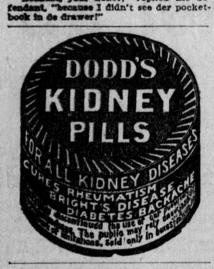
a western lawyer recounts a story of a lai he cane witnessed in a Texan court. hard looking tough was the defendant is counsel in a voice apparently husky the emotion, addressed the jury someting in this wise:

Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He is driven by hunger and want to take a all sum of money. All that he wanted as sufficient funds wherewith to buy ad, for it is in evidence that he did not a the pocketbook containing \$500 and \$100 and the pocketbook containing \$500 that in the same bureau drawer."

this point the counsel for the defense interrupted by the convulsive sobs of int the counsel for the defense

man?" exclaimed the judge, "why are you crying so?"
"Because, your honor," replied the de-fendant, "because I didn't see der pocket-



AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS.

Terrible Scaly 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 dol-lar of sound fiesh. 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 coze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and Hmbs, although it was in spots all ever my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too without removing by bath or othrwise, the skin would crack and bleed. ffered intense itching, worse at ights 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.

Wesring Borrowed Clothes.

From the New York Press.

A big retail clothing house is sorely pestered by customers who order clothes, wear them at an evening reception or to the theater, seturn them next day and demand their money back on the ground that the garments do not suit. The management resently 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, alea, etc. The removal of the pellet indicates that the package has been tampered with. This notice is printed on the clothing tag:

"To insure our customers against purothing tag: insure our customers against pur-ng clothes that may have been worn

by others, we have appended this tag and cal. No clothing will be exchanged, nor recit given, it this garment is returned vithout 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 fiscovered that the man wore a wig, which because of the recilining position tell back and showed the bald head.

"Madan," 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 unnesticed."

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

"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 engage distinctly feminine. The local, wearned health is so intimately related to the general health that when diseases of the delicate womanly organs are cured the whole body gains in health and strength. For weak and sickly women who are "worn-out," "run-down or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office or schoolroom, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing methers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proven a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving powers.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine. "Favorite Prescription" is unequated and is invaluable in allaying and subdutag nervous exclusion, 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.

Cures obstinate cases. "Favorite Pre-

despondency.

Lurgs 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, weak back, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration.

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 Iriendlier 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

superior zurative virtues and their safe and harmless qualities.

Your druggists sell the "FAVORITE PRE-mirrior" and also that famous altera-tive, blood purifier and stomach tonic the tive, blood purifier and stomach tonic, the "Golden Mirmeral Discovery." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an experienced physician and will treet your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Ituffale, N. Y., of which he is chief condition physician.

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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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 it at all." 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 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 jour-ney was occupied 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 sucl

corroborates the young man's story to the extent that the will son had heard her speak of the man in this fashion, it would predispose him towards hatred and violence. He was not?-that a man should draw up so important a document in so haphazard than a human being, said she, and he a fashion. It suggests that he did not think it was going to be of much prac-tical importance. If a man drew up a will which he did not intend ever to be

effective, he might do it so."
"Well, he drew up his own death warrant at the same time," said Les-

"Don't you?"
"Well, it is quite possible, but the case it 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 be will exceed 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 he shall go out on some pretext to see his client that night. He waits until the only other person in the house is in bed, and then in the solitude of the man's room he mursolitude of the man's room he mur-ders him, burns his body in the woodand departs to a neighboring hotel. blood stains in the room and also the stick are very slight. It is bable that he imagined his crime 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 to your other great qualities, but it you could for one moment put yourself in the place of this young man, would you choose the very night after the will choose the very night after the will standing back in its own grounds, with 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 ocassion when

For the matter of that, why should

"To hide some evidence."

