SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I will mail, free of any charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female trouble. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

☞ If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION.

Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures *Leucorrhea, Green Sickness* and *Painful* or *Irregular Menstruation* in young ladies. It will *save you anxiety* and *expense* and save *your daughter the humiliation* of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement, and makes women well. Write to-day, as this offer will not be made again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 49 Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Story of Jim Wardner the Prince of American Schemers.

Jim Wardner is the best-known miner from Cape Nome to Arizona, and his fame spans the continent from the Golden Gate to Sandy Hook. There have been men who piled up bigger fortunes, there have been men who could hold on to what they had won, there have been men who surpassed him in every way except in the variety of his experience and his never-failing goodfellowship—but there is only one Jim Wardner. He has made a score of fortunes, and he has lost each one of them. This seems natural to him, for he believes in the law of averages—no night without a day, and no day without a night, no disaster without luck, and no luck without disaster.

Two mining towns are named for him, one in Idaho and one in British Columbia. Both prospered uniformly, while he, after having founded them, was having his next series of ups and downs. An epitome of his career would mark him as one of the most versatile of Americans, says the New York Press. Born in Milwaukee fifty-four years ago, at the age of eight he made money raising rabbits on a capital of 75 cents his mother lent him. Gen. Charles King was one of his youthful customers. Perhaps King didn't buy a potato-swelled rabbit for a mother rabbit, but other Milwaukee boys did. When he got older Wardner studied the drug business, and went into the Civil war as a regimental hospital steward. Then he clerked in a Five Points drug store in New York. He made a platform lecturer of John Allen, "The Wickedest Man in New York." He was assistant to a quack specialist in Broadway. He was agent in Wisconsin for an anti-cow-kicking machine. He was drummer for a druggist, and then a druggist himself. He was a California fruit grower, and then a hog raiser. Then he became a mine owner for the first time, in Ivanpah, Arizona. He speculated in mine stocks in San Francisco, and lost everything. He won several thousands the next day, and then the market 'busted,' and he with it.

He shoveled snow near Salt Lake City for a day, and earned $1, and the next day made $2,000 on a mine option. He bought a mine and sold it, and speculated in wheat and lost all he had. He ran a candy store in St. Louis. He took the "Wild Man" of Butte, Mont., out on the road and made money. He traveled for a Milwaukee store that dealt in supplies for miners. He ran a bar in Deadwood, and then a restaurant and a store. He went into the freight business. He cornered all the corn, oats and feed in Dakota, and fire wiped out every grain of it. Then he cornered all the eggs, and came out $7,000 ahead. He conducted a walking contest. He became a farmer on the Belle Fouche, and lost everything. He bought a coal mine near Deadwood and sold it with profit. He built a sixty-mile mining ditch, and a cloudburst tore it to pieces. He bought a gold mine and made money on it, which he put into butterine, went out on the road in the Southern states with it, and lost all. He went to the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho for gold, sold butterine and did a freighting business. Then he ran a supply store, and afterward built a ditch on which the elements let him make money. He found and snatched the water rights for the Bunker hill galena mine, and actually sweat blood when the galena seemed about to give out. He founded the town of Wardner, Idaho, and corralled all the corner lots. He speculated in wheat, oil and stocks in '89, which was a bad year for him. He developed the town of Fairhaven, Wash., and then ran a cat ranch on an island six miles from the city. He went to South Africa nearly broke, and came back completely broke. He went to Rossland, British Columbia, and founded another town of Wardner, and expected not to owe a dollar in the world by Christmas of that year. Before the holidays he lost his two boats that plied between Jennings, Mont., and Wardner, and was plunged in debt again. He went to the Klondike to sell goods and prospect, and from there to Atlin, and then, and last of all, to Cape Nome.

Then, being led to believe that his life had been a little out of the ordinary—he had "kangarooed" around a bit, as he says—he wrote a book about himself, and had it published by the Anglo-American Publishing Company of New York. He who is downcast because his "luck" won't turn should get this book and read it. It's more inspiring than the "Self Help" series.

