

GALLANTRY.



Wear William—Excuse me, miss, but I see that you have had a tiff with your lover, and he has left you. Allow me to escort you home instead.

Saved From Being a Cripple for Life. "Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis Moke, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal.

"About 12 years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain.

An Indignant Editor. Last Saturday evening after sewing two patches on our Sunday trousers and cleaning and pressing them we hung them out to dry. An hour later we found that they had been stolen.

Between Doctors. "Was the operation successful, doctor?" "Entirely. I charged \$500 and his executor signed a check for it without winking."—Kansas City Times.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A good life is the readiest way to procure a good name.—Whitchot.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations. Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperling, of 154 Claybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Refuse substitutes.

BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE PRINCESS TATTERS.

How She Was Made to Realize That Little Things Were Important.

"And you've lost your crown again, my daughter?" asked the queen, reprovingly.

The princess hung her head. "It was a heavy old thing, anyway, your majesty," she petulantly answered; "and trifles are trifles, so there's no use worrying over such a little matter."

Indeed, there were few matters that the princess did not consider trifling. She liked to romp and indulge in the boyish games of her brothers. Not at all cared she for the pastimes of most little princesses. So that when she carelessly broke the head of her wonderful doll, she said it was a mere trifle, and thought no more about it.

But the queen mother didn't agree with her careless little daughter, who had earned the name far and wide of "Princess Tatters." Something must be done—and that very soon—unless the princess be altogether spoiled in character.

One day, however, Princess Tatters rushed wildly about the royal grounds, crying for every one to help her search for her favorite pony. She had been to the royal stables, and there she was told by a hostler that, somehow, the pony had escaped. And now she vowed she would not eat or sleep until the pony was found. All the men about the castle she bade hunt for her pet.

Hardly had the servants begun to do her bidding, when the queen issued an order for them to return to their duties, and then, calling to her daughter, she said:

"I cannot permit the men to forsake their work for such a trifle. Trifles are trifles, you know; and there's really no use in bothering about such a small matter."



Hung Her Head in Shame. Princess Tatters bowed her head in shame. "Oh, your majesty," sobbed she, "I know I deserve this punishment for all my carelessness; but I do so want my pony. And if you'll have it brought back to me, I'll promise not to be a trifle any more. I'll be a neat, tidy, good little princess."

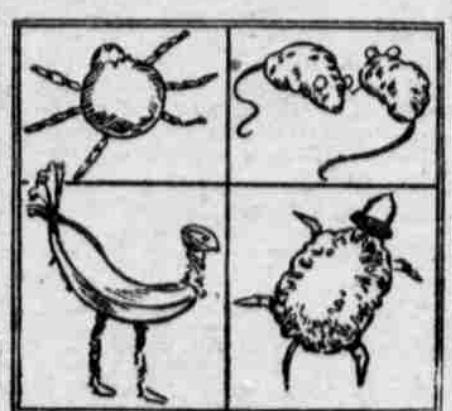
The queen kissed the princess, and then whispered a word to an attendant. Soon the pony was reported back again safe and sound in the royal stable. The princess was never told, of course, that her pet had been hidden on purpose.

But no longer was there occasion for the queen's reproach, and gradually the name of "Princess Tatters" was forgotten.

JUST FOR FUN.

Make Up a Menagerie and See What It Will Be Like.

Take a dried or fresh cherry. Push the stone partially out. This forms



The Menagerie.

the head. The cherry forms the body, and strips of stiff paper are used to form the legs. When finished you have a SPIDER.

Potatoes can be made into real looking MICE by using bits of paper for ears and string for the tail.

A large dried raisin can be made to look like a TURTLE by using an acorn for the head and bits of toothpicks for tail and legs.

You can make a CHICKEN out of a banana. Use toothpicks for the legs, paper for the tail and a butternut for the head. Raise the skin for the wings.—Detroit Free Press.

LITTLE RAMA.

How His Soldier Ambitions Were Satisfied in Spite of His Youth.

