

# MIRACLES OF TODAY

## The Wonderful Stories of Two People Saved from Horrible Death

It probably never occurred before that two people horribly afflicted in entirely different ways, and living far apart, were miraculously rescued from the very jaws of death, by the same means, and almost at the same time. The stories of George Herniman, of Buffalo, and Mrs. George W. Sharp, of Washington, Kan., read like the wonders of Divine interference. Let them tell their experience in their own plain, truthful language:

Buffalo, N. Y., June 14—(Special)—I write to tell you how much Cascarets Candy Cathartic have done for me in the past year, and you may send any of the people of Western New York to me and use my name as strongly as you wish, for I know that they have saved my life. I had an injury to my spine and the spinal cord was hurt, and of course was paralyzed from the hips down. The doctors could not move my bowels, saying that they would never move again, and one of the doctors—my own cousin—an army surgeon, said a syringe could not be used on account of the large bone being broken and bad; and they also said that I could not live six months, if that long. Well, thanks to God and your candy cathartic Cascarets, I sit here four years later in my wheel chair and write this to you. I can walk for five minutes on crutches, and say that your Cascarets have saved my life and old Mother Nature is curing me. I have used one 10c. box a week for two and one-half years, and my case is one in 100,000 to recover at all; and I had the best of doctors, too, all saying the same thing—no hope. But Cascarets saved me. —George W. Herniman, 63 Boyd St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Washington, Kan., June 1—(Special)—I had a complication of the bowels for years. Medicine had no effect upon my stomach, and my stomach was in such a condition from purgatives that I could not take food. I was taken to a hospital and my bowels were operated upon for constipation. I did not get any better going through that terrible operation. My bowels were dead—no action at all—and the doctors gave me up. I could not eat anything but stale bread and water, literally starving to death. Lost over 100 pounds and was a living skeleton. After trying everything else I gave Cascarets a trial, not thinking they would do me any good. But they did right. I commenced to eat and sleep, and from that on I could get out of bed and then got so I could go out riding—something I had not done for over three years. Now I do all my work. My friends just marvel, they say they never saw such a miracle. I tell them Cascarets did it, and they all want them. I weighed 60 pounds when I commenced taking Cascarets and now I weigh 150. —Mrs. George W. Sharp.

No one should wait until such a terrible affliction comes upon him or her, but use Cascarets always to keep the bowels and internal organs gently and naturally active. All druggists sell Cascarets, the sweet, aromatic, never-gripping candy cathartic, 10c., 25c., 50c. a box.

FREE FOR THE ASKING: a sample of CASCARETS and the famous health booklet. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago and New York.

## LAWLESSNESS AT NOME

### ROBBERIES OCCUR THERE DAILY AND NIGHTLY

### Three Days' Storm Causes Damage to Shipping Anchored on Shore and Loss of Life.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Oct. 12—Reports from Nome, brought down today by the steamer John S. Kimball, state that a reign of terror prevails at Nome. Hold-ups and robberies are night y occurrences. Men are being sandbagged and robbed in broad daylight, when caught in money places. Slitce box robberies are frequent, and several mines have been robbed of from \$500 to \$2,000. Business houses have been entered, and even women walking on the streets are being victimized. On Sept. 22 two masked men entered the store of Mrs. S. M. Hovey, and, at the point of a pistol, forced her to give up \$500.

The discovery claim, on Anvil creek, has again distinguished itself. On Sept. 14, \$1,522 in nuggets was picked up, and on the 25th it yielded others weighing \$1,729.

Nome will have winter communication with the outside world by means of a stage line. Norman R. Smith, who is at the head of a stage company, recently arrived at Nome, bringing with him fifty head of horses and a large number of dogs. He proposes, during the winter, to run stages from Nome to Iliamna bay, a distance of 800 miles, carrying passengers, mail and express. Along the route there will be thirty-five relay stations. Iliamna bay can be reached by steamers during the entire winter.

Nome was again visited by a severe storm, which commenced on the night of Sept. 26 and continued for three days, with increasing fury. As a result, every lighter that was anchored off Nome is ashore, and the government tug Capt. Warden is on the beach. White the storm was almost as severe as the memorable storm of last year, the most serious damage will result from the delay in getting lighters ashore so that they can begin in discharging the large number of steamers due at Nome. Some fears are now entertained that cargoes cannot be discharged in time for vessels to get out before navigation has closed.

