

SENATOR SUTTON

Of Burlington, Vt., Does Not Wait for Sickness.

HE USES Paine's Celery Compound

The Spring Health Giver, Whenever He Feels Out-of-Sorts, and Thus Maintains Regular Health and Vigor.

Paine's Celery Compound is more talked of in the springtime in each state, city, town and village, than any other medicine now before the public. It has a place in the homes of the wealthy, influential and intellectual; it is the disease banisher that has the entire confidence of our



men and women who toil daily in work-shops, stores, offices and homes. When the first warning symptoms of physical weakness and disease are experienced, wise and prudent men and women invariably seek new vitality, health and strength in nature's health builder, Paine's Celery Compound. If the reader of this article finds it difficult to obtain restful sleep, if nervousness and weakness are causing alarm, if the blood is impure and sluggish, if rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, kidney or liver troubles are commencing to annoy, follow the safe and wise example of ex-Mayor Sutton of Burlington, Vt., use Paine's Celery Compound and promptly banish the little ills; do not wait till you are sick. One bottle, as a rule, will brace the nerves, correct impaired digestion, cleanse the blood, and make you robust and strong. Read Senator Sutton's cheering testimony:

"People have often asked me how I managed to keep so well for although out in nearly all kinds of weather, and traveling considerably, I have no aches or sickness. My one answer has been that instead of waiting until I am sick in bed and forced to stop work for a while, whenever I feel out-of-sorts the least bit, I take Paine's Celery Compound, which keeps me well and strong. It is a great deal better, in my opinion, to take a medicine that keeps one well, rather than to wait for sickness and then hunt around for a medicine or a doctor. I have been a hearty advocate of Paine's Celery Compound since it was first made a great many years ago and have yet to hear of a case in which it has failed to fulfill its promises."

AND THEN HIS MARITAL RECORD.

Chicago Tribune. First Citizen of Jerusalem—Have you heard how the queen of Sheba has come all the way from her country to see King Solomon? She says his wisdom is known over all the world. Second Citizen—His wisdom? Do they call him wise? Why, he doesn't even know how to bring up children. That little Rehoboth of his is the worst young rip in this whole town!

There are CHEATS sold for PANTASOTE



The imitations look like Pantasote, but their surfaces become hard and brittle, crack, scale and crumble, are dangerously inflammable, and generally worthless.

Pantasote Is Always Satisfactory.

It is always flexible, grows handsomer as it grows older, never cracks, peels or rots; has a fireproof, water-proof, greaseproof and stainproof surface and can be easily cleansed with soap and water. It looks exactly like Morocco, wears longer and costs half as much.

Adopted by the U. S. Government and used for the seating of Railways, Steamship Lines, and Furniture and Carriage Upholstering. The name "Pantasote" is stamped on every edge of the piece, so that you can get the genuine and let us know if you don't. Samples free on application. Pantasote Co., 11 Broadway, N. Y. City. Sold by G. P. DERICKSON & CO.

"77"

If the use of Dr. Humphrey's Specific "Seventy-seven" does not "break up" your cold promptly, then alternate with Specific Number One—this will accelerate the action of "77."

At Drugists, 25 cents each, or mailed. Humphrey's Med. Co., Cor. Wm. & John Sts., N. Y.

COLDS

CORRECT MAN'S ATTIRE ON GOLF LINKS

The Latest Fashions in Apparel for Outing Purposes—Cardigan Wool Jackets Much in Favor—Caps, Hose and Belts Affected by Men Who Want Comfort and Still Wear the Proper Thing.



SERVICEABLE AND SMART ON THE LINKS.

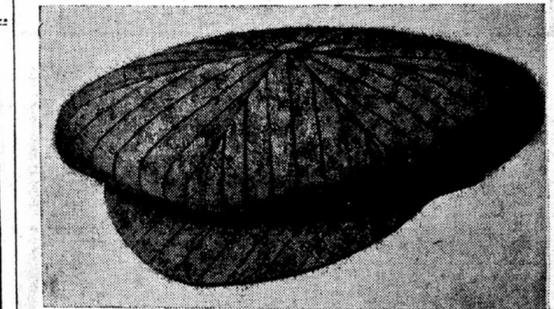
When the weather gets warm the madras, percale or linen shirt, with here and there a light flannel jacket, and white or striped flannel trousers will be the costume most worn on the golf links, but for early spring, and, indeed, well on towards the last of May, the various worsted and wool goods will be fashionable.

