

**How Emer on Impressed the Guide.**  
A New York man fond of passing much of his time in the Adirondacks tells Harper's Weekly a story with reference to a visit made to that picturesque region by Ralph Waldo Emerson. According to one of the old guides, who remembered the philosopher, Emerson had enjoyed his stay immensely. Once some one asked this guide, known as "Steve," what sort of an impression the Sage of Concord had made upon the natives. "Well, sir," obligingly responded the guide, "he was a gentleman, every inch of him; as nice a chap as you'd care to see—pleasant and kind. And he was a scholar, too, allus figgerin', studyin' and writin', though we did think he'd had a better time a-huntin' an' a-fishin'; but, sir, I'm here to state that he was the alliredest, homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

**A Teacher's Testimony.**  
Hinton, Ky., Oct. 20.—(Special.)—It has long been claimed that Diabetes is incurable, but Mr. E. J. Thompson, teacher in the Hinton school, has pleasing evidence to the contrary. Mr. Thompson had Diabetes. He took Dodd's Kidney Pills and is cured. In a statement he makes regarding his cure Mr. Thompson says:  
"I was troubled with my kidneys for more than two years and was treated by two of the best doctors in this part of the State. They claimed I had Diabetes and there was little to be done for me. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and what they did for me was wonderful. It is certainly owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills that I am now enjoying good health."  
Many doctors still maintain that Diabetes is incurable. But Diabetes is a kidney disease and the kidney disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be discovered.

**FAMOUS MEN'S WIVES.**  
**Experiences of Thackeray and Other Noted Writers.**  
"No one knows what the wife of his bosom is. No one knows what a ministering angel she is until he has gone with her through the fiery trial of the world," wrote Washington Irving in the Sketch Book.  
Even a brief holiday at the seaside was to Charles Kingsley too long an absence from his wife, says London Answers. "This place 'tis perfect," he wrote on one occasion; "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are my keystones of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. . . . Fools!"

A beautiful testimony to one's home loves was paid by Robert Louis Stevenson at a Thanksgiving dinner in Samoa. "There, on my right," said Stevenson, replying to an unexpected proposal of "The Host," "sits she who has but lately from our own loved native land come back to me; and to whom, with no lessening of affection to those others to whom I cling, I love better than all the world besides—my mother. From the opposite end of the table, my wife, who has been all in all to me, when the days were very dark, looks to-night into my eyes—while we have both grown a bit older—with undiminished and undiminishing affection."  
"I cannot live without the tenderness of some woman, and expect when I am 60 I shall be marrying a girl of 11 or 12, innocent, barley-sugar loving, in a pinafore."

Thackeray was struggling between laughter and tears when he wrote that letter in the spring of 1857. It was then that his third child—Harriet Marion—after Mrs. Leslie Stephen, was born, and his wife became very ill. The illness eventually affected her mind, and Thackeray was compelled to realize the terrible truth that his poor wife would never recover.  
"I was as happy as the day was long with her," he told one of his cousins.  
The grateful affection which Lord Beaconsfield entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes, is well known. She was in the habit of traveling with him on almost all occasions.

**Praise.**  
"Marie has a wonderful knack for gravies and dressings."  
"Hasn't she? I really believe that mayonnaise of hers would make a dormant palatable."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**FUNNY**  
**People Will Drink Coffee When It "Does Such Things."**  
"I began to use Postum because the old kind of coffee had so poisoned my whole system that I was on the point of breaking down, and the doctor warned me that I must quit it.  
My chief ailment was nervousness and heart trouble.  
Any unexpected noise would cause me the most painful palpitation, make me faint and weak.  
"I had heard of Postum and began to drink it when I left off the old coffee. It began to help me just as soon as the old effects of the other kind of coffee passed away. It did not stimulate me for a while, and then leave me weak and nervous as coffee used to do. Instead of that it built up my strength and supplied a constant vigor to my system which I can always rely on. It enables me to do the biggest kind of a day's work without getting tired. All the heart trouble, etc., has passed away.  
"I give it freely to all my children, from the youngest to the oldest, and it keeps them all healthy and hearty." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
There's a reason.  
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## An Exchange of Blood.

