

CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA

Caused by Disordered Action of the Kidneys.

Samuel D. Ingraham, 2402 E. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "For two years I was crippled with sciatic rheumatism in my thighs and could not get about without crutches. The kidney secretions became irregular, painful, and showed a heavy sediment. Doctors were not helping me so I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved soon, and after a while was entirely free from my suffering. I am in the best of health now and am in debt to Doan's Kidney Pills for saving my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WITCHES' TREE.

Curious Superstitions Regarding the Influence of the Elder.

Country people speak of the elder tree as "The Witches' Tree," and plant it near farm buildings and dairies to keep off witches. They also say that the roots should never come near a well, still less grow into it, or the water will be spoiled. Evelyn's opinion was also unfavorable. He says: "I do by no means commend the scent of it which is very noxious to the air."

"We learn from Blesius that a certain house in Spain, seated among many elder trees, diseased and killed nearly all its inhabitants, which, when at last they were grubbed up, became a very healthy and wholesome place."

Cattle scarcely touch the elder, and the mole is driven away by the scent. Carters often place branches on their horses' heads to keep off flies. Nothing will grow well in the company of the elder, and when it has been removed and all its roots carefully grubbed up it is some few years before the ground becomes perfectly sweet and good for anything.

The berries, besides feeding the birds, make excellent country wine, delicious with soda water in summer or taken hot in winter; the wood is particularly good for skewers and the curious Jews' red fungus grows on elder stumps. A species of elder in the Tyrol is covered with beautiful scarlet berries.

High Living Expenses.

American housewives who complain of the high cost of living can sympathize with their sisters in Cartagena. Living expenses in the Colombian city are 75 to 100 per cent higher than in the United States, according to reports of Consul Isaac A. Manning.

For example, the retail price of flour is 10 cents per pound, or \$16 to \$19 per barrel; a one-pound loaf of bread sells for 15 cents; soda crackers for 1 cent each, or 40 cents per pound; potatoes, 6 to 12 cents per pound; onions, 8 to 15 cents per pound; lard, 20 cents; bacon, 70 cents; tinned butter, 80 cents; apples, 20 to 40 cents per pound, and other articles according.

The Rat Skin Industry.

The use of rat skins in various industries has created a demand in London alone to the amount of nearly \$200,000 a year, states a British publication. They are used among other things for bookbinding, photograph frames, purses and for the thumbs of women's gloves. A new branch of work is likely to increase the consumption largely, and as much as 75 to 90 cents a day was earned by the unemployed in Denmark last year, when the rat act was passed. The damage done by rats in England alone is estimated to amount to many million dollars a year, and their capture already occupies a large number of persons.

OVER THE FENCE

Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.

He says: "Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk."

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum."

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum."

"My bowels became regular in two weeks, all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly."

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again."

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pige.

Every road the above letter? A new one opens from time to time. There are gasolines, tans, and salt of bromine.

ONLY PERMANENT HOME OF MINSTRELSY CLOSES

Historic Amusement Place in Philadelphia Goes Out of Business—Great Names on Its Programs.

Minstrelsy's historic home, the Eleventh Street Opera house, in Philadelphia, has closed forever, and the burnt cork artist is now without any place that is devoted specially to his particular kind of entertainment.

There is an almost national significance in the fact, for the minstrel show, with its lively part, its songs, its dances, its humor of the end men, may be said to represent the only characteristic form of theatrical entertainment that the United States has produced.

When Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, came to the United States to get the material for a symphony, he was so much attracted by the original songs of the negroes as he heard them on the plantations that he decided that they were the only original form of melody the new world afforded, and he incorporated them with most beautiful effect in his composition "From the New World."

What Dvorak did for these melodies in serious vein the minstrel show does for them in a manner to afford entertainment to the public, and it is a matter of regret that after two generations of continuous minstrelsy, the old building on Eleventh street in the Quaker City is to close its doors forever.

