

## Contracted in the War.

### A SUBJECT OF INTEREST TO SOLDIERS.

H. E. Knowlton, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, Tells of the Effects of Army Life.

From the News, Muskegon, Mich.

There are few pleasure drives in this part of the country than the one along the South Grand river road, running between Grand Haven and Bass River, a little hamlet about fourteen miles from the capital of Ottawa county. And especially is that so in these October days, when the rich autumnal colors are beginning to give radiance to the woods along the route. On the eleventh of this month a representative of the Morning News took this trip to interview a certain Mr. H. E. Knowlton, a farmer living about a mile away, about his cure from rheumatism.

Mr. Knowlton is a man fifty-one years of age, and served three years in the war, being a member of Company F, Fifth Michigan Cavalry. He has lived in Allendale, Ottawa county, Mich., since the rebellion, and is one of the substantial farmers of the county, his farm, which contains one hundred and eighty-five acres, being a valuable property. He was working in the field when approached by the reporter, but he invited him into his handsome brick house, and when asked about the benefits he had received from taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, said: "I was in the army for three years, and it was while there I contracted the rheumatism. After coming out I was lame and sore a good deal of the time, but was not sick enough to go to bed. At first I was not very bad, but as time went on I became worse. About a year ago I was so bad that I had to give up my work on the farm. I had doctored with doctors and taken a great deal of medicine, and had become kind of discouraged. Nothing seemed to help me, and finally I went to the drug store of A. J. White and asked him if he had anything to kill or cure me. He said he had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and he thought if I would take them they would help me. I purchased a box and before taking all of them I felt better, and I knew they had helped me. I continued taking the pills, and for the past three months I have not felt the rheumatism. I would advise any one who has the rheumatism to try the Pink Pills, and I am confident they will help them."

H. E. Knowlton, of Allendale, Ottawa county, Michigan, being by me duly sworn, deposes that the facts set forth in the foregoing statement, made by him this 11th day of October, A. D. 1895, are true.

HENRY G. WANTY,  
Notary Public,  
Muskegon Co., Mich.

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.

There are 57,000 women farmers in the United States.

\$500.00 for \$1.00.

Unadilla, N. Y., (Special)—One of our substantial men here, Fred J. Joyce, recently made a \$2.50 investment, and considers the results worth \$500 to him. For over fifteen years Mr. Joyce was an inveterate smoker, and the tobacco habit gained such a hold on him that it affected his nervous system and made it impossible for him to quit. Upon realizing the loss of health and money which threatened him, he made many unsuccessful attempts to break himself of the life-sapping habit, until on a chance he took No-To-Bac, the great cure which has saved over 300,000 tobacco victims. Two boxes completely cured Mr. Joyce, and he has no desire for tobacco now whatever. When he attempts to smoke it makes him as dizzy as when he first acquired the habit. He now is in the very best physical condition, and would not tempt him to use tobacco again.

Opium plumes are plucked once in eight months.

## A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight.  
—At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Our representative called at 26 Battle Creek Avenue, the residence of S. I. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts: Mr. Robbins tells of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says, "I am sorry my wife is not at home this P. M., but no one knows better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as \$900.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on, such as a pain in through the kidneys and back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician; however, I got some and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see their action; the attack was warded off, and she continued taking them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years, the pain in the back and others in the kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day goes by that we do not mention the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinions. If it were not for those pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

The downcast eye has always been typical of misery.

## TO CALIFORNIA

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## FAITHFUL HEARTS.



THEY were in Lady Brereton's boudoir in Green street, bosom friends and alone. A 5 o'clock tea equipage stood between them and a too brilliant June sun was excluded by blinds of a becoming tint and an etagere of ferns.

Mrs. Crosbie helped herself to a sweetmeat leisurely and with a due regard for her irreparable glove. "Of course, you know," she remarked, "that Capt. Valence is home from India?"

"Somebody told me yesterday that he had just arrived. But why the 'of course?' replied Lady Brereton. "I don't know—if you don't. Only—"

Mrs. Crosbie looked through the cream jug at futurity—"It's just the year since poor Lord Brereton died."

"And what of that?"

Mrs. Crosbie's eyes deserted the tea tray and fixed themselves severely on her friend. "Blanche," she said, "you are in one of your moods, and you don't practice on me! Are we alone, or is somebody hiding behind the curtains?"

"You ridiculous woman!"

"Then why this superlative innocence? Why this affectation of coy? For heaven's sake, be a rational being and treat me like one. As if everybody doesn't know that Arthur Valence worried himself nearly sick over you at the time of your marriage. And you try to persuade me, of all people, that you think it means nothing when he returns to England, after an absence of five years, just as the first twelve months of your mourning expire!"