As may be imagined, Wardner's thousand and one activities took him away from his family about all the time. He says he was a domestic man "only spasmodically" in the days when "things were coming his way, and he has kept on the jump to prevent their going in an opposite direction." "I must tell you," he says "the story about 'Little 'Tay A'l Night.' It happend in Fairhaven. I had been absent from home about two months in the mines of British Columbia. My little three-year-old, who was always first to meet and greet me, and who had pressed her nose on the window pane for weeks, rushed to me with outspread arms and laughing blue eyes. 'Hello, Muggins,' said I. 'Hello, Dim,' said she. 'Going to 'tay all night?'

"She is older now, and a romancer from 'way back. She seems to be sailing around in an ethereal sea of happiness. She is the choicest diamond in the cluster, but she will romance. The other day I said, 'Come here, Old Smoothey. They tell me you fib a little' She answered, 'It ain't right to fib, is it? People won't go to heaven that fib, will they?' I said, 'No, they won't.' After hesitating a full minute she said, with a toss of her head, 'I don't care, anyway. I'll go where you do.'

"But the kids got it on me one day. I was about to take the 8 o'clock train for Chicago. They repeatedly warned me that I would get left, and I had replied: 'It's a cold day, kids, when the old man gets left.' I reached the station in time to see only the stern of that train, and wended my way homeward. It was a beautiful warm day in August, but the everlasting kids had built a fire in the fireplace, and all stood around with shawls and cloaks and hoods on, shivering around that fire. I said, 'What in the world is the matter with you kids?' That's all they wanted. Back came the chorus: 'You said it's a cold day when the old man gets left. It must be awful cold. Oh, we're freezing! we're freezing!' This adage is not a good one, as I have been left other ways in all kinds of weather."

"On one occasion, when I was telling the story of my fortunes in the Coeur d'Alene country, my friend Northrop said, with surprise, 'Can't see how a man can make and then lose $100,000.'

"Here's the solution: The man with good, sound judgment and a reasonable sized head once in possession of $100,000 does not lose it. He it is who works the 'snowball racket' on his pile.

"But the shoddy man, the lucky shoddy man, the man who never before had $100, the man who begins to feel poor when he gets his first $50,000, a man who constantly and willfully and determinedly persists in getting over his head in the confusing waters of speculation, who belittles the size of his pile, as he associates with millionaires, joins in their schemes, and buys their stock, the shoddy man who looks 'wise as a forest of owls,' and believes he is great because he has been lucky; he who gives bad advice and refuses good, he who has an expense account that, like the impending avalanche, will snowslide him to poverty; he it is who loses $100,000. Not one in a thousand of these fellows ever makes it back. Their time is now occupied in thinking of their past greatness, and they drift along Time's rapid stream until they whirl into the vortex of despair."

It was in 1893 that Wardner went to South Africa. He had rather an interesting meeting with President Kruger, with whom he had coffee. He says: "Oom Paul is very like the pictures we have seen of him. His face is stamped with lines of determination, but I found him very pleasant, notwithstanding. He said to me: 'You are an Englishman?'

"'No, Mr. President,' I replied, 'I came from a country that gained its independence a good deal the same way that your country has; I am an American.'

"'Very glad to see you, sir,' he remarked, and reaching under the table he picked up a paper and read to me that Baron Rothschild had said that the Americans were a 'nation of spendthrifts.'

"I told him that I had kangarooed all over the world, and that I was not up on our national finances and internal affairs, but being aware of the fact that the salary of his excellency, presiding over 2,000,000 of people, was the same as President Cleveland's, who presided over about 70,000,000, I felt that the baron's statement was not right. He laughed."

