

FROM MISERY TO HEALTH.

A Prominent Club Woman of Kansas City Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills For a Quick Cure.

Miss Nellie Davis, of 1216 Michigan avenue, Kansas City, Mo., society leader and club woman, writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, for they effected a complete cure in a very short time when I was suffering from kidney troubles brought on by a cold. I had severe pains in the back and sick headaches, and felt miserably all over. A few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills made me a well woman, without an ache or pain, and I feel compelled to recommend this reliable remedy."

(Signed) NELLIE DAVIS. A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.

Popular Line to the East.

The splendid passenger service of the Nickel Plate Road; the care and attention shown passengers, has made it a favorite with the experienced as well as those accustomed to travel. Every feature necessary to the comfort and convenience of passengers, especially ladies traveling alone or accompanied by children, is provided. Colored Porters in Uniform are in attendance to serve the wants of all and to see that cars are kept scrupulously clean. Pullman Sleepers on all trains, and an excellent Dining Service, serving individual Club Meals or a la Carte at moderate cost. When traveling East purchase your tickets via the Nickel Plate Road. All trains depart from the La Salle St. Station, Chicago. For full information regarding tickets, rates, routes, sleeping car reservations, etc., call on or address J. Y. Calahan, Gen. Agt., No. 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

THE COAL WAS DELIVERED.

However the Man Who Brought It Dumped It Into the Wrong Hole.

A confectioner at 475 Fourth avenue ordered three tons of coal to be delivered the other day. A driver, with a three-ton wagon, went to the store late in the afternoon, lifted a big iron cover in the sidewalk near the curb, and chuted the three tons into the dark hole. Then he drove away, says the New York Times. The confectioner went down to the cellar in a little while to bank the coal. He found none. He wondered for some time, as he remembered seeing the coal wagon in front of his store, but he told the company he had received no coal. The driver went down to see about it. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You got your coal. What ye kickin' about?" "Didn't get any coal. Come down into the cellar and see."

"Why, I dumped it into the coal hole out there."

"Which hole?"

"That one," said the driver, pointing to the cover near the curb.

"Himmel!" exclaimed the purchaser, in agony. "That ain't the coal hole. That's the sewer."

Pay for Hot Air in Advance.

"What is a retainer, pop?"

"A retainer, my son, is the money people pay us lawyers before we do any work."

"Oh, I see. It's like those pay gas meters. The people have to pay the money before they get any gas."

Yonkers Statesman.

THE TRICKS

Coffee Plays on Soma.

It hardly pays to laugh before you are certain of facts, for it is sometimes humiliating to think of afterwards.

"When I was a young girl I was a lover of coffee but was sick so much the doctor told me to quit and I did, but after my marriage my husband begged me to drink it again as he did not think it was the coffee caused the troubles."

"So I commenced it again and continued about 6 months until my stomach commenced acting bad and choking as if I had swallowed something the size of an egg. One doctor said it was neuralgia and indigestion."

"One day I took a drive with my husband three miles in the country and I drank a cup of coffee for dinner. I thought sure I would die before I got back to town to a doctor. I was drawn double in the buggy and when my husband hitched the horse to get me out into the doctor's office, misery came up in my throat and seemed to shut my breath off entirely, then left all in a flash and went to my heart. The doctor pronounced it nervous heart trouble and when I got home I was so weak I could not sit up."

"My husband brought my supper to my bedside with a nice cup of hot coffee, but I said: 'Take that back, dear, I will never drink another cup of coffee if you gave me everything you are worth, for it is just killing me.' He and the others laughed at me and said:

"The idea of coffee killing anybody."

"Well, I said, 'It is nothing else but coffee that is doing it.'"

"In the grocery one day my husband was persuaded to buy a box of Postum which he brought home and I made it for dinner and we both thought how good it was but said nothing to the hired men and they thought they had drank coffee until we laughed and told them. Well we kept on with Postum and it was not long before the color came back to my cheeks and I got stout and felt as good as I ever did in my life. I have no more stomach trouble and I know I owe it all to Postum in place of coffee."

