

LOSS OF APPETITE

Cold Sweats, Twitching Nerves and Weakness Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nature punishes every infraction of her laws, and careless habits easily lead to the condition described by Mr. William Browne, of No. 1019 Lincoln street, St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Browne is an expert tinner in the employ of the National Biscuit Co. He gives the following account of a trying experience:

"In the spring of 1902," he says, "while I was regularly working at my trade, I grew somewhat careless in my habits of eating and drinking, and finally found that my appetite was fickle, a bad taste lingered in my mouth, my nerves twitched and were beyond my control, my kidneys were out of order and cold sweats would break out over my body at odd times. Perhaps, while I stood talking with some one, this trembling of the limbs, and profuse sweating, and a severe chill would seize me. I became alarmed at my condition and, having read an endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I got a box and began to use them. They helped me at once. After I had used one box the twitching of the nerves, the trouble with the stomach and the cold sweats stopped and have not reappeared, and my appetite is good. I have told all my friends that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I recommend them to everybody."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Browne because nothing can strengthen the nerves except good rich, red blood—and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They drive from the blood the cause of anemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, general weakness and the troubles of growing girls and women.

The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists, or by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Old and New.

A women's tearoom with its quota of antiques is quite behind the times. The antique tearoom is the latest evolution in the craze for the things of our grandmothers.

One charming tearoom in the downtown district started this idea of combining tea and old china, and now there are others in the same locality that have followed suit and have antique appendages.

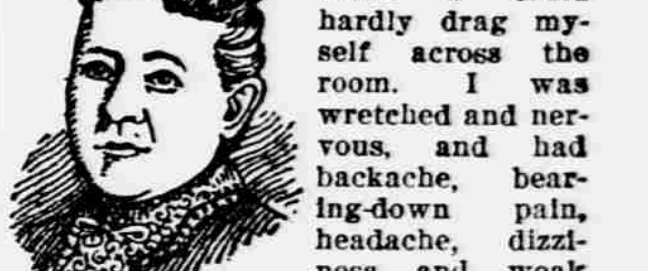
All these ancestral relics of goodness knows who are not there just for show. Bless you, no! They are all on sale like the buns and tea and cakes.

The original antique tearoom is like a bit of old New England tucked away in the liveliest part of the city.

It was a canny business suggestion, the combination of the old and the new, and its popularity is shown by the numbers of refined-looking women and men—yes, men—who frequent the spot, for they all find that the quaint surroundings and piquancy and flavor to the meal.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A DESPAIRING WOMAN.

Weak, Nervous and Wretched from Wasting Kidney Troubles. Mrs. Henry A. Reamer, Main and Garst streets, South Bend, Ind., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was so weak I could hardly drag myself across the room. I was wretched and nervous, and had headache, bearing-down pain, headache, dizziness and weak eyes. Droopy set in and bloating of the chest choked me and threatened the heart. I had little hope, but to my untold surprise, Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief and saved my life. I shall never forget it."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

What Is the Substitute.

If all the land used for raising tobacco was divided into homesteads, didactically based Professor Twigg, the village schoolmaster, during a recent session of the Linen Pants and Solid Comfort Club—"if all the money spent for tobacco was used in building houses thereon, and all the time and strength and pull wasted in chewing and smoking tobacco was employed in improving them, every man in America, no matter how humble, could have a home and its comforts, a clear head, prosperity, health, happiness, and—"

"That sounds as if it was just about so, professor," drawlingly interrupted the Old Coder, who always had to have his say. "But in that event what would you suggest as a substitute for the snare but potent five-cent cigar, with which we so easily 'work' the average man when a five-dollar bill won't even begin to fetch him around to the place where we want to land him?"

SKIN PURIFICATION.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills Cleanse the Skin and Blood of Torturing Humors—Complete Treatment \$1.00.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ring worm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven by the testimony of the civilized world.

Citing an Exception.

Snickerize.—A physician told me once that a good hearty laugh prolongs a man's life. Dinglebatz.—Perhaps it does—unless he laughs at a bigger man who slips on a banana peel.



If the health officers could only arrange a fight to the finish between Gov. Vardaman and the yellow fever bacillus.

The Russian evacuation of Manchuria will be slow work, but it will be accomplished. Japan will see to that.—Portland Argus.

