Carried Down Stream.

When a man crossing some difficult place in his working career; spurring all his energies to accomplish some critical passage in his business journey, suddenly finds his health giving way and feels himself swept out of the saddle by the swift-running current of disease—then is the time when the marvelous rejuvenating properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prove an unfailing means of rescue and restoration.

It is a very simple though eminently scientific medicine. It is not a mere stimulant like so many malt extracts. It restores healthy power by reviving the innermost sources of vitality in the nutritive system. It enables the digestive and blood-making organism to manufacture good blood abundantly and rapidly, so that the immense waste of tissue and nerve fiber entailed by hard labor is offset by a speedy upbuilding of fresh energy and strength.

A prominent and venerable Illinois physician, D. W. Vowles, M. D., of Fowler, Adams Co., writing to Dr. Pierce, says: "I send herewith thirty-one (31) cents in stamps for 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser' in cloth binding. With this pittance for so valuable a work (truly a gift to the public), I must express my high appreciation of the vast amount of good that you have rendered the public. A correct measure of your usefulness never has been, and never will be estimated by the public; no, not even by the multitude of afflicted humanity that has been relieved and cured by your medicines. Wherever I go or have been in the United States, I find persons who have used, and are using Dr. Pierce's medicines with satisfaction, for all conditions for which they are recommended. Never has one spoken disparagingly of their action, and from having seen so often their good effects, I am also enthused with confidence in their action in cases and conditions for which they are recommended. It is not common for regular physicians to endorse and recommend proprietary medicines, but in this case I have no equivocation or hesitancy in so doing."

The quick constipation-cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Never gripe.

A Few Smiles.

Harvard man—What is the signal for your college yell? Vassar maid—A mouse.

Sammy—Mamma, you promised not to punish me if I told the truth. Mamma—Yes, and I won't. Sammy—Then I must tell you that I lied to you this morning.

Smith—I have great sympathy for southern railroads. Jones—Why so? Smith—We both have so many poor connections.

Women may be superstitious, but no one ever heard of one refusing to accept thirteen for a dozon of anything purchased.

There is no telling where man might be if it wasn't for woman. Right today he might be peacefully loafing about in the garden of Eden without any debts—but gratitude.

Attending physician—It is hardly possible that she has the disease you mention. Consulting physician—Why not? Attending physician—Why, she tells me she never knew there was such a disease.

Wife—Henry, you are nothing but a brute. Husband—All right, you just keep on abusing me and I'll report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"Harold," said the young woman, pushing away his arm from her waist, "I think you have forgotten yourself." "Possibly," said the young man, "but I can think of myself any old time. Just now you are occupying my undivided attention."

"I notice," said the first wretch, "that a lot of these advanced women use more face powder than many of he unadvanced." "Yes," answered the other wretch, "that is what you might call the union label of the lady kalsommers' and plasterers' union."

Village postmistress—I don't trust that Si Hawkins' daughter; she keeps up a secret correspondence. Village dame (shocked)—Do tell! Village postmistress—Yes, she never writes on postal cards, and the envelopes she uses are so thick that ye can't make out the writin' on the inside when ye hold it up to the light.

It was almost midnight, and the girl had yawned thrice. "Do you know," the young man said, "I wish I were a star, so that I might beam on you forever." "I'd rather," said the fair but heartless creature, "that you were a comet. Comets, you know, only come around about once in 500 years." And as he slammed the door behind him he vowed it would be that long before he came around again.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25 cents per box. Sold by W. C. Gaston.

Unaccountable Things Done by the Cyclone at Kirksville.

A year-old baby was deposited in a field 400 feet from home where it was picked up uninjured.

A. N. Seaber's barn went up in the clouds. After the storm the family horse, plastered with mud, was found in its place tied to a post, the only visible remains of the barn.

The brick side wall of the Catholic church and the interior furnishings were sucked out and fragments distributed over half a mile of territory, but the crucifix and altar showed no effects of the visitation.