**T**HE emigration of American farmers into Canada is assuming proportions that are phenomenal. A writer in Collier's Weekly gives figures showing that it has reached the rate of 50,000 a year. And he gives reasons which it would be well to think about in this country. The truth is, he says, that this heira of good citizens is due to the frauds that have been practiced in regard to our own public lands and that "the westward tide has bumped into the unyielding front of ranch, timber land and mining tract grabs, and so turns north into Canada—ere long in numbers of 100,000 a year—birthright plundered expatriates."  
When we measure up these 50,000 good American farmers lost to us every year and the undesirable part of that other host of foreign immigrants dumped upon us in their stead, the prospect is not cheering. The citizenship of this country must deteriorate woefully if these currents continue to increase in volume as they have increased in the last decade. Meanwhile an amusing phase of the situation lies in the fact that England is showing uneasiness over the American conquest of Canada. The English Economic Review recently had an article laying stress upon the idea that Americans go into Canada thoroughly imbued with the Monroe doctrine and determined to become the controlling political quantity.  
This, of course, is merely a nightmare. Few American farmers of the class that are going into Canada know or care anything about the Monroe doctrine. They are going there to build homes, to develop the lands and to make money. They have more concern for their crops than for all the politics in the world. It is not a political conquest of Canada by American farmers that England needs to fear. It is an industrial and commercial conquest. It is the United States which has real cause to feel alarm over the condition. The wholesale exchange of good stock for bad cannot fail to have evil effect upon us politically and industrially. And yet if the farmers who are going over the line to the north will assimilate Canada as thoroughly as we have thus far assimilated the foreign immigrants, we may be happy under one flag.—Chicago Journal.

**The Business Woman's Problems.**  
**W**HY the woman who works for a living is usually more nervous and in less exuberant health generally than the man who works, has been a matter for much discussion in clubs and newspapers, and without any satisfactory verdict having been reached, but there are those who do not find it hard to understand the phenomenon.  
The man who works usually does one sort of work. He is a physician, a lawyer, or a clerk, and when he has closed his office door for the day, if he is a sensible man, he puts in the remainder of the time enjoying himself in whatever way best suits him.  
And the woman who works—well, she is usually jack of a dozen trades and master of none.  
When she comes home from her office it occurs to her that there are a half a dozen pairs of stockings to be darned—and she sets to work forthwith on this nerve-tearing work. When the stockings are finished, she is just as likely as not to sew on the lace that the laundress has ripped off a skirt, and she goes to bed with her head aching and absolutely unrefreshed.  
In the morning she remembers that there are a dozen little lace collars to be laundered, for they were much too fragile to go in the general laundry, and that afternoon she gives over to the "doing-up" of these troublesome little things, adding a couple of white belts, three pairs of white gloves and a veil to the pile.  
When she has finished with these, her back is aching,

**ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.**  
In one of the northern tier of counties of Iowa dwells a politician whose war record is one of his proudest possessions. As a matter of history he "volunteered" by means of the draft near the close of the war, was assigned to the cavalry, and saw no more wearing service than policing the instruction camp; but for purposes of appealing to the soldier vote he has become able to remember all that might have happened to him if he had "enlisted" earlier.  
Being a candidate for office last fall, he turned a camp-fire into a political rally and called upon his old comrades for support.  
"In those long watches of the night," he said, "when we lay shoulder to shoulder beside those earlier camp-fires along the Rappahannock, in those wearisome days when we pursued the fleeing enemy across the Potomac after Gettysburg—"  
"Hold on there, Bill," called a neighbor who knew him of old and had a grudge. "Stick to what you know about. You never saw either of them rivers."  
The orator paused and looked down at him. "Let me see," he asked, coolly critical. "You were perhaps at first Bull Run?"  
"No, I wain't, and you—"  
"Then perhaps you were with Meade? Or Hancock?"  
"No, sir, Bill Bar—"  
"Ah! Then probably you went in back of Vicksburg, or tried the Chickasaw Bayou route?"  
"No, nor that neither."  
"Then," thundered the orator, grandiloquently, "what right have you to come here and interrupt my discourse with these men who were at Bull Run, and were on the Rappahannock, and were at Gettysburg—"  
"When you and I were boys, back in Indianner, Bill," interrupted the objector, who had now worked up to the front of the interested audience, "there was a circus come our way. They had one of the most wonderful wild beasts of the African jungle with 'em—the only, sole and unique, three-horned unicornian." You and I paid our good money to see him, Bill, and