We really don't see how Uncle Russell Sage can expect the Lord to wait until he reaches par, when he can be had at \$9.—Boston Journal.

It is reported that Senator Warner, of Missouri, walks and talks in his sleep. He will be entirely at home at the average session of the Senate.

It has just been discovered that Jupiter has a seventh moon. Jupiter must be a poor place for private street lighting companies.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The French government is decorating mothers of large families with a cross. Race suicides will think the emblem chosen highly appropriate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

We take it that even the Japs will now admit that "the illustrious ancestors" of our Mr. Roosevelt must have something on those of the Mikado.—Charleston News and Courier.

Like all disease, graft develops various phases, but it is the same ailment after all. The diagnosis is never difficult, as the symptoms are almost invariably the same.—Dallas News.

The pacification of the Russian people is proceeding with gratifying results from the autocratic point of view. Forty have been killed and more than 200 wounded in the latest lesson.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A glance at the year's fatalities indicates a rare degree of business acumen on the part of railroads in willing off so many employes and sparing the lives of those to whom they might look for cash fares.—Detroit Free Press.

No one is surprised to see a new theory of the creation of the solar system advanced by a Chicago university professor. The only remarkable thing is that he didn't claim that he had a hand in it himself.—Boston Globe.

A railway mail clerk is suing the government for the money spent in meals during his trips. Uncle Sam might come back at him by charging up railway fares for all the time he was riding in the mail car.—Newport News Press.

"Japan was three armed because her quarrel was just," says Baron Komura. Nonsense. Japan was three armed because her army and navy departments hustled night and day to make her three armed.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

That battle Gen. Linevitch would have won if it had been fought with perhaps go down into history as a great hypothetical victory, but it will probably be forgotten by the majority of people in a very short time.—Washington Star.

It is announced that between fifty and sixty Mormons in charge of a bishop have reached Butte on their way to Alberta, Canada, to take up homesteads. Perhaps they will take up the farms deserted by those other delectable pilgrims, the Doukhobors.—St. John (N. B.) Times.

Just think how Mr. Rockefeller would have been "stung" had he purchased peace, as suggested by the Paris crowd. That the thing was worth neither a kopeck nor a sou leads to the belief that "Tom" Lawson inspired the Frenchmen to try to "goldbrick" the philanthropist.—New York Evening Telegram.

"The fierce and warlike Cossack" has been disgraced by the war with Japan, and shown to be a four-flusher. He is terrible and valiant when it comes to fighting unarmed women and children, whom he shoots down without mercy. When confronted by Japanese riflemen he runs like a Turk.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

The railroads furnish the express companies cars, and carry the express on a percentage basis. The government pays from 75 to 125 per cent rental for postal cars and then pays the railroads about eight times as much for transporting the mails as they receive for hauling the express. Puzzle: Find the cause of the deficit in the P. O. D.—The Commoner.

It is noticeable that whenever Uncle Sam launches a new warship the event is chronicled in the European newspapers with as much detail of the armament and speed of the vessel as is given publication in this country. It is just another bit of evidence that the foreign powers are coming to a conviction that the United States is strictly in the international swim.—Pittsburg Times.

Recent revelations show that there is graft even in coffins. A man may be compelled to give up all along the line of earthly activities, but when he at last gives up the ghost he should be let out gracefully.—New York Evening Telegram.

The story that Grover Cleveland is a rich man is denied. He is probably in a better condition than being rich. He is well enough off to have what he wants, to do as he pleases and not be fretted about the stability of his investments.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

What is Left of Depew's Reputation.

THE wreck of Chauncey M. Depew's reputation is alarming, if it is a symptom of the disease which is eating at the heart of American life today. There is too much reason to believe that it is.

Here is a man, past three-score and ten, who all his life long has enjoyed the esteem of the country for his great abilities, his culture, his seeming character and his sunny, genial disposition. His lines have been cast in pleasant places. The richest family in America took him up as a young man and made him its adviser in matters of business, and ever since then he has been its spokesman and representative.

Innumerable corporations have associated him with their, because of his supposed integrity and his high reputation. He has been signally honored at home and abroad, and in the evening of his life he was sent by the greatest State in the Union to be its representative in the Senate of the United States. In one word, Chauncey M. Depew has been generally regarded for thirty years as typical of all that is best in our civilization.