The entire history of minstrelsy can be traced through the experiences of this house and those who have performed there.

Beginning of Minstrelsy.

When it was launched the minstrel show was a form of entertainment had just begun to take definite form, and in its walls have been heard the songs and the jokes of those who were the founders of the special form of amusement.

Those who have given study to the subject name as the first of the minstrels, George Washington Dixon, who is well known to fame as the "Zip Coon." He began his successful career in the early 30s. But no more than one swallow could make a summer can this lone performer, singing his negro songs and doing his dances, be termed a "minstrel show."

Dan Rice, with his "Jim Crow" song, which was thoroughly in the vein of the negro minstrel song of the present day, and which gave him a vogue so extraordinary that others saw the possibilities of the form of entertainment as extended to fill a whole evening.

Rice gave a burlesque, something in

combinations with a whole company of entertainers.

The Buckleys New Orleans Serenaders claimed to be the first, and they showed the countries in the 40s. They claimed to have been originated in 1841, their desire evidently being to antedate the Whitlock's Virginia minstrels, which had been formed in 1842.

Printer Plans First Show.

Whitlock claimed that he mapped out and planned the first complete minstrel show ever seen in this country. He was a printer, with a great deal of talent in the use of a banjo, and when he mapped out his idea of the first entertainment where there should be no orchestra save that on the stage, and the melodies of the negroes should fill the whole evening, he invited some of his friends with musical skill, Dan Emmett, violinist; Frank Bower, bones, and Dick Pelham, tambo. They had which went off so well that they got ambitious. They formed their company, went out on the road and made good from the start. Then followed a host of other minstrel combinations, and by the time the 50s had arrived minstrelsy was on the top crest of its vogue.

The show of that day was much on the same lines as that which has survived to the present generation, ex-

It is said that no other building now standing was the home of one kind of entertainment for so long a period. The little opera house had been built as a church. The congregation moved to a handsomer building and vacated their premises. Another smaller congregation sought to occupy it, but lacked the funds to complete the purchase after it had been started, and in order to escape losing what money had been put in was forced to sell out to H. S. Cartee, who aspired to run it as a place of amusement.



Sam Sanford Who Opened the House in 1854.

Cartee only conducted the house for about ten weeks, but failed so disastrously that he in turn was glad to close it out to Sanford.

In the combination with which Sanford inaugurated his new policy were



Three Famous Old-Time Minstrels—J. L. Concross, E. F. Simpson and E. F. Dixey.

cept that it had not then been elaborated to such an extent. There was a first part, with the whole company in black, end men furnishing the comedy, interlocutor asking the ques-

many of the most noted entertainers of their day, Cool White, Dick Sliter, Holden J. Williams, C. Campbell, J. Paul, G. P. Perry, A. Von Bonhorst, E. F. Dixey, John L. Carnecross, J. W. H. Lincoln, Sam Sharpley and Master J. Sanford.

The combination was held together virtually intact until 1860, when Carnecross and Sharpley left the company and opened up at another theater.

The loss of these two favorites was quite a blow, for Carnecross was a noted ballad singer, and Sharpley was a great comedian. Sanford did not do nearly so well without them, and finally got into financial troubles, which compelled him to give up the house.

End Man at Seventy-four.

When he did so, other capital was quickly forthcoming to put Carnecross in charge. He returned together with Sharpley, and the house then became known as the home of the Carnecross and Dixey company, Dixey being the most popular of the old members who had remained loyal to Sanford.

In this early company is to be found on old programs the name of Hughie Dougherty, and it is a point of special interest that when the curtain fell the last time, a few weeks ago, Dougherty, now seventy-four years of age, was still filling the place of end man, and arousing just as much laughter as of yore.

Lew Simmons and E. L. Slocum started a minstrel house in opposition to that of the older organization, and it enjoyed ten years of success, the Quaker City supporting both houses, which shows what the minstrel show meant in popularity then.

