



A Professional Nurse Tells Her Experience With Doan's Kidney Pills. Montague, Mass.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Gentlemen—I heartily wish those who are suffering from backache and disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. As was the case with me, they will be more than surprised with the results. I had been troubled for years with my spine. I could not lie on either side. Spinal cramps would follow, and words could not explain the agony which I would endure. While in these cramps I could not speak or move, but by making a great effort after the cramp had left me I could begin to speak and move a little, but my whole back was so sore and lame that I could not even have the back bathed for some time. My nerves were in a terrible state. I would rather sit up at night than go to bed, dreading the cramps and the terrible backaches. I consulted physicians, but got only a little relief for the time being. Seeing your advertisement, my mother urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using one box I was better, and have ever since been on the gain. I have no backache and no cramps now and I feel like a new person. My nerves are better and I know my blood is purer. Words cannot express my thanks to you for what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. In my work as professional nurse I have a chance to recommend them; and they did me so much good that I will do so on every possible occasion.

HATTIE BRIGHAM, Nurse. Doan's Kidney Pills are sold at 50 cents per box. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for a free trial box.

It is better to collect your thoughts than to borrow other people's.

To a woman there comes a time when she fails to recall the past.

A Golfer's Maiden Speech. Representative "Nick" Longworth of Ohio, the amateur golf champion of Hamilton county, made his maiden speech in congress the other day. Fred Ireland, one of the official stenographers and himself a golfer, reported the speech. He began his notes as follows: "Representative Longworth teed up his first oratorical ball today and made a pretty drive for 180 yards. He got in trouble in the long grass with his metaphorical iron on the second shot, but came out bravely with a poetical approach and holed down in five with a peroration that gave him bogey."

Dispensed With Useless Eating Tools. Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, is visiting Washington. The governor was a burly and breezy steamboat captain on the Mississippi and is called "captain" to this day. Every time he goes to the capital they tell the story of his first dinner at the White House. When he sat down at the table he found several spoons, several forks and several knives in front of him. The governor inspected the cutlery carefully. Then he chose one knife, one fork and one spoon, brushed the rest aside and allowed he would eat his dinner with the selections he had made.

SURE

The Robust Physique Can Stand More Coffee Than a Weak One.

A young Virginian says: "Having a naturally robust constitution far above the average and not having a nervous temperament, my system was able to resist the inroads upon it by the use of coffee for some years but finally the strain began to tell."

"For ten years I have been employed as telegraph operator and typewriter by a railroad in this section and until two years ago I had used coffee continually from the time I was eight years old, nearly 20 years."

"The work of operating the telegraph key is a great strain upon the nerves and after the day's work was over I would feel nervous, irritable, run down and toward the last suffered greatly from insomnia and neuralgia. As I never indulged in intoxicating liquors, drugs or tobacco in any form I came to the conclusion that coffee and tea were causing the gradual break-down of my nervous system and having read an article in the Medical Magazine on the composition of coffee and its toxic effect upon the system, I was fully convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble."

"Seeing Postum spoken of as not having any of the deteriorating effects of coffee I decided to give up the stimulant and give Postum a trial. The result was agreeably surprising. After a time my nerves became wonderfully strong. I can do all my work at the telegraph key and typewriter with far greater ease than ever before. My weight has increased 35 pounds, my general health keeping pace with it, and I am a new man and a better one." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



Any Objection to This as a Sizable American Family?

BRADDOCK HOUSE STILL STANDS

The purchase of Faunce's Tavern in New York city, in which Washington bade farewell to the army and the determination to restore the structure to its original appearance and make of it a repository for colonial and revolutionary relics, adds all the more point to the suggestion to buy another bit of Washington intimately connected with the younger days of the great general.

There exists to-day in Alexandria, Va., the house in which Washington is said to have received his first commission; certainly the house which Gen. Braddock made his headquarters preparatory to his fateful expedition against the French on the Ohio. This house, formerly known as the Carlyle House, was built by John Carlyle, one of the first trustees of Alexandria in 1732.