And now comes the report that this man has admitted that, while one of the guardians and trustees of a widows' and orphans' fund, he voted for a loan of their money guaranteed by himself, then repudiated his guarantee and informed his creditors that the guarantee was illegal, with the result that they lost the hundreds of thousands of dollars he had obtained. All this time, too, the widows and orphans were paying him \$20,000 a year as their legal counsel and \$25 for every directors' meeting, whether he attended it or not.

Can it be possible that the lust for money, money, always more money, is destroying the moral fiber of the nation? There have of late been many indications that it is, and the case of Chauncey M. Depew makes it seem almost a certainty.—Des Moines News.

As to Fast Trains.

ONE railway expert is quoted as saying that the very fastest train on a road is the safest because it has the right of way over all other traffic; every employe on the road is on the lookout for it; it is made up of the best equipment and run by the most skillful trainmen.

This may be entirely true and probably is. But when an accident does overtake one of these "flyers" it is usually far more disastrous than a similar accident to a slower train. But is it not possible to apply the conditions which make the fastest trains exceptionally safe to all other trains? That it is possible to improve conditions in this regard is shown by statistics which were read at the recent railway congress by Sir George Armitage, chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. These statistics show that in four years, beginning with 1900, more persons were killed or injured on the railways of the United States than in the whole of Europe for the same time. In the mad rush of modern life safety is sacrificed to speed in every walk of life. If we made haste more slowly there would be fewer cases of "nerves" among women, fewer cases of insomnia among men, fewer patients in the insane asylums, fewer divorces growing out of ill temper. In short, if we lived slower we might live longer and more happily.—Baltimore Sun.

A Condemned Man's Rights of Appeal.

THE sensational developments in the case of Johann Hoch are sure to cause fresh discussion of the mooted question of an impoverished prisoner's right to take an appeal to the Supreme Court. Hoch was to have been hanged and Gov. Deneen, who had already stayed execution once, declined to intervene again unless assured that Hoch was provided with means to perfect his appeal. For this purpose the prisoner needed \$1,100 to bear the cost of writing up the evidence and other incidental expenses. As he had not raised the money his death seemed certain. That he is still living is due solely to the fact that at the last moment the needed sum was raised.

WITNESSED UNIQUE DUEL.

Three Bears and a Colony of Rattlesnakes Engaged in Fight. Frederick Zinn and Mortimer Gray, while fishing for trout in Panther run, saw a unique duel between a mother bear and two cubs and a colony of rattlesnakes, according to the Philadelphia Record.

There is a prevalent belief that rattlers and bears often hibernate together, but this occurrence shows that there are times, at least, when there is deadly enmity between the two. The fishermen were attracted to the spot by the squealing of the bear cubs, and they left the stream in the hope that they might be able to capture the youngsters. But the sight they beheld was sufficient to destroy all ambition to capture bears in such a place.

The place of battle was not more than a rod from the creek, on the rising slope and on the sunny side. A series of shelving rocks ended in a large surface rock almost as level as a table and perhaps twenty feet in area. Off the edge of this grew an oak tree of good size, but hollow of trunk about eighteen feet up.

One of the cub bears had sought refuge up on the first limb of this tree, while the second youngster was hanging to the trunk, not more than a yard below, like a bat on a limb—head downward. Both the cubs were squealing for dear life, and the spectators soon saw what the matter was, so far as they were concerned. The hollow oak was a bee tree and the bees by the hundreds had swarmed upon and about the young bears and were stinging their paws, noses and ears and every other spot that the fur failed to make impregnable.

The fishermen soon observed that there was more doing than the serio-comic act of the bee tree. Near the foot of the tree the mother bear was doing a dance for her life, and the unmistakable sounds of the whirring of snakes' rattles told the tragic tale. The bears, in their path to the bee

tree, had got into a colony of rattlers that were sunning themselves on the rock shelf and the reptiles had combined to do battle. But the old bear was making short shrift of the venomous crawlers. She was fighting them much like a dog—tooth and claw—and there appeared to be snakes in the air all the time, while the men saw a dozen or more gliding off for shelter under the shelving rocks. The feud continued for ten minutes or more before the bear stopped to rest.

