

A WOMAN

BOTH PHYSICIAN AND PREACHER

Mrs. Grace Andrew, of Partridge, Kan., Speaks Words of Praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the News, Hutchinson, Kan. Mrs. Grace Andrew, of Partridge, Kansas, is well known, having lived in Partridge for many years. In former years she was a preacher in this locality. She is also well versed in medicine. Although she never took out a license as a physician, her advice has long been sought in preference to that of the regular practitioner. For those accounts she is as well known as she is highly respected by a large circle. Mrs. Andrew recently gave a reporter the following interesting interview:

"Four years ago I began suffering from lumbago and muscular rheumatism, and for the two years next following grew continually worse despite the best efforts of the leading physicians of the locality. In my efforts for relief I finally tried a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and from the first began to improve, and before I had taken two boxes was entirely cured. I have never been bothered since, but am enjoying the best of health. The sharp, piercing pains which were so painful in my back are felt no more, and all the symptoms are gone. I am always ready to speak a good word for Pink Pills, and have recommended them to many of my afflicted friends, who have, without a single exception, been greatly benefited or entirely cured."

"In one instance a lady friend had suffered from female weakness for many years during which time she was not able to do any of her household work and was practically helpless. I recommended Pink Pills to her, she secured a box, and was soon convinced of their superior quality and great value. She is now doing all her own household work and is strong and healthy, attributing all to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Hum's Horn Blows

Every dollar some men get increases their chance of missing heaven.

Obscurity on earth will not keep anybody from becoming famous in heaven.

The man who walks with God must keep step with everything that is good.

The more a man has to say in church, the more it hurts the cause of true religion.

Find a man who loves God with all his heart, and he will be found working for Him with all his might.

Almost all married people look in time as if they were living on a daily quail diet.

When a man does anything wrong, he would rather the devil heard of it than his wife.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '96.

When a real New York boy wishes to say a man is extremely extravagant, he expressed himself this way: "He has money to burn and carries aitches."

Sharp Twinges

Only the sufferer from rheumatism can realize the agony caused by this disease. It affects the joints and muscles, which become stiff and sore and cause constant suffering. The cure for rheumatism is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood and neutralizes the acid which causes the aches and pains.

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THE FAMILY STORY

JAMES INCH'S DOWNFALL.

MR. JAMES INCH is one of the most staid and dignified citizens of Parlor City. He never drinks, he never smokes, and it is his firm conviction that Hades is yawning for every man, woman, and child that plays cards. He is a pillar of the local Methodist Church, has publicly denounced dancing as an invention of the devil, progressive euchre and pedro parties as greased poles to the realm of Satan, and trolley parties as an even more sinful diversion than any of the other forms of amusement to which he is opposed. One might imagine from this that Mr. James Inch was an unpopular man in Parlor City. Such, however, is not the case. The inhabitants point him out to strangers as their model citizen, and can't say enough in praise of him. That is because Mr. Inch is a sterling business man, and so generous and charitable that his fellow townsmen are willing to overlook his radical views on things in the amusement line.

Mr. Inch had an experience some weeks ago that came pretty near knocking down with one blow the splendid reputation he has built up for himself in Parlor City. It was a most unfortunate experience for Mr. Inch, but it provided amusement for his fellow citizens for days afterwards, and some of them are not through laughing yet.

One bright sunny morning early in August Mr. Inch boarded a train bound for Parlor City at a small way station some twenty miles from his home. He had gone out there the night before on business, had missed the last train back, and a night on a corn husk mattress in the local tavern had ruffled him about as much as he had ever been ruffled in his life. Mr. Inch had not been in the train five minutes when he heard a frightful racket in the car behind him, and on inquiring of the conductor what it meant was told that both of the rear cars were full of lunatics who were being transferred from New York to the State asylum on the hill back of Parlor City.

"They're in charge of keepers, all right," said the conductor, "but they get excited every now and then, and I tell you the keepers have their hands full. Lord! but they do curse!"

"Do you suppose I could go look at them?" asked Mr. Inch, who immediately made up his mind that it was his duty as a Christian man to go and speak a few words of admonition to these men.

