

\$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

So uniformly successful has Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription proven in all forms of Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of the Womb, and Leucorrhoea, that after over a third of a century's experience in curing the worst cases of these distressing and debilitating ailments, Dr. Pierce now feels fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in cash for any case of these diseases which he cannot cure.

THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

AS VIEWED FROM THE POINT OF HUMOR AND TRUTH.

The People, as Represented by the Hon. B. L. D. Guffy, of Butler.

A PROBLEM AND A SUPPOSITION.

When we consider from how many ages we have gleaned the principles of our statutory laws—how we have delved into the Egyptian, Mosaic, Grecian, Roman and English, improving or changing but little, even those of the days of Abraham—and how few really wise laws our best legislators are able to produce, with all these thousands of years before them, some doubt must be cast upon the wisdom and practicability of the initiative and referendum theory of legislation.

Government is a science of such complex intricacies and profound importance to human interests that we can safely intrust its management only to our best equipped and best trained statesmen. How, then, may we expect the masses, whose time and talents are devoted to other pursuits, to maintain what is no less than a pure democracy. The farmer who wants his plow pointed, or his ox tempered, goes to a skilled mechanic. This is no reflection upon his intelligence or his ability. On the contrary, it is just what he should do. He would have a contract drawn up, he would have gone to a lawyer. If, however, he had wanted his farm cultivated without his own supervision, he would have gone to a farmer. Certainly, if he wants a silk purse made out of a sow's ear, he would not go to a boiler-maker. The same prudence and judgment should apply with increased force to law-making, since greater and more varied interests are involved.

If it would not be too hard on the nice metaphor and comparison, should we not venture to illustrate the confusion, not to say danger, to which the initiative and referendum would expose us, by supposing the Hon. B. L. D. Guffy, that invincible continuer right out of the gable end of Butler, were the people before the recent Legislature. The illustration would be eminently fair to the L. & R. advocates. For, while His Nibs is not quite so famous as the people, he certainly is above the average in knowledge of our needs. For he has persistently fallen into the hands of his anxious friends and slyly rested his head on their collar bones for high notes on three generations, and all that time has displayed a singular devotion to one political party—that himself—as loyal and heroic as the dying Confederate, who when the surgeons were probing near his heart for the enemy's ball, said: "Go a little deeper and you will find the Southland." But on with the lance!

Now the people, this metaphorical common herd, fresh from the fastnesses of Butler, bent on much legislation—bent on making Rome howl—for two whole, solid, brutal months introduced—initiated as it were—something like a thousand bills a day, more or less. Could we reasonably say, when we consider his long and devoted experience, that these bills were more intensely irrelevant, promiscuous, unwise, harmful, vicious, or even more numerous, than the people would have offered under the initiative plan? Perhaps not, and had all this heap of vagaries been submitted to the people under the referendum system, probably half of them would have been carelessly allowed to pass, to the great confusion and injury of the State. As it was, none passed.

It takes time and rare talent to originate good, new laws: so His Whiskers, being pressed for time—you observe I studiously avoid saying "for talent"—contented himself mainly with repeals and amendments, only hurrying in a few hundred resolutions and motions to fill in between gaps. But, great Scott! These were an awful sufficiency, to be piled to his full height, opened the floodgates and swung that tireless jaw into full activity. I'll be hanged if there wasn't something doing. But right here is where the Legislature showed the white liver, and I want to go out of my way to call attention to it.

The people might have stood their grounds in referendum; the Legislature didn't. To dodge the deluge of bills, they dumped the whole conglomeration right in on the astonished and defenseless Grievance Committee, which was appointed not for legislative but public grievances, without even looking back to see what happened, or even voting thereon. It was cowardly and mean. I'll be dinged if it wasn't pusillanimous; for if these fellows had even suspected they were to be made the victims of an object-less in a referendum stunt, you couldn't have blindfolded and backed them on that committee. Besides, it is generally supposed that the members of the committee were part human. Why, didn't they stand right up to their fodder, eat hash, drink bug-juice, and draw pay, just like people? Of course they did. And it was brutal to have them stand up to their necks all winter in an avalanche of fomenting, reeking springs amongst the grim voters, bleak winds and fierce microbes, without

thanks, halo, or grub. That's no way to treat a sufferer's fellow countryman, who in the regular line of duty has been enfeebled by a great affliction from Butler. Better have mobbed him and let it go at that.