"His movements don't interest me in the least, and I don't suppose mine any longer interest him. You seem to ignore the lapse of time since we met, and faithful hearts, my dear, went out of fashion with the crinoline. Besides, he wasn't a man—he was only a nice boy."

"Anyhow, it doesn't matter now. He has probably forgotten all about me long ago."

She spoke with a complacent disbelief in her own words which made her hearer laugh.

"If you thought for a moment that he had forgotten you you would be irritable beyond endurance."

"I hope you are not laboring under the absurd delusion that I care in the least."

"Am I your enemy that I should accuse you of having a heart?" laughed Mrs. Crosbie. "I merely meant that your amour propre would be ruffled, my dear. I know you so well."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," asserted Lady Brereton, calmly. "I am utterly indifferent."

Therein she was insincere. It was true that she had snubbed him unmercifully in years gone by, and the only feeling his boyish passion had inspired in her had been sisterly liking, afterwards mingled with pity, amusement and gratified vanity. But, nevertheless, she looked to the renewal of the floral chains which bound him to her carriage wheels with a truly feminine pleasure.

"Forgotten you! Is it likely?"

Therefore, with the possibility before her mind of a visit from her old admirer, she bestowed sundry adorning touches to her toilet, countermanded the victoria, and settled herself in the drawing room, in a graceful attitude, prepared to be very much astonished to see him, indeed.

The afternoon waned, however, and he failed to put in an appearance. Neither did he come the following day nor the one after, nor the next. Evidently he was in no hurry to call on her, and Lady Brereton's usually sweet temper developed inequalities in consequence.

When within a week of his return he greeted her at length on the neutral ground of the Hurlington club, she found him a good deal changed—older, improved, nothing of the boy she remembered about him, except his features, which were good.

"Then you haven't quite forgotten me," she said.

"Forgotten you! Is it likely? My dear Lady Brereton, don't you remember my youthful adoration? You made me as wretched as a love-sick boy can be. I was so very much in earnest; one takes oneself so seriously at 21. I have often laughed over the thought of it since."

But the conversation was a little one-sided after that Capt. Valence chatted easily little nothings of the hour, amusing conversation of a well-bred man of the world with a witty tongue and shrewd perception. But she did not pay much heed to what he said. She was thinking of the time they met. She was Blanche Forrester then, and he called her his angel, the light of his life, and she had laughed, and bidden him not to be a sly boy. The whole episode had been very absurd, of course, but somehow his mockery of it did not please her.

"Thursday is my day," she said to him, when he put her in her carriage, by and by. "But if you like to take your chance, you know—"

Perhaps she thought about him more on her way home than she had ever thought about him before at one time.

"I was young once," said Capt. Valence to the horse chestnut trees, "I was distressingly young—a malady we all suffer from. But I feel better now, thank God!" he added, piously. And he lighted a cigar and went to watch the polo with a smile of self-satisfaction.

They met a good deal in the course of the next few weeks. He reminded her of her promise, and she mentioned two or three desirable demands to him; but her assistance ended there, and he never saw an attractive girl in her house. Also he found occasion to allude once more to his salad days.

"Nothing polishes a cub," he said, "like an affair with a woman of the world. My dear Lady Brereton, accept the assurance of my gratitude."

She would have been better pleased if he had intimated that she had ruined his life, better pleased even if he had openly avoided her. "One would think I was his grandmother," she said to her own wrathful reflection in the toilet glass.

For a week she saw nothing of him, then one evening their eyes met across the opera house, and a faint resentment—the sequel to the unexplained tears—was in her smileless brow. It was perceptible, too, in the manner of her greeting, when, during the last entrance, he deserted his stall for her box, and, on Mrs. Crosbie's invitation, dropped into the vacant chair between them.

"I have news for you," he murmured in her ear when the stage claimed Mrs. Crosbie's attention. "She is found."

"Indeed, and am I to congratulate you?"

"Perhaps it would be a trifle premature. You see, I haven't proposed yet. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow if you are sufficiently interested."

"Tell me now," she said.

She spoke quite naturally and she was smiling. But he did not look at her face; his eyes had been on her hand as it closed with spasmodic force upon the handle of her fan.

"You will break that toy if you treat it like that," he said, quietly.

She dropped it as if it had stung her and drew back in the shadow of the draperies with her white teeth pressing her lower lip.

"Go on," she said. "Is it an affair of the heart, or of her forehead?"

"She is the only woman I should ever wish to marry," he answered. "I want her more than I have wanted anything in my life. I hardly know how to describe her to you. Don't laugh if I rave; I am in love, and when a fellow's like that, you know. \* \* \* Lady Brereton, you will certainly ruin your fan! But I am not going to tell you that she is perfect. She has variety, she has charm—admirable qualities to attract a man. Ah, she is adorable, she—Lady Brereton!"