we were mighty well satisfied with what we seen. But along come a feller from St. Charles, and he says: 'Sho! That ain't nothin' but a three-horned steer they bought of Sile Thompson, and painted stripes and spots on.'"  
"See here, you' says the circus man. 'Be you from Africa?"  
"No, I hain't," says the St. Charles man.  
"Did you ever see a three-horned unicornian before?" says the circus man.  
"No, I never did."  
"Then what right have you got to come here sayin' this beast ain't a three-horned unicornian, like we say it is?"  
"Wal, say's the ol' feller from St. Charles, 'I ain't never seen no three-horned unicornian before, but I seen Sile Thompson's three horned steer many a time, an' I'm speakin' from that point of view.'"  
The politician did not stay to have the application of the fable pointed out.—Youth's Companion.

**WOMEN IN NEW EMPLOYMENT.**  
**Hired to Run Elevators in Buildings Devoted to Female Interests.**  
Women always seem to be able to establish some kind of new work. Now Boston has in several buildings devoted to women's interests, or patronized by women, girls employed to run the elevators. The idea was introduced by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and the Young Women's Christian Association soon followed.  
"Except for one janitor," said the superintendent of the latter institution, "we are all women around here, and to have two or three boys about to run the elevator was an unmitigated nuisance. So we discharged the boys and hired the girls. Since then we have been much more comfortable." The New England Hospital for Women in Roxbury has also introduced elevator girls, and some of the millinery and women's furnishing goods stores in Boston are taking up the idea.  
The girls are all doing the work to the complete satisfaction of their employers and have at the same time suggested a solution for the perplexing question of what to do with a girl who has to earn money at an early age. She can run an elevator until

she is old enough or has acquired the necessary training for something better. Formerly she might have been a cash girl, but now various mechanical devices are taking the place of the cash girl and leaving her without employment. Several of the girls employed as elevator girls in the buildings just mentioned are studying for better positions, and one is glad to earn \$3 a week while her eyes are recovering from the strain of her high school course.  
To run an elevator is not difficult work, but requires careful attention to business. For this reason, according to the testimony of their employers, girls can do it better than boys. They are more conscientious and trustworthy. The girls seem to enjoy the work, and though the hours are long the work is not tiring. At the Young Women's Christian Association the elevator girl goes on duty at 7 o'clock and works till 12. Then she has two hours' rest. In the afternoon she works from 2 o'clock until 5, when she has an intermission of half an hour, resuming work at 5:30 o'clock and continuing till 7.

**Origin of "Hamfatter."**  
A correspondent of the New York Sun gives the following account of the origin of the word "hamfatter"—a term of derision applied to actors: "Years ago, before cold cream became a feature of the make-up box, actors used a preparation of ham fat for removing the crude grease paint of their times. The less prosperous ones, for the sake of economy, contented themselves with the fat side of a ham skin, which they carried about and used just as a wood cutter does in greasing his saw. This practice had a disastrous effect on the complexion, and caused thesians to be recognized at once by the cracked and discolored appearance of their faces. Hence the term 'hamfatter.'"  
**Hocked.**  
Bacon—I tell you, American watches are holding their own.  
Egbert—That may be, but all the owners of American watches are not holding their own.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some houses always look as though the occupants were in the midst of a house cleaning.

