

An Old Lady's Discovery.

Garnett, Ark., May 18th—For 18 years Mrs. Mary Dunlop of this place has suffered with kidney trouble, which was so bad at times that it made her life a burden. She tried much medicine and many treatments, but got no better.

At last, however, Mrs. Dunlop claims to have found a perfect remedy, and she is so pleased at the wonderful cure she herself has received, that she is telling all her friends and praising the medicine to everyone she meets.

The name of this medicine is DODD'S Kidney Pills, and it has done wonderful work for Mrs. Dunlop.

Everybody is talking about it, and some people are claiming to have been cured of Rheumatism by it.

A Mrs. Garrett who lives in Brazil, this state, was at the point of death with some Cerebro-Spinal trouble, and was saved by DODD'S Kidney Pills.

It is certain that no other medicine ever introduced here has done so much good in such a short time.

Funeral Sermon to Order.

The old Bridewell burying ground, which is now the subject of legislation in the English parliament, is the resting place of Mme. Creswell, so often mentioned by the Charles II. dramatists, who died in Bridewell prison, and left \$30 for a sermon to be preached at her funeral, on condition that nothing should be said of her but what was well. The preacher got out of the difficulty neatly by saying: "All that I shall say of her is this: She was born well, lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."—Chicago Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Still Hunt.—Nervous Wife—"I hear a burglar." Nervous Husband—"Woo! I'll crawl under the bed and see if he is there."—N. Y. Weekly.

Always look for this Trade Mark: "The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind." The Stoves without smoke, ashes or heat. Make comfortable cooking.

"What ails the porter?" "His young daughter wins all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton Tiger.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Putnam Faceless Dyes do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

The outer act is the gauge-glass of the inner character.—Ran's Horn.

Stops the Cough

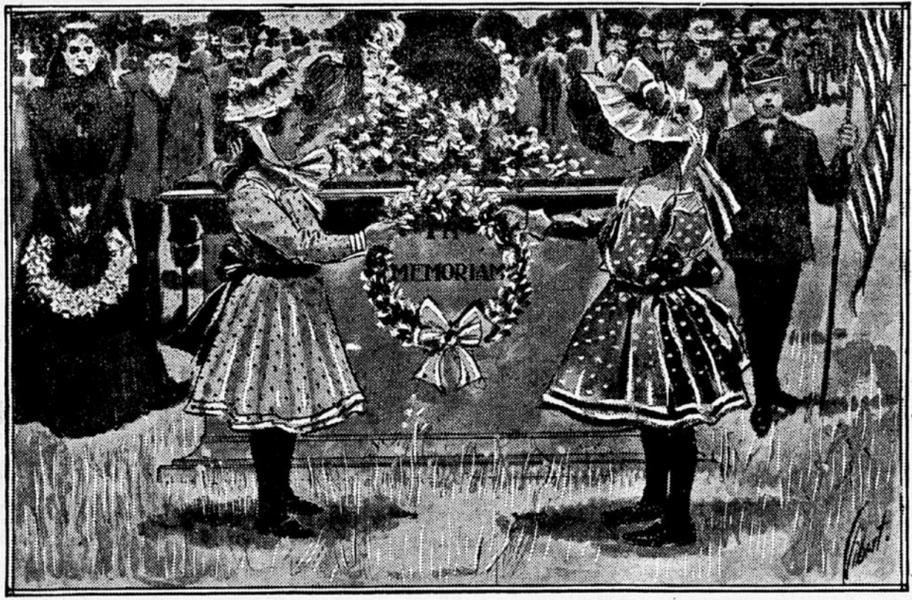
and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

We first make our habits and then our habits make us.—Emmons.

Optimism and Liquor Habits Cured.

Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—Emerson.



All-But-Open Roses

Being the Story of a Happy Decoration Day

By MANDA L. CROCKER

"but the all-but-open roses here are most suitable," and she kissed the dawning beauty of Sharon and the "great double white."

Gathering a basket to the overflowing of the "all-but-open" treasures and a sprinkling of pansies and, taking a wide, shallow dish and some water, Miss Genie timed her feet to an old southern melody of childhood days—his and hers—and marched slowly down the garden path.

The birds warbled little tender notes as she passed, and the bees droned in lower monotone as the lonely procession of one made its way to the corner shielded by the friendly syringa.

"Of course, he isn't here," she said in tremulous tones, as she knelt to arrange the offering, "but he isn't there, either?"

Thinking of the cemetery where now the people were assembling, "so my flowers are as appropriate in this place as—anywhere."

Oh! "Isn't Genie going, too?"