"Dunno," was the conductor's laconic response. "You'll have to ask the keepers." Mr. Inch rose from his seat and started back. He decided that he would not ask permission to do what was his plain duty. He felt that the keepers would refuse him admission to the car, so he made up his mind to slide in unobserved, take a seat, and watch his chance to distribute advice to the unfortunate. It was not a difficult piece of work, as the keepers were pretty busy when Mr. Inch opened the door and walked in, and they didn't notice him at all. He gradually worked his way to the middle of the car unnoticed in the howling crowd of wild-eyed men, and ensconced himself in a seat beside a red-headed individual who was swinging his arms round in most reckless fashion and singing in a shrill voice:

"This is my story, this is my song, Praising the Savior all the day long. Over and over again the man sang the couplet, sandwiching it with strings of oaths, which sent chills chasing each other up and down Mr. Inch's spinal column. He attempted to talk with the man, but he might as well have tried to converse with a log of wood. Others with whom he started conversations looked at him so blankly that he soon realized it was a hopeless task, and settling down in his seat, he resolved to say no more.

"When we get to Parlor City," he figured to himself, "I'll just wait until they get this crew out of the car, and then I'll go out myself and go home."

Mr. Inch's resolution was the result of a little speculation as to what would happen to him if the keepers discovered that he had entered the car and mingled with this crew of violent and irresponsible men.

At the station in Parlor City on the same morning that Mr. Inch boarded the train twenty miles away stood fifteen keepers from the State asylum waiting for the consignment of lunatics from New York. With them was young Dr. Blank, on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the safe transportation of the lunatics from the station to the asylum. Dr. Blank was worried. It was the first expedition of this kind he had commanded, and he was mightily afraid that something would go wrong. Only a month before he had received his appointment to the asylum, and escape or revolt due to lack of proper precautions would, he knew, mean the loss of his place. He was relieved when the train rolled in and a keeper jumped from the steps of a car, touched his hat, and announced that all was well.

"A hundred altogether, I believe," the doctor remarked.

"Yes, sir; fifty in each car," said the keeper.

"Well, march them out as soon as you can," said Dr. Blank, and he

hailed out a notebook and prepared to check off the men as they were handed over to his keepers.

They took the last car first, and Dr. Blank drew a deep breath of relief when the fiftieth man stepped to the platform.

"Now for the other car," he said, cheerily, and the keepers commenced to hustle the unfortunate out.

Mr. Inch crouched low in his seat and was passed by. Mr. Blank, notebook in hand, sang out, "Forty-nine," just as the keeper escorted a man to the platform and called: "That's all."

"There must be another," said the doctor, nervously.

"You counted wrong," said the keeper.

"No, I'm sure I'm right, but I'll count them again," said Dr. Blank, and he did so, with the result that his first figuring was correct.

One man was missing. There could be no doubt about that. The car had only yielded forty-nine men.

"Search the car," called out the doctor, and the keeper proceeded to do so.

The first man he encountered was Mr. Inch, who, having made up his mind that sufficient time had elapsed to render it safe for him to leave the car, had risen and was making for the door.

"Hello," exclaimed the keeper, "how did you get here?"

"I just walked in from the other car," replied Mr. Inch, with dignity.

"Didn't see a man hide himself around this car anywhere, did you?"

Now it happened that some minutes before the train reached Parlor City the red-headed man who sat next to Mr. Inch had slid to the floor, and cuddled himself up under the seat. Mr. Inch had seen him do it, and had marveled at the man's ability to stay in one position so long. To tell of this incident, however, was to admit that he had been in the car for some time, which would scarcely do, so he simply said in a tone of mild astonishment:

"See a man hide himself? How ridiculous," and the keeper, impressed by his tone, passed by and started searching at the upper end of the car.

Mr. Inch continued toward the door, reached the platform, and stepped slowly down. Mr. Inch's personal appearance was not what it usually was. A night in a country hotel, with neither hair brush nor comb in the morning, showed on him. Contact with the elbow of a lunatic behind him had put a most disreputable looking dent in his derby. His appearance was altogether bad enough to justify Dr. Blank's exclamation of:

"Ah, here he is. This way, my friend," which he made when he saw Mr. Inch descending to the platform.

Mr. Inch heard the remark, but paid no attention to it. Instead of obeying, he quickened his pace toward the other end of the platform, but before he had gone a dozen yards Dr. Blank was alongside.

"This way, my friend," said Dr. Blank, swinging Mr. Inch around by the arm.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mr. Inch.

"Keep quiet, now, keep very quiet," said the doctor, soothingly. "I'll be all right if you keep quiet."

"Why should I keep quiet when a loafer grabs me by the arm and swings me around as though I were a log of wood?" cried Mr. Inch, indignantly.