There are several styles of sweaters and cardigan jackets in vogue, but of all of them the model shown by the illustration is probably the newest. It is sort of a combination of the old cardigan jacket, the worsted waistcoat and the sweater, having the general shape of the



SWELL GOLF HOSE.

first, the low cut neck opening and buttoning of the second and the lack of pockets and sleeves of the third. Made of a gray Australian lambs' wool (gray is a novel color for most things in the line of masculine apparel this year), which is very light in weight and yet good and warm, this garment is an extremely serviceable one for golf and decidedly smart in looks. It presents a good appearance when no jacket is worn over it, which is



ENGLISH OUTING CAP.

more than can be said of the waistcoats, and it is less usual than the ordinary sweaters.

The latter, however, are still very popular and much in evidence on the links. The most fashionable style is cut low at the neck much like the garment illustrated, but without the buttons, and usually finished around the bottom edge with a broad band of ribbing. It should not cling tight to the body, as the old make of sweaters do, but should hang nearly straight, if not exactly loose, from the shoulders. Plain grays, browns and whites are better style than reds, dark blues, dark greens and other decided colors, and there are a number of differ-



CORRECT BELT FOR SUMMER.

ent wools and weaves shown at the leading haberdashers and sporting-goods shops. Australian lambs' wool and some of the Shetland Islands and other imported wools are most fashionable, but they are also the most expensive, and the plain or mixed Scotch worsteds answer the purpose for the great majority of designers of the best protection from cold is desired, there is nothing to equal the sweater with high roll collar, made of heavy ribbed wool, but this is rarely necessary in summer even in mountainous sections of the country, and is, moreover, of course, the most common style. Knit worsted waistcoats, while perhaps a little less fashionable than several seasons ago, are nevertheless made more for outing purposes, and come in a great variety of colors and designs. Plain reds in a number of weaves, reds with dots of green or white, dark greens with dots of red or red, white, etc., are popular colors and good style. The edges are usually bound with silk or satin of a shade to match the wool, the buttons are generally of gilt, and many are made with silk sleeves.

The cap shown by the illustration is the smart English style for golf riding or in fact almost any outing use, made of heavy homespun tweed, or worsted, and often matching the sweater or knickerbocker suit. There is nothing new about the style, as it is in a sense standard, but the correct shape and make is not so easy to find as one would imagine. It should be very flat with the little button on the top very flat and should bulge out around the head with just the proper degree of fullness. For ordinary summer uses there is probably no better model, for, although tam-o-shanters and other styles are shown at the shops, they are little worn, and the correct shape here is no question that the illustration of worsted half-hose gives an excellent idea of the swellest stockings for spring going. They are of a soft light brown wool, with cross line design in a darker shade of brown, and are to be worn with long trousers of flannel or other suitable outing material and low tan shoes. Long stockings for knickerbockers are in practically the same style and design, but except for bicycle riding or in the woods and mountains, where one may expect to do some fishing and shooting, knickerbockers will not be generally worn this season or less in vogue a number of years ago. It may be said, too, in

this connection, that the stock so popular in past seasons is now so entirely out of fashion as to be positively bad style. Indeed, any other form of such dress is to be preferred to it. With the coming of spring the belt has again made its appearance, and will continue to be the only means of trouser support until the end of summer. Many men, indeed, have all their trousers made with loops, and refuse to wear suspenders the year around, but whether or not this is to be advised, there is no question that the belt is a necessary part of warm weather attire; and that shown by the drawing illustrates the fashionable style of strap and buckle. It is made of dull black harness leather, harness-sewn and with gun-metal buckle, but the black is no more smart than the tan finish, in which case the buckle is of nickel. A number of different leathers are used, such as deer skin, walrus, seal, pig skin, etc., but all should be rather heavy, of simple make and of plain finish, for fancy effects are not considered good form and suede or patent leather are particularly to be avoided. The strap, as will be seen by the illustration, is rather narrow, from one to two inches being the usual width, with the latter measurement about the most extreme permitted by the season's fashion. The rings on the sides and the Mexican cinch fastening, more or less in vogue a number of years ago, are now out of style and rarely seen on the expensively-made belts.

IT ANNOYED HER

Brooklyn Eagle. "Yes, the widow is perplexed." "How is that?" "She doesn't know whether it means that her husband was a good man or she is a villain." "I don't understand." "When he died the papers said that he had gone to a happier home."

HIS STATUS

Judge. "He boasts that he is a self-made man." "Boasts? I should think he would regard the statement as a confession or an explanation."

STORY OF MORRIS

How the Federal Judge Was Ostracized and Driven From His Native State.

'Twas for Conscience Sake and the Whirligig of Fortune Has Compensated Him.

From The Journal Bureau, Room 45, Post Building, Washington.

