

### Bushmen Dwell in Nests.

Several travelers who have returned from the heart of Africa and the Australasian continent tell wonderful stories of nest-building people who inhabit the wilds of those countries.

The bushmen of Australia are, perhaps, the lowest order of men known. They are so primitive that they do not know enough to build even the simplest form of hut for shelter. The nearest they can approach to it is to gather a lot of twigs and grass and, taking them into a thicket or jungle, build a nest for a home.

The nest is usually built large enough for the family, and if the latter is very numerous then the nests are of large size. Sometimes the foliage above will form a natural covering, but there is never any attempt at constructing a protection from storms.

### IT'S THE TERROR OF ALL WOMEN

**Backache Quickly Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills**—Mrs. W. H. Ambrose Tells How Her Pains Vanished Never to Return When She Used the Great American Kidney Remedy.

Dover, Ky., Feb. 13th.—(Special.)—So long has backache been the terror of the women of America that the numerous reports of the complete and permanent cures of this ailment now being made by Dodd's Kidney Pills are causing wide satisfaction and not the least remarkable of these cures is that of Mrs. W. H. Ambrose of this place. Mrs. Ambrose says:

"I had such pains in my back at times I could hardly move and other symptoms showed that my kidneys were affected. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills drove away all the pains and I have never been troubled since."

Backache is the kidneys' first notice that they are out of order and need help. If they get that help in the form of Dodd's Kidney Pills all will be well. If they are neglected the disease may develop into Diabetes, Bright's Disease or Rheumatism.

### Yeast Used by Ancients.

The yeast employed by the ancients in making bread was probably of the same kind as the Israelites of the days of the great Pharaoh the oppressor used, calling it "leaven." This was what is known nowadays as a wild yeast, its germs or spores being afloat everywhere in the air.

A bit of dough was preserved out of each batch prepared for the ovens, and when this was added to the next dough the yeast contained in it quickly spread through the whole, only a little being required to "leaven the whole lump." But when the people of Israel were wandering in the wilderness they did not always have yeast handy, and so were obliged to eat unleavened bread.

The best examples of old Roman bread have been found at Pompeii, a town that was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D. Forty-eight loaves were dug out of one bakery. These specimens markedly resembled those found in the Egyptian tombs and were originally composed of ground barley.

The ancient cliff dwellers of the Southwest raised Indian corn and made their bread of it. Once in a while a loaf of it is discovered in one of their deserted houses, and speculation is naturally indulged as to the degree of its antiquity. Perhaps it is 500 or 500 years old. In that extremely dry climate it has not decayed.

### A Slip of the Tongue.

"John," said a Lamar girl to her best fellow one night recently, "you've been drinking coffee, haven't you?" He admitted that he had. "Why do you drink it?" she asked. "Well," he answered, thoughtlessly, "I did it to-night because I was coming to see you. I wanted to keep awake."

He is looking for a new girl now.—Kansas City Journal.

### READS THE BOOK.

"The Road to Wellville" Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark., the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have some trouble with stomach and bowels. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent.

A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food agreed with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had for years. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and made sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years; then I took more interest in the food, read the little book 'The Road to Wellville,' and started following the simple directions.

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths which take away the flesh from anyone."

"A friend of mine has been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast."

"There is one thing in particular—I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Formerly I could hardly remember anything, and now the mind seems unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

## THE FADING LIGHT OF DAY.

"Jenny, gather up the scraps, and Hetty, bring the broom; Sally, push the settle back and tidy up the room; Now's the time, 'twixt day and dark, to clear the work away; For the morn make ready by the fading light of day."

"Come, my boys, bring in the wood and split the kindling now, Fetch some water from the spring and feed the waiting kine; You'll not need the lantern, lads, the twilight's clear and gray, Haste and you will finish by the fading light of day."

Thus the dear homemaker spake, still busy all the while, Helping girls and cheering boys with gentle word and smile, Till the tasks were ended and the sons and daughters gay Gathered round the fireplace by the fading light of day.

