

ANAONDA, MONTANA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1896.

State of Montana.

MANY MAD INDIANS

No Trouble Is Anticipated, Yet the Reds Are Uneasy.

PROMISES NOT FULFILLED

The Government, It is Stated, Is to Blame for the Restless Condition of its Wars on Tongue River.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Miles City, May 21.—Information is received here that two companies of soldiers were sent from Fort Custer today to Cheyenne agency. Lame Deer, on account of the continued uncertainty among the Cheyenne Indians, though no serious trouble is anticipated at present, it will not be long before they are liable to break out. A great outrage has been perpetrated on the citizens of this county by locating these Indians in the midst of a populous neighborhood, and on one of the richest sections of the state. By presidential proclamation, through the advice and recommendation of an agent by the name of Upshaw, all this vast country, containing 30 miles of the best valley lands along the Tongue river, was set apart for the purpose of allotment in severalty to the Indians in addition to the large Cheyenne reservation, the only provision being that actual settlers at that time would be allowed to prove up on claims, but no other settlers would be allowed to make entry for land who were not on the same prior to Oct. 23, 1886.

It is a vast country and accommodates numerous settlers and would graze at least 200,000 cattle, making this one of the richest sections of Custer county. Had not Upshaw made this recommendation this section would not be thickly settled. There are now strung along Tongue river about 500 Indians, not one of whom has up to this time made application to file allotment claims. This shows that these Indians should be either moved to reservations or applications at once made to give them lands in severalty. Much of the blame is the fault of the government and no one can blame the Indians in becoming restless under the conditions they have been in for several years, not really knowing when they may be sent to a reservation, and through their enforced idleness, which is very agreeable to the average Indian, they are led to kill cattle. This is mostly done by younger bucks who listen to the elder bucks talking of days long past when they slaughtered the buffalo by thousands.

The Indians are not wholly to blame for their restlessness each spring, for the government has made numerous promises year after year which it has never fulfilled. This is one of the most treacherous of Indian tribes and one of the last to be civilized who are now in charge, when on the reservation, of Captain Stouch, who, through his extreme kindness and good intentions for their welfare, has extended promises which never have been fulfilled by the government; hence the Indians are becoming restless and no one can blame them if they break out at any time. The whole Indian business should be reorganized and though they return to old methods of appointing civilians as agents it would be a big improvement over the present.

Those living on Tongue river are wholly out of the control of the agent, whose hands are full with attending to those close to the agency, and the privilege of allowing them to roam at will should be curtailed. In an interview today with Samuel O'Connell, who has resided on this strip for the past 11 years, and conversant with the Cheyenne and their habits, he says that they should be placed more under control of an agent, whose espionage and restraint are greatly needed, and particularly at the time when they kill thousands of dollars each year, most of which are killed in the country adjoining the reservation.

JAPAN'S EMPEROR WILL TRAVEL

May Make a Tour of the World Accompanied by a Great Fleet.

From the New York Times. Since the recent visit of Marshal Yamagata public interest in the Japanese has revived in this city. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the promised tour of Emperor Mutsuhito in grand state should have increased popular curiosity and set inquiry on foot concerning him and his family. Emperor Mutsuhito, it is stated more or less authoritatively, proposes to behave like any restless American millionaire and circumnavigate the globe, attended by a squadron of his victorious battleships and frigates and many of his nobles and retainers.

Mutsuhito is an ideal monarch in many respects. He has reigned nearly 23 years, and has been a successful ruler, although his reign has not been one of peace and comfort since the day of his coronation—Oct. 13, 1868. He is a young man, he was born Nov. 3, 1852. He is, so to speak, of purest descent in a direct line which began 660 B. C. He is about 5 feet 8 inches in height—tall for a Japanese—of pleasant manners, a young man full of vigor, intelligence and the urbanity which has endeared him to his subjects and to foreigners, with very many of whom he has come in contact. The emperor's titles are mikado, which means great place; tenno, king of heaven; tensho, son of heaven; kotel, supreme ruler; go-sho, imperial place, and klmisama, lord of the palace. The title mikado is not much used by the Japanese, who dislike it very much, and call their sovereign "shujosama" and "tenshisama," when speaking of him. In official documents he is styled "tenno," but his proper title, and that which is universally adopted now, is emperor. This is his title in the translation of the constitution of 1889, which describes him as the supreme head of the nation. The constitution gives to the emperor vast powers. He convokes, opens,

