



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

FROM THE PEN OF EMINENT CLERGYMEN

Come Recommendations of the Wonderful

VENO MEDICINES,

Urging the Sick and Afflicted to Obtain the Only Medicines that Cure.

Father Besenios, of St. John's Church, Indianapolis, recommends the Veno Remedies. He wrote a letter to Dr. Veno, stating that Patrick H. Harrington, Minister at Indianapolis, had been afflicted with rheumatism for eighteen months and disabled from work. Mr. Harrington was taken on the stage at Memphis, Tennessee, where three bottles of Veno's Electric Fluid were rubbed all over his body. He is now well.

Rev. Prizuan, pastor of St. John's Church, Xenia, O., writes December 25, 1904: "I know Mrs. Elizabeth King, Mrs. Hannah Phelps and Mrs. Williams. They are members of the M. E. Church, Xenia, of which I am pastor. During the stay of Dr. Veno in Xenia, they were treated by him for rheumatism of many years standing, and after the first treatment by Veno's Electric Fluid, they threw away their crutches and are now on the road to recovery."

Veno's remedies are sold by druggists with instructions for a home cure as follows:

VENO'S CURATIVE SYRUP is the best and only scientific cure. It permanently cures malaria (chills and fever) and thoroughly cures catarrh, constipation and liver trouble. It strengthens the nerves, clears the brain, invigorates the stomach and purifies the blood, leaving no ill effects. This medicine has for its base the famous Lander's Water, the great germ destroyer and blood purifier, and when used with

VENO'S ELECTRIC FLUID will cure the worst and most desperate cases of rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, neuralgia and all aches and pains. No home should be without these medicines. They are sold at 50 cents each, twelve for \$5. Ask your druggist to get Veno's Curative Syrup and Veno's Electric Fluid for you.

CUBAN CHILL CURE positively stops chills in one night. No. At drug stores.

His life time with rheumatism, dyspepsia and bronchial trouble. Eminent physicians failed to cure him. He would not attend to his clerical duties. He commenced to use Veno's medicines in July, 1904, and in two weeks he was free from pain when he returned to his charge. He is now completely well.

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OPIUM Habit Cured. See list. Thousands cured. Complete and long cure. For sale by Dr. H. H. HARRIS, Quincy, Ill.

Binder Twine Largest seller in the world. For sale by the world's largest twine manufacturer, THE TWINE MANUFACTURING CO., 111 to 115 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver Deposits or hidden treasure. See Dr. J. W. LEB, Box 257, Huntington, W. Va.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book and FREE. No. 2, H. H. HARRIS, ATLANTA, GA.

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The highest claim for other tobaccos is "Just good as Durham." Every old smoker knows there is none just as good as

Blackwell's BULL DURHAM Smoking Tobacco

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

Waiting for Trial.
In jail at Juneau, waiting trial on the charge of murder, is Chief Ye Tootlech, the type of the Hoonan Indians, a small tribe of some 100 members, occupying Chikilkoft Island, about 100 miles southerly from Juneau. The offense with which the old chief is charged is the murder by torture of his nephew, whom he accused of witchcraft. The chief had a disease affecting his right leg, which had gradually eaten the great part away. He dreamed that his nephew had bewitched him, and on the strength of this he proceeded to inflict punishment due the crime. The victim's knees were bent close back, and in this position he was bound tightly to a tree. An iron band, a quarter of an inch thick, was then placed around his face, sinking into the nose and covering the eyes, and this was also made fast to the trees, so that he was unable to move his head any direction. He was left in this position to starve to death. He lived five days. He was 20 years of age.

Uses of Poverty.
"Sweet are the uses of adversity," but it takes a philosopher to appreciate the fact that poverty is his best friend. We all admit that it is necessary that drives mankind to its best work, and it is a blessing we want bestowed on some one else. In a recent magazine article, Andrew Carnegie says: "We should be quite willing to abolish luxury; but to abolish poverty would be to destroy the only soil upon which mankind can depend to produce the virtues which alone can enable the race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses." Notwithstanding this true view of the case, there is a general desire to do away with poverty. Indeed, it is to the individual effort to abolish poverty that the world owes the elevation of the race. Most of us agree with the sage who said that it may not be a disgrace to be poor, but it is exceedingly inconvenient.