"Oh, that father were alive and I could learn to be a soldier!"

A deep sigh escaped little Rama. For he was the son of a soldier—a Gorkha warrior who had been killed while aiding the British in their attacks against the savage hill tribes—and a martial spirit had been bequeathed to him.

Rama nestled in the grass that grew close within the shadow of the hut, and looked reflectively at the snow-capped mountains which seemed to tower immediately above him. But not even the hoary, majestic Himalayas, silently watchful over hill and



Rama Marched at the Head of the Troops.

valley, could soothe with their grandeur the chafing restlessness in his soul. They brought to him no hope—how could there possibly be hope? Rama was sure that for many, many years he must help his mother and take care of his little sister. He loved his mother and sister with all his heart, but then the longing to be a soldier was growing day by day. If he could only have had time to play "soldier" with the other brown-skinned lads of the village perhaps he would not have felt this discontent; but his many duties about the house and the numerous chores he was compelled to do in order to gain a mere pittance robbed him of all leisure.

And then Putal came. Rama and his mother discovered him one morning lying outside their hut, ill and famished. He had been wounded in the army, was discharged from service, and had been wandering from place to place. Poor as the little family was, none was more charitable. He was hospitably given shelter in the rude little cottage, and Rama's mother nursed him back to health.

Although Rama's duties were now greatly increased, he minded them not at all. For the old soldier, who was now well enough to be out of bed, spun many a tale of the camp and march. Rama hung upon every word that came from the battered warrior's lips as he told of exciting skirmishes and long, hard campaigns. All of these descriptions the boy treasured, and he longed for the time when the soldier would be recovered sufficiently to leave the house. Then he meant to ask him about the use of all warlike weapons, and to plead for instruction in their handling.

Long after Putal became well he lingered about the village, assuming many of the tasks Rama was wont to do and intent upon showing his gratitude to Rama's mother by providing her with a better living. And he was Rama's companion as well. He obtained all the weapons employed by the Gorkhas and, to the boy's keen delight, taught him the manual of arms. The boy was an apt pupil and rapidly became proficient.

Now the lads of the village, as has been suggested, were enthusiastic in their soldier games. They were organized into a little company, each member with his established rank. Uniforms they had, with the round cap worn by British riflemen, and sometimes even small arms. About once a fortnight there was held a meeting, when, after close competition, election of officers was held.

Rama was present at the next election. Putal suggested that the lad ask to be enrolled in the company.

"What do you know?" asked Lamput, the captain.

Thereupon Rama proceeded to show what the old soldier had taught him. Wonder grew apace as he rapidly went through the manual of arms without a single mistake. Then he told what he knew of military tactics. Finally, he placed a row of sticks in the ground, about eight inches apart, and with their heads just four feet high. Running back a distance, he picked up from behind a tree a round, quill-like weapon sometimes used by the Gorkha soldiers, and which Putal had presented to him. The quill is very sharp on its edge. Deftly whirling it, Rama cast it at one of the stakes. The head of the stick was cut off as nicely as you please. And, in succession, Rama cut off the head of each stake.

Amazed at his dexterity and knowledge, the lads crowded about Rama, patted him upon the back, and enthusiastically showered compliments upon him.

Next time a body of troops passed through the village the little company of Gorkha lads marched in front, as was their usual custom. But at their head was a new captain, a keen-eyed lad with a proud, dignified bearing every inch a soldier, you would have said. It was Rama!

WAR'S REMINISCENCES

CAPTOR OF JEFF DAVIS DEAD.

Interesting Story of the Service of Gen. Benjamin D. Pritchard.

There is profound sorrow among the good people of Allegan, Mich., over the passing away of one of their best citizens, and a man who was respected and honored by all classes. Gen. Benjamin D. Pritchard was born in Ohio in 1835, of Welsh ancestry, and went to Allegan in 1856. He was a carpenter, and worked at his trade until he could get money enough to go to school; then he became a teacher to support himself while he was in the university, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. At the outbreak of the war he recruited Company L, Fourth Michigan cavalry, and



"I Never Expected to Be Compelled to Suffer Such Indignities."

