

"THE OLD SALT DOCTOR."

MR. WM. C. HART RELATES AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

From the *World-Herald*, Omaha, Neb.
Mr. William C. Hart, favorably known among his friends and acquaintances as "The Old Salt Doctor," is probably the most familiar character in the vicinity of Twenty-fourth and Franklin streets, Omaha, Neb. Mr. Hart is now over 80.

An interesting history of his recovery from a common malady follows: A little over five years ago I became afflicted with a malady, the name of which I do not know. My family have been troubled the same when they arrived at my age, and they said I was on the same road and that there was no cure for me. The symptoms were, dizziness, loss of memory, and an utter prostration of the nerves. The most notable trouble was a swimming of the head, when I came in from a walk or was out standing in the sun or doing any kind of exercise at all. When I would sit down, my head would swim and everything would dance before my eyes, and I would become so dizzy that I would have to hold to a chair to keep from falling; or if I were sitting down and got up suddenly, everything would whirl before me, and I would have to hold to the chair for some little time, my memory was so poor that it was difficult for me to remember some of my best friends. This state of things continued for about a year and a half, and kept getting worse and worse; I could not remember anything, and my head was in a constant whirl; everything swam before me so that life was really miserable.

On the recommendation of some friends I went to my druggist, Mr. Strader, on Twenty-fourth and Clark streets, and got a box of Pink Pills for trial, and after taking a few doses I began to feel the effects and found that they were doing me good. When the first box was gone I got another and another until I had taken four boxes, and I was entirely relieved. And now, although my memory is not so good as it was forty years ago, it is greatly improved, and is better than many men's memory that are much younger than I; my dizziness is entirely gone, and my nerves are strong as they were ten years ago, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it too. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have, and shall continue to recommend them to all my friends or any one else that is in need of a strengthening tonic.

The reporter interviewed Mr. Strader, the druggist, and many of Mr. Hart's friends and acquaintances in regard to his statements, and they all told the same story as to Mr. Hart's recovery from his malady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an un-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 they are never sold in bulk or by the 1000, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Inventive genius is a rare quality. James Shiner of Amerus, Ind., one of the best known spirits in eastern Indiana, made application on the other day on a patent for a device. There is an interesting story back of it. It says he was told some time ago by the spirits that an improved device was necessary, and he went to work under the direction of the spirits. The result is not due to any genius on his part, he says, but is simply the work of the spirits through him. The fence posts are many good points.

The man who has the "big head" often wears a small hat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Get in the habit of resting all your weight on the Everlasting Arms.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them, the same with the Liver and Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squamous feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

BICYCLISTS SHOULD

USE POND'S EXTRACT

CURES
Wounds, Bruises,
Sunburn, Sprains,
Lameness, Insect Bites,
and ALL PAIN.

After hard WORK or EXERCISING rub with it to AVOID LAMENESS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
—Weak, Watery, Worthless.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT CURES PILES.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 78 Fifth Ave., New York

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.

War Time Journalism.

Just before the siege Atlanta leaped into prominence as a newspaper center. The real population of the city at that time was not over 15,000, but the refugees, Confederate workmen and their families swelled it to about 25,000. Johnston's army of 50,000 men a few miles away temporarily added a large element which was of great importance from a business, and especially from a newspaper, point of view.

The newspapers flourished in those red days. Atlanta had six morning dailies and one afternoon paper when Sherman's guns were booming on the banks of the Chattahoochee, seven miles westward. The *Intelligencer*, Southern Confederacy, Gate City Guardian, Revell's Appeal and Register were all good papers, when the fact is considered that they were published in a small inland city, about to undergo one of the fiercest sieges of the war. The Commonwealth was a bright afternoon paper and the Appeal and Register attracted a good deal of attention because the former hailed from Memphis and the latter from Knoxville, Tenn.

They were all four-page sheets, with five or six columns to the page, when they could get paper of the right size, but it was a common thing to see them issue half sheets of brown wrapping paper, and sometimes they were printed on cheap wall paper. Their telegraphic news service was very limited, and two columns of telegrams in an issue always attracted attention. These telegrams were never padded, and the result of a great battle was often told in four or five printed lines.

