

ARSENIC FOR NERVOUSNESS.

No One Ever Cured by Its Use—Produces Nervousness.

One might as well take whiskey for chronic alcoholism as to take arsenic for nervousness. Arsenic in any form is as sure to produce nervousness as an overdose of whiskey is sure to produce drunkenness.

Arsenic will not cure nervousness. It will produce nervousness. No one was ever cured of nervousness by arsenic. Thousands have been made nervous by arsenic. Thousands more will be made nervous by arsenic. Yet the doctors go right on prescribing arsenic for nervousness.

There are various preparations of arsenic known by a great many different names.

Arsenic is death to the nervous system. Arsenic produces bloodless nerve centers, causes the nerves to tingle, tremble and quiver.

Arsenic will make hysterical babies of the strongest athletes. It will convert a wholesome, healthy woman into a petulant, pulling, faded invalid.

If the doctors were obliged to take prompt themselves long enough to discover by personal experience the disastrous condition it is sure to produce, they probably would then quit administering it to their patients. But it is an advice that doctors never take their own medicine. They conclude what any medicine will do by what the books tell them or what some pompous professor has declared. Then they commence giving and continue to give in spite of the fact that their patients grow rapidly worse.

Arsenic, like bromide of potash, is given almost indiscriminately by the average drug doctor for nervousness. Neither of these drugs ever cured or ever helped a case of nervousness. Both of them will produce nervousness of the worst form without fail. It is just such drugs as these as are responsible for that condition of body and mind known as Americanitis. We are a nation of nervous men and women. Our nervousness is generally attributed by the doctors to our climate and our habits of business and pleasure.

This is not true. We have an excellent climate and our business methods and pleasures are of the best character—better than in any other country. It is the miserable drugs that we have been deluded into taking that are responsible for our nervousness.

Of all the nerve destroying drugs that were ever invented by the medical profession, arsenic, bromide of potash and strychnia lead the list. No nervous person ought ever to take a single dose of such medicine.—Medical Talk.

Remedies for Poultry Diseases.

A farmer's wife gives the following remedies for the worst troubles the poultry raiser has to contend with—cholera, roup, lice and diarrhoea: Plenty of room, healthy food and at first sight of disease for cholera, give one teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a gallon of water; diarrhoea, one teaspoonful of Jamaica ginger in a gallon of water; for lice, one teaspoonful of sulphur in four quarts feed or mash; for roup, mix boracic acid with water so that it can be poured down the throat, give a teaspoonful and they will be cured.

Mrs. McCormick, wife of the American ambassador to Russia, has left St. Petersburg for Paris because of the severe weather. She will remain away about a month.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness.



A DIFFERENCE.
"Does the gas meter measure the amount of gas you burn?"
"No; it measures the amount you have to pay for."

BIG AND LITTLE MEN.

Curstone Philosopher .Discourses on the Trials of the Large.

"Dje ever observe," remarked the man with the stocky sturdy, "how a big man is always at a disadvantage in any kind of an altercation with a smaller man, and how the runts invariably take advantage of their inferior size to lambast the big man with their tongues? The little chaps know perfectly well that the big fellows will hesitate to lather them, no matter what they say or do, and they know, too, that when a big duck hits a little fellow the sympathy of the crowd is always with the sawed-off, which puts the big fellow in a mean and some times in a dangerous position. I've noticed that the little snooters regularly take a hold of this edge when they get into a wordy mix-up with men much larger than themselves, and it has always struck me that this is pretty cheap work on the part of the bantams that wear boy's sizes in clothes and hats and shoes.

"In Baltimore the other afternoon a crowd was gathered around a hospital ambulance that had clanged up in front of a saloon. Among the people in the crowd were three small, perky little chaps, ranging from 30 to 40 years old. They were together and looked pretty well satisfied with themselves—most undersized men do carry themselves in that way, according to my observation. A large good natured looking chap, wanting to take a look at what was coming off around the ambulance, edged up, and, in a lubberly, unintentional sort of way, brushed rather closely past one of the little men.