When Wardner came back from South Africa he found himself flat broke. He went up to the Rossland mine district in British Columbia and struck a "proposition" which he believed he could promote to advantage, provided he could reach Montreal. Now, the president of the Canadian Pacific railway, Thomas G. Shaughnessey, was a playmate of Wardner's in boyhood days in Milwaukee. Wardner reached Vancouver, and walking into the headquarters offices of the Canadian Pacific he said to the manager:

"I am Jim Wardner, and am an old friend of Tom Shaughnessey's. Will you please wire him and tell him that I am here broke and want transportation to Montreal?"

The manager, somewhat impressed with Wardner's peculiar presence and address, telegraphed Mr. Shaughnessey:

"Man named Jim Wardner, who says he is an old friend of yours, wants transportation to Montreal. Shall I give it to him?"

Back came the reply: "Don't let Jim walk."

Wardner at once obtained transportation and left on the first train for the East. Arriving in Montreal, he called at the general offices of the company to see Mr. Shaughnessey, to renew old acquaintance and to thank him for the favor granted. Several prominent Canadians were present when Mr. Wardner entered Mr. Shaughnessey's office, with a hearty greeting of his old friend, which was heartily returned.

"Hello, Mr. President, so glad to see you and thank you."

"Well, well, Jim, is this really you?" Then, with the real Shaughnessey twinkle of the eye, "How under the heavens did you get here so soon if you were broke?"

"Why, Mr. President, thanks to your telegram, 'Don't let Jim walk,' of course I was at once furnished transportation, and so here I am."

"Confound those operators"—with apparent severity. "It is strange they cannot get my messages through correctly."

"Didn't you telegraph, 'Don't let Jim walk?'" interrupted Wardner.

"Certainly not. My answer was, 'Don't. Let Jim walk'"

But the later hospitalities heaped upon Jim thoroughly assuaged his griefs, if he had any.

"It is with mingled feelings of amusement and dismay," says Wardner, after having repeated this story as some one else had told it, "that I recall another instance of where a telegraphic message went wrong, for it did not afford me as much satisfaction as did my previous experience. I was just back from Cape Nome, and had made up my mind the gold find there was really all that it was reported to be. It was really wonderful. I do not suppose that I ought to tell this story on myself, but it is too goed to keep. We had quite a time of it coming down on a boat from Alaska, and we kept it up at Vancouver, so that I found myself overdue at home, and I felt that some explanation was due. I went into a telegraph office and wrote out the following dispatch:

"Have been indisposed; full particulars by letter."

"My hand, I will confess, was a trifle shaky, and in some way I ran the pencil through the word 'indisposed,' so that the message went with that word left out. It was productive of a domestic upheaval which is painful for me even now to dwell upon."

Wardner was somewhat of a joker. He lets a friend tell a story of their experiences way up in the state of Washington in the dead of winter, with the thermometer 25 degrees below. They had gone out on a prospecting tour. "Our whisky had given out some miles back, and there was no saloon in Columbia City. A merchant, however, had some rock and rye. We bought six bottles at $2 each, and started in the night for Conconella. Wardner began to kick about the quality of the whisky. He did not object to the rock candy, but did object to the liquor, and very soon named it 'Antediluvinarian.' Well, we started in on 'Antediluvinarian,' feeling that it would be as well to be killed by it as to freeze, and we drank all of it before we arrived in Loomiston. The next morning Wardner insisted upon saving all the bottles, and when he arrived at Loomiston stored them away in my office in the Black Bear mill. In about ten days he came back from his mines in British Columbia and called for the bottles. He had secured some sort of a Canadian stamp on his journey, and together with some tinfoil taken from plug-cut tobacco he was able to reseal the bottle, after filling them with an assortment of vinegar, sugar, stale beer, absinthe, Jamaica ginger, peppermint and tobasco sauce—all mixed together. He took the bottles back all filled and resold them to the merchant for 50 cents above their original cost, assuring him it was guaranteed 'Antediluvinarian' that he had smuggled across the line, and that he was doing the man a favor by letting him have it. I heard of the splendid drink for several weeks being dished up at Columbia City for two bits (25 cents) per drink; but after the stock was exhausted no one was ever able to get any more like it, and I believe this celebrated liquor is being talked of today by old-timers."

