

A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John La Rue, of 115 Paterson Avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the back ache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Men's Heroines Generally "Cats." The heroine of the average male novelist is intensely irritating to the ordinary female reader—she is generally a cat, often underbred, and even when her manners and methods and morals are nominally satisfactory you are left with the firm conviction that, if she happened to be on your visiting list, you would find her either dull or disagreeable, or both!—Dora D'Espaigne Chapman in London Globe.

Swordsmanship in England. Swordsmanship in one or the other of its forms is making marked progress in England. New salles d'armes are being opened and fresh clubs formed year by year in London and the provinces, and international matches have been arranged in which the English teams at least borne themselves well.

Hereros Cattle. The native cattle of the Hereros in Southwest Africa, are tall, lean, longhorned and of little value for beef or milk, but they are excellent for riding and drawing loads, and, like camels, can travel for days without water and with little food. They are guided by reins attached to a stick through the nose.

Grease the Nails. Not long ago I saw a person trying to drive a nail through a piece of seasoned oak an inch and a half thick. This was impossible until I suggested to grease the nail. It was then driven easily and without bending.—National Magazine.

The Best He Had. "Is this the best ciaret, Murphy?" asked the Irishman of his butler. "It is not, sorr," was the answer, "but it's the best ye've got."

Greenland now has nearly 12,000 inhabitants.

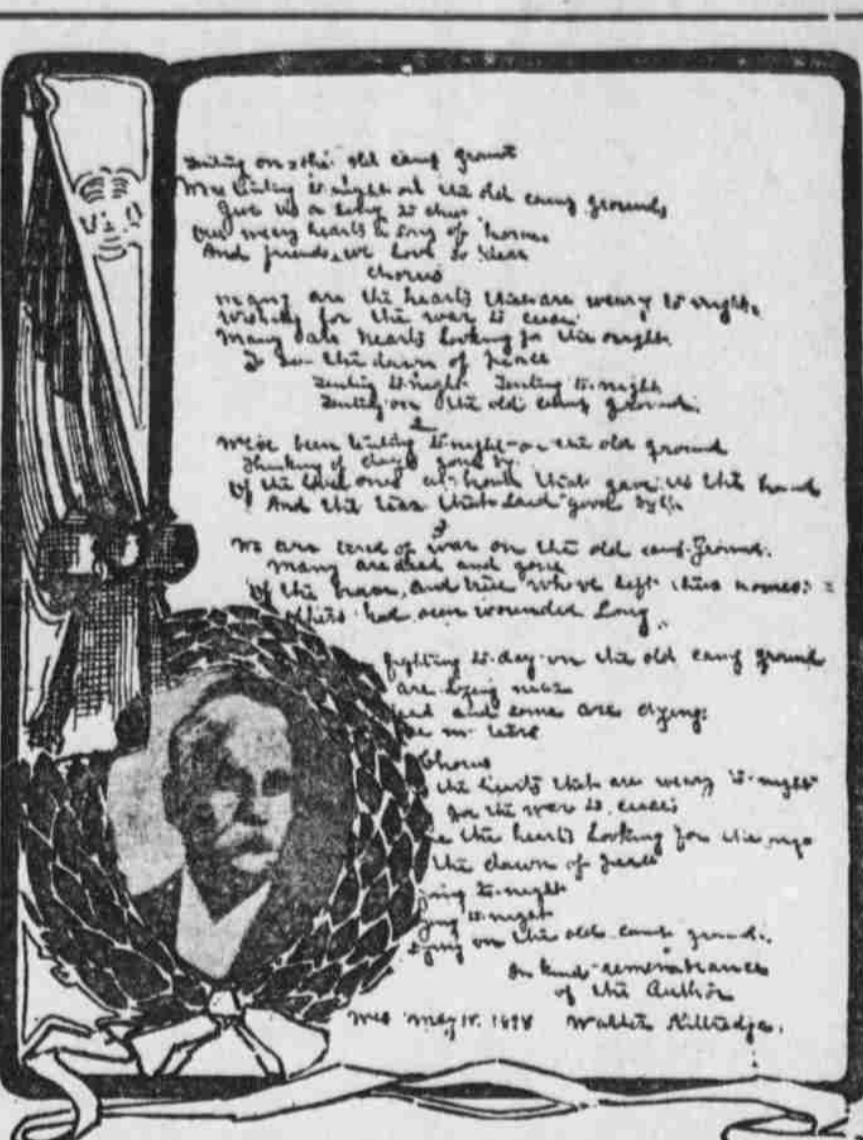
FROM SAME BOX

Where the Foods Come From. "Look here, waiter, honest now, don't you dip every one of these flaked breakfast foods out of the same box?" "Well, yes, boss, we dux, all 'cept Grape-Nuts, cause that don't look like the others and people know 'zackly what Grape-Nuts looks like. But there's 'bout a dozen different ones named on the bill of fare and they are all thin rolled flakes so it don't make any difference which one a man calls for, we just take out the order from one box."