Washington, April 18.—H. Gilson Gardner, Washington correspondent of the Chicago Journal, tells the story of Judge Page Morris' political life in his correspondence in this way:

When a man is persecuted, down-trodden, cast out, deserted by his best friends, ostracized by society and driven from his home and the country of his birth—and all for conscience' sake—he is wont to seek consolation in the thought that somewhere, at some time, in the vague and distant future, there is vindication and redress; in a word, that "time will tell."

Unfortunately it happens in many cases that time is a poor debtor, and that about the juncture at which the obligation is recalled, the poor creditor is dead or beyond the reach of redress. That is what lends interest to the career of Page Morris, lately congressman from the sixth Minnesota district and now judge of the newly created district of the Minnesota federal court. His case is a happy exception to the general rule.

In his youth, Page Morris lived in Lynchburg, Va. He was born and reared in Lynchburg, Va. He was a southerner, typically and in the best meaning of that term. Clean-cut, fine-looking, gracious, kindly and courteous to a degree, he stands for all that is traditional in the high-minded gentleman. Back in the seventies no man in Lynchburg had a better position socially or finer, better business prospects than his rising young lawyer. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. He was married to a beautiful southern girl. And he was a federal judge.

But Page Morris had a conscience. It was one of those troublesome, obstinate consciences, with which it is impossible for a man to get along in the world. His politics came into conflict, and his politics had to change.

There is where the trouble began. To change politics in Lynchburg, the time men lived there was a light matter. It meant association with "carpetbaggers," scalawags, demagogic negroes and all that is opposed to the southern tradition. But Morris changed. He could not bring himself to approve things which his associates, the democrats, were doing. This was the era of "shotgun" methods at the polls. The newly enfranchised negro was being deposed from his temporary political ascendancy by drastic methods. "The minority of whites were asserting their ascendancy by the 'Ku-Klux' and the whipping post."

Young Morris took counsel with his wife, and she warned him. He was unwilling to believe her prognostications. The result would only be political opposition; but that he would get credit for sincerity of purpose, and that his old friends and neighbors would be soon found themselves for acting honestly as his conscience bade him.

That was where he was wrong. His wife knew that the republicans would come to their ranks; his old friends cast him out. The republicans made him their nominee for congress; his old friends put up John W. Daniel, now United States senator, to run against him. Morris was defeated. Not only was he defeated; he was ruined. His father, as a lawyer, was nipped in the bud. The whole town was against him. The women ceased calling on his wife. Even relatives cut him off their families. He soon found himself thoroughly ostracized as if he had been suffering from a plague.

He bore it for two years, always hoping and believing that his old friends would discover the error and accord him their esteem as of old. He could not conceive it possible that he could thus be made the victim of a narrow prejudice. But the empty cupboard was an argument he could not gainsay. There was no practice for him; no money in the bank, nor prospect of any. He was confronted with actual want—starvation.

He left. That was in 1886. He borrowed money and emigrated from among friends and the land of his boyhood to a land of strangers. He determined to go north, to a community where his convictions would not be charged up against him. At random he chose Duluth.

His new neighbors loved his gentle ways. They respected his clean manner of life, his apparent honesty and his abilities. Practice came almost from the day of his arrival. In three years he was elected municipal judge of the city of Duluth. In five years more he was made city attorney and the next year was appointed by the governor district judge of the eleventh judicial district of Minnesota.

Then came the smooth-tongued Charley Towne, with his free silver doctrine, who had served in congress as a republican and had gone over to silver, and the people of Duluth sought their strongest man to go out and defeat him. The man was Page Morris, who resigned from the bench to make the race. He won and came to Washington. Twice was he re-elected. But his service in congress was a sacrifice. He had given up a better place on the bench. The small salary of a congressman with a conscience—taken in connection with the increased cost of living at the national capital, and a growing family of girls, made it an increasing sacrifice. But the fates were not through with their compensations. Esteeming it but right, his colleagues in congress allied to his support, and, when the new position was added to the federal bench, he was unanimously supported and recommended to the president. He was named to the justice of the case, and he was named to this life position.

The fourth act of this little drama has taken place in Washington. The press has made known the news of Judge Morris' selection for this final honor, while he was still in congress, finishing conscientiously his last few weeks' days. Enter all the old friends from Lynchburg, Va. Enter the ladies who forgot to call on Mrs. Morris. Enter the relatives who refused him their assistance or even their countenance. Enter the proprietors of all those southern homes whose front doors were closed so tightly in the early days of the early seventies. Enter the whole lot of those who had persecuted him, driven him an outcast from their midst, a victim of their narrow sectional prejudices, penitence and a stranger among strange people. Enter these with smiles and congratulations; with calls and with invitations; with urgings to come to tea; to send daughter for a visit; to drop in informally to go on a hunting and fishing excursion; to be a member of our house party, and all those other things which make life pleasant and friends agreeable. The past? No past is recollected, which dates from that change in political faith. They remember nothing save that he is one of their kith and kin; that he was their old neighbor; that they always loved him; and were certain that he would make his mark among those people "up north." Time and events have wrought wonders in the memories of those people of the old Lynchburg neighborhood. And Judge Morris? He and Mrs. Morris have forgotten it, too. It would not be Judge Morris if he remembered. He



HOW I CURE WEAK, PUNY MEN.

