

Pains in the Back

"I had been afflicted for several years with what the doctors called Diabetses, and suffered terribly. The pain in my back was agonizing in the extreme. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills cured me. Now I can go to church and attend other meetings with pleasure. I always keep Hood's Pills by me. In my whole life I never met anything that did me so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. Experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn by no other. I was once foolish enough to listen to a druggist who claimed to have something superior to Hood's, and took another medicine. If I had thrown my dollar in the street I would have been a gainer." JOHN BRANTON, care of John Greenham, Wellington, Ohio. Get Hood's because



Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

SAID IN JEST.

Maude—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? **Ethel**—Why, you see Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her. **Maude**—Yes. **Ethel**—Kate told her. **Stranger**—Policeman, how often do the electric cars pass this corner? **Policeman**—Well, if you are trying to take a nap they go by every two minutes; but if you want to go somewhere, you have to wait half an hour. **Spencer**—Somebody told me that Russell Sage spent half an hour looking for a cent he dropped the other day. **Ferguson**—I don't believe that story. **Spencer**—Why not? **Ferguson**—I don't believe he ever dropped a cent.

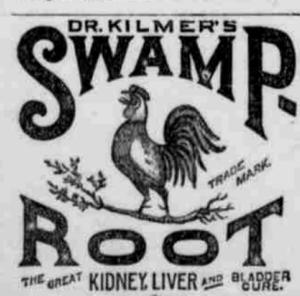
Mrs. Parky—I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France. **Mrs. Gotham**—How absurd! **Mrs. Parky**—I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other. **The thoroughly up-to-date soda water fountains of the first class now include so many beef extract, and clean juice and other breathlike beverages that at several of them one sees bottles of Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco, just as on a restaurant side table.**

Frauline Roeser, a resident of Halle, Germany, has donated her whole fortune—150,000 marks personal property, besides a valuable piece of real estate—to her native city for the founding of an orphan asylum, reserving for herself only a small life-entail until her demise.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



Rheumatism
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of the bladder.

Disordered Liver
Biliousness, headache, indigestion or peat. SWAMP-ROOT invigorates, cures kidney difficulties, Bright's disease, urinary troubles.

Impure Blood
Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size. "Invaluable Guide to Health" free. Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

MY COMRADE.

There's a memory crown'd deeper
As the raindrops sear so by
Of a silent nameless sleeper
Who was not afraid to die.
And his martyred face shines ever
Through the gloom that wraps the river—
Ah, dear heart, what didst thou
That little-wedded tie!

No sword his hand was waving,
No strap his shoulder grazed.
When his strong soul was bravest
The conflict's fiercest waste
But he clutched his musket tightly,
And his bayonet tilted bravely,
And his foot was firm and sprightly,
As the line went on swift-paced.

When the sulphurous smoke-clouds drifted
Along the stricken field,
By him as breath was lifted,
As thunderous voices pealed—
Where death was win and lightning,
Was spent with tumult and heaving,
With his with horrors heightening,
Forward the good line reeled.

They trembled—but undaunted,
On that pitiless war
Up to the guns they flung
Their tattered flags that day
But where the swarth was deadly,
In that red, rearing, smoking,
Bleu blue as spotted red,
My own brave comrade lay.

No praise for him is craved
On a granite mound and high,
Who could not be a craven,
Who did not fear to die!
His sleep is with th' hundred
Who fell where volleys thundered,
White the mist on wet ground,
And none recall—but I.

Yet as the years go on older,
Fretting through the name,
Shall I not later grow, and bolder,
The record of his fame
What should a tardy payment
You yield to the martyr's claim?
His soul to heaven's realm
Its heritage shall claim!

—James Pats, in the American Tribune

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VI.

After hearing that story, I understood; and while I loved Lady Latimer the better for it, it made me the more anxious over her.

It was so natural for her to long for some one who would be kind to her, who would give her flowers and whisper kind words to her; all young girls must have the same desire. But what unutterable woe it would cause if she found this some one now! And in some vague way this fear became the shadow of my life. Not that there was any seeming cause for it. Lady Latimer was not in the least degree a flirt; she was far too spiritual and too earnest for that. Many visitors came to Lorton's Cray—some she admired, some she liked, some she talked with; but I never saw, on her part, the least approach to a flirtation, never a light look or word. At times, if it happened to her, as in the case of the Feltons, a young husband who was much in love with and very attentive to his wife, she would look wistfully at them, and she would say to me, "How happy a well-beloved wife must be!" and my answer was always a very dry, brief "Yes."

