A TRULY IDEAL WIFE

HER HUSBAND'S BEST HELPER

Vigorous Health Is the Great Source of the Power to Inspire and Encourage
-All Women Should Seek It.

One of the most noted, successful and richest men of this century, in a recent article, has said, "Whatever I am and whatever success I have attained in this world I owe all to my wife. From the day I first knew her she has been an inspiration, and the greatest helpmate of my life."



e such a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, to inspire him to make the most of himself, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies

are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headaches, bearingdown pains, nervousness, whites, irregularities or the blues, she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Ever since my child was born I have suffered, as I hope few women ever have, with inflammation, female weakness, bearing down pains, backache and wretched headaches. It affected my stomach so Leculd not enjoy we

pains, backache and wretched headaches. It affected my stomach so I could not enjoy my meals, and half my time was spent in bed.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman, and I feel so grateful that I am glad to write and tell you of my marvelous recovery. It brought me health, new life and vitality."—Mrs. Bessie Ainsley, 611 South 10th Street, Tacoma, Wash.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Ainsley it will

Compound did for Mrs. Ainsley it will do for every sick and ailing woman. If you have symptoms you don't un-derstand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

• THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cough syrups are all cheap enough, but if you should get a gallon of cough syrup that does not cure for the price of a small bottle

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure, you would have made a bad bargain—for one small bottle of Kemp's Balsam may stop the worst cough and save a life, whereas the cough "cure" that does not cure is worse than uscless. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 5oc.

25 Bushels of Wheat

I------



means a productive GANAREE Capacity in dollars of
Over \$16 Per Acre Over \$16 Per Acre

This on land, which has cost the farmer own story. The Canadian Government gives

Absolutely Free to Every Settler 160 Acres of Such Land

Lands adjoining can be purchased at from \$6 to \$10 per acre from railroad and other corporations. Aiready 175,000 FARMERS from the United States have made their homes in Canada. For pamphlet "Twentieth Cestary Canada" and all information Apply for inform tion to Superintend at of Immigration, Ottawa. Canada, or to E. T. Holmes, \$16 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Water-sown. South Dakota, and W. V. Bennstt, 201 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents. Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Sioux City Independent List.



years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast. Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongfully applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine (A) Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the buttons. SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE
THE WORLD OVER
A.J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. U.S. A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited, TORONTO, CAN.

who does his best only when engaged in doing others.

How Foolscap Got Its Name.

Every one probably has wondered why a certain sized paper, familiar to all who write, is called foolscap. As early as the year 1301 water marks were employed by paper manufacturers were employed by paper manufacturers to distinguish their products. One grade of paper much in demand during the middle ages, resembling what we call foolscap and known by that name, had for its water mark a fool's cap head wearing cap and bells. The mark appeared on this grade of reper units. appeared on this grade of paper until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the figure of Britannia was substituted by the English manufacturers, and other marks by other paper mak-ers. No one has, however, changed the name of the paper, so we have to this day the foolscap paper.—New York Press.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohlo, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Irving's First Success.

Some interesting personal recollec-tions of Sir Henry Irving are con-tained in an article on his career and influence contributed to the current Harper's Weekly by Lawrence Gilman. In 1874, Irving achieved an immense success by his performance of "Ham-let" at the London Lyceum theater. His interpretation of the part was so striking and unusual that the play had a run unprecedented at that time, con-tinuing for 200 nights. Of his exper-ience in playing this part Sir Henry gave some years before his death, an interesting account.

Interesting account.

"I can always tell," he said, "when the audience is with me. It was not with me on the first night of 'Hamlet,' which is, perhaps, curious, considering my subsequent success. On the first night I felt that the audience did not go with me until the first meeting with Ophelia, when they changed toward me entirely. But as night succeeded night entirely. But as night succeeded night, my Hamlet grew in their estimation. I could feel it all the time, and now I know that they like it—that they are with me heart and soul."

GRATIFYING PRAISE.

