# Christianity's Cold Shoulder

Turned to Pastor Chalmers When He Visited Churches Disguised as a Poor Man.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 3.—Is religion the property alike of rich and poor, or is it the exclusive possession of those who can afford to dress in purple and fine linen? These are the questions that, for some time past, have caused the Rev. Andrew Chalmers, pastor of the Dunham Avenue Christian church, Cleveland, O., many sleepless nights. The more he pondered over it, the more troubled he was over the thought that a religion, born and nurtured among the meek and

lowly, should have become so far above the reach of the rank and file of humanity as to make it impossible for a poorly dressed man to enter one of our modern churches without calling an amount of attention to himself that, to put it mildly, is very embarassing.

Dr. Chalmers decided to put the matter to a practical test and settle to his own satisfaction the length, breadth and height of a poor man's welcome from the ushers and congregation of a fashionable religious establishment. Doffing his clerical garb, Dr. Chalmers assumed the clothing of an ordinary son of toil, and thus disguised he visited one of Cleveland's leading churches. His experiences he reserved for a modest little sermon delivered to his Dunham avenue flock. But it was not to be in the nature of things that Dr. Chalmer's action should pass unnoticed. After he had preached the sermon he found himself overwhelmed with correspondence, some writers criticising his action, others congratulating him. He replied to each of them briefly and modestly. Many of his friends urged him to stil further agitate the question of high-toned versus humble religion, but he declined to do so. He has at last consented, however, to tell in detail the story of his very interesting experiences while on his tour in the guise of a poor man, and his signed statement follows:

"If this article will be construed as arraying the poor against the churches more than they already are, it will not represent me and will be worse than wasted. I did not make this visit to further divorce the workingman from the church. I made it to see if the conditions noted in the second chapter of James were really true, and, if so, to put the churches, my own church especially, to a process of self-examination which would be helpful to the church and would prevent our being 'respecters of persons' in our assemblies.

"I was sick, some in body and much in soul, because I felt that the churches did not have 'Compassion on the multitude, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.' Matt. ix., 36. I felt this in my own work. I was so sick that my physician told me I could not preach on Sunday. On Sunday afternoon I felt better and told my wife that I was going to see how far the churches believed on Jesus Christ and whether or not they believed on him in respect to the ones with the 'gold ring' and 'the gay apparel.' I would have preferred to attend my own church and see how my own congregation welcomed the stranger and the poor man in poor clothes, but I knew I could not do that without being recognized.

"I dressed myself in clothes better than the average man who works on the street at $1 or $1.25 per day can afford. The clothes were not ragged. They were not dirty. They were not the clothes that a man would work in on the street. They were such as he might possibly have for Sunday wear. I went to one of the representative churches in the city of Cleveland. I don not think this church I visited is more to be blamed for what followed than the rest of us. I am dealing with a condition. The church I visited pays the pastor $5,000 to $8,000 a year. I think there was on the bulletin board on the outside of the church, in connection with the announcements of the regular weekly services, the usual sign sign: 'All Welcome.' I soon found that this sign was much like the circus add, not quite fulfilled. I found it was one thing to place on the bulletin board on the outside of the church the advertisement of welcome, and quite another thing to have that welcome written in the very heart of the church people. I determined that night that we in our church would either take down that sign 'All Welcome,' or make those welcome who came.

"I went in during the playing of the voluntary on the grand pipe organ and when the worshippers were entering. I stood in the aisle and looked down while group after group of fashionably dressed worshippers in their 'gay apparel' were shown by dude ushers to the best seats in the church. I stood there so long that I began to be embarrassed and had to recall to myself again and again who I was and why I was there to insure my continuing to remain under such trying circumstances. I tried to put myself in the workingman's place for the evening and yet I had to remind myself that I was not a workingman and that I had better clothes at home, before I could be willing to carry it out. I almost felt tempted to tell who I really was to get recognition, but I refrained.

"When the men with the silk hats and those in fashionable attire had been given seats down in front, around me, and almost over me, an officious usher, evidently feeling that I was cumbering the ground, pointed out to me the last seat in the house. He had to bring me back a considerable distance to give me the seat; for I had advanced some way down the aisle to see if I might get recognized. I was not told in so many words that I was not wanted. There was no one at the door with a club to knock me down and drag me out because of my impertinence at coming to the church of Jesus Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, in the clothes of a carpenter. I felt that if Jesus had come to that church that night, it would have been with the words, 'Woe, unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrits who tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and neglect the more weighty matters of judgment, mercy and peace.'