In the local columns of these war newspapers there was very little news, but the editorial pages were always well filled. Howell Cobb and L. Q. C. Lamar frequently wrote the Register's editorials, and Henry Watterson was for several months on the staff of the Southern Confederacy, which achieved great success under the management of Col. Geo. W. Adair, who afterward made a reputation as a dashing officer in Forrest's cavalry.

At that time Watterson was a slim, pale-faced young man, and he was anything but an enthusiastic worker. It is quite likely that he saw the handwriting on the wall and knew that the cause of the South was doomed. But there were twenty writers on the Southern Confederacy, and among them were some who felt hopeful and confident to the last. One of these was an old gentleman named Cardozo, whose financial articles would make interesting reading just now. Cardozo had a scheme for making Confederate money as good as gold, and the surrender at Appomattox found him still explaining it to the public.

Very little space was then devoted to miscellaneous reading matter, but the poets were well represented, and some very promising short story writers came to the front. War editorials, however, were the chief stock in trade of these newspapers, and they owed their existence to the fact that the Confederate leaders needed their aid in shaping public opinion.

Fifty cents a copy for a newspaper did not profit its owners at a time when Confederate money was almost worthless, and advertising did not yield much. Material and labor cost a great deal, and each office had numerous editors and compositors whose services were not really needed. Some of these journalists never wrote a line and were not expected to do anything. They were men of some means or influence who connected themselves with newspapers in order to evade the conscript law, which exempted newspaper proprietors and their employees.

Once when the printers on the Commonwealth struck for higher wages there was some trouble and considerable fun. The business manager at once discharged the printers and notified the conscript officer, who immediately ordered them to the camp of instruction. The printers were not slow to retaliate. They made a point that the proprietors, business manager and editors of the paper were idle in consequence of the strike and were therefore not exempt from military duty. The authorities held a similar view, and the result was a fresh batch of conscripts. This did not suit either side and a compromise was effected. The editors and printers resumed work and the army lost more than a score of able-bodied men.

During the first two or three weeks of the siege the newspapers either suspended or moved southward. The Appeal retreated before the Federals until it was finally captured in Alabama, its whole outfit having been reduced to a small job press and a few pounds of type. The *Intelligencer* continued to issue a little sheet containing a column summary of the news until the day before the city fell.

Before the bombardment commenced the Atlanta papers ridiculed the idea of a siege and predicted that Sherman would never cross the Chattahoochee. When the Federals crossed the river the Confederate editors declared that they were rushing into a trap set for their destruction. Then came the siege, and with it more editorial predictions to the effect that the city could never be taken. Even when the exhausted Confederates marched out, it was claimed by the editors that the invaders would find the place a second Moscow and would soon be forced into a disastrous retreat. They were jubilantly making these pre-

dictions when Sherman laid the town in ashes and started to the sea.

Only a few of Atlanta's war journalists are now living. Henry Watterson is among the two or three survivors who have stuck to journalism; the others are real estate agents, insurance men or retired capitalists. Not one of the old papers is now in existence, and instead of supporting seven flourishing dailies this city of over 100,000 inhabitants is satisfied with one morning paper, the Constitution, and two afternoon papers, the *Journal* and *Commercial*.

A great newspaper center was destroyed when Sherman turned Atlanta into a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day to guide his marching legions. Wallace Putnam Reed, in the *Chicago Times-Herald*.

Grant Pursued by Bears.

"General Grant was a great lover of trout fishing," said a guide, "and the greatest of all his outings was at Kane, McKean County, Pennsylvania, in August, 1869. I received a letter late in July of that year, requesting that I get everything ready for a two weeks' fishing tour on the Oawayo Creek.

"The first day's fishing along Oawayo Creek was successful, and we returned with a number of trout. It was a difficult place to reach, and the country simply abounded with wild game. The General was fond of seeing deer go through the woods, and was not a bit afraid of bears.