Edward Kellogg was picked up from the ground, carried 300 feet through the air and deposited in a pond. The cyclone then sucked up the water and left Kellogg in the muddy bed uninjured.

Miss Whaley, a 13-year-old girl, who afterward died in terrible agony, was found pinned down to the ground by a scantling driven through her abdomen from the back. Surgeons sawed it off at both ends, fearing to remove it. She lived two hours.

J. T. Coonfield and family were eating supper when the cyclone struck the house. The house was picked up and carried across a slough and dumped up against a hill. The building was not completely wrecked, and the family escaped without anything worse than a severe shaking up.

Blue Parschoot, a Wabash railroad section hand, came home after the storm and found his wife beheaded with her dead baby in her arms. He was discovered an hour later with one dead form embraced in each arm, almost crazed with grief.

While John McCall was holding on to a sapling at the skirt of the cyclone a 12-year-old boy, John Gebhart, came down on him from the clouds. He caught and saved the boy, whose home had been completely demolished two blocks away.—*Paris Appeal.*

Motherhood as a Profession.

"Ideal motherhood is the work not of instinct, but of enlightened knowledge conscientiously acquired and carefully digested," writes Helen Watterson Moody, of "True Meaning of Motherhood," in the May *Ladies' Home Journal*. "If maternity is an instinct, motherhood is a profession; and yet many a girl undertakes it with less understanding of its duties and less anxiety for their discharge than she gives to the selection of the tailor who is to make her new gowns, or the costumes of the bridesmaids in in her procession. It is quite the fashion nowadays in well-to-do families to provide the daughters with some special training by means of which they could earn their own bread and butter if the family fortune should suddenly fail. It is held to be altogether wise and proper to educate a daughter for a possible profession in a remote contingency, yet while 19 out of 20 of our girls marry and become mothers, no training whatever for the real profession of their lives is thought to be necessary. Any practicing physician will tell you that four-fifths of the illness among children could be avoided by proper knowledge and care on the part of the mothers, and yet our girls feel that they must take up college settlement work, and scientific whist and the banjo to get a little excitement into their lack lustre lives until the great excitement of marriage comes."

It takes a lot of age to drive the life out of an old Confederate soldier. Yesterday there was an old, gray-soldier hobbling along in the parade and looking like he was too feeble to walk. All at once the two cannons on the capitol hill roared out a welcome, the band struck up "Bonny Blue Flag," and the man raised his hat, gave a war hoop that caused the Goddess of Liberty on top of the capitol to more firmly grasp her sword, and, stepping to one side of the marching column, the old man proceeded to do the skirt dance a la "tara boom de ay," to the intense delight of a thousand spectators. The war was over, the old soldier was not the strong man he was in '61, but when the guns roared and the band played the "Bonny Blue Flag" he felt like a raging hyena from the sandy desert and could whip twice his weight in bob-tailed wildcats.—*Austin, (Tex). Tribune.*

Free Medical Advice

You need a doctor many times when you don't call one. You suffer pain in fifty forms and yet won't call the doctor, because you hope that the pain "will go away after a while." And, too, you know by experience, that that first visit of the doctor is generally followed by many others, with the inevitable consequence of a big bill "for professional services." You don't know what to do for yourself or what to take.

But suppose that you could get free, absolutely free, the advice of one of the most

Eminent Physicians

in the United States? You can. The physician is right here. He has an office in the building, he has a staff of correspondents to assist him, and anyone and everyone, who needs medical advice is invited to write to him. If it's baby's health or mother's or the health of any member of the family you may write about it, sure of a careful reading of your letter, sure of a conscientious diagnosis of your case,

Sure of a Cure

if cure is possible. Every letter will be held as a strictly confidential communication. Remember these facts.

We offer you medical advice from one of the most eminent practitioners in the United States, whether our medicines suit your particular case or not. We offer you this advice at the cost of the two cent stamp which it will take to bring your letter to our office. Address the Medical Department, Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Pretty Big Country.

