

Morning Tiredness

Is a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people do—thousands of them. Take a few bottles of this good medicine now and you will get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired feeling and did not have life or ambition to accomplish my usual amount of household work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief and also cured a scrofula tendency." Mrs. B. Merritt, Dowagiac, Mich. Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them. Not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 2c extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE
Excursion Rates to Western Canada and particulars as to how to secure 100 acres of this land. We have growing land on the continent, can be secured on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the nearest agent. Specially designed. Excursions will leave St. Paul, Minn., on the 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month, and specially low fares on all lines of railway are being quoted for excursions leaving St. Paul on March 20th and April 4th, for Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Write to F. Pedley, Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc. free: N. Bartholomew, 305 5th St., Des Moines, Iowa; W. H. Rogers, Water-town, South Dakota; W. V. Bennett, 201 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; B. Davies, 154 1/2 East 2d St., St. Paul, Minn.; Agents for Gov't of Canada.

Thompson's Eye Water

Government Mines in Prussia.
The Prussian Government owns and works seventeen collieries, eight lignite mines, fourteen iron mines, five metalliferous mines other than iron, and three rock salt mines, together with five iron works and eight works for smelting the other metals, six salt works and five quarries, which have an output of a total value of more than \$30,000,000 yearly. Besides the above, the Prussian State owns one colliery, that of Ibbenbuhren, in the Osna-bruck district of Westphalia, the collieries of Deister and Osterwald in the Clausthal district, and half the Obernkirchen colliery in the same district.

Libby, McNeill & Libby.
Housekeepers frequently feel the need of luncheon meats which are either ready to serve or can be prepared for the table at a moment's notice. Such a need is abundantly supplied in the superior meats put up by the old reliable house of Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, one of whose specialties is advertised in another column of this paper, and their booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," is offered free on application.

Canada in Case of Invasion.
Canada is self-supporting, but in event of an attack being made upon the dominion Britain would have to provide both army and navy for its defense.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & FURMAN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

There is no witness so terrible, no accusation so powerful as conscience which dwells within us.—Sophocles.

THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham—Read their Letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and once in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice."

—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 31, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—After receiving your letter I began the use of your remedies, taking both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am now regular every month and suffer no pain. Your medicine is the best that any suffering girl can take."—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 6, 1899.

Nervous and Dizzy
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered constantly from terrible sideache, had chills, was nervous and dizzy. I had tried different kinds of medicine but they all failed entirely. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier I am all right. I cannot thank you enough for what your remedies have done for me."—MISS MATILDA JENSEN, Box 18, Ogdensburg, Wis., June 10, 1899.

SOLDIER OF '93 JOINS THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.



Since the close of the war with Spain Memorial day has assumed a new significance. The dead of two wars are honored, and the real meaning of the day is brought home to the later generation as it never has been before. The haziness that time gives to memories of those who have gone to their last resting place is brushed aside and the real import of the day stands out with more distinctness. One day in the year may well be given over entirely to honoring our soldier dead. It is not too much. They gave up their lives to hold the country undivided and some to relieve a down-trodden people at the threshold of our republic. We owe them a debt of gratitude that we never can repay, whether they fought in the civil war or the war with Spain. Their devotion and their courage entitle them to the grateful remembrance we show, and the recent additions to their number make the real significance of the exercises more distinct.

DECORATION DAY.

War, now, it don't seem like a year hev gone—a hull run' year— Since we was fallin' into line to celebrate this here. It don't seem possible, yit that's the trick time allus plays. 'N' every year'll git more short 'twixt Decoration days.

'N' every year the roll-call 'll be gittin' shorter, too; We're missin' lots o' faces that we didn't use to do. The names is droppin' off—no tellin' which one of us may Be counted out at muster on next Decoration Day.

It's gittin' kinder funny, too, to see the o' gray heads— Fer blame if every one of us ain't showin' silver threads. O' 'feller's yes, the youngest ain't got nothin' else to say; It war'n't so ten years ago on Decoration Day.

Why, we was on'y boys—mere boys—ten years ago; but then We'd somehow got the notion up to think ourselves o' men; 'N' so, p'raps ten years from now, if any of us stay, We'll think that we was on'y boys this Decoration Day.

Then close in, veter'ns, close in, men; o' comrades, git in line. Touch elbows once again—that's right—it warms you up like wine. P'raps 'tain't often more we'll meet—brace up 'n' step out say; We might be angels touchin' wings next Decoration Day.

So close in, veter'ns, close in, men; o' comrades, git in step; Play up the tunes we used to march—we'll keep the time we keep. We ain't too ol' fer three times three; God save the flag, hurrah! Shake hands all round, 'n' fall in, boys, fer Decoration Day. —Madeline S. Bridges.

ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

HE always knew when Mike was coming; the manner of his entrance never left room for doubt. There was always the confused murmur of a wordy dispute with the elevator boy downstairs who refused to operate his machine for newsboys, the quick rush of bare feet up the stairs to the shrill accompaniment of "Mah Coal Black Lady," or "Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose;" the door would fly open with a crash and Mike would be in the center of the room shouting "Even'n Journal! Lat'st war change!" from a golden imagination yellowing the already very yellow news of his paper in a manner that must have won him an editorship could the proprietor of the sheet have heard him. This particular May afternoon the method of his entrance differed in no way from the usual routine, save that the door flew open a little more suddenly and swung to again with a little louder crash if possible. But once inside it was evident that Mike was unduly excited. The papers which he usually held out in front at arm's length to display to the best advantage their half-page scare heads were tucked securely under one arm; his big black eyes danced jubilantly and he heartily forgot business and the startling news of his papers in the vastly greater importance of his own news. "Say, wot yer tink! De ol' max's 'list'ed fer a soger; he's go'n t'war! Ain't he a bird?" he shouted. "Whose old man?" I inquired. "Mine! Me dad! Whose'd yer suppose? Git de wot 'out o' yer 'inker!" he replied scornfully. "But, Mike, who is going to support the family?" I inquired, remembering a vivid description Mike had once given me of six little Murphys of whom he was the eldest and only "loven" at that. "De family's all right. Dad says dat if he goes off to de scrap de folks wot stays home is bound to take care uv his family. Say, yer ought to see 'im. He's all right, ye bet! De reg'ment marches to-morrow."

It was the first time I had ever heard Mike speak of his father with anything like respect. I knew him to be a drunken ne'er-do-well, who abused his wife and children and contributed little to their support. The days wore on. Regiment after regiment passed through the city en route for the South and Mike was joyously full of excitement. Every afternoon he blew into the office and every day

his stories of the news grew bigger and more yellow. He followed every move of the army and his imagination ran riot that the possibilities of the world-changing drama being enacted. Every scrap of news in regard to his father's regiment was on his tongue's end, and I soon found that with the donning of his blue coat his father had become a hero. As for Mike himself he was the same impudent, sharp-eyed, dirty, ragged little gamin as of yore, one of the most successful newsboys on the street, an inveterate scrapper and gambler, and on his own confession, rarely at night having more than half his day's earnings to take home. When I remonstrated with him and pointed out that he should make his father's place, he was always ready with an answer, falling back on the old argument that if his father fought for his country it was his country's place to look after his family.

The summer wore on. The Fourth of July dawned hot and sultry. The temperature rose with the sun; at 10 o'clock it was 80; at 11 o'clock 90 and at noon it registered 96 in the shade. The glare from the asphalt streets blinded the eyes. Men panted for breath and now and then one fell. The water front and the parks were thronged with women and children seeking relief. Those who succumbed were taken to the hospitals, but no one minded them. Down before Santiago 16,000 men in dingy brown canvas blue trimmed uniforms in the blistering heat of a tropical climate were fighting against overwhelming odds. On the day before had come the news of a disastrous defeat, and the night had closed down in gloom. To-day the defeat had been turned into a victory and the cable had flashed home the details of a great naval victory besides. The great city sweltered and sweated and waited for confirmation and for the list of dead.

That afternoon business called me to the office. For an hour I worked and then fell to thinking of the great tragedy being enacted. Suddenly I became aware that someone was standing by my desk. "Even'n Journal, sir? List uv dead and wounded." It was Mike, but I hardly recognized the voice. All the impudence, the old-time braggadocio was gone, and he had come in so quietly. "Why, Mike—" I began. Then I noticed the trace of tears furrowed through the dirt on the two grimy cheeks. There was an unwonted seriousness in the deep black eyes and an unmistakable quiver in the voice as he repeated, "Even'n Journal, sir? Extra, jes' out. 'Plete list uv dead an' wounded." I snatched the paper eagerly and tossed Mike a nickel. "Never mind the change," I said, and plunged into the details of the fight. When I glanced up Mike was still there. "If yer please, sir," he began, standing on one leg and uneasily rubbing it with the dirty brown foot of the other. "If yer please, sir, could I count yer reg'lar fer a polper every night? O!—O! got ter s'port de family now 'cause O'm de head uv it. He—he's dere, sir," he finished with a dry sob, pointing to the open page before me. Glancing down the column in heavy black, bold-faced type, I saw the name of Private Dennis A. Murphy on the roll of honor with the brief, explanatory line, "Shot through the head." Mike drew a step nearer. "Say," he said, with just a touch of his old-time eagerness, "he's a hero now, wot he?" Mike has several regular customers in the office now, but he no longer blows in like a miniature hurricane. He comes and goes quietly but quietly. He is full of business, and although his former impudence now and then flashes out it is in a guarded way that will lose him no customers. He is always ready for a scrap when anyone intrudes upon his rights, but he has given up fighting for the fun of the thing, and he no longer pitches pennies and gambles away his hard-earned money. "Yer see, O'm de head uv de family now, an' have ter help me mither," he explains.

The other day he came into the office with the old-time rush. "They've got me father's body, an' it's ter be buried here," he cried. Then after a moment's thought he inquired wistfully, "Say, do yer s'pose de sogers'll march ter his grave an' put a flag an' flowers on it 'Morial day?" Thornton N. Burgess, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Lisley's "The Flood," which was sold by the artist in 1876 for \$8, was recently sold in Paris for \$8,000.