"The whole service was fitted for the cultured. The preaching, the singing, the entire service was very dignified and proper as our services go these days, but the poor were not there, and it is not surprising, for they were not wanted. If you were to ask the pastor of the church if he wanted the poor he would say 'yes.' If you were to ask the office-bearers in that church they would say 'yes,' we welcome the poor and are glad if they come and feel at home in our church.' The difficulty is in the lack of welcome that is felt by one who visits our churches in these days.

"After the service was out I stayed around to see if I would be sought out and asked to come again and made to feel at home finally. After standing around for a time and watching the rich greet the rich, and no poor there to greet me, I wandered home sicker than when I started out. I was sick in body and sick in soul, for I love the church and it hurt me to see the apostasy in the life of the church which is so much worse apostasy than that of doctrine.

"I would not care to investigate the creed of the church I visited that night. I wanted life and not musty theology. If I had gone to the church that night dressed in my usual way, I would, without doubt, have been given the best place in the house, and possibly would have been invited to the pulpit to assist in the opening services. I found that in the estimation of the church the clothes made the man and not worth.

"I determined that night I would make our church more open and see that the men who worked on the streets shoveling, and the man who delivers our ice, and the girls who work in our kitchens, and the women who do our washing, should find our church and should find therein most cordial and genuine friendship.

"I began a series of sermons on the line of my visits and kindred subjects and our audiences have been increased by the hundreds in the past two or three weeks. I feel that the church should be first, not for those who have most, but for those who need most. The light owes something to darkness. The wise belong to the ignorant. The good have a duty to the bad. The lives filled with love belong to those lives filled with hate, even as Christ belongs to the world more for what he could do for it than what he could get out of it.

"Men of money are feeling more and more that capital has its duties as well as its rights. Culture is feeling her debt to illiteracy, and university extension work is an evidence of such sense of duty. The characterful are feeling their belonging to the characterless and the social settlement work is the outgrowth of that feeling. The church must feel her belonging to all the multitude, not because they are good, but because they may be. The man with the largest need should find in our churches the largest welcome. I could add volumes along this line, but I have written enough. I do not write this for the sensation it will make, but for the good it will do. I want to help the churches to lead them to see their sins and mend their ways.

"One critic has said of me: 'The Cleveland minister who disguised himself as a workingman to attend a fashionable church to detail his treatment later in the pulpit may have demonstrated the worldliness of some of the worshippers, but he certainly did not add to the dignity of the cloth.' The dignity of the cloth was the very thing I was trying to avoid and it is the thing that I care least about. When we ministers care more for the real work of the church in reaching and helping human lives than we do for the dignity of the cloth we will begin to win the world to Christ."

—"Andrew B. Chalmers."

## CHILD TURNS SWINDLER.

**Twelve-Year-Old New York Girl Gets $1,700 From Her Father.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—New York special to the Chronicle: A remarkable and, so far as is known, an unprecedented case of swindling by a child of abnormal development of the imaginative faculty is found in the case of Gertrude Turecek, twelve years old, of 232 East Thirtieth street.

She has in six months obtained $1,700 from her father on the statement that the money was wanted by President McKinley and other distinguished men. Her father is a ladies' tailor, employed by a big Fifth avenue house. One day Gertie told him that a company had been formed, composed of the president, McKinley, Superintendent of Schools Jasper and other distinguished men, and had selected herself and a few other pupils from the public schools for special instruction. One day she said the president had asked her to get $100 to help the company along, and her father gave it to her as quickly as he could get a check cashed. So it has gone on until he has given the girl $1,700 and has but little left.

He is now trying to learn what she did with the money, and is one moment overcome with grief by the deceitfulness of his idolized little daughter and the next overwhelmed with admiration for the magnitude and cleverness of her lies.

## SLEEPLESSNESS

**ESPECIALLY FREQUENT IN HIGH ALTITUDES.**

**How It May Be Overcome in Any Climate.**

From the Chieftain, Pueblo, Col.