This talk led to an investigation. Dozens of factories sprung up about three years ago, making various kinds of breakfast foods, seeking to take the business of the original prepared breakfast food—Grape-Nuts. These concerns after a precarious existence, nearly all failed, leaving thousands of boxes of their foods in mills and warehouses. These were in several instances bought up for a song by speculators and sold out to grocers and hotels for little or nothing. The process of working off this old stock has been slow. One will see the names on menus of flaked foods that went out of business a year and a half or two years ago. In a few cases where the abandoned factories have been bought up, there is an effort to resuscitate the defunct, and by copying the style of advertising of Grape-Nuts, seek to influence people to purchase. But the public has been educated to the fact that all these thin flaked foods are simply soaked wheat or oats rolled thin and dried out and packed. They are not prepared like Grape-Nuts, in which the thorough baking and other operations which turn the starch part of the wheat and barley into sugar, occupy many hours and result in a food so digestible that small infants thrive on it, while it also contains the selected elements of Phosphate of Potash and Albumen that unite in the body to produce the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts, and there have been many imitations, a few of the kind and character of the advertising. Imitators are always counterfeiters and their printed and written statements cannot be expected to be different from their goods.

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WALTER KITTREDGE, POPULAR WAR SONG AUTHOR, DEAD



Walter Kittredge, poet and author of the song "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," died at his home at Reed's Ferry, N. H., last week. He was born at Merrimac, N. H., Oct. 8, 1834. Since 1856 he had been a song composer, writing the words and music of many songs that were popular. He gave concerts and sang his own compositions. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was probably his most popular production, but others which had great vogue were "No Night," "Golden Streets," "Scatter the Flowers Over the Blue and the Gray" and "Sing the Old War Songs Again." Kittredge lived at Reed's Ferry, where he owned a farm. He was married in 1861 to Miss Annie E. Fairfield of Boston, N. H.

RYAN A MONEY GETTER.

Characteristics of the New Head of the Equitable. John Skelton Williams of Richmond, Va., one of the foremost bankers and railway organizers of the south, says of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the new head of the Equitable: "I have known Mr. Ryan six years and in that time have been associated with him in enterprises in which we were mutually interested and opposed to him in struggles for the control of properties. It was difficult for me to understand that a man could be capable of violating pledges and promises, deliberately and solemnly given, and afterward of looking me calmly in the face, expressing friendship and apparently not at all ashamed or embarrassed—not even angered—when bluntly told my opinion of his conduct. Mr. Ryan has the tendencies which, if his lines had been cast in a humble and contracted sphere, probably would have made him a kleptomaniac. His strongest impulse is to acquire money."—Chicago Chronicle.

SHAH ON HIS TRAVELS.

Persian Ruler Accompanied by Numerous Attendants. No European potentate has, when he travels, so many attendants, officers and adjutants with him as the shah of Persia, who has recently been visiting Vienna again. He is also accompanied by two of his little sons, to whom he pays a great deal of attention, listening in the parlor car to their prattle with evident delight. A Viennese journalist says that were it not for the huge jewels in his attire he would look more like a Wallachian shepherd than like a shah. He is short and rather stout, has sloping shoulders and a body that looks as if it might be made of tallow or cheese. His countenance is thin, his features relaxed, his expression bland. Though he seems almost like a caricature, there is something pathetic about his appearance.

Gudgeons No Longer Biting.

Confidence in Wall street is at low ebb, as evidenced by the refusal of the public to bite at the bait thrown to it by promoters, speculators and financial adventurers. In the good old days all that was necessary to sell a new stock or bond was the indorsement of some alleged reputable banking house. The banking house would reap the harvest and let the public hold the bag. But investors have learned a few things during the last few years and they are now as wary of the traps set for them by designing Wall street men as they are of known confidence sharks. What is needed in Wall street is a thorough cleaning. Weed out the rascals, big and little, expose their crooked methods and bring them before the bar of justice. Present methods can not continue.—Baltimore News.

Russell Sage as a Legislator.

Everybody knows Russell Sage as a financier. Only a few remember that at one time in his career he represented a New York district in congress. He was elected to the thirty-third congress as a whig, taking his seat Dec. 5, 1853. On the second day of the session he participated in a discussion regarding the creed of a clergyman who had been suggested for chaplain of the house. From that time on he took active part in the deliberations of that body, proving himself a strong debater.

MODERN LIFE TOO FAST.