About a dozen years ago Mr. Carnecross withdrew from the business, and was succeeded as proprietor by Frank Dumont (who until the finish of the house, a few weeks ago, acted as middle man, wrote all the burlesques and conducted the business end.

Many noted singers and comedians have appeared at the old house. In addition to those already mentioned were John Diamond, Frank Moran, Eddie Foy, Press Eldridge, Bobby Newcomb, Freddy Walz, Jeff De Angellis, Chauncey O'cott, Melville Jansen and Vic Richards.

Traveling combinations of minstrels, like Dockstader's and Primrose and West's still remain, but it is a matter of regret that the permanent home should have found it necessary to close.

As Defined.

"Father," said the minister's little daughter, "the paper says you officiated at the wedding clad in the traditional garb of the clergy. What does 'traditional' mean?"

"Traditional, my dear," answered the good man as he looked at his cheap suit of black with a sigh, "refers to something that has been handed down."

Related.

One day an earthquake and a case of ague related to me.

"We are related, I believe," said the earthquake.

"We are," replied the case of ague, "although we have never met before."

"Shake!" they both exclaimed simultaneously.

If a man makes a specialty of handing advice to his neighbors it doesn't take him long to acquire a reputation as a meddler.

The Turning Point

By LOUIS STELLMANN

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The "Dark Horse" of the senatorial contest strode to and fro with ceaseless activity among his benchmen, bestowing here a whispered order, there an expressive smile or nod and everywhere handshakes, accompanied by well measured words of that seemingly spontaneous geniality which makes the recipient feel he is an intimate friend on first sight—instead of a man with that valuable commodity, a vote—an art known only to the accomplished politician.

From a corner of the crowded hotel corridor the "Party's Choice" eyed him askance. James Haskins was ambitious to succeed himself as a national representative of his district. Experience had taught him how to judge human nature and for days past he had noted, with ever-increasing alarm, an inexplicable turn in the tide which had promised to land him, high and dry, on the shores of victory but a short time before. Sansome's ascendancy was something he could not understand or explain by any of the various standards that govern political conditions. It seemed as though some unseen power was using the "sack," the contents and purpose of which are defined in cartoons by a large dollar mark. Yet he knew Sansome to be almost fanatically honest; that Sansome, himself, possessed no great means and that, with the policy he favored and would doubtless carry out, it would be directly against the interests of any of the great commercial powers to back him.

Haskins, however, was too thoroughly schooled in political methods to voice his disquietude, even to his nearest lieutenant. He knew the value of manifested confidence and smiled condescendingly on his opponents' efforts, with the unconscious assurance of the political favorite who disregards, on the surface, all undercurrents and trembles, inwardly. Resolutions of premature withdrawal were forming in his mind. It was either that or defeat, or—

Pulkerson, upon whom Haskins had frowned all evening and for many previous days as well, caught his eye at this juncture and noted the faint wa-



"Jim—You Don't Mean That—That—"

vering line in Haskins' mouth. Pulkerson was the trusted agent of a great corporation. He had waited for this sign, patiently and unrebuffed, ever since he was commissioned to insure the passage of a certain measure, "at any cost." Now he smiled in sardonic triumph, deep within himself. Outwardly his face was expressionless.

"Come, and have a drink," he said to Haskins.

The two left the corridor and entered a private compartment labeled "Club Room." Pulkerson, who entered last, closed the door after him.

"Well," he said to his companion. "You see how it's gone."

Haskins faced him angrily. "Is this some of your work?" he asked.

The other smiled in quiet acquiescence. He was not a man of words.

Again the wavering line came to Haskins' mouth. "Why are you boasting Sansome?" he asked, puzzled. "Don't you know he won't stand for any of your 'legislation'?"

"He's a new man," replied the other. "He doesn't know the ropes like you, and, if it comes to a choice of evils, he'll be easier to circumvent."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Haskins. He could not think of another thing to say.