Jim never did allow the grass to grow under his feet. He tells this of his first strike in business after he left the army in which he had enlisted for a "flyer."

"I saved my money while in the army, and after my discharge I returned home for a brief visit, and then made up my mind that I was old enough and big enough to tackle life in New York city. I reached New York full of hope, aspirations and confidence. I put up at the Western hotel, on Cortlandt street, and at once began looking for a position as druggist. I soon found out that all the high-class pharmacies were fully as particular about how their clerks parted their hair or curled their mustaches as they were about their knowledge and experience, and as I was not quite up to the Eastern style just then, I was finally compelled to accept a clerkship in a drug store located at the then famous (and infamous) Five Points. I was made night clerk, and quickly discovered that my principal work was the sale of morphine, opium and certain proprietary medicines. The transition from the quiet dignity of Morton's establishment in Milwaukee to the surroundings of a night clerk's duties in the Five Points, New York, was marked enough to satisfy any craving for incident or strange experience that a boy of my age might have had.

"Before I had been long in my new position I found that one of our most regular patrons was a big, jovial, tremendously profane and equally influential man named John Allen. We became so well acquainted that Mr. Allen one night said to me in his most cordial manner:

"'Come around to my place some afternoon, Jim, and I'll show you one of the sights of New York.

"He gave me his number on Water street and the following afternoon I strolled over to the address given. Over the door was a big sign, 'Allen's Place.' It was directly opposite a very famous resort of which I had heard, 'Kit Burns' Rat Pit.' I saw that the general environment was of an even tougher character than our own business locality, and it was with a bit of indecision that I finally opened the front door and stepped into John Allen's resort of the ultra vile habitues of the district. Many times in my life of adventures, excitement and novelty have I been suddenly startled, surprised or frightened, but never before or since have I been quite so astounded as I was the moment I entered 'Allen's Place.'

"In the center of the first portion of the front room was a round table upon which were strewn well-bound, expensive and much used volumes of the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Poe, Dickens and other standard authors, and in the center of the table was a huge and costly family bible. To the left center of the room was a long bar; standing upon the bar was a little boy, apparently about five years old, sweet, innocent and beautiful. It was as if the child had stepped out of one of the master paintings of the Madonna to check the mad revelry that was rioting at the far end of the room, where sailors and women were dancing, drinking and brawling. Before the child stood John Allen, and the boy, with a marvelous beauty of voice, was declaiming bits of poetry from Burns. Mr. Allen turned and came forward to greet me.

"'Is your name Jim?' asked Chester of me, and then quickly, 'I like you.'

"Somewhat self-reliant though I was, I could say nothing in reply. Then, with the noise and racket of commingled music and shuffling feet, oaths and hideous ribaldry at the further end of the room, that sweet, fond child, stood near the great Bible and repeated Portia's address to Shylock.

'The quality of mercy is not strained
was burned into my very soul.
It falleth like the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath

was thrust into my ear never to be forgotten, and I looked at the drunken, dancing sailors and the painted, polluted women, and, for the first time possibly in all my life came serious thoughts. Who shall judge them? Shall this child lead them?

"With a light laugh and a curious smile of affection little Chester hugged Allen as he lifted the boy from the table, and I hurried away on the plea of being compelled to do extra work at the store."