When she did she caught a sniff of the men to the windward of her and the next instant, after giving vent to a peculiar cry—an alarm for the youngsters—she shambled off into the bushes in a hurry, the cubs following as rapidly as they could scamper down off the tree.

Zinn and Gray made an investigation of the scene of the battle and found fourteen dead rattlesnakes, their bodies bitten and torn. They also killed seven others that in a little while ventured out of their retreat. One of the rattlers was almost five feet long and had a string of sixteen rattles.

The following day the men returned with two large milk cans and made a raid on the bee tree, smoking the bees to death and confiscating the honey. When they had gathered the whole lot they had a small bucketful more than would go in the milk cans.

WOMEN IN CHURCH CHOIRS. Policy to Exclude Them from Catholic Choirs Regarded Impracticable. Despite the fact that Pope Pius has expressed a wish that there should be no more women in Catholic church choirs and that ecclesiastical music, as distinguished from what Father Wagner of Brooklyn terms "holy ragtime," should be sung, little attention is being paid to the matter in this country. One Eastern bishop has notified the clergy under him to reorganize their choirs and have only male voices, but his example is not being followed. Choirmaster Edmund De Vime of the

Cathedral parish, Kansas City, Mo., contends that to remove women singers from American Catholic choirs would mean to abolish the choirs. "We would have to substitute boys' voices for those of women," said the choirmaster, "and it would be impossible to get enough boys banded together to teach them a repertoire. As soon as they would learn half a dozen masses they would 'move away.' The Americans are always 'moving away.' They never stay still. As men they are the better for it, because they aspire to something better all the time and go out to find it. As choristers they are the worse for it, for even the Episcopalians, who have really good choirs, experience the most difficulty in keeping enough of their boys together to maintain a chorus. They can teach boys faster than we Catholics can, because our masses are long, whereas the Episcopal music is shorter and more facile. Grace church, New York, takes boys at the age of 8 or 10 years and educates them eight or ten years longer, defraying all their expenses for clothing, lodging and all else, in return for their services in the choir. It is stipulated that once a boy enters any church choir he must remain until the end of his contract, as manifestly he does not begin to render anything like adequate returns until he is almost ready to leave the school. Such a thing is most costly and only the wealthiest parishes in the world can stand that sort of a thing. That seems to be about the only way it is possible to get a male choir in this country."—Musical Leader and Concert goer.

THE VISITATION OF "YELLOW JACK." YELLOW FEVER is no jest. In the memorable epidemic of 1878 it carried away 5,000 souls in New Orleans and Memphis and the country between. Even the North remembers those days—the terror thereof and the suspense. For that matter, the North had cause of its own to dread the pestilence. Later than 1822 Philadelphia was scourged by it. Boston was a fellow sufferer in 1797. Of late years it has crept up the Mississippi valley, only to be checked fortunately by sanitary measures and redeeming frosts.

No. Yellow fever is no joke. Nor does the South regard it as one. The whole country is with the South on guard against it. For there is this about it. There is reason to believe that man's fight against the pestilence is on the point of victory. That such a gratifying result is possible is shown by the fact that the disease has been rare even in Cuba since the Americans occupied the island in 1898 and cleaned it. All that is needed now is to corner the fugitive cases that may develop on the gulf coast and treat them with the concentrated experience of a costly past, and strike the final blow that will make it a happily forgotten nightmare.

After that, to deal death to it on the Isthmus and the West Indies to crown the medical and hygienic achievements of the twentieth century.—Kansas City World.

THE IDEAL PUBLIC LIBRARY. WHEN the farmer drops in to see what is the red bug that is eating his box elder trees and what to do for it, or, rather, against it; when the editor telephones over for a map of Port Arthur for the afternoon edition; when the orator for "Pioneer Day" finds there anecdotes of the early history of the town; when the boy who wants to study electrical engineering in his odd hours does not have to send \$25 to a correspondence school for books the library ought to supply; when the village inventor can learn how many times before his non-refillable bottle has been patented; when the grocer's clerk comes over to see what brands of baking powder contain alum; when the mechanic can find out what horse power he can get from a windmill above his shop; when the political junta adjourns from the drug store to the library to see how much McKinley ran ahead of his ticket in 1896 in the fifth congressional district; when the young married couple look over the colored plates of a volume on the house furnishings a Part nouveau; when the labor leader comes in to look up English laws on the financial responsibility of trades unions; when the mayor sends in for all the books on the municipal ownership of electric light plants; when the clerk of the district court discovers in the files of the local paper an advertisement of a dissolution of partnership ten years ago—then we can be sure that Andrew Carnegie has not wasted his money.—New York Independent.