## The Mind of the Petty Juror.

**S**OME day science will have progressed far enough in the investigation of the more complex mechanism of the animal body for an authoritative answer to be given to the question, Has a petty juror any reasoning powers? At the present time all jurors, by a legal fiction handed down from the time of the Saxons, have the ability to comprehend simple statements of facts, but like most legal fictions, this one has been inconveniently dispensed. Only the other day, in the Superior Court, a jury, after listening to the suit of a man who wanted the rent for a hotel which he had leased to two women who sold their interest to a third, awarded him precisely one dollar in lieu of the \$2,400 everybody admitted was coming to him. The decision of this sapient company of calculators was that the ones who sold possession did not owe any rent, the one that owed the rent should not have any possession, and that the owner should look to God and not to his bond. A careful consideration of this judgment proves at least one fact that has been bitterly disputed: Jurors have instincts. They know when it is dinner time and when it is quitting time. Excellent well-termed Petty Jury!—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Why the Postal Deficit.

**T**HE deficit of \$12,000,000 in the postal department for the fiscal year calls renewed attention to the outrageous manner in which the government is held up by the railroads in the matter of charges for the transportation of the mails. It is well known that the general public has to pay unfair prices, but the general shipping public escapes comparatively easy by the side of the government. The government pays about eight times as much pound for pound, as the express companies pay on the same trains, and the government pays rent for the postal cars, while the express companies pay nothing for the express cars. But every effort to secure fair transportation rates for the mails is effectually blocked by the railroads. When it is remembered that the government pays the railroads upward to \$35,000,000 a year for transporting the mails the public may have a better idea of why the railroad managers take so much interest in electing congressmen and senators, and securing pliable officials in the various departments of the "P. O. D."—The Commoner.

**BURGLARS ROB BANK.**  
**Blow Safe in Ridgeville, Ind., Institution and Get Away with \$6,000.**  
Between 1 and 2 o'clock Tuesday morning seven robbers blew the safe in the Ridgeville, Ind., State bank and escaped with about \$6,000. The explosion aroused Cashier Branson, who hurried to the bank in time to receive a bullet in the ankle. Before going to the bank the robbers met the town watchman, overpowered and bound and gagged him. There is no clew.  
The wounded cashier made his way to the home of the bank president, M. P. Sumpton, and the two turned in a fire alarm. Meanwhile the burglars had succeeded in forcing the doors of the safe and by the time the citizens were aroused the cracksmen had obtained their plunder. All the electric lights in town were turned on and citizens attempted to surround the robbers.  
But the burglars did not fear capture. For more than an hour the town was practically at the mercy of the gang of the seven robbers, who are supposed to be Chicago desperadoes and who openly walked the streets, shooting at everything in sight and apparently taking their time in leaving the scene of the crime. The bank's loss of \$6,000 is covered by burglar insurance and neither the bank nor the depositors will lose any money.

They seem to be doing almost everything down in Panama except digging. The pistol and the bomb have won favor as campaign arguments in Cuba.  
Now that the football season has begun, we don't miss the war as much as we did.  
Women's hats appear this year reduced in size, but not perceptibly ensmallled in price.  
After the exposures in high finance, three-card-monte seems like a fair and friendly game.  
The life insurance companies seem to have adopted as a side line the insuring of political elections.  
It is time to let up on Senator Depew. He has had a 5-cent cigar named after him without his consent.  
Fining the beef trust \$25,000 for breaking the laws is like throwing a dipper of water on a burning house.  
Someone ought to lead the Taggart case into a remote forest, cover it with quicklime and forget about it.  
Now that Chief Rain-in-the-Face is dead, only Carrie Nation and a few others are left to wield the tomahawk. That life insurance company that loaned \$5,000,000 to a negro messenger does not seem inclined to draw the color line. Traveling in his private car, John Alexander Dowie accentuates the fact that ravin's have been good to Elijah III.