"I don't know about that," returned Pulkerson, with a laugh, "but you'll be beaten—unless—"

"It's your nerves," said Pulkerson, with a touch of contempt. "I wasn't speaking above a whisper."

Haskins did not seem to hear him. "After all," he remarked, with excellent dissimulation, "I don't care much. You might be at me and you might not, but I've got money enough—"

some minutes. Finally he arose and took a few steps, toward the door. "I'll give you an answer to-morrow—damn you!" he said, and went out, slamming the door after him.

Pulkerson pulled a yellow telegraph blank from his pocket and inscribed thereon several words in cipher code. Translated, literally, from Pulkerson's thoughts at this moment, these would have read: "Haskins is called to the room."

The last named gentleman, as this message was speeding over the wire, entered a cosy parlor in the suburbs of the capital. It was dangerous, he knew, to mix sentiment with politics. But, on the brink of his first divergence from that stern and robust rectitude which, with him, was a distaste for evil, rather than a victory over temptation, he felt imbued with a sudden subjective recklessness that knew no law.

In the soft light of a woman's eyes, he forgot, temporarily, the vicissitudes of a "career." It seemed very far away—the other life—as he held both her hands for a moment and then sank, in comfortable weariness, into an easy chair at her side.

Margaret Haslage had been something vaguely between friend and sweetheart to James Haskins for many years. Once, in the Long Ago—it seemed long ago, because he had lived rapidly since then—he had wanted her solely in the latter capacity. Falling in this, he had grown almost used to accepting her in the former, but, though he did not realize it himself, he had never ceased to hope.

There was an atmosphere of sanctity in the little room, into which thoughts of the political and moral maelstrom from which he had fled for a momentary respite, could not enter.

Margaret's eyes were troubled as she looked at him. Hers was that rarer intuition which blends sympathy with understanding and merges both in practical helpfulness. Beyond the commonplace of greeting neither had spoken.

"Is your campaign going wrong, Jim?" she questioned, presently. "Aren't you going to win?"

Manlike, he misconstrued. Was he going to win? She wanted him to, and she was disappointed by the presage of defeat which must, somehow, have come into his face. The features of Pulkerson looked before him. It recalled the opening scene of "Faust."

Marguerite and Margaret! Almost identical names! That seemed odd.

But he wasn't going to win her. If that were the stake, there would be no hesitation, he decided. However, he would hesitate no longer.

"Yes," he said, slowly, and with increasing emphasis on each succeeding word. "I am—going—to—win."

Margaret regarded him curiously. "You say that, as though you were sorry," she smiled.

Haskins turned away. "You don't understand these things, little woman," he replied. "When one gets anything—one pays."

She arose and, leaning over the back of his chair, placed her hands lightly upon his bowed shoulders.

"Jim," she cried anxiously, unbelievably. "Jim—you don't mean that—that—"

"I've sold myself!" he finished harshly. "No—not yet."

"You mustn't," she cried out, starting backward. "Oh, Jim! You would not do that!"

The reproach in her tone stung him. He arose and stood before her, defiant.

"It's hard to give up everything," he said with bitter meaning. "Very hard. You don't know. You're a woman."

Margaret's eyes blazed with a quick scorn. "If you do this thing," she said with deliberate distinctness, "I shall never speak to you again."

Haskins' teeth met with a snap. He knew it was not an idle threat, and, also, he knew what this would mean to him. But he was not used to being dictated to, and this night he had been the shuttlecock of conflicting purposes. The woman's ultimatum acted like a goad.

"Very well," he answered, coldly. "It's part of the price, I suppose. Good-night."

In another moment he would have gone. But suddenly, the spark of anger died from Margaret's eyes and something else replaced it. With an impulsive movement she hurried after him and flung both arms about his neck.