While the Rocky Mountain region is justly famed for its salubrious climate, and is becoming more and more the mecca toward which pilgrims are traveling from all parts of the world that they may fill their weakened lungs with its life-giving air, yet there are ailments in that climate, as in any other, one of the chief of which is sleeplessness. This is due to the rarity of the air which on some constitutions is too stimulating to the nerves. In some cases patients are compelled to remove for a time to the sea level to escape the high nervous strain. As sleeplessness is not an uncommon accompaniment to certain nervous conditions (in any climate) we propose to repeat a little story of a woman of Pueblo, Col., which may point a moral to others who have had a similar affliction.

The woman came to Pueblo thirty years ago, when the town was a frontier settlement, and Indians were by no means unusual visitors, bands of Utes often passing through on their way from the mountains down to the plains to hunt buffaloes.

She had been in good health until a few years ago, when at each recurring springtime she became debilitated, weak and languid. Her strength left her, she was listless and lifeless, and was obliged to whip herself to every task. This, too, in spite of the stimulating effects of the high altitude. The perhaps most serious difficulty, however, was sleeplessness, which she could not cure. The long weary watches of the night told on her health and she dreaded the approach of night. This lack of sleep weakened her strength and brought on extreme nervousness, until she was a physical wreck.

As she could not well take the long journey necessary to a change of climate, she sought for some nerve restorative, that would build up the nervous system, and thus enable her to get that sleep and rest, without which she could not long endure the strain. She at length found this in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She said to the reporter: "By the time I had taken one box of these pills, I not only felt stronger, but, to my surprise, found that I could sleep.

"I have taken four boxes now and can take a long nap during the day and sleep soundly all night.

"The medicine not only takes away that weary depressed feeling, but creates a buoyancy and exhilaration that does not pass away when one stops taking the pills.

"I am forty-nine years old and about thirty years ago I began to be troubled with gatherings in my head. The trouble continued until I was unable to hear a sound through my right ear, and my left ear was badly affected. I had no idea that the pills would benefit my ears, but they evidently did, as my hearing is very much improved.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful medicine." The address of the woman is: Mrs. H. L. Graham, 214 E. 4th St., Pueblo, Col.

STATE OF COLORADO, COUNTY OF PUEBLO.—ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1897.

GEORGE W. GILL,
(Seal) Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## Defeat Admitted.

ARDMORE, I. T., Dec. 4.—Returns from two out of four counties just received show that the ratification of the Dawes-Choctaw treaty was defeated at Monday's election. Supporters of the bill here concede its defeat. The adopted and inter-married citizens were not permitted to participate in the election.

## A GOOD PRACTICE.

**If You Want a Good Appetite and Perfect Digestion.**

After each meal dissolve one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in the mouth and, mingling with the food, they constitute a perfect digestive, absolutely safe for the most sensitive stomach.

They digest the food before it has time to ferment, thus preventing the formation of gas and keeping the blood pure and free from the poisonous products of fermented, half-digested food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets make the complexion clear by keeping the blood pure.

They increase flesh by digesting flesh-forming foods.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the only remedy designed especially for the cure of stomach trouble and nothing else.

One disease, one remedy, the successful physician of today is the specialist, the successful medicine is the medicine prepared especially for one disease.

A whole package taken at one time would not hurt you, but would simply be a waste of good material.

Over six thousand men and women in the state of Michigan alone have been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia by the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package.

Send for free book on stomach diseases to Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.


## Coughs and Colds

Dr. A. L. SCOVILL, who has for many years been known to the public throughout the United States as an inventor of remedies for the cure of throat and lung diseases, recommends ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM as surpassing anything that has ever been offered to the public. He has used it in his own family with great success, in the case of his sister, who was supposed to be in the last stages of consumption. This lady is now well and has been permanently cured by ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a Bottle.

ALLEN'S
*Lung Balsam*


# NINE PEAKS IN A DAY

**MISS ANNIE S. PECK'S GREAT CLIMB IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.**

## WOMAN'S REMARKABLE WORK.

**DID THE WHOLE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE FROM 5.10 A. M. TO 7.10 P. M.**

**SHE MADE THE TRIP ALONE,**

**And Lost Forty-Five Minutes Through a Bit of Misinformation.**

Miss Annie S. Peck is a young American woman who distinguished herself in 1895 by climbing the Matterhorn, and last April performed the even more difficult feat of climbing Mt. Orizaba, in Mexico. At present Miss Peck is living in a New York apartment house, but she manages to keep in pretty good training. One can do considerable climbing, even in New York, if one lives, as Miss Peck does, on the top floor of a city house, says the New York Sun.

