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Has won success far beyond the effect of advertising only.

The secret of its wonderful popularity is explained by its unapproachable merit.

Based upon a prescription which cured people considered incurable, Hood's Sarsaparilla unites the best-known vegetable remedies, by such a combination, proportion and process as to have curative power peculiar to itself.

Its cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and every kind of humor, as well as catarrh and rheumatism—prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the best blood purifier ever produced. Its cures of dyspepsia, loss of appetite and that tired feeling make it the greatest stomach tonic and strength-restorer the world has ever known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is a thoroughly good medicine. Begin to take it TODAY. Get HOOD'S.

GROFF TESTIFIES

He Has Something to Say About Post-office Inspectors.

Washington, Jan. 27.—Testimony designed to show the existence of a conspiracy to defraud the government was introduced by the prosecution in the postal trial. At the outset the question of the admissibility of the declaration of Diller B. Groff made to postoffice inspectors came up for further argument. Counsel for the defense vigorously contended that the declaration was not a voluntary one but was made under duress, while the government insisted that when confronted with charges D. B. Groff had resorted to evasion, subterfuge and falsehood. The court finally decided that the statement was evidence against Diller B. Groff, but not against the other defendants, and that the jury would decide as to whether it was made voluntarily or not. Postoffice Inspectors Rolfe, Thorp, McKee and Mayer, all of whom had interviewed the Groffs prior to their arrest, detailed the circumstances surrounding these conversations.

Diller B. Groff, in his own behalf, declared that when the inspectors called on him their manner was overbearing, gruff and bullying. He said he had been suffering from insomnia at the time, and signed the statement upon its being read to him. He then testified that the inspectors had said to him that if he would give the information that would convict them he would give him \$13,000 and let him ride in the government band wagon, and he would ride with flying colors. It subsequently was brought out that the \$13,000 referred to represented the amount the government owed the Groffs, and payment for which had been held up. Mr. Douglas for the defense charged that the whole case was honeycombed with intimidation.

Postoffice inspector Mayer came in for a searching cross-examination and admitted that in an affidavit made by himself referring to an interview he had had with Samuel A. Groff he had omitted certain replies by Groff, but denied that he resorted to threats in order to elicit the statements from Groff. Inspector McKee under a rigid cross-examination said Mayer had said to Samuel A. Groff: "If you are a patriot, come to the rescue of the government at this time." Mr. McKee adding that the conversation generally led to Machen as being the one suspected of getting a "rake off" on the letter box fasteners.

A Pretty Memorial.

Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 27.—The house has adopted a joint resolution offered by Representative Hill of Columbiana county, making the scarlet carnation the state flower. The concurrence of the senate is assured. The scarlet carnation was a favorite of the late President McKinley, and the resolution declares it shall be the state flower as a token of love and reverence of the people of Ohio for him.

Cures Blood, Skin Troubles, Cancer, Blood Poison—Greatest Blood Purifier Free.

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching rising and lumps, scabby, pimply skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) according to directions. Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop, the blood is made pure and rich, leaving the skin free from every eruption, and giving the rich glow of perfect health to the skin. At the same time, B. B. B. improves the digestion, cures dyspepsia, strengthens weak kidneys. Just the medicine for old people, as it gives them new, vigorous blood. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and pecial free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases of impure blood and skin disease, and cures after all else fails.

MISSION OF PRESS

Is to Persistently Preach Patriotism as a Political Religion.

SOCIAL SKEPTICISM IS RAMPANT

Organized, Progressive Conservatism Finds Its Embodiment in the Republican Party, and Its Army of the Press Must Cope Courageously With the Forces of Discontent and Disillusion—The Inner Significance of Present Political Tendencies.

At the recent meeting of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association at Indianapolis, one of the notable addresses was that of W. H. Sanders of Marion on "The True Mission of the Party Press." In this address Mr. Sanders discussed, not the superficial, but the underlying drift of political affairs, and his words deserve the reading of every thoughtful citizen of the state. Mr. Sanders said:

One day last fall I had been wandering for an hour or more in the country, when rather unexpectedly I came to the top of a hill overlooking the city of Marion, my own home. Here was a scene that I wish I might describe, but I cannot, for I have neither the time nor the tongue. Think, though, of a sunny day with just enough of haze to temper the glare into a softened light; in the valley the city; beyond the city the Mississinewa, and beyond the river hills again, hills and trees; and this on a day after Jack Frost had been among the trees just often enough to leave the handwork of his imitable fancy. I say in the valley lay the city, but not that I saw much of it, for it was embowered in trees. Here and there was a spire, here and there a steeple, there a tower and there the glimpse of a home cuddled in among the trees.

