sun or soil, purifies filthy water and transforms night into day at the will of man, but I can't make you believe it will renew the vigor of youth until you feel it dancing through your veins and carrying to every organ of your body the "fire of life."

I am a cured man and do not notice a single symptom of that dread weakness any more. I have not needed the Belt for four months, writes C. Edward Gable, Royersford, Pa., April 4.

Pick out the men who have worn my Belt. See them with head erect, chest expanded, the glow of health in their cheeks, courage in their hearts and a clasp of the hand that tells you "I am a man."

"I get up in the morning now, ready for anything, while before I got your Belt I was tired and good for nothing. The belt has surprised me," writes Jno. Murphy, 155 Pine st, Paterson, N. J., March 31.

And how is it with you? Have you rheumatism and back pains, a dull ache and weakness over your kidneys, dull headaches, with a tired, stupid feeling? Are you losing your vitality? Do you feel yourself growing aged before your time? Are you nervous, sleepless, short of memory and lacking in spirit and self-confidence? Do you know that you are not the man you would like to be?

If so, I can cure you. What you lack is just what electricity supplies.

My Belt will cure you, and if you will come to me you will soon be one of "DR. McLAUGHLIN'S MEN."

Twenty years of my life have been devoted to my trade, and I have made my Belt popular with people who are tired of drugging. I cure while you sleep. It's easy and pleasant. My Belt gives a current that is a glowing warmth. No burn or sting. I take the old-style, burning belts, and the kind that gives no current, in trade, if you have one.

I have a nicely illustrated book, which every man should read. I will send it closely sealed free, if you send this ad.

DR. M. E. McLAUGHLIN, 304 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m., Sunday, 10. to 3.

TRUE STORY OF THE SAMAR "BUTCHERY"

STURDY DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY BY STEPHEN BONSAL—AFTER THE MASSACRE THE FIGHTING NECESSARILY BECAME SLAUGHTER AND EXTERMINATION.

GENERAL JACOB H. SMITH,
Who is being tried by court martial at Manila on a charge of ordering the killing of Filipinos unjustifiably in the Samar campaign.

Stephen Bonsal in Collier's Weekly.

Major Waller's record is magnificent. During the last twenty years no man has reflected higher credit upon the United States Marine corps than he. He has always had the good fortune to be where things were happening, and, once there, he has always got to the front. He won his spurs in Egypt, when, with a handful of men, he cleared burning Alexandria of the remnant of Arabi Pasha's dissolving army. He led the marines on the march to Peking, a colonel's command, with such distinction that he was brevetted a lieutenant colonel in lieu of the solid rewards which his comrades of other nationalities obtained but which we do not give.

General Smith's record is equally excellent. A volunteer from Illinois during the civil war, he was retained in the regular establishment for meritorious service. During the Santiago campaign he commanded a batallion of the Second infantry. On San Juan Hill he was shot through the chest, a wound which would have disabled most men for the war. Smith declared that, while it hindered him a little, it was not sufficient to separate him from his command, and the "first-aid" bandage was all the attention his wound received until the Spaniards hoisted the white flag. The division commander, General Kent, who had ordered Major Smith to the rear several times, acquiesced in his disobedience when Smith made his explanation: "I couldn't leave them, general; you see how it was. They unloaded a hundred and fifty recruits on me in Tampa and I wasn't sure—but they're all veterans now."

His weakness, if he has any, has always been a picturesque extravagance of language and a bewildering flow of words which have earned for him in the army, to distinguish him from the others Smiths, his sobriquet of "Hell-roaring Jake."

In the Philippines his success and advancement have been phenomenal. He was the right-hand man at the front of MacArthur and Wheaton. When Aguinaldo's forces ceased to exist as an army he was given the command of Pangasinan, then regarded, and justly, as the most disaffected province in Luzon. When Smith was relieved and sent to Samar, it was the most tranquil, and his success here indicated his selection for the tremendous task in that island. Of course, he was not very popular among the half-educated half-breeds who fawn around the average civil governor, wheedling well-paid positions out of him, the salaries of which they divide with the revolutionary treasury. He was hated by the men inside our lines who sustain the insurrection while they furnish his excellency the civil governor with the material of the pipe dreams upon which he plumes himself as a great pacificator, which are so plausible that he sometimes believes everything would be lovely if only the soldiers (who are keeping his throat from being cut) could be removed.

