



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.

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.

A METHODIST MINISTER

Stricken Down at Church—Disabled and Compelled to Give Up His Clerical Duties—Suffered Intensely.

Vespeglia, Rheumatism and Bronchial Troubles Cured Completely by

THE VENO REMEDIES.

He Speaks of His Speedy Cure to His Congregation at Bradner, Wood County, Ohio.

The Rev. A. P. McNutt, of Bradner, Wood County, O., upon his oath says:

This is to certify that I have rheumatism in my back, stomach and limbs, the latter half of my life, and I am now about 54 years of age. I have tried everything I could hear of and a goodly number of doctors, and failed to get permanent relief. On the 23d day of July, 1904, I purchased Veno's Curative Syrup and Electric Fluid, and I found almost instant relief. I have used Veno's medicine now for five weeks and have had four weeks' solid comfort. I am now free from pain, and can return to my work feeling well, which for the last two years, I had to abandon, not being able to preach on account of the above named disease. I have so much confidence in the medicine for what it has done for me, and what it is doing for others here, that I am acting as agent in selling the Veno medicines, and can hardly get it here fast enough to supply the demand.

JOHN W. WYATT, Notary Public.

None will doubt the extraordinary power of the Veno medicine in the face of such evidence.

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.

SIR M. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE relieves in 5 minutes. 50c. At drug stores.

When you come in hot and thirsty, HIRE'S Root-beer.

Patents, Trade-Marks.

Examination and Advice as to Possibility of Invention. Send for Circulars.

Advertisement for Blackwell's Durham tobacco, featuring an illustration of a man smoking and the text 'I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?'.

ESCAPED FROM CHILL.

THE DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF DETECTIVE W. M. LUIGG.

Compelled to Cross the Mountains on Muleback—Taken Sick During the Journey.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Four years ago, at the time of the trouble between the United States and Chili, as a result of the killing of the sailors of the United States Steamship Baltimore, in the streets of a Chilean city, many Americans were obliged to leave the country for safety.

Mr. Luigg says that the trip is a delightful one in point of beautiful scenery and perfect weather, but many people dislike to undertake it on account of the unhealthful stagnant water which they are compelled to drink along the way.

"I fell a victim to the injurious qualities of the water," said Mr. Luigg. "It affected my kidneys to an alarming degree. When I got over into Argentina I thought the trouble would gradually leave me, but instead of that it grew more aggravated, and I suffered terribly from pains in the region of my kidneys. I was en route to Chicago, and I was determined to reach my destination before the complaint should grow so serious as to confine me to my bed.

"But relief came at last. One day one of my friends came to my room and handed me a box of Williams' Pink Pills. Of course I laughed at him for daring to think that any patent medicine could do me any good when my physician had failed. I took the pills, however, to oblige my friend more than for any faith I had in them, and I was treated to the most joyous surprise of my life when I realized that I was being relieved by a number of boxes of the pills I knew that they had done their work successfully, for then I had regained control of the urinary organs and the action of my kidneys was strong and steady.

"When I thought I was out of all danger I quit taking the pills. The relief that had afforded was permanent, however, and I have never since felt a recurrence of the complaint. I hardly know how to praise Williams' Pink Pills as they should be praised."

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 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Not So Modest.

When a summer girl is invited out to dinner, she pays a delicate compliment to the hostess by letting out her belt two holes, in getting ready for the occasion.—Arlington Globe.

She Wasn't Sure.

Mrs. Yorgor—"In making that call this morning I hope you were careful not to put any bad eggs in it."

Matilda Snowball—"I don't know, mum; I hasn't tasted it yet."—Texas Sifter.

Decidedly Thin.

Purses are growing more ornamental and elaborate; and some of them are growing thinner.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is a curious candidate who explodes his own bomb to see what it has in it.

The mouth of the demagogue is certainly a noisy hole.

A man pursues bad luck oftener that bad luck pursues a man.

It is as difficult to transplant people as it is to transplant trees.

The greatest men learn the most by the fewest experiences.

There is probably no greater handicap than vanity.

It Remains from Medical Help.

Doubtless essential is that you should be provided with some reliable family medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best of its class, remedying thoroughly as it does such common ailments as indigestion, constipation and biliousness, and affording safe and speedy help in malarial cases, rheumatism and insularity of the biliousness.

