



"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May."

VOLUME XLIII--NUMBER 21.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON: FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, 1903.

WHOLE NUMBER 2,235.

WASHINGTON STANDARD

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING BY
JOHN MILLER MURPHY,
Editor and Proprietor

Subscription Rates.
Per year, in advance..... \$1.50
Six months, in advance..... 75
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AROUND THE WORLD.

"CLOVER BILL" RELATES SOME WONDERFUL EXPLOITS.

Central Park Museum—Our "Swish" Represented—A Home Like Picture of Clamming—Other Realistic Pictures—Joins Barnum's Circus—He Goes to London—His Impressions of the Big City.

PART IV.

I spent many happy hours at Central Park. There they had animals from every clime the sun shone on, alive, mounted or stuffed. There were life-sized figures of men and women from every known race of people, each dressed in his or her own national costume. Some of the South Sea Islanders did not wear much more than a streak of sunshine, if those on exhibition were a fair sample, and I presume they were. There was one group that made me very sad, for it recalled Puget Sound as nothing else could. It was an old buck Indian and his kloocheen, in camp. There was the dried or smoked clams and salmon on sticks overhead; the tumble-down, one-sided, open lean-to; the old buck was leaning back with a look of contentment, while the dusky maiden was weaving a basket to sell to the "civvie" "Boston" man; in front of them, painted true to life, were the waves of the Sound, rippling at their feet; far off in the hazy horizon, was that grand old mountain, Rainier, whose lap was full of snow, while the evergreen forest trees were like unto a carpet laid for a bride, down to the rippling waters of the Sound. How I did long to talk a little Chinook with Clam-sick Billy and his dusky maiden of the forest. There was just one item needed to make the scene more homelike, and that was an old hog rooting clams out, and a crow sitting on the hog's back with his head cocked to one side watching for the clam to unearth a clam, when he might seize it, fly up in the air, drop the clam and breaks it on the beach and enjoys the feast. When the crow gets on a lazy hog's back, he will peck the hog now and then, to remind him that time and tides wait for no hog.

There is one other group in the great museum that I would gaze at for many minutes at a time. It was an Arab crossing the desert, and is attacked by lions. One great lion is on his hind legs, with his fore-claws sunk into the camel's shoulders. The blood is streaming from the wounds; the Arab holds his spear aloft; it drips with the blood of the lion; the camel has its mouth open with a look of agony in its eyes; the great lion looks his rage into the calm features of the daring Arab. You may walk past hundreds of grand sights in this building, but when you come in sight of this scene, whose figures are true and life-like; true to a hair; you halt and it is hard to leave till you see the finish of this battle of man and beast. Behind the camel is crouched the lion's mate, with her life-blood slowly running out from the wounds of the Arab's spear. Behind all stretches the desert; far in the distance is a straggling line of palm trees marking a water-hole in the desert. The figures and coloring are so true and life-like, you can hardly believe it is not a reality. In another room is George Washington and part of his army, at Valley Forge. There is snow on the ground, and most of the soldiers are bare-footed; it looked like it had been a long time between dinner-horns. These figures, guns and the surroundings, are natural size.

Next are the Marquess natives. They look more like animals than human beings; their noses and ears are ornamented with carved bones thrust through holes, and their bodies are marked with all kinds of figures.

It would require a volume to go into detail of all the great sights to be seen in Central Park museum, at the time I write of, and it was all free-open to the public every day at certain hours.

One night, the building wherein I was employed, took fire. The bearded woman lost her whiskers, the fat woman her supper, and I lost my job. The next day I went to Madison Square Garden and asked the management of Barnum's circus to give me employment, at any old thing. I was given the care of two snow-white trick horses, and did my turn at the side show where Carletta had also secured employment. My work was very hard, as I had to scrub and brush the horses until they were glistening white. The lady who put them through their tricks would come in and take a clean, white handkerchief and draw it over their bodies, and if she found a speck of dust there was trouble in the land for yours truly. We all ate and slept on the grounds; before meal-time we would get a ticket; the food was very plain, but good; there were seven cooks and a num-

ber of waiters; the dishes were made of tin; teamsters, canvas-men, spike-men, roustabouts and the like, sat at one big table. Most of the star performers did not live in the Garden, but boarded outside. The building held 10,000 people, and hundreds of animals during a performance, and yet was not crowded. At that time this was the finest circus in the world.