The only loss of life as a result of the storm thus far reported occurred after the storm was over. The young woman Abbie Deering sailed in and Capt. George Stephens, of the schooner Prosper, which was wrecked off Cape Sabine on Aug. 26 and a man named Frank Robertson attempted to go ashore in a small boat. The boat capsized, and both men were drowned.

## IN MEMORY OF JEFFERSON.

### Granite Shaft Erected at Monticello by Jefferson Club of St. Louis.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 12—Two hundred and fifty members of the Jefferson Club of St. Louis, Mo., together with a great throng of citizens from Albemarle county and other near by points, assembled at Monticello, the historic home of Thomas Jefferson, to pay their tribute of devotion at the shrine of the great statesman and patriot. The occasion was primarily due to the Missouri organization which bears the name of the sage of Monticello. They came to the old domain to do honors to their great expatriar and to unveil at the home of



**Cured While You Sleep in Fifteen Days**

By sufferer from STRICTURE and its offspring, Varicocele, prostatic and Seminal Weakness, is invited to cut out the coupon below, write his name and address plainly, mail it to St. James Medical Association, 227 St. James Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and they will send their Illustration, Treatise, showing the parts of the male system involved in STRICTURE, FREE.

## FREE TREATISE COUPON.

ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 227 St. James Bldg., CINCINNATI, O. Please send me a copy of your illustrated work upon the Male Sexual System, securely sealed, PREPAID, FREE of all CHARGES. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 227 St. James Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

## BERLIN IN SUMMER

### LITTLE LIFE OUTSIDE OF THE FAMOUS BEER GARDENS

### IMPRESSIONS OF A TOURIST

Features of German Lodges of Recreation—"Wohl Sein"—"Prost, Kamerad"—Musical Rivalry.

The large cities of Europe know how to care for their people through the hot season, and how to make life bearable to the thousands who are cooped up between brick and mortar walls six days of the week, says the Indianapolis Journal. Berlin, for instance, is asleep in a hot summer Sunday. Hardly a soul, save the fat, drowsy policeman and the lazy cabmen, is on the streets. The city's curtains are drawn; its shutters are closed fast; the doors are shut and bolted. Here and there an old porter is lounging on the bench outside his lodge door, eternally smoking his long pipe. Large numbers have left the city homes for the summer. Whole families, their

## VINI MARIANI

WORLD'S FAMOUS MARIANI TONIC  
A SMALL WINEGLASS IS A LARGE DOSE OF  
Health, Strength and Vigor  
All Druggists Throughout the World.

of the low-class "kneipe," as the warm days and nights approach. Johann carry the garden out. The flower pots and boxes, the green tables and chairs are brought forth from the cellar to take their last summer's place in the court or before the house; the faded last year's sign is again displayed on a prominent nail or hook, and the "garden" is thrown open to the public.

## STYLISH AUTUMN DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY PLACE.



In Mordore Silk Striped With Chestnut Colored Velvet and Trimmed With Guipure.

servant girls, their numerous trunks and valises, baby cots and bicycles, are packed into and on top of the cabs (whose capacity, unlike their comfort, knows no limits) en route for the seaside.

The stay-at-homes find their recreation in the summer gardens. In Berlin a garden means anything from dingy narrow courts, with a center flower pot, where a "cool blonde" or glass of beer, served by the fat host himself, can be had for 10 pfennigs, to the airy woodland resorts among the venerable forest trees and fragrant flowers.

"Johann," says the round, jovial host



**Cured of Piles Where Knife Failed.**

Amos Crocker, of Worcester, writes: "After going through a frightful surgical operation and after trying any number of salves and ointments, one box of Pyramid Pill Cure gave speedy relief and it quickly cured me. All druggists sell it. Little book, 'Piles, Causes and Cure,' mailed free, Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich."

the raw weather put an end to their outdoor regiments, the proprietors hit upon the idea of erecting substantial buildings for their guests. This project, however, failed to meet with the king's favor, and so the real tents had quite a long reign.