What should have been done was to rope one of those great, big, burly, hooked-nosed, shock-headed, ignorant members from the interior, with whiskers up to his eyes and eyelashes all over his forehead, full of rural ideas and native phrases, waxed fat and wicked on boarding-house flap-jacks—a regular rantankerous terror with a volcanic temperament and rampant voice—made the Philistine Commander-in-chief, and then hurled red-hot defiance right in the teeth of the Butler innovator. Then they could have cracked their fists right under old Cyclone's nose and told him to bring on his hurricane of bills and be d—d.

But, unmindful of the confusion around him, there stood Old Bills Galore, reeling off interminable batches of repeals and amendments at a rate that would jade the ambition of the most turbulent advocate of the initiative. The passion was upon him. It was worse than a hobby. It had become an infernal nightmare—yes, a whole stud of 'em. He po-gunned and paper-wadded the Legislature to a jelly. What he didn't want repealed, he wanted amended, from gravity to dog-pelter. Things about the Capitol looked gloomy; the atmosphere dark. The Legislature got decidedly nervous and fidgety. As for that poor dazed and sweating committee, it was—well, it was utterly Guffyized. Yet, every few minutes there was an eruption from the State of Butler—the little black bull came tearing down the mountain—and old Endless, with a wild yell, leaped into the air with another handful of pestilential bills. Why, for a time it looked as if he would reach his appendix. He always had a weakness for the initiative theory, to the expense of quality. He was a Greenbacker, you know, and at heart for Free Silver, but then, as a crank, what in the blazes is there that gives place or pelt that he hasn't been for? Forever changing sides, "yet changing triumphs—til!" This winter he had it bad and he bumped to his wits' end. With an unwarmed burst of enthusiasm, he worked over time, fairly rioting in the saturnalia of excess. With unwarmed strength, he cracked down on things like he believed the fate of the world depended on his settling most of human affairs by spring. Was ever legislature so beset, bethumped, befuddled, be-Guffyed and be—d—d?

But human strength has its limitations. He had worked the mine to its last vein, but the strain began to tell. Old Bills grew mighty peaked and pale, and oh! so very thin—so thin, a crank berry would stand out on his—his jaw window like a martyr bullet just under the cuticle—a spurt to a demonstration in the initiative. So, my friends, things might be, under the new and untried plan, which certainly promises neither more moderation nor maturity. Indeed, it might, if possible, be worse, for, after all, Judge Guffy, whom I've known and respected all my life, is a good lawyer of long and varied experience in public affairs—especially in office-seeking. He is observant, erratic, quaint, squeaky, uncertain, kind-hearted, tenacious, sometimes a little hazy, but always exceedingly thin, and that, be god! is more than can be said of the masses or referendum, either.

But would there not be other extremes into which we, at times, might fall? The public mind is so easily diverted, especially from the dry routine of legislative work. Who of us are now thinking of Congress and Panama, of our own Legislature with its tainted School Book bills and Printing contracts, in all of which the common weal is so deeply concerned? Nobody. We are all sitting on the fence waiting for news from the Balkins—from Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

So, what with big wars, big shams and big scandals, we soon should forget legislation, referendum—everything but the sensation of the day. What's everybody's business is nobody's. Every man to his trade. We have too much at stake for the jack-all. It takes a thousand years to train up a people fit for even a Republic, and it will fifty citizen in an honest, self-governing patriot, and actively participating in public affairs, can we venture to abolish our representative form of government. When that good day comes, we shall need neither courts nor prisons, laws nor law-makers; for it would be that millennium of pure, absolute anarchy of which the young idealists dream and the old ones have visions—a state which, alas! seems far above and beyond human achievement. M. J. R.

ROCKPORT, Ky., March 16, 1904.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Kentucky Good Enough. (Trade-Mark Registered.)

A large number of people from West Kentucky have joined the vast, restless throng that is going west to "grow up with the country," and a great many of them are coming back, thoroughly imbued with the idea that Kentucky is good enough. It is truly pitiful to see a farmer sell everything he has and start for the boundless West, without the slightest idea as to where he is going or what he is doing. Sometimes they make it all right, but generally they wind up with a homeickness that is pitiful and an empty purse.

EXPERIENCE ON A BIG BATTLESHIP

WHEN IN ACTION—GRAPHIC ACCOUNT BY A PARTICIPANT.

A Russian Lieutenant Gives Description of Attack by Japs.

BLOOD AND CARNAGE ALL ABOUT.

A dramatic account of the engagement at Chemulpo, when the Japanese fleet destroyed three Russian men-of-war, was written by a Lieutenant of the Variag, one of the Russian vessels. It has been received in Louisville. The Lieutenant gives a thrilling account of the futile attempt of the Russian ships to leave the harbor and escape to the open sea and their return to be beached and blown up after the terrific fire of the Japs had wrecked the vessels and killed and wounded many of the officers and men. The writer acknowledges the superior marksmanship of the Japanese gunners and notes the failure of the Russian shells to reach the enemy.

