

**Dangers in Paper.**

It is not a pleasant thought that the brilliant white note paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fiber from the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellow after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by the ragpicker from the gutter of an Egyptian town; and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills.

At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have their rag-picking houses, where the rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease-infected Levant not excepted. Our best papers are made of these rags, and our common ones of wood pulp.

**Found at Last.**

Hensley, Ark., Dec. 26.—(Special.)—That a sure cure for Backache would be a priceless boon to the people, and especially the women of America, is admitted by all interested in medical matters, and Mrs. Sue Williams of this place is certain she has found in Dodd's Kidney Pills the long-looked-for cure. "I am 38 years old," Mrs. Williams says, "and have suffered with the Backache very much for three or four years. I have been treated by good physicians and got no relief, but thanks to God, I have found a cure at last and it is Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken only one box and it has done me more good than all the doctors in three or four years. I want all sufferers from Backache to know that they can get Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well." Backache is one of the first symptoms of Kidney Disease. Guard against Bright's Disease or Rheumatism by curing it with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

**A Journalistic Danger.**

Lady—I am the wife of the editor of the Daily Blanket, and he promised me that he would see you about his health. Did he call?  
Dr. Hardhead—Yes, madam. I find that he is suffering from brain strain. "Must he stop work?"  
"Oh, no. All he needs to do is to cease trying to write on both sides of a question in the same article."

**NO TONGUE CAN TELL**

How I Suffered with Itching and Bleeding Eczema—Until Cured by Cuticura. "No tongue can tell how I suffered for five years with a terribly painful, itching, and bleeding eczema, my body and face being covered with sores. Never in my life did I experience such awful suffering, and I longed for death, which I felt was near. I had tried doctors and medicines without success, but my mother insisted that I try Cuticura. I felt better after the first bath with Cuticura Soap and one application of Cuticura Ointment, and was soon entirely well. Any person having doubt about this wonderful cure may write to me. (Signed) Mrs. Altie Etison, Bellevue, Mich." One of Senator Mason's. "A friend of mine," said Senator Mason, "met a traveler from the East one day in Illinois, and after looking him over carefully in order to avoid embarrassing mistakes, put the question: 'Do you drink?' 'That's my business,' bluntly replied the stranger. 'I understand, but have you any other occupation?' was the quick reply, and they parted in the hotel lobby."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and so constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Afraid to Risk It.** "Will you have a piece of the apple pie?" asked the landlord of the Irish boarder. "Is it afther bein' healthful?" asked Pat. "Of course it is," she replied. "Why should you think it otherwise?" "Faith, an' I could a uncle wanst who doctored an' apple-plex," explained the son of Erin. "An' O! I thought this might be somethin' at the same kind, O! dunno."

**A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.** Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN-OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

**Silent Helpers.** "What good are you fellows, anyway?" asked the farmer of a dusty hobo he found yawning in his hay. "What good are we?" echoed the knight of the road. "Why, ef we didn't smoke butts in de farmers' barns dey'd never git de insurance money ter pay de mortgages ef de rest ur de farm sees."

**Evidently Mistaken.** Father—Nowadays it costs more to mend shoes than to buy new ones. Daughter—You must be mistaken. "Why do you think so?" "If it did, patched shoes would be fashionable."

**DO YOU COUGH?** DON'T DELAY TAKE **KEMP'S BALSAM** THE BEST COUGH CURE.  
It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50c and 50c.

**CLEAR THE ROAD!**

In boyhood days we used to go, When winter winds blew chill, With rusty cheeks and nimble feet, To caddy down Martin's Hill. There was no halting on the way, No one stirred out or "blowed." We sped like mad down Martin's Hill, And shouted "Clear the road!"

Then one by one we put away The much-beloved sled, And journeyed forth into the world, Ambition's path to tread. We bade good-by to Martin's Hill And youth's sweet abode, And shouted in an undertone For men to "Clear the road!"

We found along the paths of trade Another Martin's Hill; With men at break-neck pace acoast, With voices loud and shrill Who never halted on their way Where fortune's fancies glowed, Who shouted loud from morn till night That warning, "Clear the road!"—New York Sun.