It takes money to keep one cool all summer.

JOHNNY'S FOURTH.

It Came a Little Late but He Made Things Happen Just the Same.



"I LIVE TO BE A hundred years old, I'll never forget that Fourth of July! You see it happened like this: My big brother Alf, went off to Uncle Ben's to spend his summer vacation an' 'bout tw. weeks 'fore the Fourth, ma went up there too, for Uncle Ben's her only brother. She took along the baby, the sweetest little sister that ever lived—an' 'fater, who'd been away a spell, was agoin' to meet her, an' visit to Uncle Ben's. So you see there wasn't anybody to home but me, gran' ma an' the hired girl. An' ma told her 'fore she left, that she might go to the Fourth o' July, an' she got her an' Alfred purty dress, sky blue, 'twas, to wear, an' it had beads sewed all over it; my, it was a stunner! I don't see why mother can't wear such dresses instead of the gray an' black ones she allus wears!

Well, the boys, on our street, lotted on a splendid time. We didn't care 'bout the dain's at the center; our celebration was goin' to be held in the back alley. But what should come the night 'fore the Fourth, but a letter to gran'ma from father an' O, my! didn't she feel big over it, she wouldn't let me teach it, an' he'd'n't I see good to read a letter from my own father as he nothin but a boy o' herd!

Well, I got up purty early an' gran' ma was up too, an' will you believe it, she wouldn't let me go out the door, an' all the boys were a hootin' an' yellin' an' firin' off amemition like sixty!



WE HAD A JOLLY TIME.

Perhaps you don't know my gran'ma is one o' them sort that never remembers bein' young! Yes, she forgot long ago that Fourth o' July was made for picnics an' good times. She's also one o' the kind that never goes back on their word, so cryin', kickin' nor nothin' would do no good, an' make her change her mind one bit, but I set down and cried, first an' orful mad sort of a cry, then an' orful sorry cry, an' then I got to sleep an' woke up most starved, an' gran'ma give me a big bowl o' bread an' milk, fur the girl was gone. Well, when night come I was the gladdest boy; fur 'twas the very longest day I'd ever 'perienced!

When ma come home, the next week, I jest told her all about it, an' she felt so bad fur me that she almost cried, then she went right to the butterny an' brought me a big lot o' fire crackers an' things she got a'fore she went away—you know mothers never forget a feller's wants. She told gran'ma all about 'em; but she forgot—she's got such a good forgettery.

Of course, 'twan't best to let me know 'bout 'em fur I'd likely used 'em up a'fore time. But I went an' got the neighbor boys over, fur 'twas the 13th of July, an' we had a jolly time; fur mother made lemonade an' cake an' ice cream—tell you I prelate mothers now!

You see father wrote fur her to keep me to home, meanin' I mustn't go off to no celebration, an' he would n't care, but 'spected I'd go out in the alley 'ith the boys, an' mother told him to jog gran'ma's memory 'bout the Fourth of July amemition up in the butterny; but he forgot to say anything about it.

Huh! I guess those old forefathers knew what they was about when they 'pinted a day fur boys to make a big noise! 'Spect we boys couldn't stand it if we couldn't yell all w' wanted to one day in the year, an' Fourth of July is Young America's day, fur a fact. So a havin' my Fourth on the thirteenth, was like eatin' ice cream 'thout no ice in it or drinkin' soda water when the foam an' fizz is gone. So I live to be a hundred, I'll not forget that Fourth o' July that I was cheated plum out of!"

JOHNNY.

A Back Yard Show.

One of the most successful Fourth of July evening entertainments I ever witnessed was given by young people in an ordinary back yard, and consisted of tableaux interspersed with music and recitations. A platform had been erected at the end of a grape-arbor. The fence, prettily draped, formed the back-ground, and foot-lights were arranged in front of the stage, as was also a sliding curtain. On each side an ordinary clothes-line covered with shawls served as dressing-room, and the audience was seated down the entire length of the arbor. Awlages and tents could be utilized for these purposes, however. Colored lights, which are so effective in tableaux, were here used, and being in open air did not prove so disagreeable to those present as is the case when employed indoors.—Ex.

Don't imagine that to become intoxicated adds to our national dignity.

THE HEROES OF '76.