CRIME OF THOUGHTLESSNESS.

Which Causes the Death of Many Sick-Room Victims.

"Thoughtlessness and mistaken kindness in the sick-room slay their thousands, and the family and nurses are oft-times the unknown accessories to the deed," is the emphatic opinion of Bland Brunner Huddleston, writing of "Visitors to the Sick-room," in the Woman's Home Companion. "They fear criticism too much. Their mothers and grandmothers never dreamed of refusing admittance to the sick-room; it would 'cause talk' to begin it. So the nurse casts responsibility off on custom and puts a blind trust in Providence, and the deed is done! No matter how visibly it harrows the soul of a nervous woman to have 'outsiders' about her, there are those who will persist in invading every sick-room they can reach, regardless of the condition of the patient or the probability (or lack of probability) that they may be of any service. It often happens that it is the least useful and most tactless women of a community who are most active in their attentions to the afflicted. Such visitors seriously handicap the efforts of the physician and nurses and undoubtedly cause many a death. It is astonishing to witness the recklessness of most families in regard to this phase of the care of their sick. Unless a patient is actually in articulo mortis the country doctor does not like to endanger his popularity by ordering the arbitrary exclusion of visitors. Without his commands to back them up the family that attempts the innovation invites and gets the ostracism of the neighborhood for no short time. I would not be thought to decry the good, sensible, self-denying neighbor nurse who in almost all rural communities and in homes of slender means everywhere must supply the place of the trained nurse when the home force is not sufficient to properly care for a patient. God alone knows the extent of her usefulness or can adequately reward her. Only cheerfully sympathetic society is a benefit to convalescents, and that kind, like medicine, only at proper intervals and in right amount. In fact, so much depends upon the mood and manner of the visitor that one might almost advise the patient to observe the caution that is affixed to some prescriptions, 'Shake well before taking.'"

How Mathews Pawned a Spoon.
Charles Mathews was well known among his friends and admirers for his remarkable powers of rapid imitation and characterization.

He was invited once, with his manager and two others, to dine with a citizen, who, though he carried on a pawn-broking business, was an amusing fellow. It seems he kept but one assistant, and, during the dinner hour, the host was called out of the dining parlor, at the back of the shop, to attend a customer.

Mathews, altering his hair, turning up his collar and putting on another man's hat—of course with suitable change of countenance—took a large silver gray-spoon from the table, ran into the street, and entering one of the little boxes that universally shield one customer from another at pawnbrokers' counters pledged to his unsuspecting host his own piece of plate, and returned to his place at table as the pawnbroker re-entered the room, unconscious of the joke.

Modesty is never ashamed of uncovered face.

Going to Paris?

Then let us give you valuable information regarding your trip. We can render you good service and ticket you right through from all stations on our line via New York and any of the steamship lines. Call on agents of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway, or address Jno. G. Farmer, A. G. P. & T. A., B. C. R. & N. Ry., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

In certain parts of Africa, crocodiles, toads and spiders are eaten. Ancient Romans ate caterpillars, and some Africans do the same to-day.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Stern Father—So you want to marry my daughter, do you?
Young Man (nervously)—Yes, sir.
Stern Father—Thanks. Have a cigar.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

I never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian.—Pope.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—D. G. Mitchell.

Soup
1 1/4 c.
Per Plate

A 10-cent can of
Libby's Premier Soup
makes 8 plates-full of rich, pure, all-ready, labor-saving Oxtail, Mollusks, Turkey, Chicken, Tomato, Kidney or Giblet soup.

Drop postal for book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief & cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAY TREATMENT FREE. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

S. C. N. U. - - No. 21-1900

PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION

9-10 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rochelle Salts -
Aster Acids -
Piperimit -
El Carbonat Soda -
Vino Seda -
Carduus -
Walgren Flavan

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fitcher,
NEW YORK.

35c. 50c. 75c.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fitcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BABY'S BAWLS

MAM-M-MA!! DON'T YOU HEAR BABY CRY?
Do you forget that summer's coming with all its dangers to the little ones—all troubles bred in the bowels.

The summer's heat kills babies and little children because their little insides are not in good, clean, strong condition.

Winter has filled the system with bile. Belching, vomiting up of sour food, rash, flushed skin, colic, restlessness, diarrhoea or constipation, all testify that the bowels are out of order.

If you want the little ones to face the coming dangers without anxious fear for their lives, see that the baby's bowels are gently, soothingly, but positively cleaned out in the spring time, and made strong and healthy before hot weather sets in.

The only safe laxative for children, pleasant to take (they ask for more) is CASCARETS. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative for the baby by eating a CASCARET now and then. Mama eats a CASCARET, baby gets the benefit. Try it! Send for a 10c box of CASCARETS to-day and you will find that, as we guarantee, all irregularities of the little and big childrens insides are

CURED BY

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS

To any steady mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy CASCARETS we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.