

### Cases for Removal.

From Harper's Weekly.  
A western lawyer recounts a story of a trial he once witnessed in a Texas court. A hard looking tough was the defendant. His counsel, in a voice apparently husky with emotion, addressed the jury something in this wise:

"Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take a small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient funds wherewith to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocketbook containing \$500 that was in the same bureau drawer."

"At this point the counsel for the defense was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client."

"Here, man!" exclaimed the judge, "why are you crying?"

"Because your honor," replied the defendant, "because I didn't see der pocket-book in de drawer!"

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM  
GRAVEL  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES  
MIGRAINE  
HEADACHE  
The pills are sold only in bottles.

### AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS.

**Terrible Sealy Humor in Patches All Over the Body—Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Cured by Cuticura.**

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, six boxes of Ointment, and two bottles of Resolvent. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago. The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or blood warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable. W. M. Chidester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

### Wearing Borrowed Clothes.

From the New York Press.  
A big business house is sorely pestered by customers who order clothes, wear them at an evening reception or to the theater, return them next day and demand their money back on the ground that the garments do not suit. The management recently adopted a device like that which seals the doors of freight cars in transit—a leaden pellet pressed on to wire or twin fasteners. You have seen the same thing on certain brands of champagne, also, etc. The removal of the pellet indicates that the package has been tampered with. This notice is printed on the clothing tag.

"To insure customers against purchasing clothes that may have been worn by others, we have appended this tag and seal. No clothing will be exchanged, nor credit given, if this garment is returned without the undisturbed seal."

### A Resourceful Undertaker.

A certain undertaker had been called to the home of a wealthy citizen. Upon viewing the remains of the departed he discovered that the man wore a wig, which because of the peculiar position fell back and showed the bald head.

"Madam," said the undertaker, "I see that your husband wore a wig, and I presume it is not generally known; so if you will kindly have a small pot of glue sent me, I will arrange the wig so that it will be unobtrusive."

The widow had no glue, so after some delay she approached the undertaker with a bottle of mace.

"Oh, never mind now," he remarked consolingly, "I—er—I found a tack!"

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is a powerful, invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs of the female. The local, womanly health is so intimately related to the general health that when the delicate and womanly organs are cured the whole body gains in health and strength. For weak and sickly women who are "run-down," "run-down," or debilitated, especially for women who work in stores, offices or schoolrooms, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proven a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving powers.

A cod liver oil emulsion, which is un-qualified and invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womanly organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Cure obstinate cases. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of "female weakness," painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus or falling of the pelvic organs, watery or burning-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration.

Dr. Pierce's medicines are made from harmless but efficient medical roots found growing in our American forests. The Indians knew of the marvelous curative value of some of these roots and imparted that knowledge to some of the friendlier whites, and gradually some of the more progressive physicians came to test and use them, and ever since they have grown in favor by reason of their superior curative virtues and their safe and harmless qualities.

Your druggists sell the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" and also that famous alterative, blood purifier and stomach tonic, the "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an experienced physician and will treat your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him at the "Medical Building," Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is chief consulting physician.

## The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.  
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"THE ADVENTURE OF THE NORWOOD BUILDER—Continued.

Holmes had picked up the pages which formed the rough draft of the will, and was looking at them with the keenest interest upon his face.

"There are some points about that document, Lestrade, are there not?" said he, pushing them over.

The official looked at them with a puzzled expression.

"I can read the first few lines, and these in the middle of the second page, and one or two at the end. Those are as clear as print," said he, "but the writing in between is very bad, and there are three places where I cannot read at all."

"What do you make of that?" said Holmes.

"Well, what do you make of it?"

"That it was written in a train. The good writing represents stations, the bad writing movement, and the very bad writing passing over points. A scientific expert would pronounce at once that this was drawn up on a suburban line, since nowhere save in the immediate vicinity of a great city could there be so quick a succession of points. Granting that his whole journey was in drawing up the will, then the train was an express, only stopping once between Norwood and London Bridge."

Lestrade began to laugh.

"You are too many for me when you begin to get on your theories, Mr. Holmes," said he. "How does this bear on the case?"