She was leaning back against the partition, her eyes closed, her face colorless.

"Nothing—don't notice me!" she murmured. "The heat \* \* \* I am better already."

He bent forward to screen her from the other woman's view. His hand covered hers, and it was shaking, like his voice.

"You are going to faint! I am a brute, but I want you so badly and I knew it was the only way to make you care. If I had shown—"

"The comedy is finished." The words were spoken on the stage, and the curtain fell. He put her cloak round her as they rose.

## How One Farmer Succeeded.

"Well, Wallace, you seem to be pretty nicely fixed here on a farm which, when I left the country ten years ago, was not considered worth much. You don't mean to say that this nice house and all there is in it, and those two extra barns, and all the numerous other improvements grew out of an old run-down farm, do you?"

"Can't say that they exactly 'grew' out of it, Uncle John, but they were dug out of it by hard work, coupled with good management and thrift. As you say, the old place was all run down, and many of my friends said I was a fool to settle down on a western New York farm in such shape as this when I could go into the far west and get hold of a prairie farm which would be so much easier worked. But Martha did not like to go very far away from her old father and mother, and besides, I thought that I saw possibilities here of success, and so I resolved to try it."

The farm was encumbered with a mortgage for one-third its price. I took possession the last of February, and after looking it over pretty thoroughly, I staked off four acres, lying on a sunny slope, and prepared to devote this plot to market gardening. I went to the city and engaged a gardener, and with his aid put the ground in tip-top shape with fertilizers, as soon as it could be done, and started plants in cold frames and hot beds that I might be on hand with the earliest of the early vegetables. You should have heard some of the doleful predictions of my friends and neighbors. My extravagance at hiring a gardener and paying him considerably more than an ordinary farm hand could be got for was only to be matched by my folly in supposing that I could dispose of such an acreage of green truck if I succeeded in raising it. You see market gardening was not carried on then as much as it is now, and eight miles from market was considered a serious obstacle.

"To cut the story short, the first season my garden paid my help and my household expenses, put a new foundation under my barn, and did some tie draining. This left my hay, corn, potato and such crops to be sold toward reducing the mortgage. But oh, how I worked that summer and the three or four following! Every other morning in the week I had to get up at 3 o'clock and start off to the city with a load of green stuff and it would be noon before I could dispose of it and get back. Then, after a good dinner and an hour's rest, I'd plunge into hard work again and keep at it as long as I could see. But I was young and strong as well as ambitious. My wife was my best assistant, for no matter how hard a man works outdoors, if the household matters are not managed with thrift and economy, he can't get ahead much. She had a strong German girl to help her, but Martha was at the helm, early and late, to see that things were going right with no waste. She was never lacking in expedients and tact."

"I see," said Uncle John, admiringly, "you struck a scientific track getting out of the ruts that our fathers and grandfathers jogged along in."

"You're right. Though I was brought up on a farm, I didn't think myself so wise that books and papers could not teach me anything. In addition to two good rural papers, I procured every other help I could, and as you remarked at the outset, have something to show for 'book farming,' combined with hard work. Now we're in circumstances to take it easy and see something of the world."

The writer's only excuse in preparing this sketch is that it is written from life, and the farmer described is not yet 40 years old.—Helen L. Manning in Farmers' Review.

Use of Tuberculin.

We have just heard of the following facts in connection with the use of tuberculin, says the Rural New Yorker. Three cows were tested several years ago and gave the usual reaction. They were taken out of the regular stables and put in sunny box stalls and given the best sanitary conditions. The following year they were tested again, and again reacted. The next year they were again tested, but failed to react. After they were slaughtered, an examination of the lungs showed that the disease had been stopped—the scars or marks showing how far it had gone. This suggests two things: Sunshine and a perfect sanitary condition is the best "consumption cure." Many herds are undoubtedly weakened and made more liable to the disease by being kept in dark, filthy and poorly ventilated stables. Another thought is that while tuberculin may prove an accurate test for the presence of the disease, it does not follow that every cow that shows the reaction should be killed at once. A cow may have the germs of the disease in her system and yet be so well cared for that she will entirely recover.

Scouring Wool With Naphtha.—The Buenos Ayres River Plate Review says: "In a new method of scouring wool naphtha is employed as the cleansing substance. By means of a pump the naphtha is forced through and through the wool, extracting all the natural oil. It is claimed that the naphtha does not injure the fiber of the wool, as alkali cleansing, but leaves the fleece in better condition than when cleansed by any other process. A further valuable feature of the new method is that after the grease is extracted from it the naphtha is in a pure state, thereby becoming valuable as a medical agent or for a saponificator into the purest of soaps. It is claimed that a plant following this method scoured 500,000 pounds of wool, and saved a product of 80,000 pounds in pure wool oil."

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