**A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.**

OUR next-door neighbors have arrived, Clay," said old Mrs. Crindle to her son, the doctor, as he came in from his round of visits with a weary look on his pale, handsome face. "Arrived, have they, mother? It will be better than having an old empty house for neighbors, you think, eh? Well, I hope it may prove so."

The old lady shook her head doubtfully. "They seem to be only men and boys, except a slip of a girl, who flitted about here, there and everywhere, giving orders as though she had my gray head upon her young shoulders." The doctor laughed; but it was a tired laugh, and the old ears, listening, were keen to detect the sound of weariness. "You are tired, my boy," she said. "No, no," he answered. "Not more than usual. By the way, mother, I had a letter from Marjorie to-day. They talk of coming here next summer; but she says it is impossible to carry out my proposition of a marriage in June—that her father's eyesight is falling more and more rapidly, and that she could not think of leaving him."

"How long has your engagement lasted, Clay?" "Four years," he said, despondingly. "Four years! And except for Mr. Markham's health you would have been married long ago. Why can he not make his home with you?" "I have proposed that to Marjorie; but she will not hear of it. She has an absurd idea that I might wake some fine day fancying him a burden, and all my eloquence to the contrary has been so long wasted that I have ceased to exercise it."

The summons to dinner at this moment interrupted them, and after the daintily served meal, seated before a blazing fire, in dressing gown and slippers, Dr. Clay Crindle mentally congratulated himself that his duties for the 24 hours were ended. But his congratulations were premature. A quick, sharp ring at the bell startled him from his reverie. A lad stood on the threshold as the servant opened the door. "My father has been suddenly taken ill," he said. "I saw the doctor's sign this afternoon, and sister Eva told me to ask him to come in at once, please. We live next door—only moved in to-day."

"All right; I will be there in five minutes," the doctor called out. Again drawing on the boots he had been so glad to draw off, mentally anathematizing next-door neighbors in general and this case in particular, he started on his unexpected errand. He had no need to ring the bell. The boy who had come for him had stationed himself at the open door, and motioned him to the stairs.

At their head stood a girl. In that moment he thought her but a child; but her air of quiet dignity, as she held out a little, cold hand of welcome, and simply said, "My father you will find very ill, I fear," made him glance again into her face, to see if indeed his mother's words were not true, and on these slight young shoulders was not set a gray head.

Silently she led the way into the room where the sick man lay. He had taken a heavy cold and had been suddenly seized with acute rheumatism. Instantly Dr. Crindle's professional eye saw that the case was well-nigh hopeless. He forgot his fatigue, his annoyance, as he struggled with all his skill to battle the grim enemy, but in vain. As the morning sun came creeping into the room a long, low wail welcomed it from that dimly lighted chamber, where a dead man lay. The doctor lifted in his arms the slight, unconscious form, which had stood by his side so bravely through these long hours, and bore it through the place.

A week passed. The grave had received its own; the house was silent and gloomy. Eva took little note of anything save that a kind, motherly face was constantly beside her, and that many times a day some one entered her room who brought with him an atmosphere of strength and rest.

She grew to look for his coming and to sink back into the old apathy when he had gone; but she could not have told whether he was young or old, or described his face or form. Yet it was this which made her look upon Dr. Crindle and his mother as old, tried friends. When the mists scattered at last, and she knew that she must take up life again, this newly laid burden resting in all its weariness upon it, it was to these friends she looked for ad-

vice—to them she detailed her father's plans.

Eva remained in the big lonely house, keeping with her the two boys, 8 and 10, and letting Arthur go, as proposed, to school.

But she was not lonely, as she had feared. Her next-door neighbors prevented that. "Come in and read to me for an hour or two, now and then, my dear," Mrs. Crindle had said.

And, when the girl had come, she would not let her go. Or, when the snow was on the ground, the doctor would call for her to take her for a ride, and in the evening they would come to her or make her come to them. "What should I have done but for you?" she said one day to Mrs. Crindle. "You have been like an own dear mother to me."

And Mrs. Crindle listened, half in pleasure, half in pain. "Perhaps," she thought, "I might have been her mother had not Clay already selected for me a daughter."