Scattered, scattered, far and wide, in distant lands, and dead; Long the grass has waved above the gentle mother's head; But at nightfall even yet I seem to hear her say, "For the morn make ready by the fading light of day."

Wiser now, methinks therein that hidden meanings lurk, Teaching ere that night shall come "wherein no man can work" Every soul be girded ready; God alone can say If our eyes again behold the fading light of day.

—Boston Transcript.

## THE STRESS OF THE TRAIL

At midnight "Big Jeff" poked his head out from under the tarpaulin and peered through the murk. For half a minute, perhaps, he listened tentatively; then he brushed away the snowflakes that had accumulated on his tousled hair, and snuggled back into the comfortable warmth of the blankets. He thrust a big fist, none too gently, against the ribs of his partner.

"What's the matter with yuh?" growled the "Freak," sleepily. "I ain't no punchin' bag."

"We're goin' t' get them steers t' the post t'morrow—I don't think," Big Jeff murmured. "The angels is pickin' geese for their Christmas dinner. From the way the feathers is flyin' there'll be about two feet of 'em in the mornin'."

The Freak protruded his head, only to withdraw it hastily. "Holy smokes!" he muttered, "she's sure comin' thick. Wonder if them cattle's all right."

"Yes; I heard 'em a-woolin' an' tramin' round in the corral a minute ago," Jeff assured him. "You better go t' sleep, m' son; no use layin' awake worryin'."

This seemed to the Freak the proper course to pursue. He wriggled into a comfortable posture, and soon the minor key of his snoring mingled with the deep bass Big Jeff emitted.

In the old round-up corral, beside which their bed was made, a bunch of steers stood huddled together with tails to the storm, great masses of snow piling on their broad backs; outside, tied securely to a post, two ponies alternately pawed the ground and slivered under the oiled slickers that were spread across their loins. Save for the canvas bed-cover that sheltered the two men, there was little comfort for beast or human that night; nothing but biting wind, that whistled keenly through the rails of the corral, and everywhere the silent, virgin snow, dropping swiftly earthward in huge, eddying flakes.

It was gray dawn when Big Jeff awoke again. He raised a corner of the tarpaulin, and a mass of snow fell on his face. The spluttering of him aroused the Freak. Profanely lamenting the necessity that drove them forth on such a trip, they groped about for their boots, drew them on, and emerged, in ugly temper, for there were two feet of snow on top of the bed.

To the top rail of the corral the Freak climbed and glanced quickly over the cattle to the illimitable reaches beyond. Inside the corral, the cattle still stood hump-backed; outside, the horses still shivered under the protecting slickers; but the wind had died to a faint breath, and the sun glared unwinkingly at them as it balanced on the lower edge of a cloud-free sky. It was a perfect morning, save for the diamond frost that glistened in the rarefied air, and the ugly menace of the silent, white pall of snow that lay, belly-deep to a long-horn, on every foot of the land.

"See the horses?" queried Jeff, looking up from his task of kicking away the snow that covered their coffee pot and frying pan.

"Naw!" the Freak snorted, disgustedly. "There's nothin' t' be seen but this everlasting snow. The chances are them hags is hittin' the high places for the Circle Four about this time. Hobbles wouldn't stop 'em after they got started, an' a storm like this would start most anything that wasn't tied hard an' fast."

"This here's sure hard luck," Jeff mourned, as he fanned an incipient blaze with his hat. "We're out of grub if we don't hit the post to-night—an' we won't get there before the next chinook if we don't have them horses t' break trail. An' we promised t' eat Christmas dinner with Bob Stewart an' the girls, yuh know, Freak."

"I know it," he answered, shortly. They brooded silently over their coffee and fried bacon, sitting uneasily on their boot-heels. Fifteen miles of unbroken snow lay between them and the agency; a day's drive when the going was good—now, five miles of wallowing through the drifts would leave their cattle exhausted. A sudden freshening of the wind meant a blizzard—and the White Death plays a winning game on the open prairie when there is neither food, nor fire, nor shelter.

"We better go back a piece—eh, Jeff?" advised the Freak, as they untied their horses. "There's a little coulee, yuh remember, back about four miles. Maybe them cayuses located in that. There's little cut-banks along it."