"Say, who are elbowin'?" testily demanded the little man of the big man.

"Scuse me, son," said the big fellow, apologetically, beaming down upon the scrappy little man. "Didn't see you."

"Who you callin' son?" snapped the little fellow. "Just because you're a big fellow."

"G'way, Buddy," said the big man indulgently. "First thing you know you'll get yourself all het up."

"Don't call me Buddy, you big lum-mox," snarled the scrappy little chap with the chip on his shoulder, "or I'll hand you a swift!"

"G'wan, now Algy, or I'll bite a fin off you," interrupted the big man, grinning.

"Will, hey?" chirrup the little fellow angrily. "Say, you big bum, maybe you think that because you wear a No. 10 hat and have your collars in a cheese box that you're—"

"Get your little playmates in with you Reggy, and perhaps I'll talk a little business with you," cut in the big fellow, beginning to look a trifle annoyed.

"The other two little chaps were just as perky and chesty as the one who had started what seemed to be quite an unnecessary chaw with the big man, and when the latter made his remark about the 'little playmates' they actually put their maules up and the three of them made as if too rush the heavychap.

"Well, the big man picked them up, one by one, and each of them squirmed and wiggled like an eel on a hook, carried them to the other side of the street, where a sewer pipe excavation was being dug and coolly dropped them into the hole. The last one of them that he picked up, was the grouchy little fellow who had 'sassed' him so much and before dropping this one into the damp, clayey excavation, he placed him across his knee and deposited a couple of swift slaps on his person allee samee the school-master of the little red school house of other days.

"The crowd laughed. If the big man had handled only one small man in that fashion the crowd would probably have growled, but when he took care of them in a simple, lubberly fashion they figured that it was about an even up job, and roared tumultuously. The big man pulled down his cuffs, with a grin, and walked away, and a couple of diggers had to pass a rope down to the mouth of the hole when they came and they dared and double dog dared the big man to show himself again, but he had already turned the corner.

—Washington Post.

A Fish Story.

"Talk about fish and the things of the sea!" said he who claimed to be a seafaring man. "Twas in the year—well, it was a good while ago and we were heading south by south-west, latitude—I forget exactly which—when a ripple in the water suggested the presence of a shark. You can always tell a shark by its ripple. He's got one of his own. We never landed a good specimen, and when he showed his head I could well tell he was a ten footer. I always was quick and precise. A knife in my mouth, a jump, and I landed headforemost between the shark's jaws. Quick as a flash I turned around. With me knife I cut holes through his side for my legs and arms to pass through and swam back to the ship. Well, he was a fine morsel, that fish was, and we lived on him for weeks. Is it true? Well!"—and he displayed a splinter from the handle of the knife.—Harper's Monthly

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hoar*

OLDEST GEOGRAPHY.

Illinois Will Exhibit at World's Fair One Dated 1700.

Illinois has assumed first place in the contest of states that are searching for the oldest geography to exhibit at the World's fair. Connecticut's book of 1820 and Indiana's geography of 1811 are up to date school books when compared with a book that was recently unearthed at Moline, Ill.

This venerable book was printed in 1700 and is now in possession of S. S. Crompton, who has tendered it to the Illinois commission. It contains 700 pages, 6 by 8 inches. The paper is heavy and the typography is excellent in style, and seventy-eight maps being engraved on steel. The binding is in leather and is well preserved.

One of the maps shows California to be an island, and the description agrees with the map. Another map is labeled a "Map of Florida and the Great Lakes of Canada." It shows the country that is now the United States to be a line west of the Mississippi river, with the mountains coming almost to the banks of the river. There are three small streams, evidently intended to be the Arkansas, the Missouri and the Des Moines. They break through the mountains and empty into the Mississippi river. On the east side of the Mississippi are named six rivers—the Illinois, the Wisconsin (Wisconsin), Chadadeba (Chippewa) and the Piskiou, Tumba and Isaci. South of these are shown but not named the Ohio and the Yazoo and the Ohio rivers.