Here were apparent serenity and tranquility. Not a person was in sight, and yet I knew that within the range of vision there were twenty odd thousand human beings. Think of it—twenty thousand human beings—more than a million heart-beats a minute; dynamic force to move the world, under this unroofed canopy of sunlight and haze and leaves. Here are all human hopes and fears; here all the experiences that can come to man. Here is the frightened pulse of the child just come into the world and here the feeble one of the gray-haired veteran just leaving it to sink into final rest. Here are all the variations to be played upon the heart-strings of human beings by the vicissitudes of life. I thought of this, and then I said, Here in this bend of the river, between these hills and among these trees, is all the human nature that Mother Earth ever gave birth to and here, too, is all the struggle that ever was. Here is the same battle of life that has been fought out on every field of hope and endeavor in all the earth since first a living creature came into the world to hunger and to thirst, to burn with fever or to tremble with cold, to start with expectancy or to shrink and cower in fear. Here every twenty-four hours is being relived the heart history of the entire human race from the day of the first man unto this day; all the history that is worth knowing; more history than has ever been written in books. Be familiar with the impulses and instincts that animate twenty thousand human beings for twenty-four hours, and you know all the motives that have moved man since nature first crowned the travail of the ages with a human being.

Here, then, are the whims and the caprices and the impulses and the instincts as well as the reason at the foundation of this republic. Here are specimens of all the kind of material that go to constitute this mighty fabric we call the United States government. Here are all the kinds of forces that on the one hand go to stay and to strengthen our institutions and that on the other hand tend to weaken, to impair or to imperil them.

A Few American Types.

Note a few of these types. To start with, take the tax receipt; the certificate of a thousand-fold more service on the part of these institutions than on the part of the taxpayer; a stock certificate of the best investment ever made by the greatest master of finance that ever lived, and yet too often looked upon as representing an unjust and ill-paid sacrifice. Here is the similar case of the man that receives say 300 letters a day or a week or a month. One letter in the 300 goes astray or is delayed in delivery. The man spends more time and energy and vocabulary in raffling at Uncle Sam for the one letter that goes amiss than in praise of the service that brings the 299 promptly to hand. He takes the 299 for granted, as if he paid the expenses of the entire postal service out of his own pocket, and then works himself into an apoplexy over the one delinquency. Here is a quartette of types—a successful merchant of my acquaintance who declares that the average man fares as well in barbarism as he does in this civilization; a young man just out of the high school who attributes most of the unhappiness in the country to misgovernment; a graduate of one of our most conspicuous state colleges who doesn't "pretend to be patriotic," and a workman described by his employer as without a superior, an earnest and sincere man who is for "revolution and no compromise."

Still more. Here are three men gazing at a courthouse. "The temple of

justice," says one of them with a sneer. "Yes, justice, if you've got the price," says another with a similar sneer. The third assents. Had a thousand been present, how many would have dissented? And if they had dissented? They would have been overwhelmed in an uproar of disapproval. It was nine years ago that this sentiment was uttered, and among a thousand men there would be fewer to dissent from it today than there would have been then—a very significant tendency of things.

Revolutionary Thinking.

These are but a few among numerous instances to remind us that here is exactly the kind of thinking that a hundred years ago in France caused many a man of good intentions to lose his head, first in the general tumult and afterward by the guillotine; exactly the same kind of thinking that revolted against absolutism under Louis XVI, only to fall under the absolutism, first of Mirabeau, then of Robespierre and then of Napoleon; exactly the kind of thinking that in its hatred of royalty beheaded a king, and then in almost the same breath voted more than a thousand to one to place a military despot upon an imperial throne.

Still more. Here are books by the hundred and leaflets and pamphlets and papers by the thousand sent all over the land disseminating the opinion and the feeling that justice is to be had in our courts only by purchase; this and similar opinions. Are they read? Yes, and more. They are fed upon and brooded upon and passed on to the neighbor; fed upon and brooded upon by the earnest and sincere man as well as by the agitator and the sullen malcontent.