"Sure," the big man answered, hopefully. "We got t' have 'em t' break a road for these critters. Maybe we'll run into a bunch o' broom-tails—though I guess the Injuns keep 'em pretty well chased out o' here."

They turned the cattle out of the corral to browse around as best they could; there was little danger of their straying far. Not voluntarily would they trample their way through the encompassing snow.

On top of a little eminence, half a mile from the coulee of which the Freak had spoken, they halted. Back at the corral they could see the bunch of cattle—a black blot on the dazzling white page of the prairie; before them spread away a vast expanse of monotonous level; for many miles the brown breast of the earth was clothed in the glittering robes of winter.

"Ugh!" Big Jeff shivered. "Not a blasted horse in sight! I guess we better go back an' try to shove them cattle through the best we can."

For answer, the Freak pointed down the coulee which they overlooked. "Ain't that a smoke down there?" he interrogated, anxiously.

It was smoke, Big Jeff averred. Toward it they headed their horses, plodding patiently. As they came nearer, the almost invisible exhalation developed into a half-dozen well-defined blue spirals, floating straight up through the tranquil atmosphere. They eyed them with disfavor; and, when rounding a bend of the coulee, they came upon a bunch of scrubby ponies, orange buckskins and gayly marked pintos predominating in number, the Freak pulled up in disgust.

"A bunch of skulkin' Gros Ventres," he lamented. "Lot o' good they'll do us."

"Maybe we could get 'm t' break trail for us," Jeff hazarded, hopefully. "It's worth quittin' a bit to the outfit, yuh know, t' get them cattle through; an' maybe some o' these buckskins wouldn't mind makin' a few sponducks."

"Won't do no hurt t' try, I reckon," admitted the Freak, "but these here Gros Ventres are lazier than a fat cow in July. I know 'em."

So they rode to the teepee that, by its size and ornamentation, they judged to be the abode of the chief. In many Indian dialects was the Freak versed, and so he was able to state their wants with dignity and much sonorous language.

But the chief grunted disapproval. His ponies were weary, he said, and the snow was deep. Also his young men were weary, and the smoke of the teepee fires was strong in their nostrils. Therefore the trail could not be broken for his white brothers, even though he offered much fat silver.

This the Freak communicated to Jeff as they rode away. Around the bend, past the Indian ponies, Jeff pulled up his horse. He curled one champagne leg around the saddle-bow, and eyed the Freak.

"How many ponies they got tied up in camp?" he asked, suddenly. "Did yuh notice, m' son?"

"Two was all I seen. Why?"

"An' if them two was loose, they'd be afoot, wouldn't they? Big Jeff went on, ignoring the question.

"Why, yes, I guess they would. But what if they was?"

"I'll tell yuh," Jeff swung his horse closer to the Freak, and lowered his voice—though there was none within three hundred yards to hear. At intervals, the Freak nodded his head and ejaculated "Sure!" with much emphasis. Then Big Jeff resumed his normal position in the saddle, and they turned back to the Gros Ventre camp.

"The white brothers of the chief of the Gros Ventres," the Freak orated, "have little grub wherewith to face the deep snows, and their stomachs would be as the stomach of the gray wolf ere they reach the wooden teepees of the White Father at Snake Butte. Can the great chief spare a few pounds of flour and a leg of deer meat? His white brothers will give many pieces of fat silver."

Yes, the great chief could—for fat silver.

The transfer accomplished, the Freak reached the bundle up to Jeff, who sat on his horse, a silent spectator. As Jeff leaned to take it from him, his horse snorted and lashed out wickedly behind. A dun cayuse, meek of mien and small of stature, stood directly in his rear, tied to the wheel of a Red River cart; against his ribs the hoofs of Jeff's horse whacked loudly. Startled by the unexpected onslaught, the pony jerked violently against the tie-ropes. It parted, and he scurried for the bunch like a frightened rabbit, Jeff giving chase.

"Let not the chief be alarmed," the Freak shouted. "His pony shall be brought back to his teepee."