It had the biggest elephants and lions, the finest horses and more of them than any other show. There were twelve white horses and a similar number of blacks, each of which went up in the air at the ring-master's command and marched and counter-marched in that position for several minutes; they also waltzed and danced horripops, and they did it all in a pleasing and graceful manner. There were eleven clowns, among them Tony Wells, then the greatest in the world. The horses which I brushed so carefully were said to be pure Arabian stock; whether this was true or untrue, I did not know, (as I had never handled many horses, and they were only Indian plugs about Olympia, on moonlight nights, when Lo was asleep in his wickiup). My great delight was to pet the little ponies and the trick horses; they showed almost human intelligence. There were times when these little ponies would play off sick, to escape an appearance in the ring. There was a pair of trick mules that caused more trouble than all the horses combined. It was a common thing for them to kick some unsuspecting person head over heels, every day or so. They were driven into the ring by a couple of clowns who represented country people on the way to market; after a circuit of the ring one of the clowns pulled a string which released some very sharp pins that were attached to the mules' cruppers and the way the mules kicked was a caution, and it was real kicking; after a while a pin in the wagon is pulled and down goes the wagon into small pieces, and of course mighty applause of thousands of laughing people; but one afternoon these mules did a trick not on the bills; that is, it was not due at that time. It was the usual habit for the mules to be hitched up some time before the time to go into the ring; this day they were standing hitched up with drooping ears and wo-begone looks, when a big German animal tamer (lions were his strong suit) happened along. The lion-tamer had been down on Fourth avenue drinking beer, until he had quite a "skate" on. Coming along past where our mules were, and seeing a carriage and span, he thought he would get in and ride his brewery, so he got on the seat. He sat there for a few minutes, when he discovered this string which ran to the mules' cruppers. He grasped it and gave it a slight pull. It made the mules look around to see who was fooling in their backyard. He then gave it a good, healthy pull, and then there was doings in the kicking line that were great. Then the mules ran out into the ring, just as the man who rode one horse and drove thirty-five others came around. The mules, German and thirty-five horses were tangled up in a mess in an instant. It caused great excitement, but no damage was done. A few nights after this the mules got loose and nearly kicked a sacred cow to death. She was not sacred to them.

The dressing-room of a big circus is a scene of confusion to a stranger; powder, dressing-cases, looking-glasses, trunk, paint, heaped here and there. It is wonderful how each person can pick his property out of the mass and like clock-work, each places his or her hands on what is wanted in an instant.

In the side-show there was a Mormon and family of thirty-five wives, rest children. This man got no salary; nothing but board and lodging for himself and family, which was a big contract. Then there was the wild man, with rings in his ears, lips, toes, and any other place where there was room to hang a bone ring; to a bearded woman, she was real too; the lady giantess, 7 feet 9 inches tall, and the 800-pound woman; the little man; the sacred bull (about the size of a pug-dog); the big snake; the pig with two heads; the Razzee snake woman, who handled the kind we see in our dreams, and several other varieties not so large, and last but not least, yours truly, who stood with a gun in one hand and a look of murder in the other, the great boy scout, the Indian terror, killer of Shagunty Jimlo, the boy who, alone and unarmed, captured Sitting Bull and Brigham Young, and harnessed them to the wagon of Peace and Matrimony, and drove them to Hel-ena. Well, I was no fraud, I was the real thing, (nit). You should have seen those cultured Eastern ladies hand me sheep's eyes and bouquets. If I put my hand into my pocket there was great excitement.

They expected to see me pull an Indian reservation out of it. All this time I was scared almost to death for fear one of Buffalo Bill's Indians would drop in (Bill and his Indians were showing down on the Bowery, at the time, at Windsor theater). After a few weeks at Madison Square Garden, the show prepared to tour the large Eastern cities.