Some years later the great king, who was fond of indulging his subjects, and who could be won by a single well-placed word where the best address failed, granted the permission, and the guests could henceforth "be under canvas" the year round.

By and by other enterprising spirits, seeing the success of the undertaking, put up like buildings in the neighborhood, and although these new additions never had an inch of canvas about them, adopted the name for their establishments, and new "Zelten" were added from time to time. In the course of years the number has gone back and forth; at present there are four of them left. The first, which bears the name of "Kronprinzentzel," is a stately brick edifice that puts its humble ancestor to shame. The other three, "Kaiser Wil-

Here sit the officers, kept at home by military duties, in their tight dress suits with padded breasts and squared shoulders, discussing his majesty's latest speech or orders, or the good fortune of a "kamerad" who has made a wealthy match and can now live on good terms with his creditors again. Unlike those who are so unfortunate as to be plain citizens, they drink often and deeply, and accompany each round with a merry ringing of the glasses, and a "wohl sein" or "prost, kamerad."

At one of the larger tables is a gathering of young men, who—although they are neither decorated with their little caps nor their orders—are immediately recognized as students, from their manner of drinking. The sport of the German student is drinking, drinking, drinking; and as soon as he holds a pot of beer in his hand, he observes many laws of beer etiquette, that immediately stamp him, and are extremely interesting to the uninitiated.

A student never drinks alone, but is either "drunk to" by or "drinks to" a neighbor. He raises his glass with the words, "I'll go you a half," or "a whole," or an "Achtungschickel." The one addressed answers, "I am with you," or "I'll follow you," and both drink accordingly. Oftentimes they drink in concert and the presiding student commands "a whole" to the health of the kaiser, or Ernest Bismarck, or someone else. The glasses are drained and upset on the thumbnail, to show that not a drop missed its calling.

The students are ever welcome guests, for it keeps one "Kaiser" busy serving the foaming beverage to the crowd, that by and by becomes more boisterous than is in keeping with the dignity of the place.

Not far from this select spot, quite within earshot of it, on the border of the Thiergarten and the banks of the Spree are the "Zelten" (tents), gardens of the

## VARICOCELE!

### Takes the Life Out of a Man. Have You Got It?

There are thousands of "half-men" made so by Varicocele. Many men do not know what Varicocele is until they are examined. They know they are not the men they ought to be, but they don't know what ails them. When you have Varicocele there is swelling of the veins on the left side, a dragging feeling when standing, a pain in the back, and a weakness of the sexual powers.



Growing Dependent: Varicocele.

## Our Wonderful New Treatment

CURES Varicocele. The New Treatment used in curing this malady allows no chance of failure. It cannot fail. Five thousand say it cured them. So will you. Act today, as each day this disease is sapping the very blood out of your body.

We guarantee a cure if we say we can cure. We don't ask any one to take chances on our new treatment. It doesn't cost you anything if we fail.

If you are tired of treatments that fail, we want you to call on us and when you see how sensible our treatment is, try it. Call and see us and let us explain how we cure, if you can; or, if not, write for free book telling about Varicocele.

## Heidelberg Medical Institute,

Corner Fifth and Robert Streets, St. Paul. 8:30 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 1 p. m. Largest Medical Institute in the State.

helm," "Victoria" and "Luisentzel," are the ones that strengthen the belief in their ancient lineage; that unimpaired, patched-up, and partly renovated old buildings are huddled up closely together, as if in need of one another's support. Before each there is a gravelled yard that during the day is crowded with tables and chairs, and at night, with as many or more guests, who were it not for the iron fence that separates them from the street, would overflow the premises and cover the whole Thiergarten. It is remarkable that persons who are content to sit here upon one spot, surrounded by a boisterous crowd, in dense clouds of tobacco smoke, and pay money for it, while they would scorn the thought of sitting in as close quarters in their own homes, with a better fare and at little or no cost.

The most amusing feature, though of these old places is the rivalry, and particularly the musical rivalry, that exists between them. Like three old gruff musicians they stand and frowny and growl at one another. Each band maintains a band. Each band is selected for its especial ability to make a great noise, giving a most mournful accompaniment at one another. Each band maintains a band. Each band is selected for its especial ability to make a great noise, giving a most mournful accompaniment at one another. Each band maintains a band. Each band is selected for its especial ability to make a great noise, giving a most mournful accompaniment at one another.