If Jim Wardner had been of the kind of man who would let such an experience as that count merely as an interesting item in a varied life, he never would have become so famous as to have to write a book and have it reviewed. It was in the man to turn the incident to practical use. One of the New York papers wrote up Allen as "The Wickedest Man in New York." Says Wardner:

"Instantly he was famous, and for some reason had come to consider me as his closest friend. Some time previous to this the Young Men's Christian association had been making persistent and successful efforts at reclaiming the denizens of Water street. Much to my astonishment I found that Allen had suddenly become a convert. 'Allen's Place' was removed from over the entrance, and in its stead was a huge sign, 'Young Men's Christian Association.' Here, in place of drunkenness, robbery and the lowest vices, suddenly there were hymns, prayers and sermons. Nightly the place was thronged with the lowest types of the inhumanity of the slums. John Allen became the most effective and apparently the most honest and earnest exhorter among those who addressed the crowds. He was a powerful man and a powerful speaker. Shameless women cried at his words of warning and beseeching, and hardened criminals became frequenters of the meeting and professed reformatien. Chester was a factor in all this, and Allen used the child's talents to advantage.

"I saw the effect upon the general public of Allen and Chester, and one day I said to Allen:

"'I will put my time against a little of your money, Mr. Allen, and will guarantee to make a thousand dollars or two within a month.'

"'How?'

"'Come with me and see; we must have Chester with us.'

"'All right, Jim, it's a pleasant day, and I don't mind a walk, anyway.'

"We went to a photographer's and inside of half an hour I had made arrangements to have a number of thousands of photographs of Allen and Chester ready for delivery upon a stated date. One beautiful May morning photographs of the "Wickedest Man in New York" and the child Chester were on sale all over the city. The result was that in a few days Allen and I divided $1,500 in cash over and above all expenses, and I possessed the largest sum of money I had ever owned up to that date.

"After a little Allen tried to raise the rent of his place to the association, and its officers became suspicious that his alleged conversion was a sham."

Of course, Wardner noticed that the newspaper stories and the pictures had made Allen famous, and that whenever Allen spoke people crowded to hear him. So the young business man from the West surprised Allen one day by saying:

"'You are an older man than I am, Mr. Allen, but I have got a plan that can be carried out, and one that will make us both rich. It will beat the photograph racket all to pieces.'

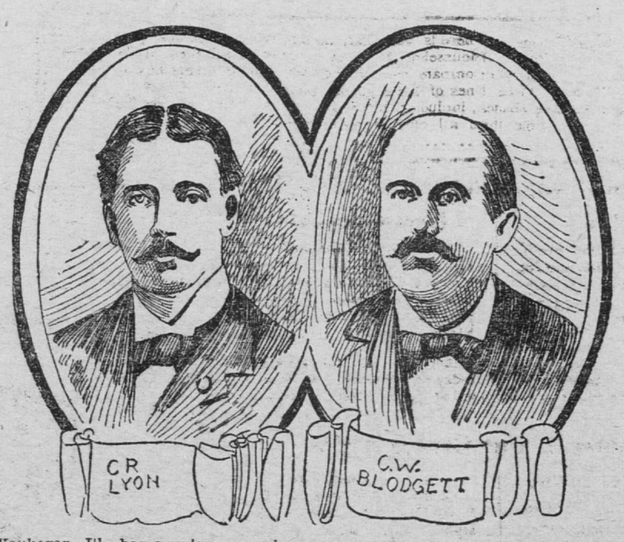
"'What is it, my boy?'

"'You are now the best advertised man in the United States,' I replied. 'I propose that you advance money enough to pay preliminary expenses; I will make all the arrangements for halls and advertising, and you, with Chester as a side attraction, will deliver ten lectures in ten of the largest cities of the state. There will be a lot of money in it, and we will divide up the net receipts.'

"Allen at once appreciated the situation, and we immediately made a bargain. I quit the drug store, went to Troy, engaged the opera house there and billed the town for the first lecture of 'The Wickedest Man in New York.' Now, Allen's besetting sin was a love of and capacity for whisky. He and Chester came on to Troy at the appointed time. The evening of the lecture arrived, and with it a crowd that not only packed the opera house, but filled the neighboring sidewalks. A thousand dollars had been taken in at the box office. I waited impatiently for Allen. Hours passed, but he did not appear. Then I announced that the money would be refunded at the box office, and the great crowd passed out. Allen, drunk, was found before morning. It was his last debauch. In three days he died. I took Chester back to New York, and he was taken in charge by the Young Men's Christian association. I have never heard of Chester from that day to this."