"My husband has gained good health on Postum, as well as baby and I, and we all think nothing is too good to say about it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

BESET BY WOLVES FOR THREE NIGHTS

AWFUL TRIP WITH CORPSE OVER ALASKAN TRAIL.

FIGHTS SLEEP AND BEASTS

Fire Alone Saves Man and Burden on Long and Desolate Journey—Almost Crazy by Lack of Rest.

Tacoma, Wash.—The story told by M. A. Mahoney, who brought the body of the late Mayor Humes, of Seattle, from Fairbanks, in the interior of Alaska, is a gruesome one. His experiences along the trail are worthy of the morbid pen of Poe or the imagination of Stevenson. Mahoney is frank enough to confess that could he have foretold the hardships that awaited him on that road of ice and snow, he would never have undertaken the journey.

He was scarcely two days out of Fairbanks when his worries began with the cries of wolves. Mahoney brought his dog team to a stop and listened. In a short time the wall was repeated. This time it was answered by another, coming from a point down the trail, but unmistakably nearer.

Mark Mahoney knew that a big pack of timber wolves had struck his trail, and that from that hour he must pit his brain against their hunger; match his wit and cunning against theirs. Unarmed, he stood and reflected. Barring accidents, he knew that three long days and nights lay before him before he could hope for human help. He



FOUGHT THE WOLVES WITH FIRE-BRANDS.

had covered a vast stretch of territory that day, and was tired. As he listened to the wails of the hungry pack coming closer and closer he knew there was no sleep for him that night. And there was none.

There was only one thing for him to do, of course, and the fact that he brought the body through safely shows that he did it. He spoke to the leader of his dog team, and they, too, hearing and understanding the "call of the wild," wheeled quickly and made off for the woods in a direct right angle to the trail.

Once under the shelter of the pines and firs, Mahoney built a log fire and proceeded to get himself and his dogs a hasty supper. It was well that he acted quickly, for hardly had the evening meal been finished when the wolves arrived.

Mahoney placed the casket containing the remains of Mayor Humes as close to the fire as he dared, and then sat down. The dogs, from sheer weariness and fright, crept between the box and the crackling wood fire, and lay there, whimpering through the long watches of the night.

All night long that lonely camp, pitched upon one of the most desolate and solitary trails in all the frozen recesses of Alaska, was surrounded by a row of gleaming eyes. Mahoney sat there alone, the casket for his seat, and stared back into the eyes that gleamed so hungrily at him. Sleep? It was out of the question. Rest? Every nerve in the man's body was straining to a tension that bespoke a breaking.

There is an end to all things, however, and after what seemed to be the passing of an eternity the morning sun scattered the shadows and the wolves slunk away. Mahoney once more stepped out upon the trail.

All that day he pursued his way over mountains, through timber, across rivers and over plains, and not once did he see a sign or hear a sound from the pack that he knew too well were silently following his footsteps. But no sooner had the sun begun to dip toward the western horizon than he again heard the wail of the wolf—a long, unnatural, blood-curdling wail, and again he spoke to the leader of his dog team, and again the trail was left and Mahoney struck for the sheltering shadows of the wood.

If he were tired the night before, he was desperate now. After he had fed himself and his dogs he arranged the corpse as he had the night before. This time, however, he placed the casket against the trunk of a tree, and leaned his back against it as he settled himself for another sleepless watch for the coming of another day.

His main fight that night was against sleep. As a consequence, he gathered a quantity of pine knots, and lighting one, he tied it to his right hand. As he dozed off the flames, creeping closer,

would burn him, and naturally cause him to be wide-awake. He would then get up, throw more wood on the fire, and return to the coffin. He kept this up all night long, and the wrist of his right arm bears evidence of how faithfully.

As on the day before, the wolves departed upon the coming of the dawn, although they followed him as relentlessly as they had done ever since the trail was struck, and the third and last night that Mahoney went without sleep, and almost without food, will be kept green in his memory as long as he lives.

As usual, Mahoney left the trail some little time before sundown, made his camp and gathered a large quantity of wood. He knew that if he could weather the night, his fight against sleep and beast would be ended, for the next day would find him at a roadhouse, and from then on it would be easy sailing.