I concluded to take a trip to London and see a little of the old world, so one morning found me on the City of Rome, one of the finest steamships of the large type then, but common now. After a pleasant passage of eight days we landed at Southampton docks, where I entrained for London, the home of Me Lud. As we entered London, I could see the master of the buckhounds and "Me Lud," the carriage-driver, in waiting. One of the first things that caught my eyes was the signs on the streets. One was a picture of a king holding a glass of "alf-an-alf" in one hand and a smile in the other. The sign read: "Ye King's Own; Boose-maker to 'is Royal Majesty, Pat Be Sullivan." A little farther along; there was a picture of a lady with a coronet on her head, in 'er 'ands she was 'olding a pair of 'w'at-you-call-'em; beneath her was a sign reading: "'Pants-makers to 'er Royal 'ighness, Me Lady Kukoo of Kufinshierro." When we stopped at the Paddington station, the royal carriage drivers were shouting, "Free carriage to Boars 'ead Inn; 'ere you ar', me Lud; 'is way me Lud; 'ere you are, 'anden sure."

When I arrived at the "Boar's 'ead," the keeper of the royal baggage froze onto my jewel-case, and 'is 'ighness, the keeper of the registry, wrote me down. After a night's rest I took a look over London, the largest city in this Vale of Tears. The population, so I was told, was 4,000,000; 3,500,000 were nobles and the rest dressmakers to "'er Majesty." The city is built on both sides of a river, the Thames. It is 48 miles to the sea. The city is 15 miles long and about 12 broad. There is said to be a birth there every ten minutes. London Bridge is certainly one of the greatest sights in the world. Right around the bridge are hundreds of steamers discharging their mass of humanity for the city, amid a babel of noise. There is a frightful din of ringing bells, whistles of all keys and volumes of sound; shouting carmen, conductors, omnibus drivers, and the like, adding to the din. The Bridge is one vast mass of humanity. It was built during the dark ages, and has been trodden on by the merry monarchs and queens of the dim and misty ages past. It is used by prince and pauper, kings and potentates from other lands. From it you look to your left and see Billingtone, the largest fish-market in the world; next to Custom House, then the famous Tower of London, which has held some famous prisoners in the past. St. Paul's Cathedral of London, attracted my eyes. It is the largest building in London and also the largest protestant church in the world.

[To be Continued.]

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

One of the Best Ever Uttered, by Congressman Humphries.

The best response to any toast at the semi-centennial of Washington Territory, was delivered at the banquet, by Hon. Will E. Humphries, on the evening of March 2d. After a humorous reference to the anomaly of the choice falling upon him to respond to a sentiment of which it would be expected he had only the experience of an "old, bald-headed bachelor," he delivered the following elegant oration to woman:

"Turning from jest to earnest, to produce great men we must produce great women; few great men have great sons, all great sons have great mothers.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." What there is good in us, woman develops; what there is bad, she helps to repress; what there is great, she helps to inspire.

"Woman has ever been the chiefest inspiration of the poet, the most perfect model of the sculptor, the most perfect subject of the painter, the grandest theme of the orator; but her beauties, her virtues, her loveliness, are beyond the poet's praise, the sculptor's skill, the painter's power, the orator's eloquence. Her gentle influence standing high above all things else in the potent power that makes and molds man's destiny. Her image is in the heart and brain of all the mighty workers of the world.

"O woman! Thou art indeed the last and best of God's gifts. Thou art with us always from the cradle to the grave. Thou dost endow the dimpled babe with the measureless wealth of a mother's love. At thy knee we learned to lip our earliest prayer. Thy gentle, patient love dispels all our little ills in the happy days of childhood. In youth thou wert our sweetheart, the purest, gentlest memory of our world. In manhood thou art the sharer of all our triumphs and defeats, in all our griefs and joys, in all our ecstasies and tears. Oh, woman, thou art the inspiration, the sweetness and the perfume of life, and when at last the grim conqueror stills our tired hearts, bending above the cofined form of him that is no more, you 'death's pallid lips thou dost give love's last and holiest kiss."

"May God bless you ever and always."

DRIFTWOOD

Gathered in the Edges of the Current of Passing Events.

It costs \$80,000 a year to keep the White House clean and the floors scrubbed.

The colony of 1,000 Filipinos to be exhibited at the St. Louis Fair will be one of the striking features distinguishing it above all others.

The mint at Philadelphia turned out more than \$70,000,000 new cents last year—one apiece for every man, woman and child in the United States.