Leaving the city gardens that are all of more or less the same type, one may take his way in any direction and soon find places where the wild woods, rippling runs, running rivers and fragrant flowers give him nature's richest beauty and power. Here are "Das Elterhauschen," "Tabbert's Waldschloessen," "Muggelschloss" and "Gruenau" of old renown. The leading place, however, is the "Abtei." It is picturesque, is situated on the island in the Spree, and takes its name from the decayed ruin of an old cloister that occupies the center of the island and commands the river for miles. The island is not secure places here, and hundreds are turned away every evening. Freely the music is played, and the guests to the island, and the boats from the city stop at the opposite shore. An air of plenty and extravagance prevails here, and the extensive grass plots and flower beds weave a privacy and secrecy about each snowy covered table. No band annoys one here; a dignified silence reigns, and, excepting the clink of glasses, or the subdued outbreak of an animated guest, not a sound is heard. Occasionally a homeward bound steamer sends a stray note or two from its little discordant band, but the distance lends enchantment even to this. The handsomely engined motor eddy includes all the delicacies of the season, besides the standards, as "Wiener schnitzel," "Hohenollerpot," "Leipziger Allerlei" and "Hoppel-Poppel." On certain days special dishes, such as "Fricassee of chicken," "Call's feet," or "erbsen und sauerkraut" are announced on dainty little notices in conspicuous places. The wine list contains everything; the Moselle, Rhine, clarets; the heavy Spanish ports and sherries; the sweet Italians; the champagnes, Mumm, Piper Heidsieck, Cluquet and Kupferberg. The sleek waiters bustle about taking orders with their ever ready "Bitte schoen," "Jawohl," "Schrift" and "Was befehlt der Herr" on their tongues. Or they come laden with dishes and wine coolers, admonishing every one to clear the way with their "Vorsehen," "Achtung." When it grows quite dark, dainty candysticks, with pretty red shades on them, are placed on the tables to shed a quiet light below, and spread a gentle glow above. All sorts of light craft glide noiselessly by the water, and their tiny lights twinkle faintly on rippled surface.

Gradually it grows pitchy dark. The moon rises, deep red on the horizon, like an immense ball of fire. As it climbs slowly, quietly, it loses its fiery glow, and over its silvery trail on the water it sends a peaceful light to the island and casts a charm over the old Abtei and

its surroundings. Then everything is hushed. Everyone watches this glorious spectacle. All disturbance ceases. The guests are thoughtful and patiently gaze at nothing. They forget their half-filled glasses and half emptied bottles. The waiters stand idly about and nod. Soon one of the tables is deserted. Quietly its occupants leave the boat and depart. Another and another follow until all are gone. A click of the latch and a creak of the bolt tell that the last straggling stranger has passed the gate. The last boat carries him to the shore. Turning he sees the lights fading, one by one. He believes he can distinguish forms and outlines until the last spark winks and the island is a dark spot, left to the revels of the spirits of the monks, whose bones are preserved in the cloister vaults, lie mouldering under the gravel walks and grass plots.

**MAUD'S MISTAKE.**

Maud Muller on a summer's day dropped her rake and ran away. With an agent for a patent churn. Who had a million—yet to earn. The village squire made the splice: "Gee!" said Maudie, "ain't it nice?" But the churn fakir soon did tire Of Maudie, which drove her away. And when she saw that she was "it," She gamely dropped the job and quit. The peddler had her savings spent. So back to the hayfield Maudie went. A sad grass widow; and she's today With the same old rake-making way. —Chicago News.

## SICK MADE WELL

## WEAK MADE STRONG

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revealed.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the records of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 188 First National Bank Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely



discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, to produce as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life" as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

Paralytic, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is attained at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail.

You Make No Mistake If You Buy a UNIVERSAL STEEL RANGE —OF— C. E. BATTLES, 370 Jacks n St.

MUNYON'S WITCH HAZEL SOAP. Ask one of your friends who has used Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap and they will tell you it is the best soap made. Wonderful capabilities for most skin diseases. Large size 15 cents; trial size 5 cents. Broadway & Canal, New York.