"General Grant was an expert fisherman, and could whip a stream with any of the pot-fishers. He would never fish for trout with bait. But if it so happened that he had lost all his flies, he would put on whatever he could find, and continue to whip the stream. The two of us in five days' fishing caught 712 trout, all good-sized ones. We ate some of them, and the rest were packed in ice to be sent to friends.

"I shall never forget our return from Siaron Center to Kane. We had everything on the spring wagon, including the lead trout. After traveling about four miles, we passed through an exceptionally heavy woodland, and when we were about 200 yards from the woods, two bears made their appearance. They trotted along after us at a gallop that showed us that they were gaining on the horse. They evidently had scented the fish, and were wishing for a good meal.

"We did not feel much afraid until we came to discover that our guns and revolvers were left behind at Habers-steen's house. The bears were gradually gaining on us, and it was time to be thinking about doing something.

"What is to be done in a case of this kind?" queried the General.

"The only thing I know of is to drive so fast that they can't catch up," I replied. But the faster we drove the more rapidly the bears ran.

"I know how to get away from them," exclaimed Grant. "We will throw trout to the ground, a few feet apart, and as the bears stop to pick them up we will gain so much by every fish."

"Well, that looked like a great scheme. We began throwing the fish out, two or three at a time. The bears began to pick them up, but I'll be confounded if they didn't start to give the trout the go-by and hasten their steps to catch up to the wagon. All the time we kept choice trout into the road to coax them bears to quit the chase.

"We concluded that the old horse would have to hurry. The whip was applied. We lost the bears, and in the village related the story of the bears following us to several farmers, who got guns and started after them.

"Do you know what those confounded bears were doing when they found them? They stopped at the end of the trout trail, and, for a distance of a mile and a half back, had eaten nearly all the trout. They evidently wanted bigger game, and when they saw they could not get it, they were content to eat the trout. The bears were overtaken and killed.

"At the village we looked to see how many trout we had left. To our surprise we had only 250 trout out of the 700."—*New York Press*.

Double-Quick.

An ancient resident of Willowby whose conduct in one of the battles of the civil war had brought him under suspicion of cowardice, was naturally indisposed to admit that he had played any but a manly part.

"I didn't run away and stay till 'twas all over, no such thing," he always affirmed. "I retreated in good order, that was all. 'Twas a time for retreating if ever there was one, and accordingly I used my judgment and retreated."

This statement was regarded as more or less satisfactory up to the day when a military gentleman came to visit a cousin in Willowby, and in the course of a conversation held at the village store one evening heard the oft-repeated explanation.

"Well, my friend," he said, looking steadily at the hero of the retreat, "you say you retreated in good order, but I should like to ask one thing: About how fast did you go?"

"Well," said the other man, surprised into telling the unadorned truth, "if I'd been at home and going after the doctor, I reckon folks would have thought somebody was pretty sick!"

Why It Took So Long.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his famous speech at Manchester, England, in which he talked for an hour against a howling mob of rebel sympathizers before he gained their attention, was interrupted by a man in the audience who shouted: "Why didn't you whip the Confederates in sixty days, as you said you would?" "Because," replied Beecher, "we found we had Americans to fight instead of Englishmen."

From rough calculations lately made by the contributors to the *Zoological Record* it appears that over 300,000 species of animals have been described by naturalists up to the present date.

AT A SPANISH HOTEL.

The Natives a Trifle Too Polite for Comfort.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell writes of "The Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra" in the *Century*. She thus describes her experiences in a Spanish hotel near the Alhambra:

The breakfast hour, however, varied according to each one's fancy. It was only at dinner that all the boarders sat down together. Generally we were not more than six or eight to gather round the lamp-lit table, and J. and I were the only foreigners. The others were natives of Granada who had left its heated streets for the cool grove, or else Andalusians from near towns taking a short holiday. They were, if anything, too friendly, for, though our conversation with many was limited to "Buenas dias" and "Buenas tardes," this and a bow were expected every time we met. To us, of a less polite race, it became something of a nuisance. With a few friendliness went further, especially with an amiable and pious family from Cadiz, who were our neighbors at table for a fortnight. The mother and two daughters were always veiled in their mantillas, if by chance we saw them in the morning on their way to or from mass. But they were never without smiles for us, and the father spoke some English. He was so extremely civil at all times that we were the more surprised one evening when he lost his temper outright.