To-day the Carlyle House forms part of the deserted caravansary still known as the Braddock House, but formerly doing business under the several titles of Newton's Hotel and Green's Mansion House. The hotel forms the west front and the north and the south sides of the quadrangular structure, while the Carlyle House, facing the courtyard, forms the main eastern part of the building now bearing Braddock's name.

The Carlyle House, with its wide grounds, once reaching to the Potomac just below the east, was built upon the site of an old colonial fort which guarded the interests of the King and his traders when the neighborhood was known as Hunting Creek. So substantially was the old fort built that John Carlyle took the structure as it stood in 1732 and built thereon the house that now bears his name.

This old fort is not without its measure of interest. There still remains a portion of the underground passage that once led directly to the river, and by which fugitives were hastened into shelter while the military spirits issued forth secretly to engage the enemy unaware.

The living rooms of those early dates, now the cellar of the Carlyle House, in which the women and children were gathered in those times of trouble with the Indians, seem even to-day to breathe through the nostrils of their iron-barred windows the same spirit of defiance with which they once confronted the foe. These rooms later, when the Carlyle House became famous for its hospitality, were turned into meat pens, wherein were stored the luscious old hams and the like for which Virginia has long been famous.

From the center of this erstwhile living space an arched passageway leads to the remnant of the beautiful garden that once ran unobstructedly to the river front. On each side of this way are two rooms, three of which once housed the soldiers, while the fourth was the prison. On the rough stone walls of this room are evidences still of the shackles by which the worst of its inmates were restrained.

This part of the old fort still forms the plaza out upon which the main hallway leads; and it was there, in Washington's days, that the young people gathered in the summer evenings to chat and to watch the moon rise over the river, then in plain view, and it was there, too, their elders met to discuss the questions of the days when the wharves beyond were crowded with trading craft and littered with the richest barter of England and the West Indies.

The part of the history of the Carlyle House, however, in which we are most interested is that dealing directly with Washington as a national character. Most of us are fairly familiar with Lieut.-Col. Washington's work with the Virginians against the French at Great Meadows; and we know with what spirit he resigned his commission from Gov. Dinwiddie rather than take that misguided Scotchman's dictum that provincial officers should rank no higher than captains when serving in concert with British regulars.

Maj.-Gen. Braddock, however, had formed a very different opinion of Washington, and in recognition of the young man's services, invited him to become one of his staff and to serve in his military family with the rank of colonel. It is in this we are interested.

Making his headquarters in the Carlyle House, Braddock set to work at once to fully organize his forces, part of his military command long being recruited in Alexandria. In mid-April of 1755 Braddock had called together in Alexandria the governors of Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, who were William Shirley, James De Lancey, Horatio Sharpe, Robert Hunter Morris and Robert Dinwiddie. It was to the councils of such men that Washington was bidden by Braddock, and it he received his commission as colonel on Braddock's staff. The walls, wainscoting, woodwork, mantel, etc., of the very room in which this occurred remain to-day just as they were on that momentous occasion.

It takes no particularly vivid imagination to animate that place to-day with a sense of the atmosphere of that time, now a century and a half gone by, and the use to which the building is now put—a repository for antique furniture of the artistic sort—only tends to give further touch to the ancient halo about the place.

This room referred to leads directly upon the broad central hallway of the house, and, according to tradition, it was at the foot of the still beautiful solid mahogany staircase of this hallway that Washington stood waiting the coming of fair Sallie Fairfax on the occasion of a ball in the house, and, likewise according to honored tradition, it was in the room directly opposite the one in which he received his commission and counselled with the colonial rulers that he proposed to the same fair Sallie and was rejected.

But for the unusually substantial manner in which the house and its old-fort foundation were built, the place would long ago have lost much of its originality. The ravages of time are now beginning to tell and it will be but a question of a few years, if something is not done to prevent the attacks of relic hunters and the natural decay of materials, before the building is ruined.