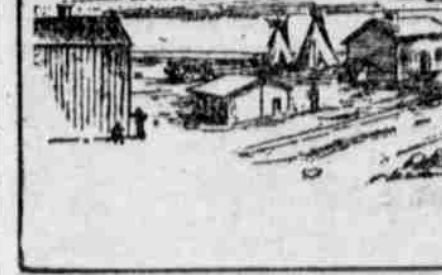
became its captain. He held this rank until the spring of 1863, when he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and commanded the regiment until the close of the war. He was constantly present in all of the 93 engagements which the regiment has to its credit, except while absent recovering from a severe wound received at Chickamauga. On Sunday, May 7, 1865, he received orders to take his regiment from camp in Macon, Ga., and intercept Jeff Davis' party. This was understood to be crossing the country to the sea to join Kirby Smith beyond the Mississippi. In three days Col. Pritchard and his command rode 100 miles upon this errand, and at three o'clock, May 9, they arrived at Abbeville, where they met Col. Harnden with the First Wisconsin cavalry, and it was decided that the two regiments should leave for Irwinsville, where Davis was, by separate roads. On account of the fagged condition of his horses, Col. Pritchard could not get the 150 well-mounted men with whom he determined to start, and

MASSACRE AT PLATTE BRIDGE.

Facts of the Fight Given by an Old Soldier Who Was on the Scene.

The story of an old soldier, I. F. Hughey of company B, Eleventh Ohio, who stated that Gen. Thomas Moonlight was in command at the Platte bridge near Fort Laramie in 1865 and was responsible in part at least for the disaster which occurred there, has caused another old soldier, J. F. Ward, Company H, Eleventh Kansas, to give his version of the incident, and which seems substantially correct. He says:

"The bridge alluded to by Maj. Hughey was a wagon bridge across the North Platte river, some distance above Fort Laramie. There was a sort of block house or stockade at



The Old Wagon Bridge Across the North Platte River.

the south end of the bridge, and in July, 1865, Maj. Anderson of the Eleventh Kansas was in command there with less than 100 men, and quite a number of these were sick. Sergt. Custard of Company H, Eleventh Kansas, with four mule teams, with drivers, and about 30 men, had gone to Fort Bridger for ammunition. On July 25 Maj. Anderson's command was attacked by a large body of Indians, and the stockade was besieged. The enemy had destroyed the telegraph both above and below the bridge, and communications were cut off. On the 26th Sergt. Custard, with his four wagons and small escort, appeared at what is known as Red Buttes, some six miles west of the bridge and on the north side of the river. The Indians attacked the train with many hundred warriors. Lieut. Collins happened to be with Maj. Anderson at the time, and he gallantly volunteered to lead a rescuing

went on with a fewer number. After a ride of 18 miles through a forest they reached Irwinsville at one o'clock on the morning of May 10, and then learned that Davis and his party were encamped about one and a half miles farther on. Col. Pritchard sent Lieut. Purinton with 25 dismounted men to gain the other side of Davis' camp and cut off escape. The movement was successfully made, but there was an unfortunate encounter with a part of the First Wisconsin cavalry, which arrived about the same time, and in the darkness the men on both sides mistook one another for confederates. This aroused Davis and his party, who were taken into custody.

On coming up to his men immediately around Davis' camp, Lieut. Dickinson told Col. Pritchard that his orders had been executed, and that they had captured an oldish man whom they believed to be Davis and who was trying to escape in women's clothing. Col. Pritchard went up to this man, and after asking if he was the officer in command, to which he replied in the affirmative, he asked his name, to which he replied: "You may call me what you please."

Col. Pritchard said: "Then I will call you Davis." After a moment's hesitation, he had thrown off his disguise, straightened himself up, and said: "That is my name," and then putting on an air of bombast, said tauntingly:

"I suppose you call it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children; but it is theft, it is vandalism."