I was as young as she herself, yet I saw the danger that lay before her, and she evidently did not. She missed something in her life, but she did not see the breakers ahead in consequence of that miss, as I saw for her. From that time there came into my love for her a sense of protection. Although there was no difference in our ages, I felt much more like her mother than anything else, the sense of responsibility was so great upon me.

The month of September came round, and with it a large company of guests. The shooting at Lorton's Cray was considered excellent. I remember the morning when Lord Latimer looked up from his letters with a growl of satisfaction.

"Lionel is coming," he said, "and he is bringing a friend with him, Colonel—Colonel North. I wish he would write more plainly. Why, that must be North who is heir at law to all the Dudley Gordon estates. They will be here to-morrow evening. I am glad that Phillip North is coming."

Lady Latimer looked pleased and interested. Neither of us had thought that the coming of these two visitors would be a turning point in both our lives. I had thought much of the coming of Lionel Fleming. If it was possible for a human being to be in love with a picture, I was with his. I went to look at it every day, and every day admired it more. I desired greatly to see the original. I found myself often repeating his name—Lionel Fleming. I wondered if he had changed much; I wondered if he would talk to me, if he would be kind to me. The picture's eyes looked so true and so full of courage—would the real eyes look as pleasantly at me as they did? Quite suddenly all my questions were answered, all my wonder ended. There came an afternoon in September when the sunset was of extraordinary beauty; Lady Latimer asked me to go out on the lawn with her to watch it. It was a scene of most wonderful beauty; the whole of the western sky was aflame. Surely such colors were never mixed before; purple and gold, rose and amber, scarlet and blue—the most gorgeous of hues, the richest tints. The sun set over the river, and the water had caught and reflected all the wondrous colors.

Colonel North; both gentlemen were introduced to me, and then it seemed all a dream.

I could fancy that the beautiful face in the picture had descended from the frame and was near me in the strange evening light. The eyes that sought mine were as true and as brave, the same kindly head with its clusters of dark hair, the same beautiful mouth with its fine bold curves, the same broad shoulders and noble figure; but he, the real man, looked older than the picture.

Let me confess it; my heart went down before him. He had not been talking to me ten minutes before I thought to myself that there was no man like him, and that I would rather have even his most distant acquaintanceship than the love of any other. It was not that I was very romantic or easily won, but it seemed to me that I had known him long. It was my picture-lover come to life, and if it had not been for that picture, for my love and admiration of it, all would have been different; but I had dreamed of that face for long weeks, just as I had repeated the name.

No foolish idea came to me. True, to my thinking, he was a great hero, a great prince, as far above me as the stars are above the earth. I did not think to myself that I would try to charm him. No false notions entered my mind, but I confess humbly my heart went out to him. It seemed as though my life suddenly grew complete; a vague, delicious happiness took possession of me. None of this was shown in my manner. Lionel Fleming walked by my side and talked to me. I seemed to have gone away into fairy-land. I had forgotten the sunset and the river, Lady Latimer and the colonel. I had forgotten everything in the wide world except Lionel Fleming. I did not even know what he was saying, and I answered him at random "yes" or "no."

The first thing that aroused me was the sound of a laugh—a clear, beautiful, silvery laugh, with a ring of true enjoyment in it, such as I had never heard from the lips of Lady Latimer before. I turned to look at her; she was talking to Colonel North, and there was a brightness in her face new to me. Colonel North was a very handsome man; not like Lionel Fleming—no one could be like him. He was a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an erect, almost haughty bearing. He looked like what he was, a soldier and a gentleman. He had fine dark eyes and dark brown hair; his features were handsome and distinguished; he had the air of one born to command. I noticed especially the strange whiteness of his hands. I liked him—no one could help it; he was always pleasant and kind to me. We walked slowly back to the house. I have never seen the sun set over the river without recalling every detail of that evening. We all four went into Lady Latimer's boudoir for a few minutes, where we took some tea—dinner was at eight—and still the strange feeling of something unreal was over me.