close and prorogues the imperial diet and dissolves the house of representatives. He determines the organization of the different branches of the administration and fixes the salaries of all civil and military officers and appoints and dismisses the same. He has supreme command of the army and navy, he determines their organization and peace standing. He declares war, makes peace and concludes treaties. He proclaims the law of siege, confers titles of nobility, rank, orders and other marks of honor. He grants amnesty, pardons, commutation of punishment and rehabilitation. In short, he is every inch a potentate and an emperor.

He has a cabinet of nine members. These are the president of the cabinet and prime minister, the minister of justice, the minister for home affairs, the minister for war, the minister of agriculture and commerce, the minister for foreign affairs, the minister for education, the minister for the navy and the minister of finance.

The imperial diet or parliament—teiko-ku-ri-kival—includes the house of peers and the house of representatives, each composed of 300 members. The house of peers is made up of five classes—the imperial family, members of other princely houses, all marquises over 25 years old and such counts, viscounts and barons over 25 years old as have been elected from their classes. As only one-fifth of each class can be elected many Japanese nobles have no seats in the house of peers. Next come persons over 30 years old whom the emperor raised to the house of peers. The fifth class is made up of representatives of solid industries and landed proprietors. The house of representatives is composed of 300 members elected for four years by the electoral divisions of the empire—each one member to every 137,000 inhabitants. The members must be at least 30 years old and their salaries are about \$400 a year.

It will thus be seen that Emperor Mutsuhito, by whom this constitution was promulgated in 1889, and who subsequently overcame the Chinese and taught the world a lesson in advanced naval warfare, is not to be sneered at or slighted by any writers, English or American. He has enjoyed a long and remarkable experience as a ruler and has acquired a reputation for wisdom and diplomacy enviable even in Europe.

THE COLOR OF SIN.

trikingly Original Discovery—Physiological Test of Guilt.

From the Medical News. Where would we poor physicians and scientists be if it weren't for the newspapers? They are the true pioneers of scientific and medical progress row-days, and we have all we can do to keep up with their rapid strides. One of them has just heralded a most brilliant advance, no less than an absolute physiologic test of guilt. It has discovered a scientist who has discovered that the various human passions, good and bad, each produce definite chemical secretions, which act upon the brain and cause vice or virtue, as the case may be, and are excreted by the skin in the perspiration, where they may be recognized by chemic tests. His name is Gates, and he claims to have isolated and distinguished no less than 40 distinct "emotion-products." The products of evil and sinful emotions are "poisonous," while those of good and happy impulses are "life-producing" or "their nature." This may in some measure account for the notoriously short lives of evil doers and furnishes a physical explanation of the pangs of remorse. "The worst of all these secretions is that of guilt," and Dr. Gates' crowning discovery is that if a small amount of the perspiration of a person "suffering from conscious guilt" be placed in a test tube and a few drops of selenic acid added a pink color will immediately appear. Hence he is led to declare that the true color of sin is pink, and that Isalah was merely indulging in rhetoric exaggeration when he spoke of it as "scarlet." How striking that Isalah could come so extraordinarily close to the mark without even a test tube to use in his experiments, and, of course, without selenic acid, and in a poetic composition, too. The scriptural term "scarlet woman" is also found peculiarly apropos, indicating as it does a high grade of depravity. Positively another scientific verification of the verbal inspiration of scripture!