"Well, it corroborates the young man's story to the extent that the will was drawn up by Jonas Oldacre in his journey yesterday. It is curious—is it not?—that a man should draw up so important a document in so haphazard a fashion. It suggests that he did not think it was going to be of much practical importance. If a man drew up a will which he might do it so, and then he dies, he would be an excellent subject for a dramatist."

"Oh, you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, it is quite possible, but the case is not clear to me yet."

"Not clear? Well, if that isn't clear, what could be clear? Here is a young man who learns suddenly that, if a certain older man dies, he will succeed to a fortune. What does he do? He says nothing to anyone, but he arranges that a man should draw up a will for him. He is engaged to a woman. He waits until the only other person in the house is in bed, and then in the solitude of the man's room he murders him, burns his body in the wood-pile, and departs to a neighboring hotel. The blood stains in the room and also on the stick are very slight. It is probable that he imagined his crime to be a bloodless one, and hoped that if the body were consumed it would hide all traces of the method of his death—traces of which, for some reason, must have pointed to him. Is not all this obvious?"

"It strikes me, my good Lestrade, as being just a trifle too obvious," said Holmes. "You do not add imagination to your other great qualities, but if you could for one moment put yourself in the place of this young man, would you choose the very night after the will had been made to commit your crime? Would it not seem dangerous to you to make so very close a relation between the two incidents? Again, would you choose an occasion when you are known to be in the house, when a servant has let you in? And, finally, would you take the great pains to conceal the body, and yet leave your own stick as a sign that you were the criminal? Confess, Lestrade, that all this is very unlikely."

"As to the stick, Mr. Holmes, you know as well as I do that a criminal is often hurried, and does such things, which a cool man would avoid. He was very likely afraid to go back to the room, to give me another theory that would fit the facts."

"I could easily give you half a dozen," said Holmes. "Here, for example, is a very possible and even probable one. I make you a free present of it. The older man is showing documents which are of great value. A passing tramp sees them through the window, and, being blind of which is only half down. Exit the solicitor. Enter the tramp! He seizes a stick, which he observes there, kills Oldacre, and departs after burning the body."

"Why should the tramp burn the body?"

"For the matter of that, why should Mr. Farlane?"

"To hide some evidence."

"Possibly the tramp wanted to hide that any murder at all had been committed."

"And why did the tramp take nothing?"

"Because they were papers that he could not negotiate."

Lestrade shook his head, though it seemed to me that his manner was less absolutely assured than before.

"Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you may look for your tramp, and while you are finding him we will hold on to our man. The future will show which is right. Just notice this point, Mr. Holmes: that so far as we know, none of the papers were removed, and that the prisoner is the one man in the world who had no reason for removing them, since he was heir-at-law, and would come into them in any case."

"My friend seemed struck by this remark."

"I don't mean to deny that the evidence is in some ways very strongly in favor of your theory," said he. "I only wish to point out that there are other theories possible. As you say, the future will decide. Good morning! I dare say that in the course of the day I shall drop in at Norwood and see how you are getting on."

When the detective departed my friend rose and made his preparations for the day's work with the alert air of a man who has a congenial task before him.

"My first movement, Watson," said he, "as he bustled into his frock coat, 'must, as I said, be in the direction of Blackheath.'"

"And why not Norwood?"

"Because we have in this case one singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular incident. The police are making the mistake of concentrating their attention upon the second, because it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evident to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first incident—the curious one, so suddenly made, and so unexpected as to help. It may do something to simplify what followed. No, my dear fellow, I don't think you can help me. There is no prospect of danger, or I should not dream of stirring out without you. I

### THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Kept Himself Cool.  
From the Boston Herald.  
A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel, when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel, and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel.

When all danger was past, he said: "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool."

The wife for the first glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."

The Same Thing.  
The late Gustave C. Reichheim, the noted chess analyst and problem composer of Philadelphia, was a quiet and mild man, with a horror of squabbles, noise and excitement.

"Mr. Reichheim was once dragged out of his peaceful retirement," said a Philadelphia correspondent. "He had to go to New York to testify in a libel suit."