We had a delightful half hour, then Lionel Fleming went in search of Lord Latimer. Colonel North to his room, and Lady Latimer and myself went to her room.

"The dressing-bell has just rung," she said. "Oh, Audrey, stay just five minutes and tell me what dress to wear."

And that was the first time since I had known her that Lady Latimer ever mentioned dress to me. I looked at her in wonder.

"I want to look nice to-night," she said. "You see, we have a large dinner party."

On the previous evening the dinner party had been even larger, and she had been perfectly indifferent over her dress, wearing exactly what her maid had prepared for her without comment.

I thought this interest in her toilet was an excellent sign, and in my wise fashion I tried to encourage it.

"I like you best in blue," I said; "it suits your fair, rose-leaf complexion and golden hair; and of all textures, I prefer velvet. It takes such beautiful lights and shades; then pearls go best with blue velvet."

"Thank you," she said, cheerfully. I was delighted when I saw how bright and interested she was. At dinner there was quite a change in her. All her weariness and fatigue had disappeared; her eyes were bright as stars. She was radiantly lovely, her voice had another ring, her laugh was music. It was the happiest dinner party we had had at Lorton's Cray.

Colonel North was one of the best talkers I had ever heard; graphic, terse, entertaining, he completely enthralled us. He had read much; his thoughts and ideas were so vigorous, so noble. I saw Lady Latimer's eyes fixed on him, and when he had finished speaking, she drew a deep breath like one released from a spell. The gentlemen were not long before they followed us. As a rule, Lady Latimer did not exert herself much to entertain her guests, but to-night she was all fire and animation; she talked and laughed; she abandoned her accustomed place by the window and came to the piano. It turned out that Colonel North had a superb tenor voice. Why a man so strong, tall, and vigorous should be a tenor instead of a deep bass was a puzzle to me.

Clear, deep, ringing, full of passion and music, I have heard no other voice like it. He sang one or two charming love songs, and I could not help thinking to myself that he could sing the heart from the breast of any woman. I saw Lady Latimer standing quite still near the piano, a faint flush on her face, her eyes fixed on him.

The last beautiful words died away, and I was startled by the expression of Lady Latimer's face. She looked as though she had awakened, as

though so no great and novel discovery had come to her. Her eyes were a startled expression, her beautiful lips were parted. Startled, wondering, almost confused at her sudden awakening, she crossed the room and came to me. She clasped one of my hands in her own.

"Audrey," she said, "that song has roused me from a long sleep. I know what I miss in my life, what I miss and others have; it is love!" and she looked at me with shining eyes. "I did not know it before," she continued, "I know it now; it is love."

It is not my own love story that I am writing; if it were, I should have to tell what a bewilderingly happy month this September was to me. I said to myself that I resembled one of those who worship sun, moon, and stars, yet never expect to get near them. I might have called my love story "The Romance of a Star;" I had just as much hope as though I loved one of the golden eyes of heaven and wished to win it—just as much. But I was unutterably happy I did not look forward; I never asked myself what would happen when September ended; I never asked myself what I should do when he was gone. I lived in the present.

Captain Fleming was especially kind to me. I could not help noticing that he spent as much time with me as was possible. We met always at breakfast-time, and very often before. I liked the lawn in the morning. I liked to watch the sunlight over the river, I liked the early song of the birds; and he had the same taste, so that we often met by the white gate where the spruce-trees stood and which led down to the river. We were always, I remember, equally surprised at meeting, and just a little shy.

At breakfast-time he generally secured a place near me. Then Lady Latimer, if the day were fine, would drive over to some appointed place and take lunch for the sportsmen. How many happy hours we spent in the woods and among the heather! Then would come dinner, and the long, happy, brilliant evenings. It was more than fairy-land, it was earthly paradise. Of course, September would pass, and they would go, but no need to think of that now; let the glorious sun of the present shine on. There was a large party in the house, but though I knew them, knew who they were, and that much of the duty of entertaining them fell on me, I was hardly conscious of their existence. I had eyes and ears only for the man who was so much like a picture just stepped from its frame. It was not my fancy—a new light came into his voice when he spoke to me; but of course it meant nothing more than the sun means when it gives royal light and warmth to a flower.