Grave Danger in the Hustling Habits of Americans. Surgeon General Rixey sounds a note of warning to the American people when he declares that the death of Secretary Hay and a number of other men prominently identified with the government in recent years is due to too much work and too little exercise. The statement coming from an authority so high can not be passed without consideration. The energy of the American is one of the wonders of the world and there is reason to believe that persons in private life die from the cause that has taken so many public men. The mad pace appears to pervade all branches of society, and while some men have the wisdom to temper their toil with the necessary exercise they appear to be the exception rather than the rule. It is therefore plain that if Americans are to live their allotted days they must change their mode of living, but how? The principles are established and it is difficult to change them. It has become almost second nature for the American to hustle, evidently one of the most dangerous elements of our business life.

War Has Made Chums Foes.

Lady Takahira, wife of the Japanese minister, and Baroness Rosen, whose husband succeeds Count Cassini as Russian ambassador, were great chums in Tokio when the baron represented his government there. Society in Washington is somewhat interested to know just how these two women will act when they meet. The Baroness Rosen loves music and poetry, as does Lady Takahira. Both are excellent linguists and have a wit which long ago made them conspicuous in the diplomatic set. The wife of the Japanese minister is a dainty and gracious woman, not above five feet. She can sing like a thrush, loves to wear ropes of pearls, runs to white in her gowns and in her intensely black hair wears a diamond sunburst of great beauty. In Tokio the Baroness Oyama, Lady Takahira and Baroness Rosen were inseparable. All three play chess.

Roosevelt's Opinion of Root.

Some months ago President Roosevelt uttered this estimate of Elihu Root: "In John Hay I have a great secretary of state. In Philander Knox I have a great attorney general. In other cabinet posts I have great men. Elihu Root could take any of these places and fill it as well as the man who is now there. And, in addition, he is what probably none of these gentlemen could be—a great secretary of war. Elihu Root is the ablest man I have known in our government service. I will go further. He is the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, on either side of the ocean, in my time."

Railroad Company's Gratitude.

Nannie Gibson, a barefooted 11-year-old girl who lives with her parents in the Black mountains of North Carolina, is to be given a college education by the Southern Railway, which will also provide for her in other ways. Some time ago a big slide occurred on the mountain while she was home alone. She ran down the railroad waving her red petticoat. A heavy train was stopped by her ten feet from where the mountain had caved in. Below was an abyss several thousand feet deep.

NO STATE OIL REFINERY.

Project of Kansas Legislature Declared Unconstitutional. Justice A. L. Greene of the Kansas Supreme Court, who handed down the decision declaring the appropriation of \$410,000 made by the last legislature for a state oil refinery to be unconstitutional, is one of the ablest jurists in Kansas. He is a native of Missouri. He served five years as



county attorney. He was appointed to the supreme court from Newton. Judge Greene is a prominent man in the Presbyterian Church and an enthusiastic Shakespearean scholar.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

City Dwellers Wear Themselves Out with Useless Hurry. The microbe of hurry, hurry, useless hurry, is in the air; so much so, in fact, that it is almost impossible for a city dweller, no matter how well balanced he may be, not to become inoculated with it. Wine, women and song are not the only influences that go to make up the "pace that kills." The average life of the business man or the society woman hurries people to catastrophe as fast as does that of the "rounder" or "dissipate." Did you ever do anything on this order—rush your meals, rush your play, make a fool of yourself running half a block for a car already crowded to the guards? You plead guilty, do you? Then you are going a pace that kills just as surely as the more widely heralded pace.—Kansas City Star.

IS NEW RUSSIAN BEAUTY.

Baroness Rosen Takes Place of the Countess Cassini. A new Russian beauty is in Washington to take the place of the dashing Countess Cassini, adopted daughter of the former ambassador and the warm chum of Alice Roosevelt. The newcomer is Miss Isabel Rosen, daughter of Baron Rosen, the newly named ambassador and one of the envoys who will endeavor to frame a treaty of peace between Russia and Japan. Miss Rosen is fifteen years old, is very pretty and in the social gossip



of the capital she already has been assigned a place similar to that occupied by the Countess Cassini.

Coat of Good Government.

The greater the responsibilities assumed by municipalities in administering public utilities, the greater are the knowledge and vigilance necessary for every citizen. Good government and protection from abuse of public trusts cost not only money but personal study and service of every one concerned in these trusts. Bad political organization must be overcome by good ones as efficiently led, as well equipped with money and as vigilantly supported by honest citizens. This is the most important lesson of American citizenship. Public business will expand and succeed just as fast as all the people enter into active partnership in it, and no faster.—Congregationalist.

Millionaire Marries Housekeeper.