Letter from Marcus Mayer, the Great Patron of Music and the Drama Marcus R. Mayer, who brought to America Mme. Patti, Duse, Salvini,

Coquelin and other famous singers and actors, writes: Gentlemen: I wish

as many suffering men and women as I can reach to know excellence Donn's Kidney Pills. I was greatly benefited by this remedy and know it cured several

who had kidney trouso badly they were agonized with pain in the back, head and loins, rheumatic attacks and urinary disorders. I am glad to recommend such a de-

serving remedy.

MARCUS R. MAYER.

Sounds a bo Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

6he Managed It.

From the Chicago News, Knox—Our friend Meeker and the Wid-w Catchem were married yesterday. Cox-You don't say! How in the world lid he ever pluck up sufficient courage to marry her?

Knox-He didn't have to. He evidently couldn't pluck up sufficient courage not to marry her.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.

Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuts cura-Scratched Day and Night. "My scalp was covered with little nothing but the price of tilling it, telis its pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 309 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J."

If Not There, Where?

From Smart Set.

The publisher had reached his office late. and there were signs upon his face that he had just passed through a strenuous ex-

"The trouble is," he said peevishly to the waiting author, " that you don't make the marriages in your novels happy ones.

'And the Lord knows,' he continued 'that we've got to have happy marriages

Omissions of History.

From the Chicago Tribune. Whitney had invented the cotton gir. "I had to go to work at something." he said, in extenuation, "and I lacked the materials necessary for the inven-tion of a gin rickey."

Cheered by the reflection that it was not his fault that the real jaurels went to somebody else, he bore his subsequent misfortunes with comparative

A lady of 40 has asked \$75,000 for damaged affections. demanded at 20? What would she have

THE COMFORTER

A congested vein pressing on a nerve accounts for the swelling, throbbing ache of

Neuralgia St. Jacobs Oil

frees the circulation, allays the pressure and soothes away the pain. Price, 25c. and 50c.



Land script takes government land quickly. Write. Also progressive men changing location should come here. Hugo Seaberg, Raton, New Mexico.

When writing to advertisers, please say you saw their "ad" in this paper.

THE MASTER OF APPLEB

By Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XXXIX.-Continued The rain continued all that Friday night and well on into the forenoon of the Saturday. During this interval we waited with scouts out for the upcoming of the mountain men. At noon Ma-jor Ferguson sent a final express to Lord Cornwallis, urging the hurrying on of the reinforcements, not knowing that his former dispatch had been intercepted, nor that Tarleton had not as yet started to the rescue. A little later the scouts began to come in one by one with news of the approaching riflemen

There was but a small body of them, not above a thousand men in all, so the spies said, and my heart misgave me. They were without cannon and they lacked bayonets; and moreover, when all was said, they were but militia, all untried save in border warfare with the Indians. Could they successfully assault the fortified camp whose de fenders-thanks to the major's ingenuity-had fitted butcher knives to the muzzles of their long guns in lieu of bayonets? Nay, rather would they have the courage to try? 'Twas late in the afternoon before

these questions were answered. The rain had ceased, and the chill October sunlight filtered aslant through the trees. With the clearing skies a cold wind had sprung up, and on the hill-top the men cowered behind the rock breastwork and waited in strained silence. At the last moment Major Ferguson sent Captain de Peyster to me with the request that I take command of the Tory force set apart to defend the wagon barricade—this if my weari-ness would permit. I went with the

now my work was done; and had he insisted, I should have told him flatly who and what I was-and paid the

I had scarce rejoined Tybee at the wagons when the long roll of the drums broke the silence of the hilltop, and a volley fire of musketry from the rock breastwork on the right told us the battle was on. Tybee gave me one last reproachful look and stood out to see hat could be seen, and I stood with him.

"Your friends are running," he said, when there was no reply to the opening volley; and truly, I feared he was right. At the bottom of the slope, scattering groups of the riflemen could be seen hastening to right and left. But I would not admit the charge to Tybee.