This is a good deal of a country. A gun-boat went up the Mississippi last week as high as St. Louis, roused that city of its calm by its salutes, and is dropping back down the river. A revenue cuttor, the "Nunivak," commanded by Lieut. Cantwell, will ply up and down the Yukon under the Arctic circle this summer, looking after government interests between the St. Michael military reservation and 1,000 miles up the river. The cruiser, "Chicago," a few days ago called at Tangiers, in Northern Africa, with the result that our claims against Morocco, arising out of the injuries suffered by American citizens and by natives in the employ of our consul there, have been settled.

We have some more battleships, gunboats and cruisers in the Philippines. Another of our cruisers is rounding Africa, two are at Somoa, and nearly everywhere in every sea our flag is appearing, giving all the world indications that the United States is getting to be one of the chief controlling powers of this world. —*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Does dull-footed care keep pace with you and mocking ills deride you? Does love grow cold and friendship false and regret walk beside you? Just think of Dewey then and all the sick kittens, the managed and mongrel pups, the tow-headed frowsy children, two-headed calves, three-legged chickens, cheap laundries and cheaper restaurants, new microbes of disease, monstrous fashion in dress, hair restoratives, dress shields and foot-ease, baldness and beauty lotions, locomotives and townsites, owl lunch wagons and parkways, etc., etc., that the admiral must give perforce his name to, and then be happy in thinking what you may have escaped.

A young married woman went into a hardware store and inquired in a very modest and unsuspecting manner of the accommodating clerk if they had any jackpots. The thunder-struck young man replied that they had coffepots, teapots, etc., but to his certain knowledge there wasn't a jackpot in the house. As she turned to go away with a downcast look, she remarked to the clerk who escorted her to the door that she was so much in hopes they kept them, because her husband keeps talking about jackpots, and if she could purchase one for him she knew it would please him.

Go to Mrs. C. P. Vandiver's for shirt waist sets and beauty pins.

To those living

in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the system in perfect order and are

an absolute cure

for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

A MIRACULOUS STONE.

It was Taken from the Base of a Pillar and the Pillar Stood.

Samarcand is a great and noble city toward the west, inhabited by both Christians and Saracens, who are subject to the great khan's nephew, Caidou by name. He is, however, at bitter enmity with the khan. I will tell you of a great marvel that happened at this city. It is not a long while ago that Sagatay, own brother to the great khan, who was lord of this country and of many a one besides, became a Christian. The Christians rejoiced greatly at this, and they built a great church in the city in honor of John the Baptist, and by his name the church was called. And they took a very fine stone which belonged to the Saracens, and placed it as the pedestal of a column, in the middle of the church, supporting the roof. It came to pass, however, that Sagatay died. Now, the Saracens were full of rancor about that stone that had been theirs, and which had been set up in the church of the Christians, and when they saw that the prince was dead they said one to another that now was the time to get back their stone, by fair means or by foul. And that they might well do, for they were ten times as many as the Christians. So they got together and went to the church, and said that the stone they must and would have. The Christians admitted that it was theirs indeed, and offered to pay a large sum of money and so be quit. Howbeit, the others replied that they would never give up the stone for anything in the world. And words ran so high that the prince heard thereof, and ordered the Christians to arrange to satisfy the Saracens, if it might be, with money, or to give up the stone. And he allowed them three days to do either one thing or the other. The Saracens would on no account agree to leave the stone where it was, and this out of pure despite to the Christians, for they knew well enough if the stone were stirred the church would come down by the run. So the Christians were in great trouble. But they did do the best thing possible; they besought Jesus Christ that he would consider their case, so that the holy church would not come to destruction, nor the name of its patron saint, John the Baptist, be tarnished by its ruin. And so, when the day set by the prince came around they went to the church betimes in the morning, and lo! they found the stone removed from under the column; the foot of the column was without support, and yet it bore the load as well as before. Between the foot of the column and the ground there was a space of three palms. So the Saracens had away their stone and mighty little joy withal. It was a glorious miracle; nay, it is so, for the column still standeth, and will stand as long as God pleaseth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A UNIQUE NEGRO COLONY.