Men of good intentions? Yes, many of them, but we are to hear in mind that good intentions are not an insurance policy against evil consequences. Good intentions, as a rule, are back of the manufacture of nitro-glycerin, but its sensitiveness and destructive power are none the less for that reason. It explodes just as readily from the careless touch of good intentions as from the concussion of calculating deviltry, and the destruction is just as widespread and just as complete. A hundred years ago rivers of blood ran in the streets of Paris and elsewhere in France and no one thing had contributed to this red flood more than good intentions; good intentions expressed in isms apparently, but that nevertheless led to anarchy and the Reign of Terror. And the nitro-glycerin in this case is the way men are feeling and thinking.

Silent Forces at Work.

This suggests the silent forces at work; forces subtle but potent; forces as insidious as malaria and as silent in their activity as thought itself, for just as certainly and as silently as the twilight of evening steals upon the noonday to turn it into night, just so do these pernicious beliefs steal into the thoughts of men to darken them, and as certainly as these things creep into the thoughts of men just that certainly do they steal away the minds and hearts from Uncle Sam.

Not strikes, not riots, not lynchings, not any particular outbreak or any particular series of outbreaks that attract general attention; not anarchism or socialism or democracy or any other particular ism, not any of these but more; these are but manifestations of the condition of mind in which they are conceived and out of which they are born, but the manifestations are no more the condition itself than the leaves and the other drift upon the surface of the stream are the current itself.

There is a process of nature called electrolysis, a sort of chemical decomposition that is said to be eating its way into the steel-laid foundations of the majestic buildings that stand in our large cities as monuments to nineteenth and twentieth century enterprise. If this is true, and nothing is done to circumvent it, then one day these proud structures will crumble into ruin and when they go they will take many a human being with them. But no man sees electrolysis doing its deadly work. At the foundations of this republic lack of faith in our institutions and want of respect for them is the electrolysis that is at work this day. To what extent no man knows, but we do know that it is there; we do know that it is ceaselessly at work, and we do know that its insidiousness is more to be feared than the mailed warriors of all the world.

The Test of Vitality.

So here in Marion is a typical American city; in these particulars a miniature America; more, a miniature Christendom. Take a map of Europe and mark where unrest of a similar sort is most significantly manifest. The map will soon be covered with spots, with this qualification—if you take another map and mark where intelligence is supposed to be most general, you will find that one map will serve very well as a substitute for the other. The little learning that is a dangerous thing, you may say, and it is no doubt true that the general diffusion of a little knowledge about many things has done much to quicken and to intensify the disquietude that is in man by nature; just as a little knowledge prompts many a one to accept with eagerness the social poison in a Plato and at the same time to reject the antidote that is to be found in his deeper truths. But take another map of Europe. This time mark where flame and sword had devastated in the decade ending fifty years ago. Again the map is covered with pencil marks. Now compare the quarter of a century of European history just preceding that decade with the decade just ended in this country. There is an analogy to set one to thinking. Now add these vital facts—that half a century of tranquility is a

rare thing in the history of nations; that fifty years of peace are perhaps as severe a test of enduring vitality in a government as so many years of foreign war; that already we have had forty years of comparative peace in this country. To all this add the nitrogen in man's mental and physical make-up, and here is a group of facts to suggest the profoundest pondering; facts that should stir us to the deepest solicitude.

Discontent Is the Issue.

Here is suggested the one thing that challenges the intelligence and the patriotism on the editorial tripod more persistently and more emphatically than any other—discontent; not the discontent that is back of all progress; not the discontent that, dissatisfied with self, becomes a spur to additional effort, but the discontent that looks outside of self for what must be within or not at all; the discontent that looks to laws and institutions for the elements of success; the discontent that expects of government what no government can provide; discontent already inflamed to an abnormal sensitiveness; the discontent that would tear down what we have in the vain hope of building more successfully upon the ruins; the discontent that sets forces in motion that afterward it is unable to control; the discontent that is ceaselessly demanding additional rights and privileges and seldom or never giving a thought to duties or obligations.

Unquestionably the forces of disintegration are more actively at work in this country than they have been at any other time since the civil war. The dispatches say, for instance, that the Nebraska prophet of silverism disclaims being a socialist. Names are of little consequence, but it is true nevertheless that the teachings of this same man have done more to make socialists than to make Democrats, and it is a shorter step from Bryanism to downright socialism than it is from Bryanism to the principles of Andrew Jackson. And, for a number of years, whatever the individual voter may think about it, the organization known as the Democratic party has done more to create and intensify a querulous discontent than an eager, active and hopeful Americanism, and in the minds of the people it has left more communism than old-fashioned Jeffersonianism.