He mounted hastily, did the Freak, not forgetting to keep tight hold of the sack. Calling assurances to the chief and to the bucks, who were swarming out of the lodges, he started after Jeff. But his horse was taken with a sudden madness, and bucked high and crookedly. At the next tepee a pinto was tied to an ancient sleigh. Between the sleigh and the pony's head the Freak's horse plunged, rearing, kicking, leaping high.

Presently the pinto also scurried up the coulee, with the Freak in hot pursuit; and save for their own indolent legs, the Gros Ventres were without means of locomotion.

"Crowd 'em, old boy!" the Freak yelled, as he turned the bend. "Next thing on the program is angry Injuns burnin' powder!"

"Say," he cried, breathlessly, to Jeff as he reached the bunch, "yuh ought to see old 'Rock' do the Wild West act. He sure did things to that pinto when I threw the hooks into him."

They fell upon the ponies with swishing ropes and tempestuous profanity. Through the drifts that barred their way they urged the herd to a floundering gallop. Enveloped in a cloud of snow-dust kicked up by the flying heels, they swept up out of the coulee, and almost gained the knoll from which they had spied the camp, ere the first bullet whinged futilely after them.

Big Jeff waved a gloved hand, and his deep laugh went belowing across the white waste.

"Look at 'em, Freak," he chortled. "The whole tribe is after us. Them dark-complected boys would sure do business with us if they was close enough."

"You bet!" the Freak responded. "And them brunette ladies would sure love to wind their fingers in our hair."

"Say," the Freak observed, as they topped the little ridge, "some o' them bucks is pretty good runners, I notice. Now I don't hanker t' have 'em catch up with us after we start with them cattle. I tell yuh, Jeff, yuh pike for the corral an' get the bed on one o' these cayuses. I'll stay on this pinnacle here an' snap a few caps at 'em. That'll hold 'em till you get ready t' start—an' then I'll come a-runnin'!"

"I hate t' leave yuh, Freak," Jeff grumbled, "but I guess it's a good scheme."

"Don't yuh stay too long," he warned over his shoulder, as he crowded forward on the heels of the herd.

A score of young bucks were trotting swiftly along in the beaten track of the horses. At intervals a rifle would pop, like the breaking of a frosted willow, but the distance was too great for their guns to carry. Back on the bank of the coulee, the squaws and papposes were massed, mutely witnessing. The yelping clamor of the mongrel dogs came indistinctly to the ears of the Freak.

He drew his rifle from the scabbard and pumped a cartridge into the chamber. Dropping on one knee in the powdery snow, he sent a steel-jacketed missile humming sinistraly along the back trail. The pursuing Indians dropped on their faces with a celerity that made the Freak smile. It was a close shot—very close, as he had meant it to be.

It was nearly an hour before the Freak swung stiffly upon his horse and loped away. Like bloodhounds the Indians struck the trail again, tramping doggedly, mile after mile. But Big Jeff and the Freak had a five-mile start, and they held their own. The long-horns, gaunt and hungry, traveled fast, stepping close up to the horses that, perforce, broke trail.

"This here's a swell way o' spendin' Christmas Eve," the Freak yelled across the backs of the plodding cattle to Jeff, who drove the horses ahead.

"Never yuh mind, Freak—there's good times comin'. Just cast your eye ahead."

He did, and the sight gladdened him. For behind them the sun was down and the wind was rising; but the brown mass of the agency upheaved its bulk before them. In half an hour they had swung down Wild Horse, under the shadow of Snake Butte, and Big Jeff was howling lustily at the agent's door.

A befuddled receiving clerk counted the cattle into a corral and handed Big Jeff a receipt for their delivery.

"We can make it t' old Bob's tomorrow in time for dinner easy," Big Jeff exulted, as he removed the bed from the back of the dun pony and threw it into a shed beside the corral.

"I'm sure thankful, Freak, that we ain't out on the bald prairie t'night."