A Savage "General Order."

"General Order 100," was the answer when I asked General Smith how he had succeeded. "And I enforced it to the letter. Of course I understand why the insurgents hate me. It is because I have knocked them out. If that order had been uniformly enforced throughout Luzon there would not even be the ghost of a rebellion to-day. Inhuman? I think not. If it was not too severe for our own people at home during the civil war it is not too severe for these Malays."

These lines are not written in defense of what has happened, but in explanation. Major Waller's point was well taken, and every conscientious, truth-telling officer will bear out his statement that the fighting in southern Samar after the Balangigan massacre was not what goes by the name of civilized warfare. It was simply the slaughter and extermination, whenever the opportunity presented, of those on both sides who were capable of bearing arms, and I venture to say that similar conditions have produced like results everywhere, even upon the humane and self-restrained American soldier, whose behavior during the China campaign was our pride the and admiration of all foreigners. I shall make no comparison between what has happened in Samar and our recent Indian wars, though the comparison would be an apt one, the savage of Samar having more of the attributes of the truculent Sioux than any foeman the American soldier has met with during this century; but let us see what occurred, what revenge was taken, after the slaughter of Americans in the Alambo. And yet it is clear as day that the killing of Travis, Crockett, Bowie and their gallant comrades were not half as reprehensible under the laws of war as was the butchery at Balangiga.

Santa Anna made his attack in the open day with his uniformed soldiers in their overpowering numbers, after several summonses to surrender had been declined. In the last minutes of the gallant defence, when our people were scattered in little bunches about the great inclosure they were too few to defend, each man fought with desperation, not only for his own life, but because the position he had been ordered to defend was indispensable to the common good, and as no one survived it is quite possible, as Santa Anna always maintained, that he quarter which he offered was refused. Davy Crockett was too old to learn how to surrender. Here we have the killing of fighting men with deadly rifles in their hands, with which they had already slain that day three times their number, and in the heat of blood we can understand that it was as hard for the Mexicans to offer quarter as it would have been for the Americans to accept it. But at Balangiga the fifty unarmed men of the Ninth infantry were butchered by murderers who claimed to be non-combatants, who wore no uniform, who protested their friendship and came—the majority of them, at least—into the post asking for work, for rice to give their women and children.

What was done in Texas in 1836 with the cry of "Remember the Alamo!" on the lips of the avengers was done in Samar in memory of Balangiga. The historians tell us that at San Jacinto many threw down their arms and pleaded: "Me no Alamo, me no Alamo!" and he adds succinctly: "It was not the day of mercy."

Heroes and Assassins.

The successes of the insurgents at Balangiga and elsewhere are not comparable to the storming of Ticonderoga and of Stony Point. They were not worthy feats of arms but the acts of assassins who, while belonging to the band of Juan Coloneros, wore peaceful clothes and dwelt within our lines, communicating with the enemy outside and patiently awaiting the opportune moment to strike. For this alone their lives were forfeit under military law, and when to this was added the merciless slaughter of fifty unarmed men and the indescribable mutilation of their bodies the Samarites placed themselves beyond the pale.

The specific charges against Major Waller were, first, that he treated as enemies, without first awaiting hostile acts from them, all the natives met with in the course of his wonderful march from Lanang to Basay across southern Samar. By proclamations placarded in every army post, translated into Visayan and circulated everywhere last November, the inhabitants of the district which Waller traversed as well as other districts of Samar were ordered to concentrate in certain designated places within fifteen days. All who failed to do so were warned that they would be regarded as insurgents and shot on sight. The second accusation was a more serious one. It was charged that after reaching Basay, the objective of his terrible journey, which, according to General Chaffee's first report, he reached delirious with fever and worn to the bone by starvation, Waller held an inquiry into the conduct of three or four—by one account nine—of his native carriers or cargadores. These men it should be remembered, had enlisted with him as camp-followers for the journey and consequently they were as much under the jurisdiction of military law and his supreme command as were any of the marines. After hearing the statements of his officers and men—and if there was a dissenting voice or any contradiction in testimony it has not been cabled—Major Waller became satisfied that these men, while in the United States service, gave aid and information to the enemy, who hung on his flanks, so that they might time their attacks to the best advantage; that they had stolen the provisions and ammunition they agreed to carry, and conveyed them to the enemy; that when the marines were starving these camp-followers sustained life by edible roots to be found in the country through which they marched, which they refused to share with the marines or to point out where they were to be found. Whereupon Major Waller ordered them to be shot, and the order was carried out.