Some Notable Tendencies.

And note the tendency of things—for it is the tendency, after all, that is most significant. For instance, the significance of the New York election two years ago is not that Governor Odell was re-elected by a few thousand plurality, but that 650,000 American citizens should stamp their approval upon a platform that a few years ago would have been regarded as too fragile for even a Democrat to stand on. And the significance of Ohio last fall is not that Tom Johnson went down before a plurality of more than a hundred thousand, but that a Tom Johnson should be able to control a Democratic state convention and that 280,000 Buckeyes should endorse at the polls that kaleidoscope of isms known as Tom Johnsonism—isms that a few years ago would have had no consideration whatever. And now we have the spectacle of the Democratic national committee trying in vain to run away from Hearstism; trying in vain to escape the responsibility of a natural paternity, for Hearstism is simply the inevitable offspring of the misalliance between Democracy and Populism, sometimes miscalled Bryanism.

One thing is clear: This trend of things must be met; it must be fought; it must be fought intelligently as well as courageously; it must be directly aimed at, and it is not sixty seconds too soon to begin this just now. It must be met and fought with conservatism; not the conservatism of an individual here and there, but organized conservatism; not moribund conservatism or halting conservatism, but progressive conservatism; the conservatism that believes in progress but declines to lose its head in this twentieth century swirl of things; the conservatism that stands for evolution as opposed to revolution, but would quicken the pace of evolution, just as the farmer or the breeder by directing the forces of nature accomplishes results in a few years or in a few decades what nature left alone would require centuries or ages for.

Where Is Conservatism?

But where in this country is to be found this organized progressive conservatism? The answer is in three words—the Republican party. If the Republican party is called upon to face and cope with the forces of dissolution it will not be the first time and if it forsores the emergency it will be only another case of history repeating itself. And comes now this army of the press; these minute men already summoned to the contest; this other national guard, these men enlisted for three years only but for during the war if it takes a lifetime; these men enlisted not for the service of the sword but for the more useful service today of the mind and the heart and the tongue and the pen; these men armed with the weapon that, rightly directed, is more powerful than the sword; the weapon that directed by vigilant and intelligent patriotism may remove the necessity for the sword in this or in any other behalf.

And how? To attempt an answer in detail would be infinite presumption, but a moment here. In to many a household what we call out patriotism is tucked away 363 days in the year in that dark room that nobody wants to go to or to stay in; that room where the shutters are closed, the sunlight shut out and where there is a

musty odor in the atmosphere. Let us get it out of there every day in the year and take it into the rooms we live in, where the plants and the flowers and the children are, and let us teach the children to love it and to cherish it as they love and cherish the other plants and flowers. The tree in the open spreads out its branches in order to present its leaves to the sunlight. The tree in the forest shoots up straight for the same purpose. The tree derives as much vitality from the sunshine and from the air as from the earth, or more. Let us take a lesson from the tree; let us turn the leaves of our patriotism to the sunbeams every day; then the roots will go down deep, deep in the heart and throb with every pulse beat. And let us urge this same in the schools every day of every year from kindergarten to university. Counting Our Privileges.

Not bluster, not swagger, not a chip on the shoulder for others, but an every day deep-seated gratitude for the privileges and opportunities of this American civilization; a gratitude inspired by and based upon every day facts to be found in every voting precinct in the land; every day facts in the life of every individual under the folds of Old Glory; countless facts; potent facts that go to the core of things; facts that we have been born to, brought up to, become accustomed to and have come to take for granted as if we ourselves had wrung them from the wilds and barrens of primevalism by our own efforts.

But there is no time here for details, so let us go back to the hilltop and in another look at the typical American city of Marion find the one fact that includes all the others. Here the eye has tarried first at one place and then at another, but all the while, of course, the heart has rested upon one particular spot, an abode of peace and quietude and love and hope. There it is, hidden by that clump of trees. The building is not in sight, but I feel that it is there. And then I recall that but a short time ago in the history of nations to go wandering for an hour unprotected a thousand to one would be never to return, or if to return then only to find the home in ashes and the loved ones among the embers. Then why is it that today one may wander away with the assurance of a safe return to that unpretentious but homelike home?

What We Owe Uncle Sam.