Following is a part of the Lieutenant's narrative: "After the demand of the Japanese Emperor to leave the harbor or to meet him in it, the Russian Commander, at 7 a. m. went on board of the English man-of-war—Talbot—and there took counsel with the commanders of all the foreign war vessels, requesting that they protect his vessels, as they were leaving the harbor of Chemulpo. This request was refused. Our captain thereupon returned on board and all work on the vessel was thrown overboard. The boats were set afloat.

"When all preparations for the battle were made, our men in union chanted the Russian national hymn. The music corps began to play and our vessels went to their doom. "Shortly before the battle, an English steam launch went to the Japanese Admiral to hand him a joint protest against his demand that the Russian vessels should leave the harbor of a neutral place. Almost immediately on his return the battle began. After the Japs had fired three shots we began to reply at 7:00 yards. The Japs concentrated their fire on the Variag. However quickly the latter moved the Japanese shells seemed to find her. Five projectiles in quick succession struck us, and smaller shells repeatedly wiped out the entire force firing the guns. One single shot killed all the men around the forward gun. The next shot smashed the six-inch stern gun and pierced us on water-line. All the ammunition of this gun was exploded and the flash of the explosion seemed to reach the top of our fighting masts. Another shell smashed the forward bridge, and the commotion thus caused compelled us to stop fighting for nearly five minutes, whilst our men extinguished an incipient fire. Two projectiles pierced our vessel on the water line; one perforated the deck close to the foremast. By this time both bridges were gone, and the third funnel was shot away. The scene on board was indescribable. The ship was a veritable hell. The guns were so hot that the men who were spared by the fire of the enemy were severely burned in handling them. The lack of shields over our guns cost us many lives and completely exposed our men. The noise was indescribable. It caused a curious stupor, but notwithstanding all this our men served their guns to the last. There was nothing but blood and blood again about us, nothing but dismembered bodies and torn and bloody tissues. It was death in its most repelling form.

"The Kociets had suffered less than we. She was turning incessantly and fired at the enemy with her eight-inch guns. The Variag tried to shield her self behind the island. All in vain. A shell suddenly burst and smashed our steering gear and the Captain resolved to re-enter the harbor and to beach the vessel to escape capture or complete destruction. But this effort was partly paralyzed by the slowness of our consort.

"Finally both vessels reached the harbor again, our cruiser by that time was listing heavily. We anchored about 300 yards from the Talbot, whilst the Kociets went further down the harbor. As the vessels steered for the harbor, both continued to fire at the enemy inces-santly, but all firing ceased on both sides when we had made port. "The other war vessels assisted us, in every possible way, and our men were transferred to them. On the Variag we had lost forty men and one officer by death; whilst sixty-four men and two officers, among them the Captain, were wounded. All our officers praised the wonderful effectiveness of the Japanese fire, whilst comparatively few of our shells seemed to reach the vessels of the enemy.

"Whilst the Japanese made no further effort to attack us, our Captain decided rather to destroy than to lose the vessels. "Precisely at 4 p. m. the Kociets was blown up. Two terrific explosions occurred; one forward and the other aft. A dense cloud of smoke and flames seemed to spout about 800 feet from her decks. Amid the splashing of the pieces of the vessel as they descended from the air, into which they were hurled by the explosion, our men once more sang the national hymn. "Meanwhile the watercocks had been opened on the Variag, and as she

seemed to settle too slowly, the Captain requested the foreign commanders to give her a few shells beneath the water-line, which request was, however, refused.

"Finally the fire reached the aft magazine and the explosion settled the fate of the vessel. She listed over completely and in a moment had gone down stern foremost. The remaining two funnels and the masts are visible above the waterline. When the Variag had gone down, the dispatch boat Songari was also set afire and destroyed. Our wounded were carefully treated by our own doctors and by those of the other European men-of-war, including the American ship Vicksburg, which in the morning had refused to take part in the deliberations and in the above mentioned protest.

"Many of our men, on their return from the fight, were wholly dazed. The terrific noise and the dreadful experiences of the short time they were engaged, had apparently benumbed all their faculties.