"I think not," I objected, denying the apparent fact. "They have come too far and too fast to turn back now for a single overshot volley." But they'll never face the fire up

the hill with the bayonet to cap it at the top," he insisted. "That remains to be seen; we shall know presently. Ah, I thought so; here

come! At the word the forest-covered steep at our end of the hill sprang alive with dun-clad figures darting upward from tree to tree. Volley after volley thun-dered down upon them as they climbed but not once did the dodging charge up the slope pause or falter. Unlike all other irregulars I had ever seen, hose idea of battle is to let off the piece and run, these mountain men held their fire like veterans, closing in upon the hilltop steadily and in a grim silence broken only by the shouting en-couragements of the leaders—this until their circling line was completed.

Then suddenly from all sides of the beleaguered camp arose a yell to shake the stoutest courage, and with that the wood-covered slopes began to spit

to pull trigger on The effect of this fine bead target practice—for it was naught else—was most terrific. All along the breastwork, front and rear, crouching men sprang up at the rifle crackings to fling their arms all abroad and to fall writhing and wrestling in the death throe. At our end of the hill, where the rock barrier was thinnest, the slaughter was appalling; and above the din of the his men up to still closer quarters. "A little nearer, my brave boys; a little nearer and we have them! Press on up to the rocks. They'll be as good a

You will read in the histories that the Tory helpers of Ferguson fought as men with halters round their necks; as men with naiters round their necks; and so, indeed, a-many of them did. But thought they were most pitiless enemies of ours, I bear them witness that they did fight well and bravely, and not as men who fight for fear's

breastwork from our side as from

And they were most bravely officered. Major Ferguson, boldly conspicuous in a white linen hunting shirt drawn over his uniform, was here and there and everywhere, and always in the place where the bullets flew thickest. His left hand had been hurt at the first patriot gun fire, but it still held the silver whistle to his lips, and the shrill skirling of the little pipe was the loyalist rallying signal. Captain de Peyster, too, did ample justice to the uniform he wore; and when Campbell's Victibles gained the sample. far end of the hilltop, 'twas de Peyster who led the bayonet charge that forced the patriot riflemen some little way

But these are digressions. No man the fighting was hot enough at the wagon barricade to keep both Tybee and me from knowing at the time what a color on beyond our narrow range of them red-handed from scenes of the model of the red-handed from scenes of the model of them red-handed from scenes of the model of the model of the red-handed from scenes of the model o and me from knowing at the time what was going on beyond our narrow range of sight or hearing. You must picture, therefore, for yourselves, a very devils' pandemonlum let loose upon the little hilltop so soon as the mountain men gained their vantage ground at the fronting of the rock breastwork; cries; frantic shouts of "God save the king!" yells fierce and wordless; men in red yells fierce and wordless; men in red and men in homespun rushing madly hither and you in a vain attempt to repel a front and rear attack at the same instant. "Twas a hell set free, with no quarter asked or given, and where we stood, the Tory defenders of the wagon barrier were presently dropping around us in heaps and wind of dead and dying, like men suddenly plague-smitten.

would find its mark in me and let me

die a soldier's death.

So it was that I saw little more of the battle detail, and of that fierce frenzytime I have memory pictures only of the dead and dying; of the torn and wounded and bleeding men with whom we wrought, striving as we might to stanch the ebbing life-tide or to ease dying gently down into the valley

of shadows. And as for my prayer, it went all unanswered. Once when I had a dy-ing Tory's head pillowed on my knee I saw a rifleman thrust his weapon between the wheel spokes of the outer wagon and draw a bead on me. I heard the crack of the Deckard, the zip of the bullet singing at my ear, and the man's angry oath at his missing of me. Once again a rifle ball passed through my hair at the braiding of the queue and I felt the hot touch of it on my scalp like a breath of flame. Another time a mountaineer leaped the rock barrier to beat me down with the butt of his rifle-and in the very act Tybee rose up and throt-tled him. I saw the grapple, sprang tled him. I saw the grapple, sprang to my feet and whipped out my sword. "Stop!" I commanded; "you broken your parole, Lieutenant!