Vinnie Egerton, Aunt Helen's guest, paused to glance back over her pink shoulder knots at a neat figure in gray, standing in the center of the room, as she asked the question. Her hostess pursed up her mouth mysteriously and whispered, "O, no!" looking straight at Miss Egerton.

"Ah!" The half-suppressed exclamation of the curious Vinnie was met with a solemn shake of the head by Aunt Helen, and, together, they went down the steps.

It was on the occasion of the first Decoration day, and all Clear Brook was out patriotically in honor of the brave departed. But Miss Genie, the shy little southern girl, who lived with the Burnhams, shrank from taking part in the exercises.

Miss Buffington had come north at the close of the war to make her home with Aunt Helen; and no one knew better than she why the dark-eyed niece did not join the flower-laden ranks in memory of the nation's dead.

Then, this northern auntie knew of something else; a strange-looking mound—that is, strange for a garden—hidden away in the farthest corner behind the big syringa.

Yet it was there, fashioned by Miss Genie's own hands, a memorial to the brave but mistaken lover who fell at Allatoona.

Although he had turned in misty duty from the Stars and Stripes to the Palmetto, he had been royally loyal to her to the last; for had he not staunchly his wounds with his coat of gray and kissed her picture as he faintly said: "Good-by, little sweetheart; it is all over with me now!"

And no one ever gave it a thought, either, why the girl was so partial to gray gowns trimmed with blue, and blue gowns trimmed with gray; that is, no one but Aunt Helen. She had figured it out after the unerring arithmetic of a woman's heart, and understood.

"Antony was wrong," Miss Genie was wont to say, "but he was true as the heavens to what he deemed duty, and to me. She always looked so pained when she said this, that one could almost see the shadow of carnage on her face.

But she had put away the "mistake," and, in honor of a once more united brotherhood under the old flag and the memory of hand-

Pressing the dish into the earth, she filled it with water, and then arranged the burning buds so that they all might "look heavenward," bordering them with the other blossoms.

"Pansies," she murmured softly, touching their surprised faces, "I leave you, dainty little soldiers, on picket duty. Keep off the enemy; these unblown roses, my sober little friends, are types of—of his life and mine; full of beautiful possibilities, but broken off before the realization."

Then, bowing her head, she breathed a prayer that even the pansies did not hear.

The afternoon shadows were lengthening on the lawn and Miss Buffington sat on the steps, humming "America," and mending wee Bobbie's flag. "The stiwipes got tore from the stars, didn't a'?" questioned the miniature soldier, leaning comfortably on his sedate cousin's knee.

"Yes, Bobbie; the dear old flag has seen lots of trouble," and her lips shut tightly over a sigh, as she fastened the last stitch uniting the "stiwipes" to the stars again.

"An' lots of wars an' things?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' Decoration day com' en?" persisted Miss Genie's young relative, waving the mended flag thoughtfully.

"Yes, Bobbie."

"An' folks put posies on sojers' graves 'cause they're solly?"

"Yes, I think that is one reason," she answered, looking away over Bobbie's head and seeing Aunt Helen coming through the shrubbery alone.

"Are you solly, too, Cousin Deena?" and the blue eyes were lifted curiously.

"Your mamma is coming, dear," she replied evasively; and away went Bobbie to meet his mother and pour a gist of questions into the maternal ear.

"Who did she march with? Did Miss Eddy-ton dit lost? Who carried the flag; and who drummed the big drum? And, could he go next time if he grewed a whole lot?"

But the maternal ear seemed seized with sudden deafness, for Mrs. Burnham marched right through the swarm of interrogatives, and almost over the interrogator and, coming slowly up the steps, sank into a rocker, dusty, weary and warm. Unloosing her bonnet strings and fanning herself with a magazine for some minutes, Aunt Helen finally said: "I came around by the post office and was lucky enough to get the mail before they shut up. Here's your Atlanta paper and the usual letter from cousin Mab," and she tossed Miss Genie's mail into her lap; then she went out to the well to get a "rest up" drink.

When she came back with a pitcher of water, her niece thrust the open letter into her hand without a word, and, turning away quickly, went into the parlor, locking the door after her.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Aunt Helen, "cousin's dead, or some dreadful thing has happened, I'm sure."

After rummaging the clock shelf and water basket for her "near glasses," Mrs. Burnham finally found them on the table, "in plain sight."

"Of course she wanted me to read it," she said, settling herself in the rocker once more and unfolding the paper. And this letter—not Mab's—met her astonished vision:

"Eugenia, dearest: When I was carried

off the battlefield I was exposed to be dying; but, after months of hob-nobbing with death, I recovered.

"I have searched for you, Genie, until I knew not which way to turn next. To-day I met your cousin in Marietta and she gave me your address.