George Baum, a 70-year-old Philadelphia millionaire who made his money in the leather business, has just married his housekeeper, a good-looking Irish woman 28 years old. The ceremony was performed in church, a crowd of over 2,000 being present, with nearly as many outside waiting to see the happy pair enter and leave. Mr. and Mrs. Baum will spend part of their honeymoon at Cape May, after which they will take an ocean trip on a new yacht which is now being completed.

WRONGS OF THE CHILDREN.

One Child in Five at Work in Early Years. "Field and Stream" notes that one child in five in this country spends the years between the ages of ten to fifteen at work in coal mines, factories or similar places. Education is at a standstill; there is no recreation in field or forest; nothing to develop mind or character, everything, on the contrary, to hinder or distort their growth. At fifteen the unhappy little creatures, dwarfed in every direction, pass into circulation. In a few years our citizens' roll will be one-fifth made up of such.

In his installation address President Roosevelt said many fine things about our duty and our dawning destiny to lead the world. Make any allowance you judge fit for possible over-statement in the figures we quote, the picture will not be greatly relieved. For there is the other and worse side of it that child labor is one, and only one, product of the greed and indifference of those who are knowingly operative in causing this stupendous piece of cruelty. They are a worse blot on the roll than the children, become adults, will be.

In what are we to lead the world? Humanity of conduct? Useless disregard for gain? How long does a nation's public policy remain in advance of its average private standard.

These children are slaves who derive no shadow of benefit, nothing but harm, from their slavery. Morally and mentally dwarfed men and women, they are prematurely fathers and mothers whose children register and reflect the moral and mental status of their parents.

We once held these "truths to be self-evidence; that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

But perhaps the signers of the Declaration of Independence were not thinking of children in those momentous days!—New Century Path.

Cabman Felt He Owed Debt.

The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn tells a story of how a cabman of this city once refused to accept pay for his services. Dr. Cadman had been calling on Bishop Potter. After arriving at the ferry on his way home he tendered the usual fee to the man who had driven him down. The man declined to take it, and a beautiful smile lit up his tanned features.

"I'd like to know why you won't take this money," said the clergyman. "I'll tell you," came the answer. "I once heard you preach in the Metropolitan Temple, and at the close of the service you laid your hand on my shoulder and said to me, 'For God's sake be a man.' I had been a drunken sot for years, but that set me right about face. I now own this horse and carriage, live with my wife and children in a snug little flat, and have \$1,500 in the bank. It's no strange thing that you should forget me, but I haven't forgotten you."—New York Times.

Wise Sister Mary.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one summer day where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed slowly from her eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John, who kept a village store; he sat down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat down and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the brokers seized his stock, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. "How is it, sister, can you tell why other shoppers here sell all their goods so quickly and thrive from year to year?" Remembering now her own bad luck the little maid replied, "These other fellows fatten, John, because they advertise."—London Tit Bits.

Sensitiveness of Humorists.

A poet at a banquet of humorists told a story of R. K. Munkittrick, American's veteran joke writer. "Blank and I spent the night with Mr. Munkittrick at his fine New Jersey home in May," he said, "and the next morning we came in to New York on the train together. "Mr. Munkittrick had brought along a bundle of funny papers to beguile the ride with, and, picking up one of these journals, Blank began to read it. After a while he turned to Mr. Munkittrick and said: "So this is one of your jokes, is it? Ha, ha, ha!" "The veteran joke writer said in a hurt, indignant tone: "Well, what are you laughing at? Isn't it a good one?"

1,100 Francs for King's Umbrella.

The king of the Belgians once left his umbrella in a hansom when driving in Brussels. This was returned to his majesty a few hours afterward by the proud "cabby," who was offered for his honesty by King Leopold the sum of 100 francs. The astute Jehu, however, begged a great favor of the king. Could he have the umbrella instead of the money? The favor was granted, and before many days had passed the cabman had put up the umbrella for sale, and it was knocked down to some royal enthusiast for 1,100 francs. When King Leopold heard of this he exclaimed: "Well, I've heard of an umbrella being put up to keep off showers of rain; but this seems to have been put up to bring down showers of gold!"

A VETERAN OF THE BLACK HAWK, MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.



CAPT. W. W. JACKSON.

Sufferings were protracted and severe—Tried Every Known Remedy Without Relief—Serious Stomach Trouble Cured by Three Bottles of Peruna!

Capt. W. W. Jackson, 705 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C., writes: "I am eighty-three years old, a veteran of the Black Hawk, Mexican and the Civil Wars. I am by profession a physician, but abandoned the same. 'Some years ago I was seriously affected with catarrh of the stomach. My sufferings were protracted and severe. I tried every known remedy without obtaining relief. 'In desperation I began the use of your Peruna. I began to realize immediate though gradual improvement. 'After the use of three bottles every appearance of my complaint was removed, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as an infallible remedy for that disorder.'—W. W. Jackson. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN



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