To-day the Braddock House, which is not without its civil war history—for it was there that Col. Eilsworth of the zouaves was shot in '61—is practically deserted, only the wide sweep of its ground floor, which once was the scene of many a ball and important function, is now littered with mahogany relics of every section of Virginia. The work of preparing this furniture for the market is fast marking the walls and injuring wainscoting and the like, and the Carlyle House suffers in common with its more recent neighbor.

Stringless spinnets and dumb harpsichords stand mute records of the days gone by, while empty chairs and broken tables, like limping spirits, fill the halls and rooms with shadows of the past.

The front and portico of the Carlyle House remain to-day as they were originally when they looked unobstructedly across upon the ancient market place of the town, and beyond to the further side of that square, where still survives the old City Hotel, built in 1752, and for some time Washington's headquarters.

This same hotel, then known as Wise's tavern, was built by Lord Fairfax out of the same lot of bricks he imported from England in 1751, from which he also built Christ Church, where Washington worshipped, and the chapel to the same church at Pohick, a few miles distant. The Fairfax House, still surviving, was built between the market place and Christ church.

The market space of Alexandria is intimately connected with the story of Washington's life at Mt. Vernon. At one time the place was known as Bellhaven, and in those days, according to Weems, it boasted more of beauty for the eye than charms for the palate. He says:

"Not that the neighborhood of Bellhaven was a desert; on the contrary, it was in many places a garden spot abounding with luxuries. But its inhabitants, though wealthy, were not wise. By the successful culture of tobacco they had money. And having filled their coach houses with gilt carriages, and their dining rooms with gilt glasses, they began to look down upon the poorer sort and to talk about families."

"Of course it would never do for such great people to run market carts! Hence the poor Bellhavenites, though embosomed in plenty, were often in danger of gnawing their nails. And unless they could cater a lamb from some good-natured cracker, or a leash of chickens from the Sunday negroes, were obliged to sit down with long faces to a half-graced dinner of salt meat and journey cake."

"This was the order of the day, A. D. '59, when Washington, just married to the wealthy young widow Custis, had settled at Mt. Vernon, nine miles below Bellhaven. The unpleasant situation of the families at that place soon reached his ears. To a man of his character, with too much spirit to follow a bad example when he had the power to set a good one, and too much wit to look for happiness anywhere but in his own bosom, could not long be questionable what part he had to act."

"A marks cart was instantly constructed, and regularly, three times a week, sent off to Bellhaven, filled with nice roasters, kidney-covered lamb and veal, green geese, fat ducks and gobblers, chickens by the basket, fresh butter, new laid eggs, vegetables and fruits of all sorts. Country gentlemen dining with their friends in town very soon remarked the welcome change of diet. 'Bless us all!' exclaimed they, 'what's the meaning of this? You invited us to family fare, and here you have given us a lord mayor's feast.' 'Yes,' replied the others, 'thank God for sending a Col. Washington into our neighborhood.'"

"The cat was thus let out of the bag, to the extreme mortification of some of the 'Little Great Ones,' that Col. Washington should ever have run a market cart."



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine."

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. INA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.

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Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain if I had known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a few months sooner, for I tried many remedies without finding anything which helped me before I tried the Vegetable Compound. I dreaded the approach of the menstrual period every month, as it meant much suffering and pain. Some months the flow was very scanty and others it was profuse, but after I had used the Compound for two months I became regular and natural, and so I continued until I felt perfectly well, and the parts were strengthened to perform the work without assistance and pain. I am like a different woman now, where before I did not care to live, and I am pleased to testify as to the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me." Sincerely yours, Mrs. TILLIE HART, Larimore, N.D.

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

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A two-dollar-bill goes a long way toward changing some men's political opinions.

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Some men don't care very much what church they attend just so the pews have soft cushions.

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