Then I look again, and I see those spires and those steeples and that tower, and over yonder where the broken veterans are I see that streaming banner that I need not name for its name is "as old as the glory of God," and this is the answer. This is why. Here are institutions, not perfect, it is true, but the best, nevertheless, that have been wrung from the centuries; here are privileges and opportunities that you and I found awaiting us when we came into this country; privileges and opportunities that we would scale mountains and cross seas for if they were not already at hand; privileges and opportunities that we could not earn for ourselves and institutions that we could not build for ourselves in a score of lifetimes, and back of all these—Uncle Sam. And this same Uncle Sam, not a saint, not a Solomon, but the best Uncle Sam nevertheless that you or I or anybody ever had. These things I think of with this same Uncle Sam in mind, and then I say: There is not much of me, but what there is, is his; what there is, is with him and for him, heart and soul, to the last breath against all the powers of darkness, if need be; against the world, the flesh and the devil.

Let us make this our political religion in this day of rampant social skepticism, and let us preach it with the zeal that is justified by the righteousness of the cause. Then in this, it seems to me, we shall find not only "The True Mission of the Party Press" this day, but also the splendid opportunity and the glorious privilege.

THE CAMPAIGN ISSUES

Hon. Charles L. Henry Defines Them at Indiana Editorial Convention.

At the banquet with which the annual convention of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association was inaugurated, Hon. Charles L. Henry, owner of the Indianapolis Journal, spoke on "The Issues of the Impending Campaign." In part he said that the Republicans do not make campaign issues in the common acceptance of the term. They inaugurate policies and stand for the advancement, progress and prosperity of the nation—the Democrats raise the issues, setting up any and every sort of cry that might catch a vote at the polls. "One difficulty that the Republicans have had to contend with," said Mr. Henry, "is that, while everything good, politically, that has been done for the country has been brought about by the Republicans, everything bad has been charged against them by the Democrats because they didn't prevent it."

Mr. Henry said it was due largely to the untiring efforts of the Republican newspapers of the state that Indiana occupies its present proud position and has made such marked advancement, and that it rests with them to keep up the good work. The decreasing of the state debt by almost \$6,000,000 within the last eight years, he said, has been brought about by Republican administration of state affairs, and the Republican press must contend for a continuance of this policy. We must insist upon the administration of state affairs in the future as in the past and upon the business-like, nonpartisan management of state institutions. In national affairs the Democrats are pledged to do something with the currency—just what nobody knows. The Republican party stands where it has stood all the time—for sound money.

Lame

Crippled by Sciatic Rheumatism.

Specialist Failed to Help.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills Cured Me.

"After treating me for five weeks for sciatic rheumatism, a St. Louis specialist confessed that he could do nothing for me and I came home as badly crippled as when I went away. Shortly after that I began to take Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and Blood Purifier. I commenced their use at once, and in less than thirty days was virtually a new man. I carry the Pain Pills with me always, and find them a never-failing cure for headache or other pains."—J. K. MILLER, Thompsonville, Ill.

"No railroad man should attempt to make a trip without a few of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills in his grip. For indigestion, nervousness, sleeplessness of any kind or irregularity, they cannot be best—Conductor H. C. TEVING, Wilmington, N. C.

"My trouble was inflammation of the ovaries, and for five years I suffered untold pain. After taking two or three boxes of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, I felt I was cured, but always kept them on hand, for they relieve many other ailments."—Miss PHILLIPS, DOANE, Worcester, Mass.

"Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are the best remedy for car sickness on the market. On an excursion train recently I gave away a whole box of them to sufferers from car-sickness, and in every case they gave immediate relief. I always keep them in my pocket."—H. D. SANDOZ, Pipestone, Minn.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Gross

Cut Saws

The Well-known Simonds Brand.

A Good Saw for..... \$2

J. F. HORNADAY.

Pretty Miss Nellie Hascomb, Omaha: "I owe my good looks and health to Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Have fully regained my health. 35 cents, tea or tablets. A. G. Luken & Co.

"Isn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

"Neglected colds make fat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

Hotel Rates St. Louis World's Fair. For copy of World's Fair official pamphlet, naming Hotel accommodations and rates during Universal Exposition of 1904, address E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent Pennsylvania-Vandalia Lines, Pittsburg, Pa.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golbeck of Colusa, Calif., writes "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by A. G. Luken & Co., druggist.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, Lagrippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at A. G. Luken's drug store.