This plucky young woman's experiences on the Matterhorn and on Orizaba have been talked of among all mountain climbers. This autumn, however, she performed a feat which can be appreciated more readily by hundreds of persons who have never seen either Switzerland or Mexico. Any one who has visited the White mountains, and particularly the energetic persons who have climbed a few of the peaks, will be able to form some idea of Miss Peck's endurance and pluck when he or she reads what she did up there one September day.

Everybody knows the Presidential range. A good many persons have climbed one or more of its peaks. A few have lost their lives in similar attempts. But Miss Peck is the first woman who ever "went over the range," as it is called, climbing every one of the nine peaks in a single day. A few men have performed this feat. Mr. Cook and Dr. Sargent went from the Ravine house, at the foot of Mt. Madison, over the range to the Crawford house, and then around the mountains back to the Ravine house, reaching there at between 1 and 2 a. m. This is the biggest thing on record in the White mountains.

Miss Peck did not do this. She stopped at the Crawford house instead of following the road around through the valleys to the Ravine house again. But Miss Peck is a slender woman, not a stalwart man. Furthermore, she made the entire trip alone, and when she was recovering from a slight illness. It was the 3d of September when she went over the range, and (this shows that she is not troubled with superstitions) was a Friday.

"I had started the Friday before," she said in telling about it, "but the day was so unfavorable that I had to give it up. Mr. Watson called me at 4 o'clock and, though the mountains were in the clouds, I got up and made the start. I felt quite sure it was not the day for the range, but I thought I might as well walk up Madison, since I had started."

Miss Peck doesn't talk of "climbing" the White mountains. She "climbed" the Matterhorn, but she just "walked up" Mount Madison, a trifling little mountain 5,000 feet high! She was up in the fog and clouds most of the time, but nevertheless took the opportunity of trying a new route back from the summit. The new route existed principally in the imagination of the man who had told her to try it, so, of course, she lost her way. However, she had a compass, and she regained the old path without any mishap. A severe cold kept her from repeating the attempt to go over the range before the next week, when she started again, once more on Friday.

"I was called at 4 o'clock," she said, "had a breakfast of steak, potatoes and coffee—which I do not usually drink—and left the hotel at 5:10 a. m. I wore my Matterhorn suit—a serge shirtwaist, knickerbockers of canvas duck, and my hobnailed shoes. I had a linen skirt, but as no one was up at the hotel, I simply rolled the skirt into a bundle and hung it from my belt. On the other side I hung a small chatelaine bag containing a sandwich, some pieces of chocolate, a few raisins and a small bottle of brandy. I carried no wrap, though I would have been glad to have one. Every ounce of weight counts. My skirt weighed about two pounds, and really made quite a good deal of difference. In my hands I had only my alpenstock.

"I had hoped that some one would make the trip with me," but no one semed willing to go, so I had to do it all alone or not at all. The only thing I feared were bears and accidents. Bears have been seen in the woods there, but verybody assured me that the bear would run first if I would give it the chance, so I tried not to be disturbed. A young lady did see a bear a few years ago when she was going up that same trail to sketch. The bear was in the path ahead of her, but, luckily, was going away from her. She followed cautiously until the bear branched off and then she went ahead and made her sketches. She said that the only thing that troubled her was the fact that she would be up on the mountain all day and couldn't tell anybody about it until she got back at night.

"As for accidents, there is always danger of making a misstep, of slipping, or stepping on rolling stones. The result may be anything from a sprain to a fall of hundreds of feet. Being entirely alone, any accident would have been much more serious in its consequences. Hence I went much more carefully and somewhat less rapidly than I should have done had I been with some one else. However, I got to the summit of Madison in two hours and twenty minutes. Some men have made it in two hours, but my time was very good, indeed, especially with the work I had ahead of me. I stopped only once going up, for about two minutes at Salmacis brook. I rested a few minutes, about ten, on top of Madison and ate a piece of chocolate.