The freed borderer glared from one to the other of us. "Loonies!" he yelled; "I'll slaughter the both of ye!" And so he would have done, I make no doubt, had we not laid hold of him together and heaved him back over the

These are but incidents, points of contact where the fray touched us two at the wagon barricade. I pass generous solder, when I began some last are too large for my pen. As we lame plea for further exemption; "I had forgot your sword-cut. Take shelter for yourself, and look on whilst we skin this riffraff alive."

And so he let me off; a favor which will make me think kindly of Patrick ferguson so long as I have passed by the sterner horrors of that furious killing time. These last are too large for my pen. As we could gather in the din and tumult, the mountain men rushed again and again to the attack, and as often the brave major, or De Peyster, led the bayonet charges that pushed the mention, as I have passed by the sterner horrors of that furious killing time. These last are too large for my pen. As we could gather in the din and tumult, the mountain men rushed again and again to the attack, and as often the brave major, or De Peyster, led the bayonet the mention. the bayonet; there came a time when flesh and blood could no longer endure the death-dealing cross-fire from front

I saw the end was near when the major ordered the final charge, and Captain De Peyster formed his line and led it forward at a double-quick. The mountaineers held more than half the hilltop now, and this forlorn hope was to try to drive them down the farther slopes. On it went, and I could see the men pitch and tumble out of the line until at bayonet reach of the riflemen there were less than a dozen afoot and

fit to make the rush De Peyster fought his way back to the wagons, gasping and bloody. Some of the tories crowding around raised a white flag. The major, sorely wounded now and all but disabled, swore a great oath and rode rough-shod into the ruck of cowering militiamen to pull down the flag. Again the white token of surren-der was raised, and again the major rode in to beat it down with his sword. At this Captain De Peyster put in his word.

"'Tis no use, major; there's no more fight left in us! Five minutes more of t hisand we'll be shot down to a man! Fergusen's raply was a raging oath, broad enough to cover all the enemy and his own remnant as well; and then before a hand could be lifted to stay him, he had wheeled his horse and was galloping straight for the patriot line at the farther extremity of the hilltop.

What he meant to do will never be known till that great day when all se-crets shall be revealed. For that furious oath was this brave gentleman's last word to us or to any. A dozen bounds, it may be, the good charger carried him; then the storm of bullets beat him from the saddle. so died one of the gailantest officers that ever did an unworthy king's work livered, sir, on the field of battle. "Tis enoug

I would I might forget the terrible scene which followed this killing of the fire, not in volleys, but here and there in irregular snappings and cracklings as the sure-shot riflemen saw a mark silence. De Peyster quickly sent a man credit, but I may not pass it over in silence. De Peyster quickly sent a man to the front with a white flag, and the answer was a murderous volley which killed the flag-bearer and many others Again the flag was raised on a rifle-barrel, and once more the answer was a storm of the leaden death poured into the panic-stricken crowd huddled like sheep at the wagons. "God!" said De Peyster; and with

that he began to beat his men into line with the flat of his sword in a frenzy firearms we could hear the bellowed of desperation, being minded as he commands of the sturdy old Indian afterward told me, to give them the fighter, Benjamin Cleaveland, urging poor chance to die a-fighting.

I saw not what followed upon this last despairing effort, for now Tybee was down and I was kneeling beside him to search for the wound. But when I looked again, the crackling crashes of the rifle-firing had ceased. A stout, gray-headed man, whom I afstout, gray-headed man, whom I afterward knew as Isaac Shelby's father was riding up from the patriot line to receive Captain De Feyster's sword. and the battle was ended.

CHAPTER XL. VAE VICTIS.

If my hand were not sure enough to draw you some speaking picture of this our epoch-marking battle of King's Mountain, it falters still more on coming to the task of setting forth tragic horrors of the dreadful after-night. Wherefore I pray you will hold me excused, my dears, if I hasten over the events tripping upon the heels of the victory, touching upon them only

as they touch upon my tale.