One somewhat bloodthirsty advocate of the gentler methods writes he could understand a summary execution in the heat of blood while yet in the enemy's country, but to commit such an atrocity "after reaching Basay—," Here, as in most commens upon the Philippine situation, we have to contend with ignorance of the facts rather than with any wish to misrepresent them. This writer is evidently under the impression that when Waller and the survivors of his column limped into Basay, footsore and starving, all their troubles were over; that they drove up to the local Waldorf-Astoria, had a good dinner, and went to bed thanking God and their good rifles that they were well shut of the Samarites.

Busay Not a Bed of Roses.

With the very vivid recollection which I have of my experience in Basay three weeks before Major Waller arrived there, I have no hesitation in saying that here he found greater dangers threatening him and more savages thirsting for his blood than those who dogged his footsteps through the mountain wildernesses. The people of Basay at this time number about 5,000—not souls, but bettle-browed savages, brothers in blood and in brutality of disposition to the people of Balangiga, only twenty miles away. And what the people of Balangiga did every American should remember before passing judgment upon the warfare since waged in this district.

When I arrived at Basay I saw a crowd of savages walking up from the beach biting away at long, slimy uncooked fish fresh from the sea as though they were eating sticks of candy. One glance at their faces and I would not have been surprised to see them eating quivering human flesh. A jungle swamp surrounds the town and in its impenetrable fastnesses lay the hordes of Juan Coloneros. We heard their conch-shells blowing by day and saw their signal fires by night. They were wildly elated, and even the townspeople within our grasp could hardly conceal the delight with which the news from Balangiga, that made our blood run cold, inspired them. Unsigned correspondence was daily intercepted, showing that the people in the town were in league with the insurgents outside, and that an attack from within as well as from the foe in our front was at any time to be expected.

Night after night the attacks were made and night after night Captain Bookmiller, Lieutenant Drouillard and the half-company of the Ninth infantry, reduced still further by many casualties, stood to their guns and drove them back. I only had three days of it, but they bore the ordeal without flinching for three months. And all the time we had before us the horrible picture, like some blood-drenched canvas of Goya, of the twenty survivors of Balangiga; one with an arm lopped off, another with a leg; there a man with his eyes gouged out, and one with twenty ghastly cuts across his body. In none of the fights of which I have knowledge did the Samarites ask for quarter—they do not understand fighting in that way—but had they done so I do not believe it would have been granted by any man who saw the living and the dead witnesses to their fiendish savagery.

These are the things which the marines saw when they landed at Basay, and it must be borne in mind that there were the closest ties of friendship between the murdered men of the Ninth and Waller's marines. They had stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle of Tien-tsin and walked side by side on the march to Peking. Again the critics are at fault—through ignorance of the facts, not wrong-headedness, perhaps—as to the motive which actuated Waller in punishing the traitors in his ranks as summarily as possible

Self-Defense.

It was certainly not in revenge. If their past offenses had been the only consideration, Waller might, and very probably would, have waited, and not placed his name and commission in jeopardy. But he determined to safeguard the lives of those intrusted to him and leave his commission to be passed upon by the judgment of all fair-minded men. He was more careful of the army post of Basay, with all its sick and wounded, than he was of his personal fortunes. There had never been any doubt but that if unity of action could be arranged between the insurgents outside and the insurgents inside, our little garrison would be quickly overpowered, and here he discovered men in direct communication with the enemy. And by means of a drumhead court-martial he put them where they could do no harm, as he had a right to do under the martial law. At any moment these men might have brought to a successful termination their career of treason, and Major Waller had not the troops to guard such people as these while bringing them to justice by ordinary procedure. The danger of not having enough men to guard prisoners and yet keeping them was one of the lessons Waller had learned from his investigations of the Balangiga massacre, and it was a mistake he was not likely to repeat.

The Right to Kill.

There seems to be no doubt as to the guilt of the men. This plea was not raised in the course of the court-martial. The charge seemed to be that Waller had no right to execute the men so summarily even if they were guilty. And what becomes of the thousand and one drumhead court-martials followed by summary execution for treason and espionage, which the annals of the rebellion reveal—and that, it will be remembered, was the most civilized war ever waged?