"In his cross-examination the lawyer for the defense, unaware that he was dealing with a man of Mr. Reichheim's note, said with a sneer:

"I hope it isn't true that you said you were willing to testify for the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Oh, no; that isn't true," Mr. Reichheim answered calmly. "But suppose it had been true—then let me put the same question to you. If you had been offered a bigger fee, wouldn't you have been on the other side yourself?"

One-Armed Applause.  
Mrs. Bernhardt had just returned from a spin in a motor car. Her face was flushed, and she wore a skirt of seal-skin.

"Madam," said a reporter who speaks French, "what do you regard as the greatest triumph of your career?"

"My greatest triumph?" she mused.

"Well, I think perhaps my greatest triumph was in Paris, on the first night of 'L'Aiglon' at the end of the third act."

"The third act was passionately applauded, but as I stood before the curtain, the applause was drowned under a burst of laughter."

"The laughter came from the topmost gallery. The audience's eyes, and my eyes too, were turned reproachfully thither. And as we looked, the reproach died out of our faces. For what do you suppose we saw?"

The German Students.  
Drunkenness has of late been charged in England against the students of the University of Oxford. Of this charge Percival Farrar, an Oxford man, said in Detroit:

"Now and then young men drink too much at Oxford, but to accuse them generally of drunkenness is quite unpardonable and false."

"Such an accusation is to my mind absurd, like the accusation of idleness made against the students of the great German universities."

"Attendance at lectures is not compulsory in Germany, and there are all sorts of yarns about the students' idleness. They say that a young man in Heidelberg once approached another young man and asked: 'Where are the university buildings?'"

"The second young man replied: 'I really don't know. I am a student here myself.'"

Naming the Baby.  
From Tit-Bits.  
"The baby's name," announced Mr. Leader calmly, "is to be Hephzibah."

"What?" exclaimed Lestrade. "But I say, Harriet, think of what you're doing for the little one! Such a name will be a handicap throughout her life!"

"Her name is to be Hephzibah," repeated Mr. Leader. "It was my dear mother's name, and it means 'my delight is in her.' If you don't think those sufficient reasons, I do."

Leader sat quietly for awhile, and then a crafty look crept athwart his visage, and he smiled.

"When I come to think of it," he said, "I don't know that I object to the name. I was engaged once to a sweet girl whose name was Hephzibah, and—"

"The baby's name," interrupted Mrs. Leader, haughtily, "is to be Harriet!"

On a Smith.  
Secretary Shaw told a story on Representative Smith of Iowa when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the criminal court in Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the judge who presided.

"I have none," responded the prisoner.

"Have you money with which the pay a lawyer?"

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"There is Mr. Walter I. Smith, John Brown, George Green," said the judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were waiting in the court for some thing to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the court room, and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said: "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."

Iowa Is Safe.  
Representative Smith of Iowa, the same one who was chairman of the subcommittee of the appropriations committee to which estimates for fortifications on the sea coast are sent. The other day a demand for expenditures for fortifying Portland, Me., was before the subcommittee, and the chairman manifested a painful lack of appreciation of the danger that Portland may be shot to pieces any day by a hostile fleet. He was so sympathetic that finally a New England member who was urging the measure exclaimed:

"I'd like to know why it is that this committee on fortifications always gets a man at its head from the Mississippi valley."

"Reasons of economy, reasons of economy," replied the chairman. "I'll tell you what to do. You get somebody to invent a cannon that will send a shell as far inland as Council Bluffs, and we'll look into this case further."

Willin' to Oblige.  
From an Exchange.  
Two young girls were talking on a tramway car, when one of them said: "The awfulest thing happened to me yesterday. Bess and I came down together on the tramway car, but it was crowded to suffocation. I was afraid I'd lose Bess, and so I just grabbed her hand and held on for dear life. When we were nearly to our destination—just fancy!—I looked down, and it wasn't Bess' hand at all, but I was holding that of a young man whom I had never seen. I dropped it, you can imagine, in an instant, saying, 'Oh, I've got the wrong hand!' when what do you suppose he answered? 'Why, miss, you are perfectly welcome to the other if you will accept it.'"

A Long, Long Time.  
Guest—Say, waiter!  
Walter—Yes, sir.  
Guest—I bet I've been waiting here longer than you have.