Jim, when young, had made and lost money in mine stocks by the thousands and tens of thousands. One day, when the bottom had fallen out of everything, he felt in his pocket, and two quarters was all he had in the world. He stood on a corner, in 'Frisco, and wondered whether it would be wise to blow in one of the quarters on a bracer. As he turned the idea over in his mind and the quarters over in his hand, one of them—the quarters, not ideas—dropped through a grating. Losing a quarter brought him a new idea, and he made up his mind that, if he had lost money there, other persons also had done the same thing. He went inside, blew his last quarter, and then said he had dropped some money through the grating, and asked to go down there and get it. The barkeeper was willing, and when Jim got in the cellar he pawed around through the paper till he had picked up $9.60. This set him on his feet again, and, being a wise man, he took another drink.

Sentenced to Wed Before a Year Ends.



Waukegan, Ill., has a unique organization known as the Bachelors' club, which is now in its tenth year, and has attracted general attention by some of its peculiar features. Chief of these are the annual election of a member to marry during the ensuing year, and the giving of prizes for the arrival of twins or triplets in the families of its members.

The prizes are a $50 gold medal for twins and a $75 gold medal for triplets. The former prize was won last year by Mayor William W. Pearce, founder of the club, and its president for the past year. The club held its ninth annual meeting this week, and elected Charles R. Lyon president, A. W. Smith vice president and T. H. Durst secretary and treasurer. Mr. Lyon was also chosen to marry, and, as he is engaged to a Chicago school teacher, it is expected the nuptials will take place next month.

Last year Cyrus W. Blodgett was elected to wed. Owing to the sickness and death of his mother he was unable to do so, but was granted sixty days further time. In a few days he is to marry Miss Genevieve Smith. Both Lyon and Blodgett are prominent young men, as are most of the club's members.

A Message of Hope and Salvation

To all Discouraged and Despairing Sufferers of

Cured Quickly — BLOOD POISON — Cured Forever

who have for years in vain sought relief and cure of that terrible disease in Hot Springs and from doctors in this country and in Europe. The

COOK REMEDY CO.

has the only known POSITIVE and PERMANENT CURE for PRIMARY, SECONDARY and TERTIARY BLOOD POISON, a cure that cures to stay cured in

15 TO 35 DAYS

A HOME CURE that goes to the very root of the ailment, eradicating all poison and every vestige of it. You can be treated at home for the same price under the same GUARANTY. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills and no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians.

Several of our most prominent public men, Kings and Emperors of foreign lands have succumbed to this disease—even when under the treatment of the best talent unlimited wealth of nations could employ; but we have a SECRET REMEDY known only to ourselves. During FIFTEEN YEARS of our existence no less than twenty different concerns have started up to imitate our treatment, prompted by our unprecedented success; to-day no one of them remains in business.

WE STAND ALONE WITHOUT A SINGLE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR

The Cook Remedy Co. has permanently cured thousands and has a world-wide reputation for speedy cures, honesty and integrity.

NO DECEPTION, NO FREE SAMPLE CATCH METHODS NOR C. O.-D. SCHEMES.

Advice and absolute proofs of thousands of cures and unbroken pledges sent sealed in plain packages on application. NO BRANCH OFFICES. 100 Page Book Free.

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UNIMPEACHABLE EVIDENCE.

Thousands of unfortunates in every part of the United States and in foreign countries are forever cured by us each year. Their names are, according to our pledge, kept secret and letters of thanks for complete cures are shown at our offices only when these grateful persons permit it. None of those made healthy and happy by our home cure have a desire to have their names paraded in the newspapers, but the following statement of speedy and thorough cures furnishes unimpeachable evidence which will be accepted in every court.