"It was cold and windy. The air was good for the going, but the wind was so keen and cold that, even when I was exercising, it sometimes seemed to strike clear through me. When I started from Madison to Adams I made a mistake which cost me three-quarters of an hour in time and a great expenditure of strength. I attempted to take the route which I had tried to find the week before. The regular path runs around the north side of John Quincy, the little peak between Madison and Jefferson. I had been told by one man to go around the south side instead. He said it was shorter. Very foolishly, I tried to do this. There was no trail, the rocks were very large and rough, and I finally got into a lot of 'scrub' which was hopeless. At last I concluded to strike right straight up to the col or neck of the mountain, and I assure you I did harder climbing right there than I did on the Matterhorn.

"I got up there all right, though, and reached the summit of Adams one hour and twenty minutes from the time I left Madison. I have done it by the old trail in three-quarters of an hour less, so that little experiment was a costly one in time and energy. I think that, without doubt, it was on this part of the range that the violinist who disappeared from the Summit house several years ago, was lost. I thought of him and hoped I wouldn't run across his remains. I also hoped I shouldn't leave my own remains around there, but sometimes I didn't feel sure. I would have to slide twenty feet down a rock, for instance, but if I hadn't stopped at the right place the twenty feet would have become several hundred feet. The precipices were not so high as those of the Matterhorn, but they were high enough to make a fall over them fatal.

"I think I ate a sandwich while I rested on top of Mount Adams. I was up in the clouds now, but I went on over Jefferson and Clay. After I had gone over Clay, I struck the railroad about a mile from the summit of Mount Washington, and I finished that climb on the ties. At first it seemed a great relief to walk on anything so smooth, but after a while it became almost unendurable. I was obliged to take steps which were too short and to keep constant watch lest I overstep. It was the most nervous, wearing feature of the whole day, and when I reached the Summit house, I felt a good deal like collapsing.

"It was 12:15 when I got there, and that was three-quarters of an hour later than I had planned and than I would have been there if I had not tried the new route—which was no route at all. I felt pretty well used up, and it was largely owing to worry over my being late. The days were getting shorter, you know, and I knew it would be dark early, especially in the thick woods which I must go through before reaching the Crawford house. But I rested and ate a good dinner, and then I rested some more. I should have started at 2 o'clock, but it was twenty-five minutes later when I finally set out. I had worn my skirt while I was at the Summit house, but as soon as I left there I took it off again and rolled it up.

"I followed the trail until I got onto the side of Monroe, and then I struck off for the summit. I went up one side and down the other, finding the trail all right, and going on to Franklin, then to Pleasant and finally to Clinton. Each of these peaks I climbed, but the trail runs comparatively near the summits, so it wasn't a great undertaking. But it all took time. When I started down Clinton, however, and realized the real thing I set out to do was practically accomplished, why, I scarcely felt tired at all. The trail was bad, though. It was full of loose rocks, about as large as your fist, and there were only corduroy patches which had rotted and had holes into which I had to be careful not to put either my foot or my stick. The forest is dense there, too, and it grew dark early. But it is easier to keep a trail in the thick woods than in those which are more open, so I got on all right. I reached the Crawford house at 7:15, ten minutes less than five hours from the time I had left the Summit house. The entire distance I covered was about twenty miles. Distances in climbing are reckoned as about equal to three times the same amount of walking on a level. There are not many men who would be up to the trip, and no other woman has done it."

Miss Peck has the advantage of height, being five feet six-and-one-half inches tall. She is slender, and does not look particularly strong, but she certainly is an indefatigable climber. She says that climbing the Matterhorn was more dangerous, but that climbing Mount Orizaba was more difficult. Three men made the latter attempt with Miss Peck, but only one of the men reached the summit. Naturally she was considerably elated at her own success. Orizaba is 18,600 feet in height but the Matterhorn is but 15,000.

"Climbing in the torid zone," said Miss Peck, "is not so easy or inspiring. Then, too, after you get above 15,000 feet, it is much more exhausting. Below that is just fun. I have said I would never again climb a mountain in the torrid zone, but I own that I now pine to go up one of the mountains in Peru. I can't remember its name, but it is 25,000 feet high and has never been climbed. Last summer Fitzgerald, the English mountain climber, attempted to go up Aconcagua, a Chili mountain about 24,000 feet high. He did not reach the summit, but his Swiss guide did.