But as for the stage-setting and the Peyster, too, did ample justice to the uniform he wore; and when Campbell's Virginians gained the summit at the far end of the hillton 'twas de Peyster' with the dead and dying; the huddle of cowed prisoners at the wagon barri-cade; the mountaineers, mad with the victor's frenzy, swarming to surround us. 'Twas a clipping from chaos and night gone blood-crazed till Sevier and Isaac Shelby brought somewhat of orsees more of a battle than that little Isaac Shelby brought somewhat of or-circle of which he is the center; and der out of it; and then came the reck-

rapine in which their present captors had suffered the loss of all that men hold dear. So you will not wonder that there were knives and rifles staken in which it was proposed to put the captives one and all to the cord and

But now again Sevier and Shelby, seconded by the fiery Presbyterian, William Campbell, flung themselves into the breach, pleading for delay and a fair trial for such as were blood guilty. And so the dismal night, made chill and comfortless by the cold wind and mose doleful by the groans and cries of the wounded, wore away, and

De Peyster begged hard for leave to bury the brave Ferguson on the spot where he fell, but 'twas impossible; and now, I am told, the stout old Scotsman lies side by side with our Major Will Chronicle, of Mecklenburg, who fell just before the ending of the

The dead buried and the wounded cared for in some rough and ready fashion, preparations were made in all haste for a speedy withdrawal from the neighborhood of the battlefield. Rumor had it that Tarleton, with his in-vincible legion, was within a few hours march; and the mountain men, sodden weary with the tolls of the flying ad-vance and the hard-fought conflict, were in no fettle to cope with a fresh

As yet I had not made myself known to the patriot commanders, having my hands and heart full with the care of poor Tybee, who was grievously hurt. and being a measure indifferent to what should befall me.

But now as we were about to march was dragged before the committee of colonels and put to the question.
"Your uniform is a strange one to
us," said Isaac Shelby, looking me up

and down with that heavy-lided right eye of his. "Explain your rank and standing, if you please."

I told my story simply, and, as I thought, effectively; and had only black looks for my pains.

"Tis a strange tale, surely, sir—too strange to be believable," quoth Shelby. "You are a traitor, Captain Ireton—of the kind we not cumber ourselves." of the kind we not cumber ourselves

with on a march. "Who says that word of me?" I demanded, caring not much for that to which his threat pointed, but something for my good name. Shelby turned and beckoned to a man

in the group behind him. "Stand out, John Whittlesey," he directed; and I found myself face to face with that rifleman of Colonel Davie's party who had been so flerce to hang me at the

fording of the Catawba.

This man gave his testimony briefly, telling but the bare truth. A week earlier I had passed in Davie's camp for a true-blue patriot, this though I was wearing a ragged British uniform at the moment. As for the witness himself, he had misdoubted me all along, but the colonel had trusted me and had sent me on some secret mission, the inwardness of which he, John Whittlesey, had been unable to come at, though he confessed that he had tried to worm it out of me before parting company with me on the road to Charlotte. I looked from one to another of my

judges.

"If this be all, gentlemen, the man does but confirm nay story," I said. "It is not all," said Shelby. "Mr. Pengarvin, stand forth.

There was another stir in the backgrounding group and the pettifogger edged his way into the circle, keeping well out of hand-reach of me. How he made shift to escape from Ferguson's men, change sides, and to turn up thus serenely in the ranks of the over-mountain men. I know not to this day, nor ever shall know.

"Tell these gentlemen what you have told me," said Shelby, briefly; and the factor, cool and collected now, rehearsed the undeniable facts; how in harlotte I had figured as a member of Lord Cornwallis' family; how I carried my malignancy to the patriot cause to my malignancy to the patriot cause to the length of throwing a stanch friend to the commonwealth to the co to the commonwealth, towit, one Owen Pengarvin, into the common jail; how as Lord Cornwallis' trusted aide-decamp, I had been sent with an express to Major Ferguson. Also, he suggested that if I should be searched some proof

of my duplicity might be found on me.
At this William Campbell nodded to two of his Virginians, and I was searched forthwith, and that none too gently. In the breast pocket of my hussar they found that accursed duplicate dispatch; the one I had taken from Tybee and which had so nearly proved my undoing in the interview with Major Ferguson.