Personally appeared before me, in open court, *Dr. O. Guenther, Palmer House, Chicago, Ill.*, known to me for years as a reliable and trustworthy man, and states under oath that he has had for eight years occasion to observe the methods and doings of the Cook Remedy Co., of Chicago, and that he has positive knowledge of a very large number of cures of desperate cases of Blood Poison, of which the following are some of the many remarkable cures of persons who have been treated before by the best doctors and given up:

One young man in Chicago contracted blood poison in 1894; was treated by three Chicago specialists without results. Two New York doctors had him under their care. No help. Spent 8 weeks in Hot Springs and secured temporary relief. A few months later the disease broke out again, more vigorously than ever. Doctors declared that tertiary blood poison was beginning to set in. Was urged by friends to try treatment of Cook Remedy Co. last year. Six weeks later he looked and felt as he would have never been diseased.

One man living in Cornell Ave., Chicago, spent a fortune to be cured. American doctors failed. He went to Europe, saw the greatest doctors and felt relieved. When he returned, the trouble broke out again, and in worse shape than ever, that he had to take to his bed. Was considered a sure candidate for the grave. After taking the treatment of the Cook Remedy Co., two weeks only, he began to improve and was finally restored to fine health. He remained since then free of every trace of blood poison.

In one man the disease had, notwithstanding constant treatment by doctors during 15 months made such inroads that the doctors declared an amputation of the right leg necessary for the salvation of the patient's life. In his despair he went to the Cook Remedy Co., and was guaranteed speedy relief and consequent cure. This man is to-day well and happy, made so by the Cook Remedy Co. His leg has been saved. He says that whenever he sees his former doctors, he feels as if he would like to let them feel the strength of his leg which they intended to cut off.

A woman in Plano, Ill., was abandoned by every physician whom she consulted. Her body was covered with sores from the crown of her head to the soles. She took the Cook Remedy Co.'s treatment and soon her body was as clear as that of a child. She was cured in 1898 and to-day enjoys perfect health.

A man in Kansas City, Mo., suffering of blood poison since 1873, took at an enormous expense every known treatment without results. Was fully restored to health by the Cook Remedy Co. in 1894.

A man in Toronto, Can., who has permanently been cured by the Cook Remedy Co., states: "Mine was a very bad case. I passed through the hands of five different physicians and used all kinds of patent medicines, but did not get well. Often did I think of ending my miserable existence. To the Cook Remedy Co. alone I owe my swift and permanent cure of that dreadful disease."

A man in Winona, Minn., was promptly and thoroughly cured by the Cook Remedy Co. after he was given up by everbody and thought that death would soon claim him.

A woman in Beaver, O. T., states: I thought I was doomed to death, but thank God, the Cook Remedy Co. cured me completely."

A man in Montclair, N. J., states: "I am no longer a sufferer, but a whole and well man once more."

A man in Villanow, Ga., states: "The Cook Remedy Co. treated me in almost as quick a time as it takes to tell it." This man was a long time under the treatment of two doctors.

Sworn and subscribed before me this fourth day of May, 1900.

[SEAL] CHAS. H. HOGLUND, *Justice of the Peace.*

Sanctum Secrets Revealed.

Col. Billy Byars, one of the best known newspaper men of St. Louis, is writing a series of articles on famous news items developed in the Mound City. His productions are highly entertaining, especially to the craft, yet there are sanctum secrets that Col. Byars refrains from revealing.

Not many years since there was employed upon the Globe-Democrat a bright newspaper man who began his journalistic career as a country correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. He was acting in that capacity at the time of the awful railroad disaster at Chatsworth, where some hundred lives were lost. He was asleep when it happened. About 3 a. m. some one who knew he was a newspaper man aroused him and informed him of the catastrophe. He verified the happening and then wired the Tribune as follows:

"Railroad train wrecked here. 'Bout hundred killed? Do you want item?"

The Tribune, not having a line, certainly wanted the "item," but would have much preferred having got an inkling of it before press time. Quickly, however, flashed back the order to the correspondent:

"Rush all you can get about it."