A noted scientist declared that the anthracite coal in the United States will hold out sixty years longer. Consumers see their finish long before that time.

A scheme of large proportions is on foot for colonizing a number of families from Finland on agricultural lands in Alaska, under the new homestead law.

Collars, stocks, stoles, tabs, and all manner of conceptions and contrivances for the neck, simple and elaborate costly and inexpensive, now adorn or modify the modish gown.

Oil in California is in a combine, just at present, and the independent producers must sell at ten cents a barrel, while the trust-protected combine receives from 35 to 40 cents a barrel.

In Pittsburg, one of the largest factory finds a Social Secretary quite indispensable, and in the South a large cotton mill is trying to find a reliable woman to fill the position of social go-between.

Well, well; the exclusive Buffalo society leaders now denounce "The Burdick Set." Would it not have been in better taste for those who prescribe rules to enforce publicity before rather than after the cloak has fallen?

Spain is in luck. She has been awarded \$375,000 damages from a Scotch shipbuilding firm that failed to complete four torpedo boats in time to use them against the United States. She now has the boats and the money.

It is but seldom the good fortune of a dancer to be the prize for which the potentates of two mighty nations engage in a bitter contest. Yet this novel experience has just been enjoyed by Miss Isadora Duncan, a beautiful California girl, whose dances have created a furor in the principal cities of Europe.

The Legislature of California has amended the divorce law so that the decree shall not be entered until a year subsequent to the findings of fact. This is to prevent newly divorced persons from crossing the State line and re-marrying before the expiration of the six months incubation of the late law of that State.

The fact that over four hundred passengers were killed last year in accidents on American railroads, while not one passenger was killed during that time on British railroads, is exciting very general comment. Four or five times as much, is spent there, however, in construction of roadbeds, which would be impossible in this country with its immense trackage, on four per cent dividends.

The commission men of St. Paul oppose the establishment by law of a legal size for berry boxes, a measure similar to that passed by our Legislature with reference to larger fruit-boxes. The main point urged was that many producers have boxes all ready provided, or left over from last season, and it would be wrong to subject them to a probable loss to comply with legal requirements, and make all boxes to hold 60½ cubic inches.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

A Little Nonsense, Now and Then, is Relished by the Wisest Men.

"What's the matter?" asked the rooster; more absent-mindedness?" "Yes," replied the hen; "I can never find things where I lay them."

"Did you see any sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spikins?" asked Miss Purling. "Yes," replied Spikins, sadly; "I played cards with a couple."

Her Mamma—You certainly were flirting outrageously with that young man on the bench. Don't you know you're a married woman, and—Mrs. Gay—Yes, but he didn't.

"Now, Willy, you may give me a sentence that will be easy to parse." "Yes'm. How's this one: 'Said the spurne, parsimonious parson: Parse the parsnips!'"

Instructor (of class in physiology)—"What do you know concerning the sebaceous follicles?" Boy at foot of class (making a wild guess)—"Sebaceous follicles is the name of the new Senator from the State of Washington."—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

THE CANDIDATE WILL NOT COME FROM BUZZARD BAY.

So Says Watterson and the Rank and File of the Democratic Party—He Went Back on His Party and Its Principles—Cleveland a "Bloodless" Man—Not True to the Men Who Placed Him in Power—The Journalistic Scalpel Used With Terrible Effect.

A movement lately inaugurated by Arthur C. Jones, a prominent politician of New York, is responsible for simultaneous action in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, to foist Cleveland on the Democratic Convention of 1904. He claims that he has the names of 300 prominent public men, who have promised to aid the movement, and this has impelled that veteran journalist and Democrat to review, fairly and impartially, the record of the man who forged the golden fetters that were afterwards riveted by his colleagues, the Republican party, under the grossest fraud and misrepresentation. Here is what he writes:

"Alas and alack the day! We cannot accept Mr. Cleveland either at his own rating of himself—which was not originally very high—nor fall to groveling at the feet of the given image which the self-deluded mugwump has clothed in all the colors of the rainbow and placed upon a pedestal and which he worships according to his bloodless kind. As an all-around man about town in Buffalo, Grover Cleveland possessed many of the virtues of the natural man. The tradition of Frank Tracey and Oscar Folsom and William Dorsheimer and Grover Cleveland and their companions is still cherished by the younger set in that magnificent, joyous, tragic city—that dark and bloody ground of the Niagara—and we dare say its memories to the one lone survivor are happy memories irradiating the dreams of days that are gone forever. It is the general consensus that he was a dead square man of the rough-and-ready species. He made a good Sheriff and a good Mayor. He owed the Governorship and then the Presidency to the Tilden organization—vulgates might call it the Tilden machine—and from the day of his advent to the White House he proceeded to go back upon his friends and to deny his maker. He saw Edgar Aggar sink broken-hearted in his grave. He hurried Manning into his coffin. If he had a friend who happened to want something or to need something, his back was promptly turned upon him; or, if he ventured to face him, he stood so stiff as to seem to lean backward.

"He had discovered, or he thought he had discovered, or somebody told him, that 'public office is a public trust,' and his idea was that by ignoring all personal claims and private obligations he would signalize himself as a true servant of the people, an incorruptible official, a model of sturdy virtue. He turned the mugwump down equally with the Democrats. But he had a dead thing on the mugwump, who went off rubbing their shins and rolling their eyes to heaven in their nincompoop ecstasy over the new-found apostle of political sweetness and light. His old officeholders thought that if he got back they would get back. They worked effectively to this end for four years. He fooled them. Having neither sensibilities nor imagination, no gratitude nor affections, no dislikes nor likes, he could with equal impunity and equanimity appoint his enemy to office as proof of his magnanimity and discrimination, and withhold bread from a suffering servant and friend as proof of his devotion to principle. The poor devil could go off and starve or die, nobody sympathizing, nobody heeding, whilst the mugwump band played on and on the rogues' march of civil service reform.

"He actually began to set himself up for an arbiter in modo. Of course he set up for a political economist; though he never read a book in his life and knew no more about scholarships or ethics than a schoolboy might get out of an encyclopedia on an off afternoon. All the time he was what he had been when he ran with the boys; in Buffalo—a tough, self-contained man, of excellent common sense in matters within his mental range; of immense working capacity and indefatigable industry; loving power for power's sake, avaricious and dominant, a good enough man under normal conditions, but elevated to the priesthood, given a smell of the flesh-pots, corrupted by the servility of the base, the adulation of the little, the insence of the self-seeking—a dangerous man to all interests—to personal interests as that every friend who has tarried with him has slept upon a upas tree; to party interest as that the most sacred rights of association and of consideration are as bits of broken glass in his hands to his country's interests in case his fatuous ignorance and egotism could ever once get a sure footing in authority."

Baby Cries by Telephone.

Philadelphia Record.

A West Philadelphia druggist who recently became the proud father of his first baby was called to Baltimore the other day on a business trip. Early in the afternoon the telephone bell in his home rang and his wife answered the call. Hubby was at the other end, in Baltimore. "It seemed so funny not to hear the baby crying," came the voice over the wire, "that I couldn't stand it any longer. Can't you bring him to the phone so I can hear him?" "Wife woke the child out of a sound sleep, and he very accommodatingly began to bawl at the top of his lungs into the receiver while his mother held him in her arms. This continued until the baby had cried 80 cents' worth over the long distance wire, when the happy father rang off.

Malapropos Suggestion.

Rear Admiral Wildes, who died recently, used to be fond of telling of a great start that a Boston clergyman once gave a congregation.

"I was born in Boston," Admiral Wildes would say, "and in my boyhood attended church there. Well, at church, one Sunday morning, there was, it seems, a couple to be married after the service. The minister made the announcement in this way:

"The parties that are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves immediately after singing Hymn No. 245—

"Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven."

A Distinction with a Difference.

"Can he play?"

"Why, yes; well enough so that we say he 'plays the fiddle'; but not so well as to say he 'performs on the violin.'"



"It's a bad time to swap horses when you are crossing a stream."

That was Lincoln's famous reply to those who urged him to make a change in generals at a critical period of the Civil war.