A Prosperous Alabama Settlement Run by Former Slaves.

Down in Alabama, not far from the City of Birmingham, is probably the most unique negro colony to be found in the South. Its postoffice address is Vance. The colony is settled on the plantation of Marion Banks, a slave owner of old days who left his land to his negroes when he died. There were eleven heads of families among the negroes at the time, and each got a farm of 209 acres, but they have preferred to live together in community, working together and helping each other when it was necessary. The settlement has been a prosperous one, and is now self-supporting, and has over 300 members, nearly all of the pure African type. But what the negroes want more than anything else are better school facilities, for they are beginning to appreciate the fact that only with education can they "keep up with the procession," and they are now going to work to add the necessary school, and thus secure educational advancement as well as material prosperity. There are dozens of negro settlements in the South, but this is perhaps the only which has been thoroughly successful without the advice, assistance or guidance of white men, and where the principle of co-operation, believed to be so difficult in the negro, has been carried out thoroughly.

Sharps and Flats.

The organizers of the latest "missing word" fraud have got twenty-two months "with hard labor." They had been carrying on the business in one form or another since 1892 to the tune of $250 a week, according to their own account. When they come out they will, of course, start again, having had time to mature a new and tempting scheme. Men cannot be expected to abandon such a lucrative trade when the people are, so to speak, simply imploring to be allowed to pour their money into some swindle or other. The supply of dupes is not a jot diminished by any amount of exposure, and so long as there are dupes there will be rogues. No one need pity the victims of this or any similar frauds. They are really the victims of their own silly and sordid motives. The most obvious and palpable humbug is good enough to catch them, if only it offers something for nothing.—St. James' Gazette.

Only Chance.

Mrs. Talkalot—What does make you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph? Joseph—Gosh! It's the only chance I ever get.—New York Truth.

Couldn't Shut the Old Man's Eye.

"I never was much on fiction," said the young man. "My boy," replied the wise father, "have you forgotten the expense account you used to send when you were at college?"

A Thresher Feeder

that has every advantage of efficiency, convenience and economy over all other feeders is the **Nichols-Shepard Self-feeder.** It feeds either bound or loose grain evenly and steadily, without waste or litter, and completely regulates itself to the speed of the separator. The feeding apron stops and starts automatically and the feeder can be stopped while the separator is in full motion. It is held rigidly in place when attached to the separator frame and its adjustable supports keep it always perfectly level. This Self-feeder is designed for the

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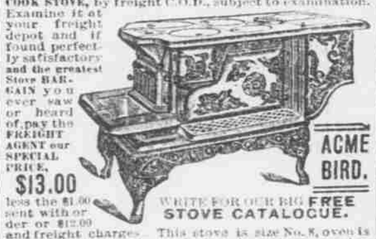

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This stove is size No. 8, oven is 18½x18x11, top is 42x23; made from heavy cold rolled steel, extra strong fire box, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel plated ornamentations and trimmings, extra large deep, genuine Standish porcelain lined reservoir, handsome large ornaments above. Best coal burner made, and we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. WE ISSUE A BINDING GUARANTEE with every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your railroad station. Your local dealer would charge you $25.00 for such a stove. The freight is only about $1.00 for each 500 miles, so we save you at least $10.00. Address,

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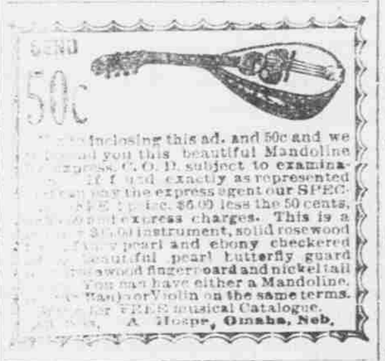

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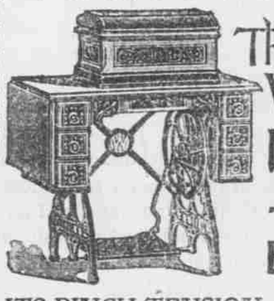

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