Clay called himself a brother to the lonely, orphaned girl. He wrote Marjorie long accounts of her—how he hoped one day they would be friends. Yet, when he knew that day was about to dawn, he shrank back. The knowledge came with the announcement from Marjorie that she was coming home sooner than she had hoped, and in the early May would pay a visit to his mother.

In May! And April was half gone. The snow had long melted, but he and Eva still had their frequent rides. He had an engagement with Eva on the afternoon that he received the letter. As they were driving along beneath the shadow of the elm trees, he drew it from his pocket.

"Eva," he said, "you have been my friend so long that I am going to bespeak your friendship for some one very dear to me. This letter is from my future wife. Will you read it?" A great wave of color surged to her face; her very heart seemed to stop its beating as she stretched out one little, icy hand to take it from him.

Silently she read it through, then folded and held it out for him to take again. "I am very glad for you," she said in a quiet, measured tone. Then their eyes met, and each read more and more rapidly, and that she could not think of leaving him. "God help us both," said the man. And he turned the horses' heads homeward.

Three weeks later Miss Markham arrived. She was a tall, queenly woman of somewhat majestic stature and a charm of manner which attracted all who came within its scope. "No wonder that he loved her," thought Eva, as they met; "and—and—if his heart did turn to me for a little minute, she soon will win it back again." But the human heart is a strange anomaly, and in these days Miss Markham watched her lover with strange penetration.

He urged upon Marjorie, as her stay was drawing to an end, to consent to their speedy marriage. She listened in silence, then looked up into the pale, excited face, with a little laugh. "Don't be foolish, Clay," she said. "I have wanted to tell you, ever since I came down, that I thought it very foolish in us both to cling to a sentiment time has worn out. You see, I have been away so much, so long separated from you—there was a little choke in her voice, but his dull ear did not notice it—"I don't feel quite the same; and—I think I've guessed your secret, too, Clay, and so it makes the telling easier."

A great light came into his face, but she turned away as though it hurt her, and for an instant a heavy anguish crept into her brave eyes. "You have guessed my secret?" he repeated, after her. "You no longer love me?" "If I loved, could I give you up, do you think?" she answered. "No, no, Clay! I'll go back to the old, blind father who needs me; but now and then when I need a little rest, you and Eva will let me come to you, will you not?" "Heaven bless you!" he said, and, raising her hand, he pressed his lips with fervent passion upon it. She smiled. It was the first time his lips had touched her with such fire. "Don't say anything till I am gone," she whispered. "It may seem strange to her."

And, man-like, he never guessed that a deeper reason lay beneath—never guessed that her own wound was as yet too deep to see her rival win the happiness she had lost.—New York Daily News.

**How She Managed It.** They were seated in the parlor, and there was a hitch in the conversation. He seemed a trifle nervous and she seemed a trifle bored. Finally he said: "What a lovely evening for a walk!" "Indeed it is," she rejoined. "Would you like to take a walk?" "Above all things," he asserted, eagerly.

"Then why don't you?" she queried. And he did.—Chicago News.

**Snapshot Detectives.** European inspectors take snapshots of men engaged on public work. The photos, in some cases, are more eloquent than any report could be. One showed a group of thirty men on a road-paving job. Two of the thirty were at work. The sayings and doings of many a married man depend altogether upon the kind of a wife he has. Whipping the devil round the stump only makes a deeper track for sin to travel in.

**JAPANESE AS SCIENTISTS.**

They Have Contributed Much to Modern Information.

While all the world is at once expressing admiration for the remarkable facility with which the Japanese have imbibed Western ideas and the no less wonderful skill with which they have applied them in so short a time, yet there is noticeable a frequent disposition to detract somewhat from their merit in this regard by the observation that, after all, they are merely imitators, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Even admitting that the suggestion were unqualifiedly true, the imitation would still remain sufficiently marvelous to stamp the Japanese as a people of ability greatly superior to those belonging to the same ethnic division. But, as a matter of fact, the Japanese mind is not so entirely a copyist as many imagine; and in one particular direction it has shown aptitude that has resulted in original and important contributions.