**ADMIRAL TOGO.**  
ADMIRAL TOGO.

**MUTSUHITO AND TOGO MEET.**  
Admiral Came to Report to Emperor the Return of His Fleet from War.  
Sunday was made memorable in the annals of Japan by the public entry into Tokio of Admiral Togo, who came to report to the Emperor the return of his fleet from the war.  
The distinguished naval officer was met at Shimbashi station by ministers of state, generals, admirals, members of the diplomatic corps and hundreds of officials and private citizens, who extended him a warm welcome to the capital. He was accompanied by his staff and Admirals Kataoka, Kamimura and Dewa, together with their respective staffs. The party entered

five imperial carriages placed at their disposal, and led by his majesty's aide, Admiral Inouye, drove direct to the palace, where they were received in audience by the Emperor.  
Admiral Togo's carriage, escorted by a body guard of troopers, passed through a triumphal arch in front of the railway station. The streets were lined with an admiring crowd, who shouted hearty hurrahs as the party passed along. The ring of the enthusiastic cheers, mingled with the noise of the bands, was audible for a great distance.  
Gen. Sakuma detailed three battalions of guards of honor. The battalions were composed of men from the Tokio garrison and were under command of Major General Togo. Four guns located at Hibiya Park fired salutes. The day was a beautiful one and all Tokio was out, irrespective of age, to welcome the victor of the battle of the Sea of Japan. Admiral Togo, after his audience with the Emperor, returned to his ship.  
In receiving Admiral Togo's report the Emperor warmly praised the service rendered by him, his officers and men.

**PARALYSIS CURED.**  
**Case Seemed Hopeless but Yielded to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**  
Mr. Kenney has actually escaped from the paralytic's fate to which he seemed a short time ago hopelessly doomed. The surprising report has been fully verified and some important details secured in a personal interview with the recent sufferer.  
"The doctor," said Mr. Kenney, "told me that if I wanted to live any length of time I would have to give up work altogether, and he told my friends that the paralysis which had begun would in time involve my whole body."  
"Just how were you afflicted at this time?" Mr. Kenney was asked.  
"Well, I had first hot, and then cold and clammy feelings, and at times my body felt as if needles were being stuck into it. These sensations were followed by terrible pains, and again I would have no feeling at all, but a numbness would come over me, and I would not be able to move. The most agonizing tortures came from headaches and a pain in the spine."  
"Night after night I could not get my natural sleep and my system was wrecked by the strain of torturing pains and the effect of the opiates I was forced to take to induce sleep. As I look back on the terrible suffering I endured during this period I often wonder how I retained my reason through it all."  
"But relief came quickly when I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The very first box seemed to help me, and seven boxes made me entirely well. There can be no doubt about the thoroughness of my cure, for I have worked steadily ever since and that is nearly four years."  
Mr. Kenney is at present employed by the Merrimac Hat Company and resides at 101 Aubin Street, Amesbury, Mass. The remedy which he used with such satisfactory results, is sold by all druggists, or direct by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**Vain Butterfly.**  
How different is Madge from the little hand mirror  
Into which she's so often found peering.  
For Madge always speaks without ever reflecting—  
The mirror reflects without speaking.  
—Philadelphia Press.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss:  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,  
Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