What true American to-day feels not the blood leap in his veins As stirring scenes of '76 Are brought to mind, though peace now reigns Where o'er a hundred years ago The Briton came in fierce array, And strove this land of ours to hold 'Neath England's hand, relentless sway.

But surely 'twas not thus to be: A higher Power ruled over all; And cut of war's grim, wrinkled front 'We merged, despite its gloomy pall, As gallant freemen fought for right, And Wisdoms all far-seeing, Beheld a future for our land For which the patriot dared to die.

Their precious blood was freely given, Upon their country's altar shed; And now we glory in the deeds Of our departed, honored dead. To Washington, the great and true, And all his brave, victorious host, We homage pay with glad acclaim, And in their memory make our boast.

A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure In bonnie buff and blue; A goodly sight his buckles bright, And primly powdered queue! A more courageous quaker Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah Than he, my brave ancestor, My great-great-grandpapa And then in his elation Did my forefather gay Speak out the word he'd long deferred For fear she'd say him "Nay," And when he saw how tender Within her eyes the light, He cried—"In your surrender I read—we win the fight!" And when the freedom-psaen Sweet, surgelike, through the dells— A mighty clang whose echoes rang From Philadelphia bells— Loud from a stern old stepple He hurled the proud hurrah, The joy-peal to the people,



My great-great-grandpapa. He held the brutal Briton A "thing" beneath his scorn; A tory he conceived to be, The basest calf in born; And not a neighbor wondered He looked upon them so— Forsooth, that was one hundred And twenty years ago! How true the happy presage! In faith, how bold and true



Thy whole long life of love and strife, Thou saint in buff and blue! Beyond all touch of travail, With great-great-grandmamma, Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme For great-great-grandpapa! CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Very Accommodating. Grandpa (looking up)—What is it, my boy? Freddie (at window)—Stand out a little farther on the sidewalk. I have a package of torpedoes, and I want to drop them down on your bald head.—Judge.

Quite Proper. Stranger—Your orator has a loud voice, but he is murdering the Queen's English in the most horrible manner. Native—Why shouldn't he on the Fourth of July.—Puck.

Dangerous Jokes. Jokes which include the exploding near people of the largest-size cannot crackers are of the kind that it is better not to dwell upon.—Philadelphia News.

FIRECRACKERS. To the patriotic small boy the Fourth of July is a game that is always worth the Roman candle.—Puck. Some leave the city on the Fourth for quiet, while others, following the fireworks' example, go off for a lively time.—Philadelphia Times.

The cheapness of fireworks is likely to give young America an exaggerated idea of the value of democratic reform.—Kansas City Times.

CATARRHAL WEAKNESS.

Some Facts That Every Woman Ought to Know.

Catarrh is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness. Catarrh of the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—do far the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh. A great proportion of the women have some catarrhal weakness which has been called by the various doctors who have consulted as many different names. These women have been treated and have taken medicines with no relief, simply because the remedies are not adapted to catarrh. It is through a mistaken notion as to the real nature of the disease that these medicines have been recommended to them. If all the women who are suffering from any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their symptoms and the peculiarities of their trouble, he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

A book on Female Diseases, written by Dr. Hartman, will be sent free to any woman who wants it.

A boy is awfully young when anything his father says scares him. It is a pious farmer who does not work on Sunday during harvest. Almost any habit seems to be fashionable.

"Mend it or End it."

has been the rallying cry of reform, directed against abuses municipal or social. For the man who lets himself be abused by a cough the cry should be modified to: Mend it, or it'll end you. You can mend any cough with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

A STORY OF GOLD And Description of Cripple Creek. Every Page Illustrated. Price 50 Cents. Send one cent in this ad and send 45-cent stamp or Aliver's and book will be mailed postpaid. O. W. CRAWFORD, 1312 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

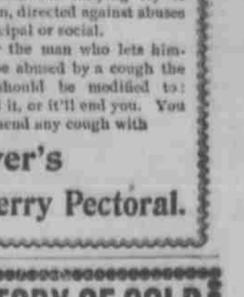


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The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

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Just think of the wealth of wisdom and experience, accumulated during 19 years of building good bicycles, that comes to you for the \$100 you pay for



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The buyer of a Columbia has no uncertainty. He knows its quality and workmanship are right—the Columbia scientific methods make them so.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

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

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