Tribune telegraph editors sharpened their pencils and prepared for the rush of copy. An hour later came the following from the correspondent:

"All confusion here. Can't get anything tonight."

* * *

Some years since the writer was doing telegraph on the Globe-Democrat. Nick Burke and George Apperson, the other telegraph men, had gone home for the night. It was about 2 a. m., when the following came from a correspondent in a village some twenty miles out of St. Louis:

"Say! We found a big balloon here. Do you want it?"

The Globe did not want the balloon, but I knew it certainly did want the item, for the Post-Dispatch, a rival newspaper, had started a balloon for New York as an advertisement, and had been printing balloonograms about its successful progress. If the balloon our correspondent had found was the P.-D. balloon the joke was on the Post-Dispatch, and we were not averse to printing it. So the enterprising correspondent was at once instructed by wire to send details. He did, about as follows:

"Say, it was the funniest thing ever. There was the big balloon stuck in the trees, and the two fellows who were in it not a bit hurt. But, say, there was canned corned beef and other things that they had in the balloon to eat scattered all along the road. Say, that balloon won't be worth a cent when they get it out of the trees."

Not a word as to what balloon, nor the names of the two men who were in it. We did the best we could. Guessed it was the P.-D. balloon, and so printed it. And, luckily, it happened it was.

* * *

The late J. B. McCullagh, of the Globe-Democrat, was constantly in the field to secure newspaper talent. He received an application from two bright English reporters in Chicago, and engaged them. On the way to St. Louis they were caught in a bad railroad wreck, in which several people were killed. They wired McCullagh that their train was delayed by the wreck ahead and that they would be unable to reach St. Louis on time. As they were near the scene Editor McCullagh wired them instructions to proceed at once to the wreck and wire details. Later came the following:

"We are at the wreck. What shall we do next?"

The response of the famous editor was characteristic of the man. It read as follows:

"Go back to Chicago."

* * *

A newspaper man well known in Chicago, as well as in the Twin Cities, and at present managing editor of a St. Paul newspaper, once had an experience with a correspondent in line with those above narrated. He was at the time managing a paper in Chicago that devoted especial attention to matters sporting. He had upon his staff writers who had gained fame in their respective fields, including F. Ed Spooner, who is yet a recognized authority on bicycling. It was coming a bit slow for the paper, and telegrams cost money. Spooner was verbose. Exceedingly so, in fact, and the managing editor finally wired him to keep his reports inside of 500 words. Next night came the same old column and a half. Then the managing editor thought to make himself understood that he wanted less stuff. So he wired Spooner as follows:

"If Eddie Bald drops dead on the track today send no more than 500 words."

Spooner was tickled almost beyond expression at the intimation that Bald might drop dead. He showed the telegram to all the boys as a huge joke on Bald—and that night he sent in about a column more than usual.

* * *

Manager W. E. Haskell, of the Minneapolis Times, has probably often smiled when reminded of his first effort as a managing editor. Mr. Haskell had just come out of Harvard. He was made managing editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. Soon after he assumed that important position occurred the St. Cloud cyclone, in which so many lives were lost. The Tribune correspondent at St. Cloud wired his paper about as follows:

"Terrible cyclone here. Sixty people killed. How much do you want?"

Managing Editor Haskell responded:

"Send 300 words."

* * *

The city editor of the Keokuk (Io.) Gate City, many years since, I had a bright correspondent at Hamilton, just across the river, who was strong on surgical operations, he being a country doctor. One day I received from him as well written a column and a half about a delicate surgical triumph as, perhaps, was ever penned in that locality. It went into the minutest details, and fairly glowed with professional delight at the wonderful work of the operator. It was so written that even the layman would become interested in a perusal of it. My correspondent predicted that the operation would startle the scientific world. The account of it finally startled me, for at the very end of it all he added the following:

"Unfortunately, fifteen minutes after this most successful operation, the patient died." —Willie Green.

HE HUSTLED.

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