But there is a fatal defect in this theory which does not appear to have occurred to the author, and that is that possibly these "products" themselves are the cause of the various emotions and their resulting virtuous or vicious action, and not the effect. May they not be due to some toxins or germs which attacks the body from without? This would be something like a discovery; for then, by isolating the germ, it could be attacked in its native lair, cultures made for inoculation purposes, and children vaccinated for murder, theft and envy, as they are now for smallpox and diphtheria. Even if this should not be the case, as the products of the good and happy emotions are "life-promoting"—for instance, "laugh and grow fat"—why not collect them from the perspiration of happy and virtuous persons and inject them into the tissues of the criminal and the hypochondriac? May we not have here a scientific explanation of the well-known "healing touch"? At all events, "honest sweat" has apparently not been ranked at all too high as a moral influence.

This discovery will be a great aid and comfort to the waning fortunes of the Lombroso school of criminal anthropologists, for it is just the kind of a straw upon which they love to build their most magnificent, if somewhat top-heavy, edifices. But it is a sad shock to our poetic sentiments to find that pink, which we have always somehow associated with the dawn, the moss-rose and the blushing cheeks of the sweet girl-graduate, is really the livery of sin.

The audophone, a new invention for long-distance communication, is successfully used at Roque River, Wash., in communicating between the towns of Wedderburn and Gold Beach, situated a mile apart.

ADA IS IN SPOKANE

She Deserts Her Missoula Swain for Chances Farther West.

THE STORY FROM HER LIPS

So Closely Did Mr. Shero Press His Suit that the Variety Girl Sought Refuge in Winged Flight—At the Old Stand.

Ada is smooth—Ada Warren is. In her line she is strictly up-to-date. She probably couldn't go around the country making populist speeches as does Mary Lease, and Mary Lease probably couldn't hold down the job Ada has.

Ada is a variety actress, and she is a pretty good actress, too. She sings and dances and looks quite neat on the stage, and is likely to attract the attention of those who see her. Incidentally Ada is in the limb-stretching business, that is, when suckers are plenty. Suckers are said to be plentiful in Missoula, and Ada has just come from there. She came to Spokane in a hurry, and thereby hangs a tale, observes the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Last winter she was in this city, playing at a local variety theater. Spokane has fewer suckers to the square inch than any other town in America, and while she drew a good salary as an actress it was not enough to satisfy the rather expensive taste of Ada, and she hastened unto Missoula, having heard that a sucker was born there every minute. This is only figuratively speaking, of course.

Ada went up there and soon had a position in the theater, where she received 35 plunks a week for singing a couple of songs and doing a few fancy kicking steps. Ada had played in hard luck, so to speak, before she struck that brisk Montana town, and was on her uppers. While playing there she became acquainted with the owner of a stage line by the name of Shero. Shero was impressed with the neat form and ladylike appearance of Miss Warren and concluded that, as he had a home uncheered by the presence of a wife, the actress would just fill the bill. It is also said that Mr. Shero had a little child that needed the careful attention of a woman, and was just longing for a mother when his father would bring home the variety actress to be its new, fond and loving mamma.

Shero watched the actress perform for several nights and then approached her on the subject. It may be true that she did not tell him she was just lying around to be his wife and tend the little child at his home up in the mountains, but it must at least be presumed that Miss Warren, who is said to know a good thing when she sees it, did not repulse him strongly on the proposition, and the good-hearted, simple man, who had never seen a wider town than Missoula, commenced to court the girl in good shape. He sent her little bits of jewelry and she accepted them. Then he sent her a few nice crisp bills that he had made hauling passengers down from a mountain town to Missoula, and she took them, too. It may even be true she suggested the sending of more bills and bits of jewelry, and a few dresses, and the furnishing of a meal ticket, and paying her room rent and such small matters as that, and how he did it, and was long and, sighing, aye, dying, for the day when he could clasp her in his arms and call her his wife, and carry her up to the hills to take care of the baby and make yellow saleratus biscuits and milk the cows, all of which things Miss Warren knew much about doing. And it may be that the fair and comely Ada encouraged him in his attention. Incidentally stretching his harbor limb just a little further, and made him believe that when it came to making biscuits even "Bab," who writes cooking articles for the Home and Farm, wasn't so much of a kitchen hand, and she was simply out of sight. In the lonely wilderness from the mountain station to Missoula, for passengers were not so many as suckers, he had lots of time to think, and, concluding that he could wait no longer, procured a license and told everyone they were to be married that night on the stage of the local variety theater. He didn't get married, and was on hand promptly but the fair Ada, who had said she would be there with both feet, was flying toward Spokane just as fast as one of Mr. Burlingame's trains could carry her here.