He would be Lord Latimer some day, master of Lorton's Cray and all its broad lands; he would marry some one in his own sphere, some great lady with gold and lands of her own, and then—

Let me be happy while I could; it is not every one who secures one month of perfect bliss from a life-time. I did.

When the mists of happiness and love, wonder and delight, began to clear from my own brow, I perceived a great change in Lady Latimer. All the weariness that had lain over her young beauty like a shadow had vanished; she was simply radiant, her eyes bright as stars, her face flushed with the fairest tints of health. I could have fancied that even the sheen of her golden hair had grown deeper. She who had been so listless that nothing interested her, went about now with sweet snatches of song and sweet smiles on her lips, interested in everything, full of grace, of vigor and of kindness. She was most patient and forbearing with Lord Latimer; she seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of perfect gladness and content. At first I did not see or understand; afterward I knew well enough what was the cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bride and Groom Deaf and Dumb.

A curious wedding took place at Romford Abbey church, England, recently, both parties being deaf and dumb. A deaf and dumb clergyman was expected to officiate, but he was prevented by illness from attending. This caused a little anxiety to the couple, and a search was made for a lawyer to give advice, so that the contract might be perfectly valid, but one could not be found. However, a clergyman, with the assistance of the bride's brother, who acted as interpreter, proceeded with the ceremony. Prayer books were placed in the hands of the bride and bridegroom, and each made signs by pointing as the passages were read. Then when responses were required to the questions the parts were submitted in writing, and read and duly signed and witnessed. These documents will be kept in the abbey as mementoes of the wedding.

They Want Rainmakers.

India, on the Colorado desert, 130 miles south of Los Angeles, had but .73 of an inch of rain in 1907. Usually about three inches fall in a year in one or two storms. The lowest temperature in winter is 35 and the highest in summer 116. It has a mild and delightful climate in winter for invalids. The town is thirty feet below sea level.

Foreed to Work Again.

"Refuse me," he hissed, "and I will thrust this poniard into my bosom."

"I refuse you," she replied, "Do your worst."

His was no idle threat.

Her persistent rejection of his suit left him no alternative but to return to his old business of sword-swallowing to earn a living.—Detroit Tribune.

WEIRD FUNERALS.

Living Persians Carrying Their Dead to Kerbela.

Saying an occasional "Yah Khalk!" from the throat of one of the tangle-headed and wild-eyed dervishes straggling along barefoot in the sand not a sound broke the stillness of the morning as our caravan, says a writer in the London Standard, moves toward the bridge over the Holman river that leads to the town of Khanekin, the customs and sanitary station of the Ottoman government, about three hours' distance from the Turk-Persian frontier. It is a singular cavalcade we form, too, a veritable "caravan of the dead," for the true pilgrims among us are mainly defunct Persians whose remains are being conveyed down to djonnet, the "gates of paradise," at the feet of their great saint and Aga, the Imam Hussein, at Kerbela. In front, an angel high up on the biggest camel that could be begged, borrowed or hired for the journey, rides our tshaush, or conductor, swarthy and turbaned, the blue in his garments proclaiming him a saip, or descendant of the prophet—the prophet, I may remark in passing, has a score of such in every Persian village. He holds aloft the royal ensign of the empire of the sun and lion, bearing the name of shah and his own below it in letters of gold. Following him march the naashkosh, or "carriers of the dead," each at the head of a long string of mules laden with the remains entrusted to them. The animals are led by charvadars, muleteers, and each bears two bodies, and slung on either side where the panniers would ordinarily be. The corpses, when intact are carried in hermetically closed cases, but comparatively few of these are to be found, as a rule, among these defunct pilgrims. The expense would be too great. So the pious Persian who desires to give effect to the last wish of his departed parents waits until nothing of their remains is left but the skeleton, which is then swathed in bandages, mummy fashion, and handed over to the naashkosh to be taken to the gates of paradise, which every good Shiite firmly believes is the exact spot where the sainted Hussein is buried in Kerbela. Far the greater number of the mules comprised in our caravan are laden with such bandaged bones and swathed skeletons slung on each side, the outline showing distinctly through the wrappings as they swing to and fro with the measured pacing of the animals.

It is Fitting Abode.