Isaac Shelby opened and read the accusing letter and passed it around among his colleagues.

"I shall not ask why this was undelivered, sir," he said to me, sternly.
"Tis enough that it was found upon your person, and it sufficiently proves the truth of this gentleman's accusation. Have you aught further to say, Captain Ireton?—aught that may ex-cuse us for not leaving you behind in a tion. halter?

Do you wonder, my dears, that I lost my head when I saw how completely the toils of this little black-clothed field had closed around me? Twice, nay, thrice I tried to speak calmly as the crisis demanded. Then mad rage ran away with me, and I burst out in yelling curses so hot they would surely dry the ink in the pen were I to seek to set them down here.

Twas a silly thing to do, you will say, and much beneath the dignity of a grown man who cared not a bodle for his life, and not greatly for the man-ner of its losing. I grant you this; and yet it was that same bull-bellow of soldier profanity that saved my life. Whilst I was in the storm of it, curs whist I was in the storm of it, cursing the awyer by every shouted epithet I could lay tongue to, a miracle was wrought and Richard Jennifer and Ephraim Yeates pushed their way through the ever-thickening ring of onlookers; the latter to range himself be-side me with his brown-barreled rifle in the hollow of his arm, and my dear lad to fling himself upon me in a bear's hug of joyous recognition and greet-

(Continued Next Week.) Talkin' of Sensations.

"I smoked a dime seegar today," sez Uncle Ezra Fox. "Twus give me by a trav'lin' man, who had a whole blamed box. An', say, uf all the worldly jobs with which mankind is blessed, I truly b'lieve a ten cent smoke is 'head uf all the rest. 'Well, sir,' I sez, 'I thank ye, sir,' then went out 'neath the threes an' smoked that ten cent roller like a gentleman at ease. I puffed away untel about an inch wus left uf it, an then I put it in my pipe an' smoked up ev'ry bit. Now talkin' uf sensations—well, I never felt the beat. It seemed to me that music played an' birds wus singin' sweet. I sort o' dreamed I owned the earth an' had it in the bank. I tell you that seegar beat any drinks I ever drank. Well, when it wus over I wus sorry as cud be. I went an' thanked the man again who give the smoke to me. I saved the ashes—bet your life—as up the burnin' eat. I thought I'd sort o' save 'em jes to 'mind me uf the treat. If I," sez Ez, "should meet old Pete up there above the stars and he'd ask, 'Ez, take heaven er a box uf them seegars?' I tel. ye, boys, now sure enough, a 'cuttin' out all jokes, I'd say, 'Jes keep yer heaven, Pete, an' land me down them smokes.'"

Big Room Underground.

A party of Chester gunners, who have been hunting in Mifflin county, Pennsyl-van'a, discovered a cave in the mountain side, a few miles out from Burnham. denly plague-smitten.

In such a time of asking you must not think we stood aloof and looked on coldly. At the first fire Tybee stripped off his coat and fell to work with the workned, and I quickly followed his lead, praying that now my work was done, some one of the flying missiles

cries of the wounded, wore away, and the dawn of the Sunday found us lying as we were in the bloody shambles of the hilltop.

With the earliest morning light the burial parties were at work; and since the stony battle-ground would not lend itself for the trenching, the graves were dug in the vales below. Captain A Quick Delivery Letter. From the Era Magazine,

It is a curious fact that a century and a half ago a letter traveled much faster than ever it has done since. It was in 1753 that Lord March made a heavy wager that he would cause a letter to be conveyed 100 miles within an hour. His Lordship engaged a score of cricketers, all expert throwers and catchers, had the missive inclosed in a ball and arranging his men at intervals. ball, and arranging his men at intervals in a circle, got them to throw the ball as swiftly as possible from one to anther. At the end of the hour it was found that the letter had traveled almost exactly 120 mfles.

His "Permanent Investments."

From Judge. It was during Eugene Field's halcyon days on a prominent Chicago paper that William E. Curtis became the Washington correspondent for the same paper, and Field, who never knew how to keep money, went to him with the wonderfully earnest manner he had and said he was in need of \$50.