It was Saturday when they were to be married and last night she appeared on the stage of the People's theater just as though she hadn't run away from a husband, a ranch, a baby, lots of cows and a chance to milk them all—the cows, not the balance of the property.

"Oh, this story in the newspapers about me getting all the man's money and then running away is not right," she said last evening in a manner that would indicate she meant just what she said. "I never promised to marry the man at all. He was struck on me and blew himself in good shape, and it wasn't my business to tell him to come off. Then he wanted to marry me. Said he had a nice ranch and a kid that he wanted me to come up and tend. Well, I wasn't in the mood, mother business. One night after I had been drinking a little, I think, I told him I would marry him, but I never intended to, and didn't think any more about it until Saturday, when some of the boys called me into a restaurant and showed me in the paper where he had secured a license and had told everybody he was going to get married that night at the theater. Well, I didn't want to marry him, so I just packed my duds and skipped for Spokane. It isn't right that I pulled his leg for a lot of jewelry and wedding dresses and some money. I didn't get even \$300 out of him altogether. When I first went up there he came in a number of nights, and, seeing me, asked the other girls why I was so downcast, and they told him my trunks were in soak and I was playing in hard luck. Then he offered to help me and I naturally took his help—wouldn't you? Why, cert. When I found he was dead stuck to get married I tried to talk him out of it, and when I found he had gone so far as to get a marriage license I just skipped, and—," but the bell rang then for the fair Ada to come down on the stage and do her turn for

the benefit of the crowd, who had evidently heard of her doing up the Montana suckers and applauded her effort—the turn, not the doing up of the plain and simple Missoulian.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

It is Greater To-Day Than Ever Before in History.

Never in the world have the supporters of the Christian religion been as strong numerically as at present. At the head of all religious sects, in point of numbers, are the Catholics. There are in the United States 7,501,423 communicants of this church. Within its confines in the United States exist 10,350 organizations of a social or religious nature. The value of the church's property in this country is placed at \$1,571,396. The Methodist church, says the New York Journal, ranks second among our religious denominations numerically and first financially. The membership is 6,121,636, of whom 457,250 are of African descent. The church property is valued at \$132,140,173, and includes 63,147 churches. This vast amount of money represents a great quantity of real estate, probably 75 per cent. of the sum mentioned being thus invested.

There are 3,783,740 Baptists in the United States, and their organizations own \$82,328,123 worth of property. Not quite so widely scattered over the country as the Methodists, their membership extends through a vast territory, in which there are 47,707 congregations. Under the membership of the church are 43,000 organizations of a semi-religious character. The Baptists, as the comparison of possessions and membership shows, are a thriving sect.

In the Presbyterian church of this country there are 1,416,394 members. The value of the property owned by them is worth nothing, when the numerical strength is taken into consideration. It is placed at \$94,969,097. Thus, with a membership of 2,000,000 less than the Baptists and with 30,000 fewer churches, they possess over \$12,000,000 more of worldly goods, ranking third in financial standing of all religious denominations represented here. The Presbyterian church has long had the reputation of great moral strength, owing to the fact that among its congregations are the wealthiest of the American continent.

Congregationalism has 580,000 followers here, a much smaller number than is generally supposed. There are 5,409 congregations, which possess property valued at \$43,235,457.

The Episcopal church, while possessing comparatively few more members—600,764—is much stronger financially, its property aggregating \$82,835,418 in value.