"Same here," the Freak responded, tersely. "But I reckon we better give these rummy cayuses a good shoot along the back trail—I guess them Injuns'd appreciate a ride back t' camp—an' then go up an' square ourselves with the agent before we get pinched for horse stealin'."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A woman writes this office: "Any man suffering with backache, can get rid of it by wearing corsets."

A 16-year-old girl isn't as pretty as a barrel of pickled red apples.

## CONGRESS

A bill authorizing the Kookuk and Hamilton Water Power Company to construct a dam across the Mississippi river from Kookuk, Iowa, to Hamilton, Ill., was passed by the Senate Thursday. The agricultural appropriation bill was taken up and the provision for the distribution of seeds was discussed at length. In the House a motion to strike out the provision for subsidies for special southern mail facilities in the postoffice appropriation bill was lost, 77 to 115. The measure was considered until adjournment.

The Senate Friday sitting as an impeachment body, received the answer of Judge Swayne to the articles of impeachment made by the House, and entered an order fixing Feb. 9 as the time when all preliminary pleadings shall be presented, and Feb. 10 as the date for beginning the regular trial. The regular session was then taken up and Senators Stone, Berry and Morgan spoke against the joint statehood bill. Senator McCumber presented a memorial from the North Dakota Legislature praying for the removal of the tax on alcohol in order that it may be more freely used for fuel, and Senator Clay a petition from the National Cotton Growers' Association for the appropriation of a "few million dollars" to extend the market for cotton goods. The House passed the postoffice appropriation bill, carrying an appropriation of \$180,787,413, after motions to exclude rural carriers from civil service rules and for the dismissal of postal employees belonging to organizations seeking increases in salaries had been ruled out. Bills were passed allowing homesteaders until May 1, 1905, to establish residence on lands formerly within the Rosebud and Devil's Lake reservations; authorizing the extension of the western boundary line of Arkansas and allowing the Minneapolis, Red Lake and Manitoba Railway Company to acquire certain lands in Red Lake Indian reservation, Minnesota.

The House Saturday passed the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, carrying \$2,107,017, which is an increase for this service of \$78,710 over the current appropriation. A number of minor bills were disposed of by unanimous consent. The debate while the diplomatic bill was under consideration was very brief and was devoted to railroad rate legislation and reciprocity treaties. Mr. Long occupied most of the time given by the Senate to the statehood bill with a speech in support of the bill as it stands. He gave especial attention to the portion of the bill providing for the union of Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State, and urged the importance of giving self-government to the people of that section. In connection with the agricultural appropriation bill there was considerable debate upon the question of forest reserves. The bill was not disposed of.

In the Senate Monday Senator Beveridge closed the debate on the statehood bill, giving special attention to the proposition to unite Arizona and New Mexico. He was preceded by Senator Foraker, who supported his amendment to eliminate Arizona and New Mexico from the proposition. The proceedings were interrupted for about ten minutes while the Senate, as a court of impeachment, received the replication of the House managers to Judge Swayne's answer in the impeachment case, after which the court adjourned until Friday. Senator Stone presented a memorial of the Missouri Legislature for the enactment of the President's recommendations for enlarging the powers of the interstate commerce commission, and Senator Spooner one from the Wisconsin Legislature praying for a revision of the tariff laws. A bill was passed adding to Arkansas a small strip of land in Fort Smith, now in Indian Territory. The House began debating the Townsend Esch bill to regulate railroad freight rates after adopting a rule providing that the bill shall be discussed in committee of the whole until 3 o'clock Thursday, when a vote shall be taken, without amendment. The rule was adopted, after a spirited debate, by a vote of 163 to 140, on party lines, except that Southwick and Vreeland of New York, Republicans, voted against the rule, and Gaines of Tennessee, Democrat, voted for it. Speeches on the bill were made by Townsend of Michigan and Richardson of Alabama. The replication of the House managers in the Swayne impeachment case was adopted, and authority given the managers to file any subsequent pleadings they shall deem necessary. Unanimous consent was given to make the Panama canal zone government bill a continuing order to be called up at any time.