A Campaign of Slander. The Cincinnati Enquirer, whose editor (Mr. John R. McLean) is not committed to any special candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, but who, like some other Democrats, is a lover of justice and fair play, recently contained the following editorial:

Some of the wretched though perhaps unavoidable features of a Presidential campaign are already upon the country. William R. Hearst is far enough advanced as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Chief Executive, to have been made the object of a bureau of organized defamation. This is, of course, significant of the very prominent position Mr. Hearst has taken in the Presidential field, but that is not in any sense an excuse for the outrage or compensation for it. His candidacy has been without the consent of certain self-sufficient people who, while assuming to be high moral teachers in politics, are not scrupulous as to the means they take to drive out anybody who does not recognize their commands. False and garbled records have been printed and systematically circulated with a vicious purpose. Mr. Hearst, simply by a straightforward and unquestioned presentation of all the facts, has been easily able to refute the assault on his character; but the affront does not end there. The wrong is not to him alone. It is an insult to the sovereign people of the United States. It is a disgraceful slap at the dignity of the office of President. Not merely for the violation of Mr. Hearst, but for his own sake, and for the honor of his country, every man of common decency should be resentful toward these outrageous assaults on private character. Mr. Hearst has not a "patent" on the nomination for President or the election thereto; but his candidacy has been open and aboveboard. No man has ever been presented for the suffrage of the people with a greater degree of frankness, or with a clearer exposition of what he stands for. Nobody need be at a loss to comprehend what he represents. No reasonable question remains unanswered. He has the rights of an American citizen. He is not trying to take anything without popular consent. If change is to be resorted to in his case, what may we expect as to other men who will be in his race? Let the defamers take warning from the failure of their first effort. Common honesty is a rule that ought to apply to all factions and both parties, without interfering with a fair contest as to principles and the men who are to represent them.

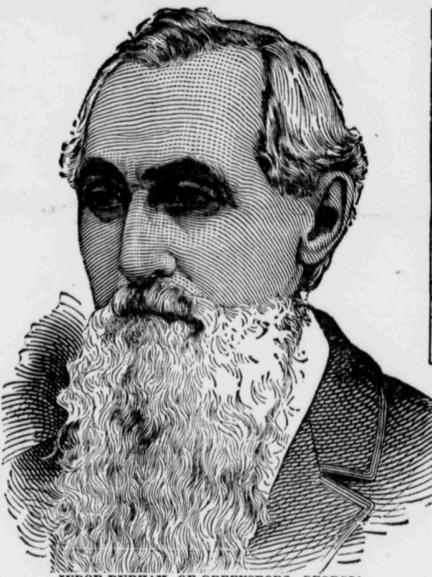
A Favorite Remedy for Babies. Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Conditions Have Changed. (Atlanta Constitution.) Now, at the beginning of a new campaign, all the conditions and circumstances of the financial situation are changed; the gold dollar has lost more than half of its purchasing power, as compared with the nineties; the staple commodities have increased in price, and the country is enjoying a large measure of prosperity. In other words, the contention of the advocates of free coinage that an increase in the supply of primary money would result in fair prices and bring about prosperity has more than been justified; for the prices that prevail, and the prosperity that grows out of the situation, are the direct results of the large increase that has taken place in the supply of gold.

Under all the circumstances, we think that the advocates of free coinage can afford to harmonize with their late opponents with a cheerfulness rarely seen.

Does Advertising Pay? We hear some people say it does not pay to advertise. For the benefit of such we hereby submit a few figures paid annually by some of the most successful firms in the United States solely for advertising purposes: American Tobacco Company, \$1,000,000; Dr. Pierce, \$750,000; C. I. Hood & Co., \$750,000; Perma Company, \$500,000; Castoria, \$500,000; National Biscuit Company, \$500,000; Force Food Company, \$500,000; Proctor & Gamble, Ivory Soap, \$500,000; Lydia Pinkham, \$350,000; Scott & Bowne, \$350,000; Royal Baking Powder, \$250,000. Total, \$6,450,000.

A GEORGIA JUDGE WAS ALARMINGLY AFFLICTED WITH CATARRH OF THE LUNGS. CURED BY PE-RU-NA.



JUDGE DURHAM, OF GREENSBORO, GEORGIA.

Catarrh of the Lungs the First Stage of Consumption.

So All Medical Authorities Agree.

Judge Durham, a well-known local Judge of Greensboro, Ga., had an experience with Peruna well worth relating. A report had become current among the judge's friends that he was threatened with consumption. It was feared for some time that Georgia was to lose one of its most prominent and influential citizens. It was also reported that the judge had failed to get any relief from any of the medical aid at his command, that he had made use of the now world famous

remedy, Peruna, and made a prompt recovery. The affair created quite a sensation in medical circles especially, and the many friends of Judge Durham were not only exceedingly gratified at his recovery, but were enthusiastic in their praises of the remedy that had brought him relief.