One more incident of the many that came under my observation and reconciled me to the character of the war we are waging in Samar. A little midshipman just out from Annapolis, was patroling the strait in a yawl from the flagship New York. He was after the smugglers who bring arms to the insurgents from Leyte. The great gale had blown the yawl out into the Pacific, and when it subsided little Noah and his six men were exhausted. Their water had given out, and they tried to make Basay, Admiral Rodgers having ordered them not to land except at an armed post. The wind died away while Basay was still two miles off. Two of his men were delirious with thirst, and there was the little village of Nipa Nipa only a few hundred yards away, flying the white flag of peace and friendship. Noah, as he floated near the shore, lifted up his empty water jar and the kindly people on the beach understood. They lifted up water jars overflowing with the precious fluid and pointed at the white flag to reassure him. He pushed his boat into the surf, and, telling his men to wait in the boat, advanced some fifty yards up the beach where the good Samaritans were awaiting him with their water bags. As he drank his first deep draught two of the natives—one a woman—crept behind him and buried their knives in his back.

Waller Under Orders.

If the attempt is made, and it looks very much as though it were to be, to prove that what has been done in Samar was done without the knowledge of the higher authorities in Manila and possibly in Washington, the attempt will not be successful. When the facts are known it will be clear as day that General Smith and Major Waller were sent to the island to carry on a campaign the nature of which had been fully decided and partly put in execution. Before either of these officers reached Samar, Balangiga, Kitapunden, a dozen other barrios of southern Samar had been destroyed. There was not a stick or a stone of them left standing. The fish corrals on which the natives of this district subsist had been destroyed as well as the rice patches. And, so far as I know, the punitive expeditions that laid waste the country while Waller was yet in Cavite and Smith in Pangasinan did not take any prisoners.

The Grip of the Trust

On the butter situation seems to have been loosened; now the dealers may advertise the yellow roll on The Journal want page to good advantage.

It is a very funny thing that people don't take good enough care of themselves. For instance, if they have rheumatism or neuralgia, etc., it will only cost them $1.00 to get a bottle of Dr. Eaton's Removine. For full particulars write or call, Dr. R. D. Eaton, Kasota Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

GOOD WORD FOR HAUPT. "I consider the appointment of Charles C. Haupt for United States district attorney a very good appointment, indeed," said United States Marshal Grimshaw yesterday. "He is a man who combines integrity with good ability, and will fill the place creditably to himself and to the state. Up to date I did nothing for him. My sympathies and work were for M. D. Purdy, my associate in the office. Therefore the only way I can square myself at the present time will be to render Mr. Haupt all the assistance I possibly can. I do not believe he will have any difficulty in picking up the threads of the office, thereby finishing up the old work in an efficient manner."

"How about your own appointment?" Mr. Grimshaw was asked. He replied:

"Well, in regard to that, my term does not expire until Jan. 1, 1904. I now desire and expect a reappointment."

PURDY WILL NOT STAY. Washington dispatches have indicated that Milton D. Purdy will be tendered an appointment to the position he held under Robert G. Evans, first assistant district attorney. Mr. Purdy declines to consider the proposition, however. He has not talked for publication, as that would be unwise before being offered the place, but to friends he has said that under no conditions will he remain in the office in a subordinate capacity. He has served his time there, and will retire to the general practice of his profession in Minneapolis, where he is well known and his talents highly respected.

WAITING FOR EDDY. Seventh district politicians have an eye turned in the direction of Sault Ste. Marie, as Frank M. Eddy is expected home by that route almost any day. Things are at a standstill until he speaks his mind. It is freely predicted that he will not be a candidate, but Mr. Eddy will settle that himself in a few days.

Speculation on the outcome as between Dowling, Young and Volstead is already rife. The other candidates will only concede Renville to Dowling. The Young men expect Volstead to carry his legislative district, Lincoln, Lyon and Yellow Medicine, and to share Lac qui Parle and Chippewa with Young. The latter's adherents claim he will at least break even with Dowling in Redwood and Kandiyohi, and get the lion's share in the counties north of Swift, that is, Big Stone, Pope, Stevens, Grant and Traverse. Swift will go solid for Young.

Dowling claims Renville, Redwood, Kandiyohi, Lyon, and a big vote in Yellow Medicine, Lincoln and Chippewa.