The Mississippi is called "R Spirito Sancto al Rio Grande," and in the text it is said that the principal river of Florida, by which name the Mississippi Valley was then known, is "that of the Holy Ghost, which falls into the gulph of Mexico." The reader is solemnly assured "that the air of Florida and Carolina is so temperate that men live to the age of 250 years, while the children of five generations are alive at the same time."

Boston is described as "commodiously seated for traffick on the sea shore, a very large and spacious town or indeed a city composed of several well ordered streets, and adorned with fair and beautiful homes, well inhabited by merchants and tradesmen, it is also a good place of good strength, having several fortifications raised on hills adjoining, with well mounted pieces and well guarded."

The ancient geography says that New York is "built mostly of brick and stone, and covered with red and black tile, and the land being high, it gives at a distance a pleasing aspect to the spectator. The inhabitants consist most of English and Dutch and have considerable trade with the Indians, for beaver, otter, racoon skins, and other furs; as also for bear, deer and elk skins; and are supplied with venison and fowls in the winter and fish in the summer by the Indians, which they buy at easy rates."—Hartford Times.

As the result of a series of careful experiments in fattening hogs the conclusion has been reached that a fair average gain of hogs weighing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds, when each is supplied with a bushel of corn, ranges from eight to fourteen pounds, and that ten pounds would be a fair average gain.

Out of ninety-two candy samples examined by the Massachusetts board of health, eighteen were colored with deadly lead chromate.

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RUPTURE

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A permanent, quick and lasting cure, guaranteed. No cutting, no pain and no detention from business. Consultation and examination free. Call or send for free book, which tells all about rupture or hernia, with testimonials from former patients.

Read the following testimonial letters of former patients and what the Kansas City papers have to say about the Doctor.

DR. ERNEST HENDERSON, 103 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

RUPTURE NOW CURABLE.

Wonderful Advancement Made in Treating by Dr. Henderson.

Kansas City Sunday Journal, July 26, 1903:

Rupture is no longer incurable, except perhaps in extremely rare cases, says Dr. Ernest Henderson, Kansas City's eminent hernia specialist. However, it has not been many years since a reliable treatment for this affliction was unknown, and surprising as it may seem, the methods of former years are still in vogue in many places.

"In taking up rupture as a specialty," Dr. Henderson said to a reporter, "I was satisfied that the old principle was wrong and there was an opportunity for a man who would devote time and study to improve it. A rupture is a dangerous thing; no one can tell what minute it will cause trouble, and the time may come when relief is not within easy reach. It is always a bother even when there is no pain or apparent danger. To be sure, it was no small task to revolutionize the treatment of rupture, and I am not boasting when I say that there are few men who would have worked, studied and experimented as I have done to bring out a new method and perfect it so as to be effective in all classes of rupture. My success has been my reward. I have been practicing this method for several years, and there are hundreds of people in Kansas City and vicinity who will take great pleasure in testifying to its efficacy. People now come to consult me from almost every state in the Union, and I have on file in my office letters from many of them showing the high esteem in which they hold the service I have rendered them."

In treating rupture Dr. Henderson does not use a knife, consequently he has built up an immense practice and now enjoys a national reputation as a rupture specialist. His plan of no pay until cured has certainly proven very popular.

Dr. Henderson is one of the ablest men in the medical profession today.

and is an honor to his calling as well as a citizen highly esteemed by his fellow men. He may be consulted at any time at his office, 103 West Ninth street.

Mr. Peake, a Merchant, Takes Pleasure in Recommending Treatment. Gives Testimonial Letter in Conscientious Truth for Benefit of Suffering Man kind.

Kansas City, Kas., May 22, 1902.
My Dear Sir:—I can never thank you enough for your treatment of me while in my ruptured condition. I am now as well as I ever was and I take pride and pleasure in recommending to others your treatment as the best and only reliable treatment there is for rupture. The testimonial is given in conscientious truth for the benefit of suffering mankind. Yours truly
WM. C. PEAKE.