"I like everything in your country except your wine," J. told him, in answer to a leading question; for we never could get used to the vile flavor of pilsikin.

He turned upon us in a fury. "What! not like my wine? But it is good—the best. I send it almost all to England."

The trouble was, he was a wine merchant, and he could not be convinced that J. meant nothing personal until we had kept awake the long evening with him over a bottle of his sherry.

Then we had a bride and groom from Malaga, and the groom also spoke English. He told us they had come that they might, during their honeymoon, hear little birds sing, and wander under green trees, which we thought a pretty sentiment until it had been repeated to every man, woman and child in the hotel. From the beginning of dinner to the end one of the little girls from Cadiz would keep up a ceaseless guttural prattle. These occasional mandolins would rouse the bride into a flutter of excitement; it was a song of Malaga they were playing, she would then lean over to explain. But their tranquil gaiety never jarred; it seemed as much a part of the summer silence as the chanting of the crickets in the grove.

The arrival of the Marchioness was the first shock that shook us out of our slumbers. She lived in Granada; two of her children had whooping-cough, and she had chosen the hotel as a pleasant hospital for them. I never knew any one to pervade a place as she did. If we went to sit in the rocking-chairs in front, there she was with her whooping babies; if we hurried back into the hall, she was at our heels; and we could not retreat into the dull, gloomy, uninviting sitting-room that she and her nursery, whooping and yelling, did not follow. This was bad enough, but what mattered more was that she turned our peaceful garden into a sick room, and our dinner into a public reception. By the second course one child or the other always began to whoop, and had to be carried away, purple and choking; by the third there was a great clattering of horse-hoofs in the road below the terrace, and the Marchioness would pull up his horse, and the Marchioness would rush to lean over the balustrade and give him her harsh, voluble report; he was afraid, it seemed, of the contagion which he had passed on to us so cheerfully. By the fourth a party of friends would troop into the garden and young ladies and priests and expansive dowagers would make a circle round the table, and watch us as we ate. I suppose it would have been a dreadful breach of Spanish etiquette had they been asked to dine, or, if asked, had they accepted! It was detestable. The whole atmosphere, the whole feeling, of the hotel and its gardens was changed. But the other Spanish did not like it a bit better. Everybody grumbled, everybody complained, and with heroic effort the manager got up enough energy to tell the Marchioness she must go, and we all dozed back into our accustomed habits.

Ate Animal Food.
A West Side grocer of German extraction was not feeling well. His doctor recommended animal extracts.

"What are animal extracts?" he asked.

"Oh, animal food. It builds a man up when he has run down," the doctor explained. "Here's a prescription."

Sure that he knew as much about animal food as anybody, the grocer decided, with pure German thrift, to fill the prescription himself. At the end of a week or two he again met the doctor.

"Well, Hans, how are you getting on?"

"Oh, very well, doctor, but I don't improve much. I can eat the oats and the cracked wheat and the shelled corn all right, but I'll be blanked if I can get down the chopped hay."—*New York Press*.

Latest Paris Freak.

Paris has another clairvoyant or seer, a little boy of 9, named Paul Delpont, whose communications are St. Joseph and St. Paul. The young seer's first feat was to announce that he had been told by St. Paul and St. Joseph that if a certain plot of ground were searched two skeletons and the long-lost bells of an old church would be found. The neighbors dug, found the skeletons and the bells, and marveled.

When you get enough, be brave enough to say so.

Little Curious Notes.

The water entasca is but one-tenth of an inch in length. It lays 30,000 eggs in a single season of less than seven days.