Clear Cut.
Imitation cut glass is made so much like the real now that it takes an expert to tell the difference. Of course, every woman claims she is a connoisseur who can tell the genuine from the false across the block, but as a matter of fact it is very difficult. One woman will test it by trying the edges to see if it is sharp. Another will thump it to see if it gives out a clear, resonant sound. Dealers in fancy glass tell it by the color. The edges of real cut glass show a green color. This verdant hue is frequently reflected in the purchaser, who doesn't know what she is getting. One infallible way to tell the genuine is by the price. There's never any mistaking the price, or the hollow ring one's purse gives out after purchasing it. The cuts in cut glass never extend to this price.

Poe Did Not Always Have a Clean Shirt.
To what base use may one come at last! A laundry man has gotten possession of Poe's cottage, in New York, and has established the Poe laundry. It is a little shocking to think of hanging clothes on the line of a poet; but to have a laundry named after one is, at least, a nice, clean way of perpetuating a bard's fame. There isn't much of the poetry written nowadays that would wash. Poe's poetry was good, clean stuff, as highly polished as the bosom of a dress shirt. It will be in order for this washer man to leave a raven sit above the door, and when he irons off a button, to say, as was said of the lost Lenore, "I shall see thee nevermore."

A Lucky Farmer.
Rev. Mr. Rhodes, living twelve miles east of Timpan, Tex., while plowing his field, unearthed 80,000 Mexican dollars. It seems that the money was buried in leather sachets and they were almost rotten. Mr. Rhodes bought the place two years ago. For several years there has been digging in that community by unknown parties at night.

It is Wrong.
A recent German writer on duelling tries to prove that it is not forbidden by the Christian religion. It certainly is, and always has been by the Catholic church, which refuses a duellist consecrated burial, even though he have repented.

Don't interrupt a man when he is telling you his troubles. If you do, he will start over again at the beginning.—*Atchison Globe.*

As people grow old, their ideal woman becomes one who is a good nurse.

TENNYSON'S TWO LETTERS.

He Could Not Decide About Accepting the Laureateship.
Peel has not read a syllable of Tennyson. But Milnes showed him "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses" and the pension of £300 was immediately granted, says Temple Bar. And now, on the death of Wadsworth, another prime minister has to admit that he knows nothing whatever about Tennyson. Lord John Russell wrote to Rogers: "As you would not wear the laurel yourself I have mentioned to the queen those whom I thought most worthy of the honor. Her majesty is inclined to bestow it on Mr. Tennyson, but I should wish before the offer is made to know something of his character, as well as of his literary merits. I know your opinion of the last by your advice to Sir Robert Peel, but I should be glad if you could let me know something of his character and position."

This is indeed quaint, but no doubt Rogers was equal to the situation. More than six months passed after Wadsworth's death before the offer was filled up, but the offer came to Tennyson at last. He has himself given a curious account of the way in which he received it. He told his friend, Mr. Knowles: "The night before I was asked to take the laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam'; I dreamed that he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said in my dream: 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and three days on the table and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and a bottle of port." It is rather curious that Tennyson in his first appearance at court exactly followed Wordsworth's precedent. He dressed at Rogers' and wore the old poet's court suit just as Wordsworth had done. "I will remember," says Sir Henry Taylor, "a dinner in St. James' place, when the question arose whether Samuel's gift was spacious enough for a friend." But the laureate managed to make it do. Of Tennyson merely to laureate there is fortunately little to say. He did not write much in his official capacity. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" would probably have been written even if Tennyson had never had anything to do with the lord chamberlain. It was not because he was a laureate that Tennyson was a patriot. His other pieces on royal weddings and so forth are slight and unimportant.

IN THE QUICKSAND.

A Thrilling Tale of Rescue Reported from Everett.