Give me a man broken down from excesses, dissipation, hard work, or worry, from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by nature to be strong and sturdy. Even that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength, I can make as good as he ever was. I can give back to any man what he has lost by abuse of the laws of nature.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt supplies. When you lose in any manner my belt will replace it and cure you.

Carl Stromberg, Boston, Mass., writes: "Although you are a stranger to me my heart warms toward you as a great benefactor and friend, and I am more than grateful to you. Already I can feel the vigor of new life in my body; no aches and no pains. I wish you every success in your work."

Letters like that tell a story which means a great deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to the man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stirs up a great force of energy in a man. I make the best electrical body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

George Cook, Goodhue, Minn., writes: "From the first night I wore the Belt I felt new life in every part of my body. I am now able to do heavy work without tiring. I am glad I thought of the belt, for in no other way could the money give me so much pleasure."

"Give me a man with pains in his back, a dull ache in his muscles or joints, 'come-and-go' pains in his shoulders, chest and side, Sciatica in his hip, Lumbago, Rheumatism, or any ache or pain, and my belt will pour the oil of life into his aching body and drive out every sign of pain. No pain can exist where my Belt is worn to meet the public demand for something to read. After a prolonged discussion it was decided to have a word to say against it, that a chosen person should be there and then instructed to send a letter to a Penzance bookseller and procure another copy of 'Doctor Faustus.'"

Abram Smith, Minnehaha, Minn., writes: "My back is entirely well and I would not take \$100 for my Belt if I could not get another. It is the best thing on earth for a lame back." They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town or hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

Now, what does this mean to you, dear reader? If you are not what you ought to be, can you ask any better proof to make you try it. Is there a remedy which is as simple, as easy to use, as sure to cure, and as cheap as Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt? I have not seen one. You must try it. In justice to yourself and to those who look to you for their future happiness, try it now. Act this minute. Such a matter ought not be delayed.

It's as good for women as for men. Work while you sleep; it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no stinging, no burning, as in old-style belts. Call to-day, or send for my beautiful book, full of the things a man likes to read if he wants to be a strong man. I send it, sealed, free. Cut out this ad.

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 1. DR. M. E. McLAUGHLIN Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Evenings till 8 p. m. 304 NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

know they were mistaken, and he always knew the time would come when they would see his bitter comment.

MODERN EDUCATION. She with a geometric sector Can trace the radius vector And can give the sun's diameter in feet; She can analyze the arum. Classify the coptic carum— But she cannot tell a cabbage from a beet. —Chicago News.

CLAIMS MANY VICTIMS.

Chicago Tribune. "Burglar, I never saw you looking so ghastly. Why don't you ask some doctor what ails you?" "Because I know what ails me. It's quick consumption!" "Quick consumption?" "Yes; having to bolt my breakfast in two gulps and hurry to catch the train for downtown."

LIGHT ENOUGH.

Trump—Kind lady, have you got any light employment yer kin give a pore man? Lady—Well you might clean the lamps and wash the windows.

BOOKS IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

Cornish Telegraph. A hundred years ago there were only two books in Scilly—the Bible and a solitary copy of "Doctor Faustus." The latter had been so frequently lent and so carefully read that it became illegible, and eventually a meeting of the inhabitants (one presumes of St. Mary's, the largest island) was called to consider what should be done to meet the public demand for something to read. After a prolonged discussion it was decided to have a word to say against it, that a chosen person should be there and then instructed to send a letter to a Penzance bookseller and procure another copy of "Doctor Faustus."

The career of a fortune-hunting earl in America is brilliantly recounted in Golden Fleece

by DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

You will be interested and amused by the caustic pictures of society in New York, where the earl lost his first heiress; Boston, where he encountered a spirit rival; Washington, where he met some very queer fish; Chicago, where society hunted him and where he fell genuinely in love with the wrong girl.

SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER \$1.50

NOTE.—Owing to criticisms by various persons more or less prominent, who thought that they recognized their own or their friends' portraits in the serial publication of "Golden Fleece," the author wishes it understood that he has drawn types, not individuals.

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THE LAUPHER HAT

ASK YOUR DEALER.