Lutheranism is strong in the United States, its followers numbering 1,327,134. The various churches' possessions are valued in the aggregate at \$33,810,696. The Unitarian society has 28,252 members and property worth \$10,335,104. There are 65,163 Adventists, with possessions valued at \$1,226,345. The Mennonites have a membership of 41,541, and their property is worth \$643,800. The Communicative societies claim a membership of 4,049, and property whose value is placed at \$106,800. The Christian church has 109,321 members, and the total value of the property is \$1,735,922. There are 45,188 Universalists, with church property worth \$8,654,333. The Independent congregations have a total membership of 14,126 and \$1,485,000 worth of property. The membership of the miscellaneous sects is placed at 90,589 and the value of their possessions at \$1,510,916.

An interesting fact in connection with the enormous growth of church organizations shown is the army of people enrolled in the Sunday schools of the United States. The total number of these organizations is 123,173. The total membership is 9,718,482. To teach the scholars, and young, the services of 1,305,939 persons are required. These figures, however, do not include the Roman Catholic or Non-Evangelical Protestant churches.

WHEEL AND WHOA.

The man who passes by another bicyclist and tinkles his bell shows good sense, and the anti-bell fanatic who would scorch through and about the streets noiselessly is a common nuisance. He may be a veteran, but if he is he has reacted into the veteran stage when sense has taken its flight.—Philadelphia Press.

Public sentiment and public safety alike demand that the "scorchers" shall be suppressed. He is a reckless freak on wheels, a menace to life and limb and a nuisance to reputable cyclists. The magistrate who punishes the "scorchers" as the latter deserves is as much to be commended as the one who properly punishes a man who persists in driving a crazy and vicious horse day after day through the city streets.—New York Mail and Express.

Talking to Two Juries.

At assizes held in a small English county town, where the courts were inconveniently near each other, the door between them being left open, the loud tones of Sergeant A's address to the jury burst from one court to the other. The judge in the latter court being much annoyed, shouted aloud: "Mr. Under-sheriff, please shut that door." and then, in an under-voice, added: "I'll be hanged if Sergeant A. shall convince two juries at once."

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A WAR REMINISCENCE

Scenes at Hatcher's Creek and Petersburg Recalled.

John B. Scace Speaks to a Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped with a Slight Wound, but, Like Other Veterans, Has Suffered Since—A Story that Reads Like a Page from History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal.

When one encounters in print the life story of some scarred veteran of the civil war, a feeling of admiration and sympathy is the certain result. Accustomed though we are to tales of heroism and suffering in everyday life, there is something peculiarly attractive about these old war records, serving, as they do, as a sacred passport to the heart of every true American. Thousands found their rest on the field of carnage or in the hospital, but their comrades, when the struggle was over and the victory won, returned to their homes and began anew the battle of life.

John B. Scace, the widely known contractor and building mover of Albany, N. Y., has had an unusually interesting life, and when seen by a reporter recently at his home, No. 15 Bradford Street, told of his many experiences and adventures while serving under the old flag in the late war. Although having endured all the hardships and privations of life in the ranks, Mr. Scace bears more than half a century of years with an elastic step and a keen mind, taking an active interest in private and public affairs.

While still a boy, his family moved from Albany, his birthplace, to Pittsfield, Mass., and here he was educated. He mastered the carpenter's trade, became a member of Berkshire Lodge, No. 52, I. O. O. F., and was entering upon a successful business life when the call from Washington for men. All over the country the word sped, and excitement ran high. All the old-time patriotism that had made Massachusetts famous in Revolutionary days was fired to its utmost. Every town and village sent out its squad or company.

The company in which Mr. Scace enlisted in September of 1862, as a private, became Company A, Forty-ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Under the common impression that the war would be of but short duration, the men were enlisted for nine months only. Scarcely had they uniformed and armed before they were ordered to the front. The regiment, which at the time was under the command of Col. W. F. Bartlett, served in the First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps, and participated in some of the hottest battles of the great rebellion.