The Everett correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer says the following story is vouched for by Capt. Fairbairn of the steamer Florence. The steamer was started from the quicksand of the Snohomish river, with water up to his armpits and the tugging in. All efforts to pull him out proved fruitless and his companions saw that in a few minutes the water would be over his head. "Like an inspiration," says the correspondent, "came the plan of rescue. A small iron pipe about four feet in length was brought from the boat and placed in Wilson's mouth. He could use his arms to steady it. Then oakum was used to cover his mouth around the pipe, and over the oakum was placed a covering of white lead, making it water tight. The man's nostrils and ears were plugged up in like manner with oakum and white lead. It was found that he could breathe freely through the pipe and, thus equipped, Wilson relieved of fear and confident of his release in a short time calmly awaited the rising of the tide, which finally covered his head to the depth of six or eight inches. His companions stood by him faithfully in a small boat and it was not more than about three-quarters of an hour, although it seemed an age, when the waters had receded far enough to let his head out of water and he could feel that the crisis was passed. When the tide had gone out sufficiently to uncover the flat, willing hands soon did the work of shoveling the sand away and amid general rejoicing Wilson was taken safely aboard the steamer apparently none the worse for his thrilling adventure."

WOMEN OF NOTE.

The Willimantic (Conn.) chapter of Daughters of the Revolution has a member who is actually a "daughter." Dominican nuns at King William's Town in Cape Colony, where they have a farm, do their own outdoor work. The late Professor Banley's rare and splendid collection of oriental manuscripts has been presented by his widow to the University Library at Cambridge, England.

In literature the list of the unweary is long. It includes Nora Perry, "Onda," Jean Ingelow, Rosa Cary, Edith Thomas, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins, Grace Dennis Litchfield, Rena Lyall and dozens more.

"The Duchess" has just published her twenty-eighth novel. It is called "A Point of Conscience," and deals with the same kind of characters which she has made known in her previous twenty-seven works.

Lady O'Hagan, widow of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, has never ceased to be a Roman Catholic and declares that she does not even know what are the doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren, whom she was said to have joined.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE

A LEADS WOMAN WHO ASTONISHED HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

Near to Death but Restored So Completely That She Has Been Accepted by a Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Lewiston, Me.
A bright little woman, rosy and fresh from her household duties, dropped into a chair before the writer and talked with enthusiasm about her snapping, black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Leeds Centre, Me., have watched with some interest the restoration to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the statements regarding her troubles and her subsequent extrication therefrom are entirely true. All of her neighbors know what has been the agency that has performed the cure, but that others may be benefited by her experience, Mrs. Francis has consented to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth I dread more than anything," she said, "it is to see my name in the papers. But in this case I conquer my reticence and give publicly the same credit to the savior of my life as I would to one who had dragged me from a death beneath the waves. In fact, I have extolled my preserver so enthusiastically and unreservedly, have sought out all sufferers and recommended the remedy to so many friends and acquaintances that already my neighbors familiarly call me, 'Pink Pills Francis.' But really, my recovery is something that I consider wonderful. I know that there are so many testimonials of medicine in the papers nowadays that people do not pay as much heed as formerly, but I do wish folks who are suffering would remember that what I say comes right from the heart of a woman who feels that she had a new lease of happy life given to her."

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. My existence until two years ago was one of dragging misery. Anyone in the village will tell you of my condition. My blood seemed exhausted from my veins and month after month I grew weaker. I was able to undertake only the lightest household work, and even then I could perform it only by slow and careful movements. During all these sorry months and years I was under the care of this doctor and that, but their medicines helped me only spasmodically, and then I fell into relapses more prostrating than ever."

"In the night I used to be awakened by the most excruciating pains in my heart and side, and was obliged to use pellets of powerful medicine that the doctor gave me for relief in such attacks. At last my condition became so grave that I went out only infrequently. We live upstairs, you notice, over my husband's store, and in descending the stairway I frequently was obliged to sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system resulting from even this slight exertion. Occasionally I visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover breath while ascending any elevation. In short, it did not seem that I could live, such was my complete physical prostration."

"One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and although my faith in remedies was weak by that time, I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I call myself a well woman. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in the heart for a year and a half. Why, even the first box of pills helped me. I can walk miles now; can do my work easily; have gained in weight constantly; and you would scarcely believe it, but a little while ago I was examined for endowment life insurance and was accepted unhesitatingly after a careful examination by the physician."

"Do you wonder that I'm shouting 'Pink Pills' all through our village? I haven't taken any of the remedy for some months for it has completely built me up, but at the first sign of trouble I know to what refuge to flee."