An exchange calls especial attention to what the Japanese have done in the way of biological research and the simple statement of their triumphs in this difficult field is calculated to rouse both astonishment and admiration. "In their contributions to our knowledge of pathogenic micro-organisms," it says, "the Japanese are pushing German and French experimenters for the first place and are far ahead of those of Great Britain or the United States." A partial enumeration of their successes in this field places to their credit the first segregation and description of the specific germ of tetanus, a feat which was at once followed by the preparation of an extremely useful tetanus antitoxin, and the discovery of the bacillus chiefly responsible for dysentery, which is so fatal to soldiers in time of war. These are probably the most important, but many other additions to biological science have come from Japan, and the unintermitting labors of her scholars will no doubt bring forth still further results.

Studies in this line, however, while gaining for the Japanese the greater part of the prestige they may enjoy in the scientific world, by no means sum up the whole of the efforts of the scholars of the country. The active minds of the nation, newly awakened, seeing everything with the freshness of youth and working with the zeal of a young devotee, are seriously concerning themselves with other investigations and that, too, with unquestioned success. By such means is the "island empire" lifting herself out of her ancient isolation and preparing to take a place among the nations of the world to which the care and advancement of science are largely confined.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives immediate relief in all throat troubles.—F. E. Bierman, Leipsic, Ohio, Aug. 31, 1901.

**Balance Man and His Peril.**

Dearborn and Monroe streets were blocked by an army of people who intently watched a structural iron worker standing on a five-ton steel beam swinging from a derrick seven stories up in space. From time to time the steel worker shifted his position on the beam. Every time he did so he blew a whistle that he held between his teeth. With this he signaled the engineer, who controlled the derrick.

Few of the thousands who saw the man knew his perilous position was due to a precaution taken for their safety. The steel worker was not on the beam solely because of his own daring. He was there to shift his 180 pounds avoirdupois to balance the beam and keep it level and from falling into the street.

Such an accident would result not only in his death, but might lead to frightful loss of life in the street. To prevent this the workman ascends on the beam to keep it level. In order to do this he has to step from side to side of the huge derrick cables as occasion requires. Most workmen who "ride beams" never look down. On the contrary, they always keep their eyes on the cable at a point even with their head. This guards against seasickness, which frequently attacks one when at great heights with nothing more than a foothold.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.** Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

**Siberia's Intense Cold.** Siberia has the greatest known cold in the world. At Yakutsk the average for three winter months is 40 below zero, while individual drops to 75 and 76 below zero are not unknown. But at Verkhajansk the average for the month of January, 1885, was 60.9 below zero and the mercury at one time dropped to 90.4 below—the lowest on record anywhere in the world.

**Why, of Course.** They were on the way to India, and as they were crossing the restless Bay of Biscay one innocent young lady, speaking to another, said: "Why do the stewards come in and open or shut the portholes at odd times during the day and night?" Second and better informed lady: "My dear, they shut or open them when the tide rises or falls."



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.



Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

**How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpe.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MISS FANNIE KUMPE, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

\$5000 FORFEIT! If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness, Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

**An Amplified Woman.** "The car was entirely empty, with the exception of one man," said Miss Myra Kelly. "He was the reverse of the car. As I entered he rose, made me an unsteady but magnificent bow and said: 'Madam, please be kind 'nough to asshept thish plashe.' There was nothing else for me to do, so I thanked him and sat down. 'And for twenty blocks that idiot hung from a strap, swaying in the breeze, with not a soul in the car but ourselves. Occasionally I have been taken for other women; but I never before had any one think that I was a car full.'"

**WILL CURE YOU! SEND FOR ONE AT ONCE!** **ELECTRIC BELTS** Guaranteed Superior to any other made. Two styles, \$8 and \$10. Chicago Gen'l Supply Co. Station X, Chicago, Ill.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water sore Eyes, use

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**FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA**

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**Secure a FREE Homestead** at once, or purchase from some reliable dealer while lands are selling at present low prices. Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. McLachlan, Box 118, Watertown, S. Dakota, Authorized Government Agents.

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Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year. THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE **Cascarets** CANDY CATHARTIC. 10c, 25c, 50c. BEST FOR THE BOWELS

**ST. JACOBS OIL** The Old Monk Cure for Pains and Aches of the human family, flows and cures promptly. Price 25c. and 50c.