"I need it frightfully bad," said Field.
"I can let you have it, Field," said Curtis, and the money was forthcoming. Field had not paid the money back, how-

ever, when Curtis was called away to Washington. A few months later he re-turned to Chicago, and the next morning Field had in his famous column a little paragraph stating:

William E. Curtis is in town looking after some of his permanent investments.

Ask Your Neighbors. Gelatt, Pa., Nov. 6 .- (Special.) -- Mrs. H. W. Sterns, a well respected resident of Gelatt, tells in convincing words what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done

for her. She says: "I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, caused through my kidneys being out of order. I was subject to it for years. It would take me without warning, and while the attack lasted I was so lame I could not get around. So I had to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took them for three days, but didn't feel much benefit, but on the fourth day I noticed a great change, the lameness in my back was gone, and the pains I used to suffer were less. I kept on with Dodd's Kidney Pills and now I am glad to say I have no lameness or pain of any kind. I feel as if I didn't know what Rheumatism was. I shall never be without Dodd's Kidney Fills in the house, and I bless the day I first heard of them."

His Belief. 'Tis better to have loved and lost." Remarked the man who boozes, 'For it's the man who loves and wins Who usually loses.

Mrs. J. H. Glica, Everett, Pa., Suffered years with kidney and gravel trouble. Cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00.

Sympathizers.

From the Chicago Tribune, It was well past midnight, and the for-ward sleeping car of the westbound train

was filled with passengers. One of the lower berths near the middle of the car was occupied by an elderly couple, apparently unaccustomed to traveling, and the novelty and excitement of

the trip kept both awake. came a constant hum of conversation. which grew louder as the night wore on.
It was all in vain that some tired and sleepy passenger now and then uttered an impatient snort or used his fist as a gavel and hammered for silence on the woodwork of his berth. The conversation went on. "John," it appeared, was trying to convince "Jane" that the trunks were

by the baggageman.

At last a passenger in a berth near the rear door of the car, who was suffering from a horrible nightmare, gave vent to an agonizing and prolonged:

"0-0-0-0-0-0" It was followed instantly by these en-thusiastic evidences of hearty sympathy from other suffering but wide-awake pas-"Me, too!"

Second the motion!"
"Say it again!" "Catch on, you two J's?" "Never mind the trunk! We'll pay for "O. land of rest, for thee I sigh!" With sincere pleasure the historian re-cords the fact that John and Jane here-

upon subsided, and nothing louder than an ccasional snore broke the deep silence that followed. O, fellow mortal, have there never been times when you felt like committing either murder or suicide—you didn't much care

OLD-FASHIONED FARE

Het Biscuit, Griddle-Cakes, Pies and Puddings.

The food that made the fathers strong is sometimes unfit for the children under the new conditions that our changing civilization is constantly bringing in. One of Mr. Bryan's neighbors in the great State of Nebraska, writes:

"I was raised in the South, where hot biscuits, griddle-cakes, pies and puddings are eaten at almost every meal, and by the time I located in Nebraska I found myself a sufferer from indigestion and its attendant ills-distress and pains after meals, an almost constant headache, dull, heavy sleepiness by day and sleeplessness at night, loss of flesh, impaired memory, etc., etc.

"I was rapidly becoming incapacitated for business, when a valued friend suggested a change in my diet. the abandonment of heavy, rich stuff and the use of Grape-Nuts food. I followed the good advice and shall always be thankful that I did so.

"Whatever may be the experience of others, the beneficial effects of the change were apparent in my case almost immediately. My stomach, which had rejected other food for so long, took to Grape-Nuts most kindly; in a day or two my headache was gone, I began to sleep healthfully and before a week was out the scales showed that my lost weight was coming back. My memory was restored with the renewed vigor that I felt in body and mind. For three years now Grape-Nuts food has kept me in prime condition, and I propose it shall for the rest

of my days. "And by the way, my 21/2 year old baby is as fond of Grape-Nuts as I am, always insists on having it. It keeps her as healthy and hearty as they make them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to

Wellville," in pkgs.

There's a reason.