If a cannon ball could maintain its initial velocity for twenty-four hours it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the world.

A block of best steel four feet square would be reduced to a cube of little more than nine inches if it could be taken to the center of the earth.

TO LADIES.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

Instead of praying for their daily bread, some tell the Lord what kind of weather is needed to make a wheat crop.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '96

The handkerchief was first popularized in good society by the Empress Josephine, who had irregular and black teeth and, to conceal them, held her lace handkerchief before her mouth whenever she laughed.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

The hottest place on the face of the earth is said to be the desert near Massaua, 133 degrees in the shade. The coldest is in the Northwest Territory of Canada, 76 degrees below zero.

The swiftest bird known to the naturalist is either the vulture, which is said to make 150 miles an hour, or the English kestrel, which can probably equal, if not exceed, this speed.

He Wanted More

A Dallas merchant has a clerk who is a very valuable man, and whom he could not very well replace. The clerk understands that, and is continually asking for a raise. The last time his employer said:

"You say you can't live on \$25 a week? All right; I'll raise you salary to \$30. Will that do?"

"No, it won't do. Now that my salary is raised to \$30, I am going to get married and I'll need more."—*Texas Sifter*.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children.

Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. &c. &c.

Health Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is impossible without pure, healthy blood. Purified and vitalized blood result from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

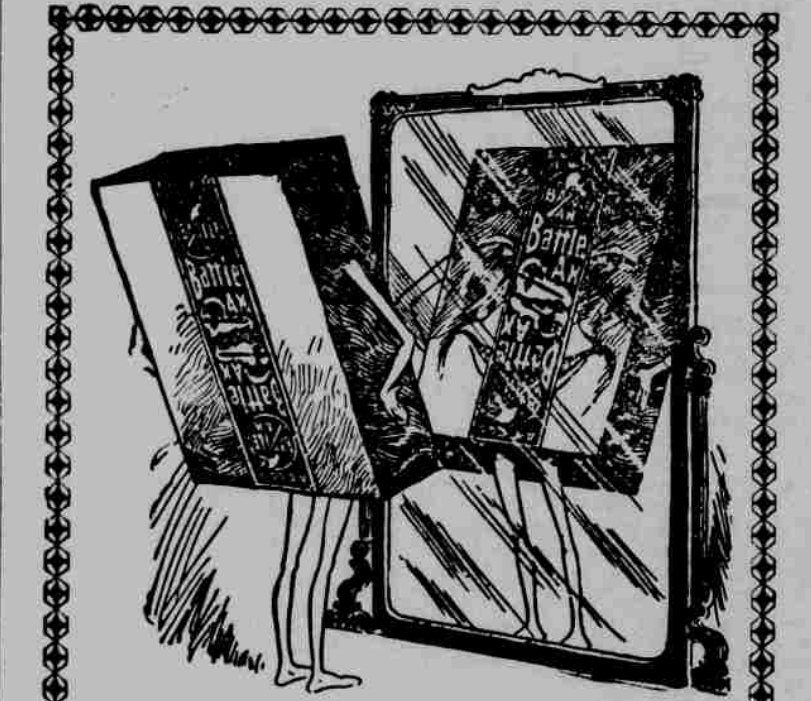
The best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. 25c.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island R. R. IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST LINE TO ALL POINTS NORTH WEST AND EAST SOUTH

And in connection with the Union Pacific System IS THE FAVORITE ROUTE TO California, Oregon and all Western Points. For information regarding rates, etc., call on or address any agent or S. M. ADAMS, Gen'l. Pass Agt., Gen'l. Manager, St. Joseph, Mo.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. (Cheap and best cure. Price 10c. All State cases. Dr. MASS. Quincy, Mich.)

N. N. U. No. 404-37 York, Neb. JOHN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement



"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

Battle Ax PLUG

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

Bear in Mind that "The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use

SAPOLIO

That terrible wash-tub!

This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use Pearline. Use Pearline—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bugbear. You won't have to be over it enough for that. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

Send it Back
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.