The following written statement from the judge himself set forth the facts: Greensboro, Ga., March 3, 1900. "Some time ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and in my head. I tried many remedies, all of which gave me no relief. I concluded that my case was catarrh of the head and lungs, and seeing Peruna so highly recommended I began using it, experiencing the very best results from the first bottle.

A reward of \$10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonial is genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.



"I continued using Peruna for a short while, and have never felt the least symptoms of catarrh since. Peruna is certainly a good medicine, and deserves the highest praise which is given it by the general public."

Judge Durham has been Secretary and Treasurer of the city of Greensboro, Ga., for the past three years, and has been a local judge for ten years.

Dread Consumption. There are three roads which lead from health to consumption. Over one of these roads pass all of that great multitude of people who die every year from health and happiness and ends with disease and death.

First road: a slight cold—neglected—settles in the head or throat—chronic catarrh—extends to the lungs—consumption—death.

Second road: a slight cold—neglected—rough—settles in the lungs—cough—gradually growing worse—consumption—death.

Third road: a cold—neglected—settles in the throat—hoarseness—short breath—consumption—death.

Thousands have just started on one of these roads, all of whom could be easily cured by Peruna. Thousands more are half way to the fatal end of one of these roads who are still curable by a course of treatment by Peruna. Yet other thousands are near the end whose last days could be made bearable and hope of recovery more probable by commencing Peruna without delay.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c. Enclosed with every bottle 's a Tea-Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CURE DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the quantity, which sells for 50 cents. E. C. DOWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

\$600 FOR A HUSBAND.

This Was the Sum Offered for a Divorce, but the Wife Wanted \$25,000.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 17.—Offered \$600 to permit a divorce, Mrs. Caroline Leemann declared to Judge Danne today she had replied with an offer to release all claims on Oscar Leemann, her husband, for \$25,000. With her offer, Mrs. Leemann declared the process of bargaining for Leemann's affections ended.

Mrs. Lonis Peacock, of Rockford, Ill., is the woman, Mrs. Leemann declared, who wanted her husband's companionship. Mrs. Peacock, according to Mrs. Leemann, is possessed of \$75,000, but in reply to Mrs. Leemann's letter offering a transfer of Leemann's person, she refused to pay a third of that amount for the man.

"It was like this," said Mrs. Leemann to Judge Danne. "When I learned Mrs. Peacock wanted my husband, I wrote her to go to her and welcome. She wrote me offering \$600 in the event of a divorce. I answered that she must think I was as big a fool as Leemann. I said I

HIS FIVE WIVES

And Thirty-two Children Greeted Him Warmly—President Smith's Return Home.

SALT LAKE, UTAH, March 17.—With a wonderful family reunion, Joseph H. Smith, President of the Mormon church, was welcomed home to-day on his return from the Smoot inquiry at Washington. His five wives were not at the depot to meet him, but they all awaited his coming at the famous Beehive house, where some 32 of his children had gathered to receive their father. President Smith kissed Mrs. Julina Smith warmly, and his embrace with Mrs. Edna Sampson Smith, sister of Julia, lasted four minutes. Then he greeted his other wives fondly, and a few of the younger children.

For about three hours there was a private family gathering in the Beehive house, from which all but the immediate members of the President's five families were excluded. After that, the wives separated to their respective homes, where they were later called upon by President Smith. He paid a formal visit to each. In the meantime the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, all that are present in Salt Lake, and the council of Seventies, were waiting the President on important business, the nature of which is kept secret.

Mr. Smith, in an interview to-night, said that his visit to the National Capital had been productive of great pleasure. He said the Senators were a lot of good fellows, and that the press at Washington had treated him fairly all through the matter. He declined to discuss the merits of the Smoot case, but said that the people of the country had been sufficiently informed on the subject.

Mr. Smith says that all his testimony on the witness stand had been given without regard to how it might affect the chances of the Senator from Utah, and declared that all he had there stated would be reiterated under any circumstances.

Its Hurtful Sedentary Habit. "I think," said the meditative boy, "that a wasp would be all right if it didn't get tired."

"Eh?" replied his father. "Where did you get that idea?" "Why, one day I got a wasp on my hand, and while he was walking around he was all right. He didn't hurt till he was stopped to sit down."

HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family.

You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.

At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

Tutt's Pills And save your health.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE A FAMILY LIBRARY The Best in Current Literature 12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY MANY SHORT STORIES AND PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS \$2.50 PER YEAR; 25 CTS. A COPY NO CONTINUED STORIES EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

FEMALE WEAKNESS

WINE OF CARDUI

WINE OF CARDUI