Dr. Barrow and the prodigal Lord Rochester meeting one day at court while Barrow was king's chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippant air and a low, formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow returned the salute with "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with "Doctor, I am yours to the center," which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being followed by one he called "a musty old piece of divinity," exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell," upon which Barrow, turning upon his heel, dryly replied, "There, my lord, I leave you."—Argonaut.

Healed the Body in Brandy.

The body of Joachim Infante, a wealthy wholesale cigar dealer and manufacturer of New Orleans, and a member of an old and highly respected Castilian family, arrived there on the steamship California a few days ago. Mr. Infante died suddenly from apoplexy when the vessel was four days out from Gibraltar. The captain of the ship desired to bury him at sea, but the wife and daughter of the dead man pleaded so hard that he finally decided to bring the body to port. The ship's carpenter made a rough coffin and lined it with tin. Then twenty-four cases of brandy were poured in, and the coffin sealed with cement. The remains were in a good state of preservation when the coffin was opened at the undertaker's.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

Golden opportunities do not travel by a time table.

Success in anything requires singleness of purpose.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

A good day does not always begin with a bright morning.

Character is something that cannot be burned up or buried.

How ready some people are to sell their souls for spot cash.

Hard work is only hard to those who do not put heart in it.

Sympathy is something that can not be learned from books.

Murder is committed in the heart before it is done with a gun.

Success that is not planned for and worked for is never enjoyed.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

The things that do the most to make us happy do not cost money.

Competition is sometimes as good a thing in religion as it is in business.

It is remarkable how many virtues can be seen in people who have money.

Is the woman who talks about her neighbors any worse than the one who listens?

If you want to be strong in adversity, don't forget to pray when you are pro-properous.

Put this restriction on your pleasures: Be cautious that they injure no being that lives.

Only a little of the best sermon can be remembered, but an act of kindness is never forgotten.

A RUSSIAN RAVEN.

AN EMINENT SOUTHERN LAWYER'S LONG CONFLICT WITH DISEASE.

Twenty-five Years of Prosperity, Adversity and Suffering.—The Great Victory Won by Science Over a Stubborn Disease.

[From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.]

Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Colonel Isaac A. Sugg of Greenville. Mr. Sugg has resided in Greenville twenty-two years. While nearly every one in Pitt county knows Mr. Sugg's history, perhaps all do not know of his return to business again after an illness of sixteen years. No man has gone through more than he and lived. It was a case of the entire breaking down of the nervous system, attended by excruciating, agonizing, unendurable pain. Opiates and stimulants only quieted temporarily, and all treatments failed him. Only his love of family and friends prevented suicide. He told a reporter the following interesting story:

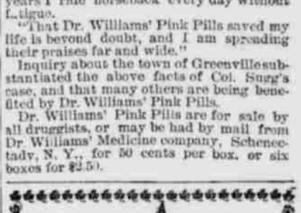
"I kept at my work as long as I could, but nature gave way at last and I succumbed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the stimulants and opiates I had taken, my blood had actually turned to water, my weight had dropped from 175 pounds to 135 and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why, I could not bear the mere hand of my wife to bathe my limbs with tepid water. I was simply living from hour to hour. I had made my will, settled my business and waited for the last strand of life to snap.

"It was at this time that a somewhat similar case as my own was brought to my notice. This man had suffered very much as I had, his life had been despaired of as mine had, and yet he had been cured. I thought that this little word meant to me—CURED. The report stated that the work had been accomplished by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I investigated the report thoroughly and found that it was true in detail. Then I procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them and began to get better. I began to sleep like a healthy child, sound, calm and peaceful. My appetite came back and my nerves were soothed and restored to their normal condition and I felt like a new man. But the greatest blessing was the mental improvement. I began to read and digest, to formulate new plans, to take an interest in my law practice, which began to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of ten years I ride horseback every day without fatigue.

"That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading their praises far and wide."

Inquiry about the above facts of Col. Sugg's case, and that many others are being benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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.



Backache and Lame Back come from disordered kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney Complaints. Testimony proves it to the world. Fifty cents will prove it to you. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all druggists.

Patents

Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D.C., No. 8757, for a new patent extension. Write for inventor's address.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Suffering Cyrus!

Why don't you use "Schrage's \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure" and not groan around all Winter? Cures Gout, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. The best medicine made. Harmless, palatable and potent. Get the Genuine. Highly endorsed by doctors.

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co. 167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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