In accordance with the rule adopted Monday, the House Tuesday in committee of the whole convened one hour earlier than usual, the exclusive business for the day being debate upon the bills regulating freight rates. Mr. Richardson (Ala.) continued his speech. During the day brief speeches were made by Messrs. Rainey (Ill.), Prince (Ill.), Hinshaw (Neb.), Wanger (Pa.), Adams (Pa.), Mann (Ill.), Smith (Iowa) and Gaines (W. Va.) in support of the Townsend bill. After listening to a message from the President recommending a board of survey for the Philippine archipelago, the House adjourned. In the Senate the day and evening were devoted to the statehood bill. The statehood bill was passed, it provides for statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State, and New Mexico as another State.

In the National Capital.

The report of the beef trust investigation by the bureau of corporations will not be ready for several weeks.

James D. Yeoman of Iowa was appointed interstate commerce commissioner to serve until Senator Cockrell's term in the Senate expires.

The House committee on merchant marine and fisheries authorized a favorable report on the shipping bill reported to Congress by the merchant marine commission.

Senator Fairbanks, after conference with Secretary Hay on subject of Canadian reciprocity, announced that question of reassembling the joint high commission will be considered after prorogation of the Canadian parliament.

## WAS CURED RAPIDLY

RHEUMATISM IN TWO SEVERE CASES MASTERED IN FEW WEEKS.

The Remedy Used by Mr. Schroepfel and by Captain Balfour in Great Demand in Vicinity of Their Homes.

In the winter of 1902-3 Mr. Schroepfel was confined to his bed by a severe attack of rheumatism. His doctor's treatment proved unsuccessful, but he subsequently regained his health by means which he describes with great enthusiasm.

"After five or six weeks of helplessness and pain," said he, "during which I was receiving regular visits from the doctor, I felt as bad as ever. Just then my mother, a woman eighty years of age, paid me a visit. She had received great benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she was confident they would help me. At her solicitation I gave up the doctor's treatment and took the pills in its place."

"And were you cured as the result of taking her advice?"

"Yes, quickly and thoroughly. Before the second box was finished I felt very manifest improvement, and within two weeks I was able to leave my bed and take up my neglected farm work. I continued to use the pills, however, until eight boxes had been taken, although long before that I felt that every vestige of the disease had been eradicated.

"Are there no traces left?"

"Absolutely none. For a year and three months there has never been the slightest return of the old trouble. For this happy result I and my family freely praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Within the bounds of China township, St. Clair county, Mich., there is no better known farmer than Mr. Henry Schroepfel. His cure has therefore naturally attracted a great deal of attention. One of Mr. Schroepfel's neighbors, Captain George Balfour, after hearing of the salutary results in Mr. Schroepfel's case, decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for an attack of rheumatism from which he was himself suffering. He took eight or ten boxes and now declares himself free from the painful ailment.

It is little wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are much in favor in the community where Mr. Schroepfel and Captain Balfour are so well and favorably known. They are sold by all druggists and are equally successful in curing neuralgia, sciatica and partial paralysis.

Two of a Kind.

"Yes, sir," said the pompous self-made individual, "I began life as a barefooted boy on a farm."

"Quite a coincidence," rejoined the unregenerated hardware drummer, "I was likewise also born without shoes."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pins High This Year.

Wife—My dear, I want \$400 for pit money. Husband—Humph! Pins must be high this year. Wife—Yes. Diamond pins are.

SORE HANDS, SORE FEET.

Itching, Burning Pains and Painful Finger Ends—Complete Cure by Cuticura.

One Night Treatment: Soak the hands or feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap, Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purifier of ointments. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For red, rough and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with brittle, shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, a single treatment affording the most grateful relief, and pointing to a speedy, permanent and economical cure. In no other ailment have Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment been more effective.

The bicyclists in India are much harassed by the mosquitoes. These insects not only bite the riders, but they actually penetrate the tires.

Peruna Cures and Prevents Catarrh.

Any one who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well known universal; almost omnipresent. Peruna is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Peruna not only cures catarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds, and so forth.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address, Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Glass Windows.

The first glass windows in western Europe were made by a Greek in 548 for a church built by the Frank King Childbert.

Many School Children Are Sickly.