"Is the old love warm and true, dearest? If so, come to me to the deserted homestead and, together, we will build it up anew. You were so right in the matter of the war, Genie; I bless the dear old flag which waves over me to-day!

"Believing you will come, I inclose a draft for your expenses, and will be watching for you. Your own Antony, still!"

Mrs. Burnham read the letter through, drawing her breath in sharply at the close. "Can it be possible!" she exclaimed, half aloud; then she went to the parlor door and listened.

But, hearing nothing, she said to herself: "Fudge! she has sense enough to be glad alone, and I shan't disturb her. I will go and tell Homer."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Burnham was reading the wonderful letter to her husband out among the all-but-open roses, where he had gone to prune off needless scions. And, together, they rejoiced for their niece. At tea time, Miss Genie appeared looking "like she had taken the sacrament," Uncle Homer thought. A beautiful serenity shone on her face, as she said to Aunt Helen across the table:

"I shall start south in the morning, auntie."

Uncle Burnham got up, and, putting his hand on the head of his niece, said, feelingly: "The Lord rewards the faithful, Eugenia. Take my blessing to your sunny southern home!"

Then he went out under the wistaria, lest they should see that a man like him "cried like a baby."

The next morning, before she bade Clear Brook good-by, Miss Buffington tripped lightly down the garden path to the corner hidden by the syringa tree.

And behold! the all-but-open roses were fully and beautifully blown; so much so, that the bright little faces on guard duty could scarcely catch a glimpse of the shining face above them.



THRUST THE LETTER INTO HER HAND.

This Eagle Killed at Gettysburg

THIS fine specimen of the American eagle was shot and killed on a part of the famous battlefield of Gettysburg on February 22, 1887, hence the inscription that is tied to his feet: "I Also Was Shot at Gettysburg." The eagle, or rather his stuffed figure, occupies a position of prominence in the picture framing store of C. V. Ashdown, on Ontario street, Cleveland. Mr. Ashdown has owned the eagle for the last ten years and has refused offers



THE GETTYSBURG EAGLE.

of large sums of money for it. The eagle measures seven feet from tip to tip of the wings. The bronze figures of eagles on the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument on the public square were modeled from it. During the national encampment of the Grand Army at Cleveland the eagle was exhibited in a show window, where it was continually surrounded by ever-changing groups of admiring veterans.

Union Will Live Forever.

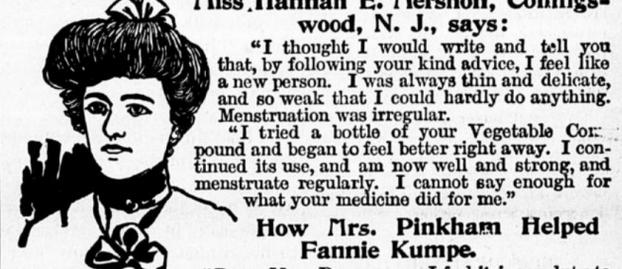
With each annual recurrence of Memorial day it appeals more and more to all the people. Each year there are more who personally knew nothing of the bitterness of the war and who are, therefore, better able to appreciate the splendid courage of the men who took part in it on both sides. Of the great armies of men who volunteered in defense of the flag only a few survivors are left. In the columns which march to the cemeteries this year to decorate the graves of the soldiers will be a smaller number of those who wore the blue than ever before. But the number of those who "swell the chorus of the union" is increasingly larger. And to-day more truly than ever before the flag of the union floats over a reunited country.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to rely on Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.



Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MISS FANNIE KUMPE, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

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"ISN'T GENIE GOING TOO?"

some Antony Packard, she habitually wore blues and grays.

"I heard what she said," mused the neat figure in the middle of the sunny morning room; and two misty eyes looked wistfully after the disappearing ladies. "O, yes; I heard, but auntie will keep my secret, I know."

A thankful confidence lighted up her countenance as she turned away to finish the dusting, for Miss Genie was a real Ebenezer in the Burnham home.

By and by she put on a broad-brimmed hat, something after the style of sweet southern days and pleasant plantation custom, before there was a confederacy, and went out alone in the soft May weather.

The spring had been tardy and the old-fashioned roses were still in great, sleepy buds, the last few kindly days of warmer air not having been sufficient for their unfolding.

But the plummy lilacs, white as milk, and purple as royal attire, were still in bloom; besides, there were oceans of pansies and violets.

"The lilacs are like—conquering plumes," she said, dreamily, holding her flushed cheek close to their wealth of fragrance, "and the pansies have such innocent, earnest faces!"—looking down lovingly at them—

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Area under crop in Western Canada, 1900, 1,987,350 Acres.

Field, 1902, 117,922.754 Bushels.

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A. N. K.—G 1970

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