"Get back into line," said Dr. Blank, "Get back into line, and let's end this nonsense," and he grabbed Mr. Inch by the collar and proceeded to drag him down the platform.

Mr. Inch lost his temper then, and swung his right arm toward his captor's jaw with vicious violence. The blow landed, and so did a second and third, sent in with equal precision. Dr. Blank hung on, though slightly dazed. He couldn't hit the man back. There is a State rule forbidding keepers or doctors to strike an insane person, no matter what the provocation. The doctors have but one mode of defense. It is the hypodermic injection, and each doctor carries a syringe loaded with a special preparation which will take all the life out of a man in five minutes, cause him to sleep for several hours, and bring him around after his slumber in a decidedly weak mental condition.

While Dr. Inch was banging Dr. Blank on the nose and jaw, the doctor was maneuvering with his free hand for his syringe. While the struggle went on the keepers kept their eyes on the other insane men. They couldn't leave them to go to the doctor's assistance, and a general outbreak was to be prevented above all things.

Dr. Blank was getting played out when he managed to reach his syringe, haul it out, and jab it into Mr. Inch's neck. The effect of the injection was instantaneous.

"I'm stabbed!" yelled Mr. Inch, slapping both hands to his neck and dropping.

"I'm d-n glad of it," remarked Dr. Blank. "You're the toughest one I ever tackled," and he motioned to a keeper, who was coming toward him on a run to come faster.

"We've found the other man," said the keeper, when he came up.

"Of course we have," said the doctor,

with sarcastic emphasis on the "we."

"He was under a seat in the car," went on the keeper. "You've made a bad break here," he went on in a low tone. "Come up here, and let's get away."

"Great Scott!" roared the doctor, "isn't this one of our men?"

"No," said the keeper. "He's a citizen who wandered into the car."

"Let's cut this quick," said the doctor. "Tell the boys to march around to the north of the depot and I'll join you there," and away went the doctor in one direction, while the keeper went down the platform.

So much interest had been manifested in the crowd of insane men that few people on the platform had noticed the struggle between Dr. Blank and Mr. Inch. The few who had seen it went away when the insane men were marched off, and so a little later, when a station hand came across the respectable Mr. Inch asleep in a pile of freight, his clothes torn and dirty, his hat ripped through the middle, and minus his collar and necktie, he threw up his hands in astonishment. He called other station hands, and the men in the baggage room came, too, and their eyes nearly popped out of their heads at the sight of James Inch, Parlor City's respectable citizen, in so deplorable a condition. They were a heartless crowd, those station men, for they called a policeman, and the policeman hauled Mr. Inch out of the freight and started dragging him toward the station. Mr. Inch the meanwhile sleeping innocently on. Half way to the station the policeman gave out and Mr. Inch was allowed to take a short doze on the sidewalk pending the arrival of help.

It happened to be on the main street of Parlor City that the policeman left his prisoner, and as the afternoon was as bright and sunny as the morning had been, the inhabitants were out in great numbers. Any attempt to record here the comments of the people on Mr. Inch and his condition would be futile. Suffice it to say that the downfall of James Inch, the model citizen of Parlor City, the pillar of the church, and the greatest philanthropist in the country, was known for miles that night.

And the next day there was more to talk about. Mr. Inch slept for five hours at the station house, and then went home, and refusing to recognize his wife, proceeded to destroy the family china. He hurled plates around until he was tired, then smashed windows and mirrors with a poker for a time. He went to bed after hacking at some furniture with a carving knife, and the next morning woke up without the slightest recollection of what had happened. He recalled the struggle at the station, but that was all. His wife pretended to believe the story of his having been stabbed in the neck, but she didn't at all.

For several days the cold glances of former friends and acquaintances annoyed him. They all said, "Yes, yes," when he told of his remarkable temporary aberration, but he could see that they did not believe him. Nevertheless the truth came out in time and Mr. Inch of Parlor City is as respected and honored as he ever was. Dr. Blank made a statement in the local paper of the matter over his signature, and that more than anything else exonerated Mr. Inch. As for the doctor, he was suspended, but at Mr. Inch's earnest solicitation the superintendent restored him to duty, and he and his victim are now the best of friends. The doctor doesn't carry his hypodermic syringe except in the asylum wards now, and he has declared that he'll never take it out of the building again.—New York Sun.

Where Men Fall as Lovers.