Volstead is making a hard campaign among the farmers, particularly those of his own nationality, and will get a good vote in every section of the district. He is to a large extent an unknown quantity.

The colored republicans of the twin cities have taken hold of the pension case of Colonel C. T. Trowbridge, who was one of the first men to officer a colored regiment in the civil war. He served as a captain from May to October, 1862, with only a sergeant's pay, and a bill to give him the difference in compensation has been hanging fire at Washington for years. A prominent colored republican has written to the leading newspapers of the race on the subject, and a concerted effort is going to be made to bring the matter to the favorable attention of congress.

A hearty good word is said by the Mississippi Valley Lumberman for Ray W. Jones and his candidacy for lieutenant governor. It is heralded as a good sign that men of experience in private business should aspire to public office. Of Mr. Jones, the Lumberman says:

He has been a resident of the state for a good many years, and has identified himself with its progress in industrial lines. The fact that he has not meen a professed politician or held prominent office is an argument in his favor. He is a man of good sense and good business judgment. He is a stanch republican, though not excessively partizan, and he is a student of public affairs. He would bring to the office dignity and ability, and the party will be serving its best interests and the best interests of the state if he is nominated and elected.

PROBABILITIES IN THE NINTH. The story is current that Senator McCarthy is the choice of the Willcutts element in Duluth for congress, that portion of the organization not being satisfied with Bede. The senator's announcement of his candidacy has a string to it. He does not care to enter against a Duluth candidate, realizing that a Duluth man with hearty support at home would have a tremendous advantage. The Duluth situation seems to have simmered down to O. D. Kinney, who has not been heard from. With Mr. Kinney out of it, it will be a square contest between Bede and McCarthy. Each has strong country support, and Duluth will settle it.

General George P. Wilson filed his affidavit with the secretary of state to-day as a candidate for re-election to the senate. Senator Wilson has yielded to the urgent request of constituents and of citizens outside of his district to serve another term. He has nothing whatever to gain personally from another election to the state senate, but he has been so valuable to the city and represents so acceptably the best things in state government that the city is to be congratulated upon his agreement to run again.

Senator Andrew Grindeland paid the state of Minnesota $25 yesterday, and his name will go on the republican primary ballot as a candidate for congress in the ninth district. He is the first formal entry in the race, but Valentine and Steenerson are sure to be heard from before long. Senator Grindeland is not in any hurry to begin the campaign, but concluded he might as well settle with the secretary of state before returning to his district. —Charles B. Cheney.

It May Be Your Turn

To make a safe, profitable investment by noting some of the feast of good opportunities presented on pages

After Years of Mental and Physical Sufferings and Failures with Ordinary Medicines,

Paine's Celery Compound

Cures a South Carolina Gentleman.

This Marvelous Medicine is Heartily Indorsed by the Ablest and Best Physicians.

What a blessing it would be to humanity in general it all suffering men and women knew just what Paine's Celery Compound is able to do.

The work that cannot be done for the sick and suffering by months of experimenting with the common medicines of the day, is successfully carried to victory by Paine's Celery Compound in a few short weeks.

The cure of Mr. Murph proves fully the assertion made above. After years of failures, misery, agony, and despondency, Paine's Celery Compound made a "new man" of one who had become a mere wreck—one who was fast nearing the grave.

Have faith, sufferer! You have a strong deliverer at hand able to rescue and save you. From to-day, let your hope be centered in Paine's Celery Compound and its mighty power to cure. It has never disappointed any sufferer; it will not fail in your case.

Mr. R. H. Murph, Rich, S. C., under the direction of a kind Providence, was led to use the medicine that "makes sick people well." His testimony is strong and convincing. It shows unmistakably that Paine's Celery Compound is the true health builder for weak, weary, sleepless and run down people at this season. Mr. Murph says:

"I have had nervous prostration for several years. I was troubled almost continually with nervous headache, could not sleep well, had become absent minded, and was considerably run down in flesh and general health. A friend advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound. I used four bottles and am now in excellent health, and weigh more than I have for five years, all of which I owe to Paine's Celery Compound."

Diamond Dyes Original and only reliable. Beware of poor imitations.

A MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE

IN THE QUIET LITTLE VILLAGE OF WILSEY, KANSAS.