"For the real pleasure of climbing I prefer the Alps. The air is fine, the scenery magnificent, and the climbing is exciting. It is a real pleasure every moment of the time. Even the Matterhorn is continual enjoyment. With good guides there is no occasion for alarm. For instance, suppose I had to climb up right there," said Miss Peck, pointing to the side of the room where a desk stood between two windows. "If all that was solid," she explained, "it would be easy enough. First, I would step up here," and she put one foot up on the lowered lid of the desk. "Then I should catch hold up here," pointing to the top, "and then up here," indicating the top of the window, a ledge about two inches wide. "Oh, that would be quite wide enough for a foothold," she said. "And anyway, if your foot did slip off the guide would have hold of the rope around your waist. Oh, it is quite easy!" with great nonchalance.

Miss Peck always carries on her climbing expeditions a bamboo alpenstock, which has helped her up and down the mountains of Switzerland, Greece, Mexico, and this country. Many American climbers do not use a stick, but Miss Peck says that it enables one to descend a mountain with much greater rapidity and safety. She has worn the same pair of shoes on most of her climbs; the pair which was made for the Matterhorn ascent. She has an extremely narrow foot, an AAA last, but it is long and evidently sure. She says that she would like to climb some of the Canadian rockies, but does not know just what her next mountain feat will be.

**MISS BESSIE MACDONALD AS MARGUERITE.**

All London is talking of the success of Miss Bessie MacDonald as Marguerite in "Faust." She made an immediate hit on her appearance at Covent Garden theater, the English temple of grand opera. Miss MacDonald is a Chicago girl and her professional experience extends over but three years.


## ST. PAUL HARDWARE CO. SEVENTH AND MINNESOTA.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Largest Line of Chafing Dishes and 5 O'Clock Teas in the City.

Just as fine goods as can be found anywhere. Not Department Store Stuff, but standard goods such as jewelers handle. Our prices, however, are reasonable. We can show you nickel-plated Chafing Dishes at from $3 to $10, and fine brass 5 O'Clock Teas from $1 up

THINK OF THAT BOY OF YOURS.

Get him a good Handsled or get him a pair of BARNEY & BERRY SKATES.

Standard Skates, and we are Headquarters for them.

Get him a SCROLL SAW. We have 3 styles, and they are inexpensive. Also have TURNING Lathes, etc. A few good tools, or better, a chest of good tools.

## STOMACH CATARRH.

**What a Druggist Says About Remedies for Stomach Troubles.**

July 28, 1893, I was taken with a burning in my stomach and I could hardly bear to move. I had several doctors examine me. Some decided I had a boil on my liver; others said it was indigestion; some one thing, some another. I took everything they prescribed, but no relief came. I could not drink enough water to quench my thirst; if I did it would come up in a short time and leave me with a sick stomach. I could only eat corn bread and drink milk; at night, about 1 o'clock, it would come up. I suffered this way for two years. My bones ached as though I had been pounded, every morning. I could hardly realize that I was able to move. My bowels would not move unless I took physic. I read about every medicine I could, and had faith in everything. Finally I read about a medicine called Pe-ru-na. I got a bottle, and, after taking it, felt some ease. I was handling drugs, and I ordered some to keep in stock and to take myself. I continued to take it, and am now in very good health, and I believe it due to your medicine. I thought I was as bad as I could be, for I had taken everything, and, instead of them working off the bile, I would throw it up. I could get nothing that would give me relief in that way, and all this time my stomach was as sore as could be. I could not bear the weight of my hand on my stomach without pain. I can now say that it is my opinion there is no better medicine made than Pe-ru-na, and I thank God that it was recommended to me."

—J. P. Lambert,
Templeton, Tenn.

Send to The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book on "Winter Catarrh."

Ask your druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1898.

## TWO VESSELS STRANDED.

**Coal-Laden Steamer and Her Consort on Shore**

TWO RIVERS, Wis., Dec. 4.—A steamer and consort ran ashore on Two Rivers point, five miles north of this harbor, during a heavy snow storm today. The life-saving crew, together with the tugs Hammel, Karste and Hill have left for the scene of the disaster. The stranded vessels are coal laden, and the place where they are stranded abounds in quicksand, which makes the situation extremely perilous. The vessels are the steamer Keystone and barge J. B. Masten, the former bound for Racine, and the latter to Milwaukee, with coal. They are owned at Cleveland, and Capt. Barton Graves commands the steamer.