Everything went well until three o'clock. From then on until morning it was not so much of a fight for the preservation of the remains of the late mayor as it was for the preservation of the life of Mahoney. The wolves, their hunger increasing, grew bolder, and despite the fact that the fire was burning as brightly as the fires of the previous night had done, the gray timber terrors crept closer and closer. Ever and anon one, overbold, would jump out of the shadow circle cast by the flames of the fire and snap viciously at the feet of the silent watcher.

All night long Mahoney fought these wolves. He would take a long piece of pine timber, and with one end burning, would strike and smash at the glowing eyes and gleaming teeth, and in that way he not only kept himself awake, but he also drove back his foes.

When morning finally came, Mahoney, half-crazed through fear and loss of sleep, once more took the trail, and at noon that day he came to a roadhouse, where he was received, fed and put to bed. He slept until eight o'clock the next morning, when he at once took to the trail, and from that time until he reached Valdez he was not compelled to spend a single night alone, nor did he again hear from the unwelcome guests that had followed him for three days and nights.

There are white hairs on Mahoney's head to-day. They were absent when he left Fairbanks.

BEAR CAUSES PANIC AMONG CHORUS GIRLS.

Animal Rushes from Its Cage, Claws Actors, and Drives Performers Over Footlights.

New York.—During a rehearsal in the new Colonial theater the other day a bear escaped from its cage, rushed to the stage, attacked several of the performers, and before he was overcome had so severely bitten and clawed several of them that they had to be taken to their homes.

Miss Libby Blondell and Junie McCree were the most severely injured. As the bear rushed on to the stage he struck Miss Blondell and knocked her down. When she fell the bear rolled over her, and, enraged by her screams and attempts to free herself, struck out savagely at her.

McCree seized the brute and tried to drag it away from the actress, but his



ATTACKED SEVERAL OF THE PERFORMERS.

strength was not sufficient, and he, too, was bitten and deep gashes were cut in his arms and legs by the bear's claws. So terrified were the chorus girls on the stage that many of them leaped over the footlights into the orchestra. Stage hands and men of the company secured ropes and finally made a prisoner of the bear.

The bear was to be used in a wrestling act and was thought to be safely in his cage while the rehearsal was in progress. Owing to the injuries sustained by the principal members of the company the opening of the theater was postponed.

Dog Went 300 Miles Alone.

Kansas City.—The remarkable attachment for its home place is shown in the case of Carlo, a fine water spaniel belonging to James Dingman, who several weeks ago left Stroud, O. T., for Idaho. Carlo was tied in one of the cars with the stock. He stood the trip for 300 miles, but the desire to get back to the old home place evidently grew upon him. Mr. Dingman thought it was safe to untie the dog, but no sooner had the animal been loosed than it jumped out of the car and made a bee line for Stroud. It never stopped until it had traveled the whole 300 miles and reached home almost starved.

Needed Chair.

"I'm going to endow one of the universities," said the millionaire—"going to establish a chair."

"Chair of what?" asked his friend.

"Well, I don't know what you'd call it for short; but it's a chair that's badly needed—a chair to teach graduates how to get a job."—Brooklyn Life.

The photographer appeared as a witness in court recently, and established beautifully the case of the plaintiff. Young ladies will avoid breach of promise suits by having one handy in the parlor.—Puck.

Despite all we hear about the door always being open to ability, it is usually the man who knocks the hardest that gets on the inside.—Judge.

Doing Great Work.

Ward, Ark., March 6th.—(Special)—From all over the West reports come of cures of different forms of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills and this place is not without evidence of the great work the Great American Kidney Remedy is doing.

Among the cured here is Mr. J. V. Waggoner, a well-known citizen who, in an interview, says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills have done wonders for me. My kidneys and bladder were badly out of order. I used many medicines but got nothing to cure me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Two boxes of them fixed me up so that I have been well ever since."

"Tell the poor kidney and bladder diseased people to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well."

No case of kidney complaint is too far gone for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure. They are the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

Hope is the one thing you can't bunk the average man out of.—Chicago Daily News.

Earliest Green Onions.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., always have something new, something valuable. This year they offer among their new money making vegetables, an Earliest Green Eating Onion. It is a winner, Mr. Farmer and Gardener!



JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 16c. and they will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
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In all over 10,000 plants—this great offer is made to you to test their warranted vegetable seeds and

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 25c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of Salzer's Fourth of July Sweet Corn—the earliest on earth—10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, First of All, etc. [K. L.]

According to Russian dispatches there are things yet more deadly than the cigarette.—Chicago Chronicle.

SKIN PURIFICATION.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills Cleanse the Skin and Blood of Torturing Humors—Complete Treatment \$1.00.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ring worm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven by the testimony of the civilized world.

The man who said a person can get used to anything probably never tried living with his relatives.—Puck.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

We find no better feelings in others than we foster in ourselves.—Chicago Tribune.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Only the chosen few are fitted for success.—N. Y. Times.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Applause is the spur of noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones.—Colton.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Croakers always advertise their own swamps.—Chicago Tribune.



For Cupboard Corner

St. Jacobs Oil

Straight, strong, sure, is the best household remedy for

Rheumatism

Neuralgia Sprains
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Price, 25c. and 50c.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—New to Dye, Black and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO. Unionville, Missouri.

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing This Fatal Disease.



Mrs. J. W. Lang and Mrs. S. Frake

Of all the diseases known, with which women are afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women, and thousands have been cured of serious kidney derangements by it. Derangements of the feminine organs quickly affect the kidneys, and when a woman has such symptoms as pain or weight in the loins, backache, bearing down pains, urine too frequent, scanty or high colored, producing scalding or burning, or deposits like brick dust in it; unusual thirst, swelling of hands and feet, swelling under the eyes or sharp pains in the back running down the inside of her groin, she may be sure her kidneys are affected and should lose no time in combating the disease with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the woman's remedy for woman's ills.

The following letters show how marvelously successful it is.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Mrs. Samuel Frake, of Prospect Plains, N. J., writes:

I cannot thank you enough for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I first wrote to you I had suffered for years with what the doctor called kidney trouble and congestion of the womb. My back ached dreadfully all the time, and I suffered so with that bearing-down feeling I could hardly walk across the room. I did not see any better, so decided to stop doctoring. With my physician and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am thankful to say it has entirely cured me. I do all my own work, have no more backache and all the bad symptoms have disappeared. I cannot praise your medicine enough, and would advise all women suffering with kidney trouble to try it.

Mrs. J. W. Lang, of 626 Third Avenue, New York, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— I have been a great sufferer with kidney trouble. My back ached all the time and I was discouraged. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure kidney disease, and I began to take it; and it has cured me when everything else had failed. I have recommended it to lots of people and they all praise it very highly.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation.

Women suffering from kidney trouble, or any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of the great volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than likely she has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Say Plainly to Your Grocer

That you want LION COFFEE always, and he, being a square man, will not try to sell you anything else. You may not care for our opinion, but

What About the United Judgment of Millions of housekeepers who have used LION COFFEE for over a quarter of a century?

Is there any stronger proof of merit, than the



Confidence of the People

and ever increasing popularity?

LION COFFEE is carefully selected at the plantation, shipped direct to our various factories, where it is skillfully roasted and carefully packed in sealed packages—unlike loose coffee, which is exposed to germs, dust, insects, etc. LION COFFEE reaches you as pure and clean as when it left the factory. Sold only in 1 lb. packages.

Lion-head on every package.

Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

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WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

To Florida Through Old Battlefields. "Dixie Flyer" leaves Chicago over C. & E. I. at 7:00 P. M. and arrives Jacksonville 8:40 second morning. Through Sleepers. Daylight ride through the most picturesque and historic section of the South. "Chicago and Florida Limited" leaves Chicago over C. & E. I. 1:15 P. M. and arrives Jacksonville 7:55. St. Augustine 9:25 next evening. Solid Train with Dining and Observation Cars. Both trains the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway between Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, the famous "Battlefields Route." For folders and interesting literature call on or write to BRIARD F. HILL, Northern Pass. Agent, N. C. & St. L. Ry., Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"A pretty telephone girl may be preferable, but a plain one will answer."



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