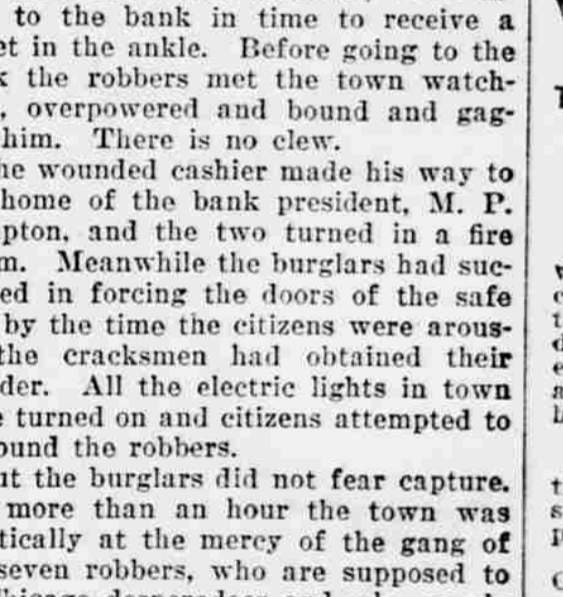
**PARALYSIS CURED.**  
The Roumanian minister of education has recently issued a circular to the directors of all private schools for girls, ordering them to forbid the use of corsets by their pupils. For some time past corsets have been tabooed, on health grounds, in the girls' public schools of Roumania.  
Catarrh of the Bladder and Kidney Trouble absolutely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. World famous for over 30 years. \$1.00 a bottle.



ADMIRAL TOGO.

**YOU HAVE NO RIGHT**  
To Suffer from Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble.  
Q. What is the beginning of sickness?  
A. Constipation.  
Q. What is Constipation?  
A. Failure of the bowels to carry off the waste matter which lies in the alimentary canal where it decays and poisons the entire system. Eventually the results are death under the name of some other disease. Note the deaths from typhoid fever and appendicitis, stomach and bowel trouble, at the present time.  
Q. What causes Constipation?  
A. Neglect to respond to the call of Nature promptly. Loss of energy, excessive brain work. Mental emotion and improper diet.  
Q. What are the results of neglected Constipation?  
A. Constipation causes more suffering than any other disease. It causes rheumatism, colic, fevers, stomach, bowel, kidney, lung and heart troubles. It is the one disease that starts all others. Indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, loss of sleep and strength are its symptoms—piles, appendicitis and fistula, are caused by Constipation. Its consequences are known to all physicians, but few sufferers realize their condition until it is too late. Women become confirmed invalids as a result of Constipation.  
Q. Do physicians recognize this?  
A. Yes. The first question your doctor asks you is "Are you Constipated?" That is the secret.  
Q. Can it be cured?  
A. Yes, with proper treatment. The common error is to resort to physics, such as pills, salts, mineral water, cathartics, injections, etc., every one of which is injurious. They weaken and increase the maldigestion. You know this by your own experience.  
Q. What then should be done to cure it?  
A. Get a bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic at once. Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure Constipation and stomach trouble in the shortest space of time. No other remedy has before been known to cure Constipation positively and permanently.  
Q. What is Mull's Grape Tonic?  
A. It is a compound with 40 per cent of the juice of Concord Grapes. It exerts a peculiar strengthening, healing influence upon the intestines, so that they can do their work unaided. The process is gradual, but sure. It is not a physic. It is unlike anything else you have ever used, but it cures Constipation, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel trouble. Having a rich, fruity grape flavor, it is pleasant to take. As a tonic it is unequalled, insuring the system against disease. It strengthens and builds up waste tissue.  
Q. Where can Mull's Grape Tonic be had?  
A. Your druggist sells it. The dollar bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size.  
Good for all children and nursing mothers.  
Free bottle to all who have never used it, because we know it will cure you.

**124 FREE BOTTLE 11405**  
Send this coupon with your name and address and druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels, to THE NEWS OF THE SIDE.  
21 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois.  
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.  
The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size. At drug stores.  
The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.



**THE NEWS OF THE SIDE**

Send this coupon with your name and address and druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels, to THE NEWS OF THE SIDE.  
21 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois.  
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.  
The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size. At drug stores.  
The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Send this coupon with your name and address and druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels, to THE NEWS OF THE SIDE.  
21 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois.  
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.  
The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size. At drug stores.  
The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Send this coupon with your name and address and druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels, to THE NEWS OF THE SIDE.  
21 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois.  
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.  
The \$1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size. At drug stores.  
The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.