Mr. Scace, at the time, was but twenty-two years of age, and he remembers well with what a beating heart he first fell in line. His regiment was ordered South, directly through the enemy's country, with Baton Rouge as the objective point. After several months of weary marches, during which Company A passed through several lively skirmishes with the enemy constantly hovering about the flanks and rear, the capital city of Louisiana was reached. An evacuation followed. Citizens and the rebel soldiery stationed in the city fled like frightened sheep, bearing with them what goods they could carry and setting torch to the rest. The beautiful capitol building, which had been beautified into a war prison, had also been fired, and the boys in blue swarmed in, in time to save their captive comrades from perishing in the flames. Mr. Scace, who had been, while en route, promoted to corporal, was in the thickest of the melee, and describes the scene by a graphic manner. Although the city had fallen almost without a blow given or received, a fight was not far off, for war was received that a large force of the enemy was fast approaching.

A bloody battle ensued at Plain Store, a few days' march out of the capital, in which Mr. Scace was severely wounded. A minnie ball struck his left thigh and, grazing the bone, narrowly missed the great artery. He was retired to the camp at Baton Rouge, but recuperated so rapidly that he entered, soon after, again into active service. The battles of Port Hudson and Donaldsonville followed, with all their thrilling episodes.

It was not long after this that, by reason of the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was honorably discharged. His respite was not a long one, however, for he soon afterward re-enlisted to serve for the remainder of the war. For meritorious action he had been raised to the sergeant's stripes, and as such served in Company A, Sixty-first Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, under Col. Charles F. Walcott. During the

term of his re-enlistment Sergeant Scace participated in some of the hottest struggles of the war. Many a gray-haired veteran will recall the scenes of Hatcher's Run, the fall of Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

After his honorable discharge, June 4, 1865, Mr. Scace returned to Albany and settled down once again to his business and social interests. He has resided in the city ever since. It would seem that now, of all times, his peace and happiness would have been uninterrupted. Such was not to be the case, for four years ago, while engaged in superintending the raising of the immense smokestack of the Albany Electric power house, the lever of a loosened winch struck him a heavy blow across the back. The effect of the blow was not at first apparent, he being able to leave his bed in a few days. But the worst was to follow, for without warning he was seized with sciatic rheumatism in all its virulence. Untold agony followed.

Said Mr. Scace, "I could not sleep for the pain. No one will know the tortures the rheumatism gave me, but I know how I lived during those days. I became a little more than skin and bones, and it seemed like life didn't have anything but suffering in it. Cures? I tried every so-called rheumatic cure that was ever invented. I gave all of them a good trial, before I stopped taking them. My friends and neighbors recommended remedy after remedy that they heard of, but my rheumatism went on just the same. Well, after I had almost had the life tortured out of me, I came across a newspaper account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought I might as well add another name to the list as not, so I ordered some of my druggist."

"I tell you, I was glad in those days to hear of anything that could give me any hope at all. You see, I got them, and before I had taken two boxes that pain went away like magic. Why, I couldn't understand it. I couldn't imagine myself being cured. But before I had taken the half-dozen of those boxes I was cured. The suffering which had made my life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared."

"I began to get strong. I picked up in flesh, and I went back to my business with all the vigor and vim of a young man. I think everyone who knows me will tell you what it did for me. Pink Pills is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and if my recommendation will do it any good I want you to use it. I hope others will hear of it and be benefited as I have been. Everyone should hear of it. I can't say too much for them."

Mr. Scace exclaimed enthusiastically in conclusion:

"This is but one of the many cases in which Pink Pills have taken such a beneficial part in the history of humanity."

Mr. Scace is now enjoying the fruits of an unusually large business, managed solely by himself, and covering almost the entire eastern portion of the State. Mr. Scace is also an every carver of marked ability, which he follows solely for his own pleasure. Many little trinkets, carved by the light of the camp-fire, attest his skill in this direction.

Far from being satisfied to recommend the curative which had taken such a load of misery from his life, in his gratitude his praise for it is unstinted and unceasing. And from his own statements one may easily see that when he does cease to sing its virtues, it will be to answer the last mustering in.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as leucostaxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50)—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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