Lincoln's saying is worth remembering, especially when you are asked to "swap" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a bootless bargain, described as "just as good," at the critical time when health is at stake.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine which has a record of ninety-eight per cent. of cures. It is an absolutely reliable, stomachic, non-alcoholic and non-narcotic. It always helps; it almost always cures. Why should any one who is seeking a cure for sickness, and is persuaded that the "Discovery" will cure him, "swap" the substance for the shadow at the risk of health?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. What is popularly termed "weak" stomach is the common cause of various forms of physical weakness, such as "weak" heart, "weak" lungs, "weak" or sluggish liver, "weak" nerves, etc. The entire body and its several organs are dependent for strength upon the food prepared in the stomach. The "weak" stomach cannot provide the food-strength for the various organs, which in their turn become "weak" and unable to accomplish the work for which they were designed. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures through the stomach diseases which have their cause in a diseased condition of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition.

It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food, which the body is built up into a condition of health. It purifies the blood, driving out the poisons which breed and feed disease.

Preferred to Die.

"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it did me more good than anything I could get," writes Mrs. Julia A. Wilson, of Cuyahoga, Wood Co., Ohio, Box 5. "I doctored with three different doctors for weak heart, but they did me no good. I was so tired and discouraged that I had had my choice to live or die I would have preferred to die. My husband found of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and he bought me a bottle. I took that and the first half seemed to help me. I took six bottles before I stopped. I am perfectly well and am cooking for boarders (I have six), and am taking in washing besides. I will truly say I think your medicine will do all it is recommended to do, and more. It has been a God-send to me. I will be willing to answer my letters, and will be glad to give the means of helping any poor suffering woman to obtain relief. You may print it and make any honest use of it you wish to."

Was Boldfast.

"I had been sick for more than a year with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Lucy Hayer, of Jackson, Jack Co., Texas. "Several different doctors treated me, but none did me any good. One doctor said I never could be cured, that I had Bright's disease. I suffered nearly death at times; had spells the doctor called spasms. Was bedfast most of the time for six months. My mother begged me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. With little hope I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he said he could cure me. He sent me his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and although I had given up to die, I began to improve from the start, and by the time I had taken twenty-two bottles, I was entirely cured. I thank God for the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I weigh more than ever before in my life, and believe I am entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1,000 pages, and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper cover, or 31 cents for the book in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Profluvium, or Falling of Womb which they can not cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Their financial responsibility is well known to every newspaper publisher and druggist in the United States, with most of whom they have done business for over a third of a century. From this fact it will readily be seen how utterly foolish it would be for them to make the above unprecedented and remarkable offer if they were not basing their offer on curative means having an unparalleled record. No other medicine, such as a prescription, or a prescription could possibly "win out," as the saying goes, on such a proposition. But they know whereof they speak. They have the most remarkable record of cures made by this world-famed remedy ever placed to the credit of any preparation especially designed for the cure of women's peculiar ailments. This wonderful remedy, therefore, stands absolutely alone as the only one possessed of such remarkable curative properties as would warrant its makers in publishing such a marvelous offer as is above made in the utmost good faith.

"I want to tell you of the great improvement in my health since taking your Favorite Prescription," says Mrs. H. S. Jones, of Forest, N. C. "When I began its use I was a physical wreck and had despaired of ever having a health again. Could not sit up all day, noted a great improvement before the first bottle was used. Was suffering with almost every pain that a woman is subject to; had inflammation of ovaries, painful and suppressed periods, and other symptoms of female disease. After taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' I felt like a new person. Can ride horse and take all kinds of exercise and do not feel tired."

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures, do not get a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

If you are looking for a perfect laxative, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is what you need. It is a mild, pleasant, and safe laxative, and is sold by all druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

You'll Know You're Right

WHEN YOU SEE—

At the corner of Fifth and Eastside Sts., the sign over our door, like this

"NOW'S THE TIME

When to supply

THE PLACE

Want's yourself or family.

Don't wait.

HERE'S

Variety common to drug stores and much

THE PLACE

Prices are all right.

ROBT. MARR,

Home Drug Store.

Standard Poultry Yards

CHAS. H. GLOUGH, PROP.

(Western Vice President Buff Leghorn Club.)

EGGS from PRIZE WINNING STOCK.

BUFF LEGHORNS—Standard Strain. Brood and Battle Creek, Mich.

BUFF LANGSHANS—Heavy weights and prolific layers.