A Strange Event With a More Wonderful Sequel—Its Effect on the After-life of One Woman.

About six years ago a stranger, a woman, came to the little village of Wilsey, Kan., to live. This was the important link in a chain of events which set the whole town wondering. Mrs. Rachael A. Gardner, the person whose life was most affected by it, tells the story.

"It was very strange," she says, "I never could tell what caused it and neither could anybody else. For a long time I had bad spells with my stomach. The pain would commence about my heart and was so deadly agonizing that I would have to scream aloud. Sometimes it would last several hours and I would have to take laudanum to stop it. Besides this I had a headache almost constantly, day and night, that nearly crazed me and hemorrhages caused by the change of life, so you see I suffered a great deal. And, when I think of the agony it still makes me shudder.

"'Doctors,' did you say? Their medicine made me sicker. I couldn't take it and I kept growing worse until this lady came to our village. She advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I did. I only took half a box before I began to feel better, and, after taking the rest, was wholly convinced to this wonderful medicine. It did me more good than I had ever hoped for. I kept on with the pills and now I recommend them to all who suffer."

The pills which cured Mrs. Gardner have accomplished as wonderful results in hundreds and hundreds of other cases just as severe. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at all druggists, or will be sent direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schnectady, N. Y., postpaid, on receipt of price, fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half. Send for free booklet of medical advice.

Bone-Setter's Work Courts Searching Investigation

The Bone-Setter's work, for cripples, stands on its own merit and is above public criticism. It has been fully and thoroughly investigated by at least a thousand people during the last year, many of whom are the leading, most prominent and influential in business, professional and social circles throughout this whole country. Then, every statement made in the advertisements is absolutely correct, and may be easily proven, in or out of court. There are crippled conditions where the person has been crippled for years or a lifetime. It takes time to right the wrong, and occasionally the patient becomes impatient, but even in every such case, if the work is permitted to continue, the wrong will be properly righted. The plain, unvarnished truth is told all who apply, and if nothing can be done the Bone-Setter tells them so. None are misled, lied to or deceived, to get their money. If you are a cripple, write the Bone-Setter, West Superior, Wis., first, say how you are crippled, enclose stamp, and mention this paper and when you saw it.

Great Removal Sale.

WANAMAKER & BROWN "The foremost Tailoring House of America."

On May 1st we will move from our present location, 34 So. Sixth St., to

306 Nicollet Avenue.

We wish to dispose of our present stock of Foreign and Domestic Woolen before moving—and are therefore offering them at very low prices:

Suits Made to Measure $13.50

Every yard of cloth in our Store guaranteed All-Wool

WHY SUFFER SO?

Does It Pay to Be Without the Greatest Tonic Laxative?

To those who are dragging out a miserable existence, suffering from the effects of disease of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels; to those who are afflicted with flatulency, indigestion, constipation, irregularity and inaction of the bowels and catarrh of the stomach. Listen; when we say they need not apply to any one if they will only take Cascola, the newly adopted trade-mark name for Cascarine, it will cure you even in the most advanced and stubborn case, make any restriction whatever. You whose case has proved unyielding to all other treatments; you who have tried many other so-called remedies; who have paid doctors' bills innumerable, and got no good effects. We do not say it will probably cure you. We say it will positively cure you. You understand that, don't you? Cascola has grappled with and overthrown so many severe cases of disease of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, even after the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by local doctors and others, we do not, for one moment, entertain the shadow of a doubt, but what it will cure you, and cure you for all time to come. Perhaps you have been for years a sufferer from catarrh of the stomach, flatulency, constipation, inactivity of the bowels, sleeplessness and nervousness. Then see what one bottle of Cascola will do. See the wonderful effects of each succeeding dose. Feel the sluggish blood begin to flow and pulsate with a vigor it has not possessed for years; see the dull eyes regain their brightness; the muddy skin get clear and healthy-looking, and the enfeebled step firm and strong. Your vitality is coming back, and you are regaining the health, the loss of which had almost destroyed it. And Cascola is the means whereby this end is attained. Just think of it.

Cascola-Cascarine at Druggists, 50c.

BLOOD POISON

Have You Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in the Mouth, Hair falling? Write for proofs of permanent cures of worst cases of blood poison in 15 to 35 days. Capital $500,000. 100-page book FREE. No branch offices.

COOK REMEDY CO., 234 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Defective Page