THE BRICK IN HIS HAT. "Shorry I'm sho late, m' dear," began Dingle apologetically, "but some fresh jokers stopped me an' wouldn't let me go."

"Indeed?" interrupted his wife. "Why didn't you take the brick out of your hat and hit them with it?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Mikado's Menu.

The Japanese emperor's yearly expense of living is limited. For this purpose he draws \$3,000,000 from the national treasury. His personal wealth is not to be spent on his own living, so that \$3,000,000 is really his salary as manager of the country. He is required to pay out of it some thousand employes.

The emperor's daily fare is Japanese. He is perfectly satisfied for breakfast with a bowl of bean soup and a few other dishes, but his dinner usually appears in splendid style, in some twenty courses, although he always denounces it as a useless extravagance. When any official feast is held—the cherry blossom viewing party at the Kioshikawa botanical garden or the chrysanthemum party at the Akasaka palace, for instance—he will not spare any expense in preparing an elegant European banquet.

Cured Her Rheumatism.

Deep Valley, Pa., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—There is deep interest in Green county over the cure of the little daughter of I. N. Whippley of Rheumatism. She was a great sufferer for five or six years and nothing seemed to do her any good till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She began to improve almost at once and now she is cured and can run and play as other children do. Mr. Whippley says:

"I am indeed thankful for what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for my daughter; they saved her from being a cripple perhaps for life."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved that Rheumatism is one of the results of diseased kidneys. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys are right there can be no Uric Acid in the blood and consequently no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right.

ODD FACTS ABOUT OLIVES.

Some of Them Which Grow Seaisick on the Voyage Here.

A large percentage of the olives coming to this country, the dealers say, suffer with the human malady of seasickness on their ocean voyage. As in the human being, the seasickness of the olive is the result of the vessel's rolling and pitching, which in some way affects the strength of the brine in which they are packed, and in consequence the olive turns dark and sick, and must be cured quickly or it will succumb to the attack.

A large importing house in this city has two expert chemists or "doctors" who examine all olives at the steamer dock upon their arrival. The seasick olives are at once taken from the brine, carefully washed and deposited in strong clean brine, which in most cases has the salutary effect desired. Some olives revive and are then none the worse; in fact, they are often improved in quality. The importation of olives reached 1,200,000 gallons here last year. The finest grown come to the United States. In France they eat the crescent olive, which is home-grown. About 16,000 gallons of these come to this country, but they are considered inferior to the Spanish. In England the edible olive is small, cheap and oily. Most of the fine Spanish Queen olives, which grow within a fifty-mile radius of Seville and nowhere else, come to this country and constitute between 60 and 70 per cent of the entire importation. They are not popular in Spain, as they are deemed too expensive, and the Spanish people prefer to ship them and obtain the money. The constitution of the olive is very delicate, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. From the time the crop is gathered until it is finally packed in the bottle there is not a moment which is not fraught with the intensest anxiety on the part of all who handle the fruit.

Some three years ago there was a 70 per cent advance in the price of olives owing to the shortage of the crop. The price, however, has been maintained and importers believe it will remain high. Olives are usually imported in the bulk, as the duty on bottled olives is 40 per cent ad valorem, while in barrels there is a specific duty of 15 cents a gallon, which is much cheaper.

Logical Deduction.

Hawkins (at the club)—More than two hours ago I sent a messenger boy with a note requiring an answer. He should have been back in fifteen minutes, but hasn't returned yet.

Jenkins—That's strange. By the way, have you seen the evening papers?

Hawkins—No; why do you ask?

Jenkins—Another case of kidnapping is reported. Perhaps it may be the kid you sent—fell asleep while walking along, you know.

NOTICED IT.

A Young Lady from New Jersey Pat Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion, which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down.

"If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down I spent hours in great misery. "I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause. "Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.