Pritchard made no answer, but got ready to start back to Macon. Pritchard's men were very hungry, as they had not taken any supplies with them, while Davis' wagons were full of provisions. Pritchard went to Davis, and asked him to give his men some of this, and it would be properly accounted for when they arrived at Macon. Davis refused angrily, saying that the contents of the wagon were private property which Pritchard had no right to molest. The discussion grew warmer, until Pritchard decisively said that if he did not give up the supplies quietly they would be taken. Davis grew more angry and said:

"I never expected to be compelled to suffer such indignities as that, and if I could have gotten possession of my arms at the time of my capture I would not have been compelled to." Col. Pritchard was somewhat warm himself by this time, and told Davis that the garments he was wearing were not calculated for military service or the use of firearms. Mrs. Davis then came to the rescue of her husband, saying:

"I want you to understand distinctly that Mr. Davis assumed that disguise at my instance." From Macon Col. Pritchard sent a detail of three officers and 20 men to Washington with his prisoners, which now included Alex. Stephens. For his service Col. Pritchard was warmly thanked by the president and secretary of war, and promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. Upon being discharged Gen. Pritchard returned to Allegan and the practice of the law.

party, and Maj. Anderson permitted half of his available force—about 30 men—to go with Collins. This body had gone but a little distance after crossing the bridge when they were attacked by an overwhelming force of redskins and the brave lieutenant and a large number of his men were killed and their bodies mutilated. Part of the men under Sergt. Custard only three, and they were of his advance guard of five men, escaped. All the others were killed in the fight at Red Buttes, which lasted about four hours.

"My memory as to this affair is quite vivid, for though I was not engaged in it personally—my company being then at Horseshoe Station, some distance east of the bridge—yet I was at the scene of conflict only a few days after, and as 13 of my company,

including some of my closest friends and most esteemed comrades, lost their lives in the uneven battle at Red Buttes, I cannot forget the details of the affair." Bad for the Woodmen. Pat—Sure, since they be invitin' these new woodhens, th' tree-choppers in th' woods 'll be ather huntin' fr a new job. Mike—Phoy? Pat—They'll soon be makin' auty-mobiles fr dashin' through th' woods an' knockin' th' trees over with ather th' other!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine. Mere Bluff. We've heard a lot of women brag about being able to bait a fish hook themselves, but we've yet to see one go fishing and insist upon doing it. Berlin Streets Quiet. Street noises are regulated to a nicety in Berlin.

WRITER OF REAL TALENT.

Evidently the Bushby Clarion Had a Genius on its Staff.

The editor of the Bushby Clarion leaned back in his chair and surveyed his visitor with a solemn and unwinking gaze. "You want to know if there's any good reporter in this town?" he said, impressively. "Well, there is. There's Gid Hobart."

"What sort of work can he do?" asked the visitor.

"His capabilities haven't had their full chance yet," said the editor, slowly, "but he's getting on, and I'm afraid we shall lose him before long. Why, last week that fellow wrote a two-column account of a fire that was thrilling, I tell you!"

"Farmhouse, old mother, grandfather born there, and so forth, I suppose?" said the visitor.

"No, sir!" said the editor. "It was a deserted hen-house, that's what it was. I can tell you, that takes talent! We can't expect to keep Gid with us always."—Youth's Companion.

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C— gave her up. Dr. B— recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

WAIT TILL HE SEES THE BILL.



"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday." "Oh, then there'll be no surprise this year." "Won't there! I'll bet you there is, only he'll get it instead of me."

The Soft Answer.

Senator Tillman at a banquet in Washington said in humorous defense of outspoken and frank methods: "These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I suspect. He who wears under abuse an angelic smile is apt to be a hypocrite."

"An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle: "Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answer am allus best. Hit's commanded an', furthermo', sonny, hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say.'"

The Little Things.

"You shouldn't," the doctor advised, "permit yourself to be worried by little things." "Good heavens," replied the patient, "I wouldn't if I could help it, but how is a man who has married a widow with six children going to get around it?"

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Road "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.