"It is a question with me," writes Lillian Bell, in Ladies' Home Journal, "whether a woman ever knows all the joys of love-making who has one of those dumb, silent husbands who doubtless adores her, but is able to express it only in deeds. It requires an act of the will to remember that his getting down town at 7 o'clock every morning is all done for you, when he hasn't been able to tell you in words that he loves you. It is hard to get a letter telling about the weather and how busy he is, when the same amount of space saying that he got to thinking about you yesterday, when he saw a girl on the street who looked like you, only she didn't carry herself so well as you do, and that he loves you, good-by—would have fairly made your heart turn over with joy, and made you kiss the hurried lines and thrust the letter in your belt, where you could crackle it now and then just to make sure it was there. Nearly all of us men make good lovers in deeds. A great many fall at some important crisis in the handling of words."

"But the last test of all, and to my mind, the greatest, is in the use of words as a balm. Few people, be they men or women, be they only friends, lovers or married, can help occasionally hurting each other's feelings. Accidents are continually happening even when people are good-tempered. And for quick or evil-tempered ones there is but one remedy—the handsome, honest apology. The most perfect lover is the one who best understands how and when to apologize."

She Knew.

"Do you know," said the Sunday school visitor to the little children, "what hell is like?"

"Papa says," replied little Susie Brownbread, "mamma's bill for new tires is something like it."—Buffalo Express.

The Benefit.

Algernon—For a long time I was in doubt whether to kiss Miss Maude or not.

Alfred—Well, what did you do?

Algernon—Gave her the benefit of the doubt.—Washington Times.

An Attractive Gown

A stylish gown for early autumn wear is formed of sheer grass linen, made up over crease satin and elaborately decorated with cherry satin ribbons, including shoulder bows and a belt with many loops and ends. The full bodice has five half-inch tucks on either side below a pointed yoke of embroidered linen finished with a twist of the ribbon ending on either side of the yoke in a small rosette.—St. Louis Republic.

THE MODERN MOTHER

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company, only.

We Shall Fly By and By.

Mr. Hiram Maxim, in an article in the new number of the North American Review upon "Birds in Flight and the Flying Machine," says: "I have proved that it is possible to make a machine that has sufficient power to lift itself into the air without the agency of a balloon, so it now only remains that I should obtain very much larger premises, unincumbered by trees or buildings, where I can learn to maneuver my machine."

"I am only able to devote a small fraction of my time to these experiments, as I am, and have been for many years, the managing director of a great English company, but I have put in all the time that I had to spare for the last five years, and the experiments have led me to believe that the flight of man is possible even with a steam engine and boiler."

Mr. Maxim advises young engineers, if they wish to do something to advance the science of aviation, to turn their thoughts in the direction of a petroleum motor. Petroleum may be obtained in any quarter of the globe, and no other substance that we can obtain on a commercial scale contains such an enormous quantity of latent energy.

Women Agriculturists.

A farmer's wife wants to discover the reason why farmers' boys are provided with agricultural colleges while girls are left to get along as best they may. Why not introduce co-education in the agricultural colleges? she asks. In Minnesota there is a girls' school of agriculture, which is, so far as known, the only one in the country. It is quite old now and the results are quite satisfactory. The students receive instruction in cooking, canning, household chemistry, entomology and sewing. This plan of educating the women with the men is working finely in Denmark, and if once our women are roused to a sense of this opportunity such education might work wonders for our farming districts.

An Odd Injury.

Russell Daggett, of Lewiston, Me., was in the United States navy during the war, and a block fell from a rigging one day and knocked his right arm out of place at the shoulder. Since then the arm has troubled him exceedingly. It will slip out of place at the slightest provocation. One day recently a lot of boys got into his orchard and were stealing his fruit when he saw them and gave chase. Stepping into a hole, he fell, and in falling tried to save his weak arm by falling on the other, but for the first time in his life the left arm was thrown out at the shoulder just as the other one had been. He had it set and is doing well.

Italy contains 86400 teachers.

Rich gold fields have just been discovered by government surveyors on the east coast of Siberia, bordering on the sea of Okhotsk.

A school of carpentry for boys and girls is to be established at Highland Falls, N. Y. The entire expense will be borne by Mrs. Pierpont Morgan.

The only living person who has written opera librettos in four languages is the queen of Roumania. She has produced librettos in French, German, Swedish and Roumanian.

A twenty-one pound cocaine was chased for a long time through the streets of Sellwood, Ore., by a number of excited people, but was finally captured.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil for NEURALGIA, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for POND'S EXTRACT, featuring the text 'STOP! ... Don't Let ... Constipation Kill You!' and 'Candy Cathartic Cascarets'.

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