## Open Debate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—There is a disposition on the part of some senators to have the debate on the Hawaiian treaty open to the public instead of in secret session as is usually the case when a treaty is being considered. It is undestood also that the Hawiian authorities here would look with favor on such a move, as they feel that the fullest publicity will be helpful to the treaty.

## Stephens Comes Back.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 4.—Gov. Stephens issued a statement today which he calls upon the secretary of state of Michigan to look up the records in his office, and produce the Thanksgiving proclamation of ex-Gov. Rich, which he accuses Gov. Stephens as having used as his. In closing he says: "I want to assure my constituents that I have not gone to the Republican governor of Michigan for a Thanksgiving proclamation, and more than that I never will."

Use the Long Distance Telephone to Minnesota, No. and So. Dakota cities and towns.


## $250.00 IN GOLD FOR THE SOLUTIONS OF THIS PROBLEM

We are engaged in promoting a company to operate in the Gold Fields of the Klondike. The company has a special machine for placer mining that does the work of 150 men. Men working by hand have taken out $1000.00 per day and more. One instance shows $14000.00 for one man's work in one day. We want to put 40 of these machines at work; we want small investments of 25 cents each to use in promoting this enterprise. Every penny invested may bring back $10.00 in profits. We don't want to go through the slow method of getting large capital invested by a few persons, but prefer to get in communication with a large number who are inclined to risk a little for the probability of getting a fortune. In order to get into communication with half a million of that kind of people, we have got up the following contest: It gives you a chance to get $100.00 quick if you solve the problem, and an opportunity which may make you all the money you need in a lifetime, without work or effort.

HERE ARE THE WORD PUZZLES--CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

No. 1. —O—D Something one may get in Alaska.

No. 2. A————A The name of a place where gold has been found.

No. 3. —A————N Once president of a great republic.

No. 4. —LA—— Something used on dinner tables, either as an article of food or an utensil.

EXPLANATION. Each of the skeleton words have dashes in the place of missing letters. You are required to fill in the spaces with letters to make as many complete words as possible which properly fit the definition. For example: No. 1, is —O—D, something one may get in Alaska; in the solution you would find G and L, thus making GOLD. In thinking what else one might get in Alaska you would certainly think of COLD, and so on, make all the words you can for each word puzzle, using the skeleton and filling the spaces with other letters, so that the complete word fit the definition given. Get the 2nd, 3rd and 4th word puzzles in the same way. Do not send in words which do not fit the definition given.

REWARDS For complete solutions of the 4 word Puzzles we give $100.00 in Gold. If the answers are correct and complete to only 3, we give $50.00 in gold; if only 2 are correct and complete, $25.00 in gold.

NUGGETS OF GOLD We will, in addition to everything else promised in this advertisement, GIVE EVERY ONE who sends in ONE CORRECT WORD a handsome plated Pin made in exact imitation of a Nugget of Natural Gold. This unique pin is suitable for lady or gentleman, and is the newest, most novel and attractive article of jewelry ever worn. It looks exactly like a NATURAL NUGGET and if SOLID GOLD would be worth about $6.50.

CONSOLATION PRIZES $75.00 will be divided among 15 persons who answer this contest but whose answers are not entirely complete and correct, and will be awarded according to the number and correctness of the words in each answer.

THE CONDITIONS are that you send with your solution 25 Cents to be invested in the promotion fund of this great Klondike Gold Mining Enterprise, for which you will receive an Investment Certificate, which may enable you to participate in the profits of the mines, and every penny may bring you $10.00.

You will find this advertisement different from most of the missing letter advertisements advertised, because everything is stated plainly and there is no attempt to mislead. We do not promise any impossible things to contestants. We will promptly do exactly as we promise in this advertisement. Should there be more than one full and complete set of answers we shall divide the rewards pro rata among them, but we promise in good faith that everyone who sends a full and correct answer shall actually receive a money reward promptly paid to them in cash.

BUT THIS IS NOT ALL Every one who enters this contest will receive an easy proposition by which they may have returned to them $5000.00 to $10,000.00 in gold, enough money to keep them comfortably for years.

No answers will be considered after 60 days from dates of papers in which this advertisement appears. Rewards will then be paid promptly in Gold. Publishers of papers generally or any bank or business house in Chicago will assure you of our Absolute Responsibility. Answer at once. Send with your answer 25 Cents in silver or stamps and address

KLONDIKE PROMOTION COMPANY, 80 to 84 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.