Simply Misunderstood Him.  
Detroit Tribune: "When I opened the window last night and asked who was there," cried Mrs. Smith, contemptuously, "you were so drunk you couldn't pronounce the simple word 'John.'"

"I wasn't trying to say 'John,'" replied Mr. Smith, humbly. "I was trying to tell you I was Hamlet the Dane."

### RHEUMATIC PAINS

Disappear When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Purify the Blood and Heal Inflamed Tissues.

Rheumatism is a disease of the blood, caused by the failure of the body to cast off certain poisons. External applications are of use only in securing temporary relief from pain—the cure for rheumatism lies in purifying and enriching the blood.

Mrs. Frederick Brown, of 40 Sumpter street, Sandy Hill, N. Y., was a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism from the time she was sixteen. She says: "It first appeared in my knee joints, then in my hips and waist. It became a regular thing that I would be laid up all winter. The rheumatism affected mostly my hands, hips, feet and shoulders. My hands were all puffed up and my feet became deformed. I lost my appetite, couldn't sleep and sometimes I was compelled to cry out, the pain was so intense."

"For several winters I was under the doctor's care and while his medicine relieved the pain for a little while there seemed no prospect for a permanent cure. I was confined to my bed, off and on, for weeks at a time. My limbs swelled dreadfully at times and I was reduced almost to nothing."

"In the spring of 1904, upon the advice of a friend, I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At that time I wasn't able to do anything and could barely eat enough to keep alive. I felt a change for the better in about a month. I began to eat heartily and I suffered less pain. Of course I kept on the treatment, using care in my diet, and in about three months I was cured. I am entirely well today and do all my own work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Brown by driving the rheumatic poisons out of her blood. But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, sold by all druggists and by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

### THE BEST COUGH CURE

Many a lonesome and expensive trip to Florida, California or the Adirondacks has been saved by the use of

## Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure. If this great remedy will not cure the cough, no medicine will, and then all hope rests in a change of climate—but try Kemp's Balsam first.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

### 5 Tons Grass Hay Free.

Everybody loves lots and lots of fodder for hogs, cows, sheep and swine.

The enormous crops of our Northern Grows Pedigree Seeds on our seed farms the past year compel us to issue a special catalogue called

### BALZER'S BARGAIN SEED BOOK.

This is brim full of bargain seeds at bargain prices.

SEND THIS NOTICE TO-DAY, and receive free sufficient seed to grow 5 tons of grass on your lot or farm this summer and our great Bargain Seed Book with its wonderful surprises and great bargains in seeds at bargain prices.

Remit 4c and we add a package of Cosmos, the most fashionable, serviceable, beautiful annual flower.

John A. Balzer Seed Co., Lock Drawer C., La Crosse, Wis.

### The President Gets a New Cane.

From the New York Times.  
Interposed among the official calls on the president Saturday was one which was entirely unexpected. The caller was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who had come on from Harvard with a classmate and astonished the family by walking into the White House. He came so that he could see something of his parents before their departure for the south on Wednesday.

An old man from Virginia came to present to the president a cane. It turned out to be such a gift as Mr. Roosevelt likes to get, and he asked for the giver's name and was sorry not to get it. The cane was the old man's own work, and on it were carved the names of all the principal battles of the civil war, with the names of the leading generals and dates of death of those killed in battle.

For Rank—Several grain and stock farms. John Mulhain, 266 1/2 Pierce street. Telephone 692.

### Sudden Loss of Faith.

From the New York Weekly.  
Doctor Pill (at medical meeting)—What's the matter with Dr. Physic to-night? He appears to be in a terribly bad humor—nothing but impatience, irascibility and slurs every time the wonderful progress of medical science is mentioned.

Doctor Powder—He has had rheumatism for six weeks, and all his brother physicians who were called in only made it worse.

## St. Jacobs Oil

for many, many years has cured and continues to cure

### RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA  
LUMBAGO  
BACKACHE  
SCIATICA  
SPRAINS  
BRUISES  
SORENESS  
STIFFNESS  
FROST-BITES

Price, 25c. and 50c.

The Typewriter.

Loaded.

Clerk—No rooms left, sir. We're full.

Guest—Where's the proprietor?

Clerk—Sorry, sir, but he's in the same condition.