"Jim!" she cried, in a last appeal. "Do you want to break my heart? Do you? Do you? Jim—won't you let it go—and be satisfied with me?"

"With you?" he repeated wonderingly, a strange light in his eyes. "With you? Why—you—said—"

She hid her face on his shoulder. "I said that I didn't love you—once," she sobbed out. "But—I can't let you do this thing. You won't, Jim? Will you? Promise me you won't."

With a quick, hungry force Haskins' arms enfolded her. All life seemed present and new to him. There was no past, no complication, now. Nothing but a sense of beautiful, marvelous victory, greater than any of which he had ever dreamed.

On the following morning, Pulkerson stood in the lobby of the capitol scrutinizing, blankly, for the twentieth time, a sheet of note paper which bore the following terse inscription: "Go to the devil—Haskins."

Record Mountain Climber.

Long's peak, in Colorado, which has been called the American Matterhorn, has been successfully climbed by a small girl of 13 years, little Emily Zoynton. She scorned the aid of a guide, even in the dangerous places, but went clear to the top, a distance of 14,271 feet. This gives her the record for mountain climbing among children of the world possibly.

To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Living Expenses in India.

The increased cost of living in India generally and in Calcutta particularly, writes our correspondent, is severely felt not only by European but also by Indians. House rent in recent years has trebled and even quadrupled. Ten years ago a family of half a dozen persons could live in fair comfort for \$200 a year, excluding extras. With nothing less than \$500 can one live in the same way now. This is recognized by the government, and the salaries of subordinate officials have been revised. Domestic servants' wages have increased enormously. A good cook cannot be had for less than \$40 a year, whereas half that sum was considered sufficient ten years ago.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Reported by Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 910 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn.: J. H. Coul, Fairmont, Minn., grass catcher; J. L. Dahlquist, St. Paul, Minn., jar holder; J. T. Fuhrman, St. Paul, Minn., flue cutter; N. Hoople, Duluth, Minn., grain car door; W. H. Johnson, Colgate, N. D., mail box; P. T. McNally, Mandan, N. D., mechanical movement; C. M. Porter, Carrington, N. D., metal grain tank.

Thirst for Knowledge.

"Paw, is there such an animal as a water buffalo?"

"Yes."

(Pause.)

"Paw, is there a water elephant, too?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Don't bother me, Tommy; I'm busy."

(Pause.)

"Does the water elephant carry a steamer trunk, paw?"

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

Merely Friendly.

Elderly Relative—Mortimer, what are your intentions in regard to Miss Bullion?

Scapegrace Nephew—Strictly honorable and praiseworthy, uncle.

Elderly Relative—I am glad to hear that, Mortimer. I was afraid you were going to persuade her to marry you.

WE PAY 10c. 12c FOR COWHIDES. High price for wool. Sell sheep dip cheap. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Why He Wore It.

Hibbs—That's a pretty loud vest you have on, old man.

Gibbs—Yes, the doctor said I must keep a check on my stomach.

WE BUY CREAM, BUTTER, EGGS, Sausages, etc., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Nocturnal Rambler.

"Is Clancy any better—his dunno."

"Yes, he was out av his head all night. But he's back in again this morning."

WE BUY CREAM GET OUR PRICE Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.

The optimist expects to get a good hand even when the other fellow shuffles and deals.

If you are in a small place it may be because you won't fit in a big place.

A South Bend Watch Frozen in Ice Keeps Perfect Time.

South Bend Watches are accurate to the minutest fraction of a second. They are

not affected by heat or cold; you can freeze a South Bend Watch in ice without affecting its timekeeping qualities in the slightest degree. They are proof against variations caused by railway travel, horseback riding, automobile or any of the many jolts and bangs of every day use. Your jeweler will be pleased to show you our line of these watches and explain to you how, through the wonderful South Bend Balance Wheel, a South Bend Watch adjusts itself to every temperature automatically.

FOR SALE BY JEWELERS ONLY.