"Last year my aunt, Mrs. M. A. Blossom, of Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me. She was suffering from a lack of vitality and heart trouble, but she was skeptical about my remedy that I was so enthusiastically advocating. At last, however, she tried it and carried some boxes with her when she went. A little while ago I received a letter from her, and in it said, 'I am cured, thanks to God and Pink Pills.' She also wrote that her husband had been prostrated but had been restored by the remedy."

One of the persons to whom Mrs. Francis recommended Pink Pills is Station Agent C. H. Foster, of Leeds Centre, and the reporter found him patrolling the platform awaiting the arrival of the morning train. Mr. Foster, who is one of the most trustworthy, capable and energetic men in the employ of the Maine Central railroad, appeared in unusually good health and spirits and we made inquiry as to the cause.

"Do you know," replied he, "I think I've made a discovery, or at least Mrs. Francis has for me. I have been in poor health for a long time with a heart trouble variously complicated. We have been so fully interested in Mrs. Francis' wonderful recovery that I at once determined to give the medicine recommended a thorough test. So, about two months ago, I bought the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Only two months, please note, yet already I am so much improved, so much better able to fulfill my duties, so sanguine that I am on the road to recovery, that I feel like a new man."

"I can now walk without the fatigue I once experienced, my heart affection appears to be entirely cured. I have joined the Pink Pills' Band in our community."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

It is a sign of age for a woman to rave about the good looks of a boy.

Some think a rich man is one who can afford three straw hats.

Gooseberry pie is good, but the real food of the gods is current pie.

More Women Than Men.

According to the last census Iowa had over 70,000 more men than women.

The more luck a man has the more he demands.

There is plenty of work, if competent men to do it could be found.

Every thoroughbred is able to make his own salad dressing.

Of Course.

A law prohibiting the Sunday opening of barber shops has been declared unconstitutional in Illinois.

The young khedive of Egypt is said to be a capital musician and has composed some pleasing pieces.

We all expect too much help from there.

When the Summer Brezes
Blows through the trees, most of us who can sets off for a country jaunt. Fewer cross the Atlantic. Whether it is business or pleasure sails one from home, Hearst's Steamship Lines is the best accompaniment of a voyage or an outing. Yachtsmen, sea captains, commercial travelers and emigrants concur in this opinion. The Ritters is unrivaled for billows, malarial, dyspeptic or liver disorder.

The world is funny enough without any professional humorists.

All About Western Farm Lands.
The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

Every man is more or less of a fool about some things.

"Pretty Pill" says "Pretty Pill"

She's just "poll parrotting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that pretty does." In that case she's right.

Ayer's Pills
do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.

If you accept a substitute, you must not fuss because its not as good as genuine HIRES Rootbeer.

W N U DALLAS. 23-96

When Answering Advertisements Mention this Paper.

Battle Ax & Plug

STOP! You have run up against a Good Thing.

The best reason in the world why some things sell so well is because they are good. That is one reason for the great sales of "BATTLE AX."

But good quality is only half the story. The other half is the size of a 5 cent piece. It is as big almost as a 10 cent piece of other and poorer kinds.

Facts are facts. You can buy and see for yourself. Five cents isn't much to invest.

Columbia Bicycles

Popularity does not come without cause. Nothing but the standard quality that is invariably maintained in Columbia Bicycles could secure such indorsement as comes unsought to Columbias.

Facts

EVERYBODY'S CHOICE When The New York Journal and Herald chose the choice of the ten leading makers of bicycles recently to the ten winners of a guessing contest, every one of the ten selected Columbia. And The Journal bought ten Columbias at \$100 each.

TIFFANY'S CHOICE When Tiffany & Co., the famous jeweler, desired to make an experiment with elaborate decoration of bicycles, they of course first selected a Columbia—and paid \$100 for it. They have discarded other bicycles since, but Columbia was first choice.

When the United States Government recently asked for proposals for furnishing five bicycles, it received bids from other makes of from \$20 to \$100 each for Columbia, three reasonable prices. And the experts selected Columbia, as in their opinion Columbias were worth every dollar of the price asked.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE

If you are able to pay \$100 for a Bicycle, will you be content with any but a Columbia?

POPE MFG. CO., Makers, Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.