Double Rupture Cured in Seven Weeks By Painless Method. Has Not Worried a Truss Since. The "Guarantee to Cure or No Pay" is Attractive.

Kansas City, Kas., May 22, 1902.
Ernest Henderson, M. D., Kansas City, Mo.
My Dear Doctor:—When I came to you for treatment I was ruptured on both sides, a painful condition that I could not attend to by my own means. You cured me in seven weeks by a painless method and I have not worn a truss since. I take great pleasure in recommending you and your treatment to the afflicted, knowing you will cure any sufferer. Your guarantee to cure or receive no pay is attractive, as most sufferers have spent a great deal of money and failed to get cured.
With best wishes, I am, Yours truly,
1904 N. 25th St. EUGENE SAWYER.

Mr. Elliott's Case Was An Extreme! Bad One, and Had to Be Treated the Second Time. He is Now Sound and Well. I Make My Guarantee Good in Every Case. Hundreds of Sufferers Come to Me and are Cured Although Pronounced Incurable by Prominent Physicians.

Sterling, Kas., May 26, 1902.
Dr. Ernest Henderson, Kansas City, Mo.
To Whom It May Concern:
This is to certify that from my earliest recollection, up to my 25th year, I was afflicted with hernia of a character pronounced incurable by a noted surgeon of this place, after careful examination. I saw Dr. Ernest Henderson's advertisement, "No cure no pay," and I determined to try him. In conformity with my letter I went to Kansas City and closed my contract with the doctor, remaining under treatment for seven weeks. Believing I was well I turned over the money and went home. After a few months (the trouble returned) but having faith in the doctor and believing he would do as he promised, I went back without having advised him of my condition, and he willingly took me in and treated me four weeks more, without a cent more pay, and then he charged me CURED. Yours respectfully,

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A Good Joke on Kipling.

One day during the South African war, Mr. Rudyard Kipling strolled into a hospital ward at Wynburg. The room was full of disabled men, and one poor fellow who had lost an arm was trying to cut some tobacco, but having only one hand, he was making little progress.

Kipling, seeing the difficulty, sat down on the side of the bed, produced a claspknife, and when he had filled the soldier's old black pipe, lit it and handed it back to him. He then lit his own pipe, and as nobody in the ward recognized the little man with the big glasses, the two were soon smoking and chatting like old friends, each using all the barrack room vernacular at his command.

Lying upon the bed was a volume of "Barrack Room Ballads." Picking it up and carelessly turning over the leaves, the writer asked:

"Do you like Kipling's stuff about Tommy?"

"No! I think it's all nonsense," was the emphatic reply.

"So do I," added the great author, in a confidential tone, and struck another match for his helpless companion.

In the window of a Dunmow (England) hostelry appears the notice: "The Encyclopedia Britannica at your service within."

The sea is said to be gradually eating away the French coast, having within the last five years swallowed up no less than four hundred acres.

They say it is best to look on the bright side but when some people give you money you had better look on both sides.

If time were money people would be more careful how they used it.

"Painting It Red."

There has been a lot of stories told giving the origin of the expression "Painting it red," remarked Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, to a group of friends, "but I believe the expression originated on the grand old Mississippi.

"Away back in the '50, racing was the most exciting feature of river life and whenever an opportunity was given for the sport every man on the boats would prepare for the contest as if their lives depended on the result. Upon entering the race the first order of the captain would be 'Paint her red boys!' and the firemen would heat the coal and wood on until the furnace glowed like the noonday sun and their crimson glare could be seen for miles around on the dark river. The 'Paint it red' grew to mean a glorious good time, either on water or on land. The expression grew worldwide until now it is universal.—Washington Times.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The man who so readily gives his seat in a trolley car to a sweet young girl is usually the one that grabs the easiest chair at home.

It is the man who is defeated in law suit who must always think justice is blind.

Sunday School Teacher—"Johnny, which is the best day of the week?" Little Johnny—"Pay day, pop says."

Sugar beets thrive in different kind of soil in diverse climates and over large areas.

The professional violinist manages