"Possibly the tramp wanted to hide that any murder at all had been committed." "And why did the tramp take noth-

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 reconfigure that

who had no reason for removing them, since he was heir-at-law, and would come into them in any case friend seemed struck by this re-

"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 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 be-

of a man who has a congenial task be-

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? singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular inci-dent. The police are making the mistake of concentrating their at-tention upon the second, be-cause it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evi-den to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first in-cident—the curious will, so suddenly made, and to so unexpected an heir. 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 gream of stirring our without you. I

.-THE ADVENTURE OF THE trust that when I see you in the even NORWOOD BUILDER-Continued. ing I will be able to report that ing I will be able to report that I have been able to do something for this unfortunate youngster, who has

thrown himself upon my protection."

It was late when my friend returned, and I could see, by a glance at his haggard and anxious face that the high hopes with which he had started had not been fulfilled. For an hour he droned away upon his violin, endeav-oring to soothe his own ruffled spirits. At last he flung down the instrument, and plunged into a detailed account of his misadventures.

"It's all going wrong, Watson-all as writing in between is very bad, and wrong as it can go. I kept a bold face before Lestrade, but, upon my soul, I believe that for once the fellow is on the right track and we are on the wrong. Well, what do you make of it?"
That it was written in a train. The bod writing represents stations, the yet attained that pitch of intelligence when they will give the preference my theories over Lestrade's facts." "Did you go to Bleakheath?"

"Yes, Watson, I went there, and I found very quickly that the late lamented Oldacre was a pretty considerable blackguard. The father was away in search of his son. The mother was at home—a little, fluffy, blue-eyed person, in a tremor of fear and indignation. Of course, she would not admit tion. Of course, she would not admit even the possibility of his guilt. But she would not express either surprise or regret over the fate of Oldacre. the contrary, she spoke of him with such bitterness that she was unconsciously considerably strengthening the case of the police, for, of course, if her son had heard her speak of the man

man. 'You knew him at that time?' said I.

Yes, I knew him well, in fact, was an old suitor of mine. Thank heaven that I had the sense to turn heaven that I had the sense to turn away from him, and to marry a better, if poorer man. I was engaged to him, Mr. Holmes, when I heard a shocking story of how he had turned a cat loose in an aviary, and I was horrified at his brutal crueity that I would have nothing more to do with him.' She rummaged in a bureau, and presently the produced a photograph of covered she produced a photograph of a wom-an, shamefully defaced and mutilated with a knife. That is my own photowith a knife. That is my own photo-graph, she said. He sent it to me in that state, with his curse, upon my wedding morning.

"'Well,' said I, 'at least he has for-given you now, since he has left all his property to your son.

"'Neither my son nor I want any-thing from Jonas Oldacre, dead or alive!' she cried, with a proper spirit. alive!' she cried, with a proper spirit. There is a God in heaven, Mr. Holmes and that same God who has punished that wicked man will show, in His own good time, that my son's hands are guiltless of his blood.'

"Well, I tried one or two leads, but could get at nothing which would help our hypothesis, and several points which would make against it. I gave it up at last, and off I went to Nor-

a laurel-clumped lawn in front of it.
To the right and some distance back to make so very close a relation between the two incidents? Again,
would you choose an ocassion 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 right and some distance back
from the road was the timber yard
which had been the scene of the fire.
Here's a rough plan on a leaf of my
note book. This window on the left
is the one which opens into Oldacre's
road, you see. That is about the only
bit of consolation I have had today.
Lestrade was not there, but his head
constable did the honors. They had "As to the stick, Mr. Holmes, you know as well as I do that a criminal is often flurried, and does such things, which a cool man would avoid. He was very likely afraid to go back to the room. Give me another theory that would fit the facts."

"I could easily give you half a dozen."
"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 a very possible and even probable one. I make you a free present of it. The older man is showing documents which are of evident value. A passing tramp sees them through the window, the 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."

The tramp burn the marked with the marked with the more carefully for signs worked the lawn very carefully for signs and traces, but this drought has made everything as hard as iron. Nothing was to be seen save that some body or bundle had been dragged through a low privet hedge, which is in a line with the wood pile. All that, of course, fits in with the official theory. I crawled about the lawn with an August sun on my back, but I got up at the ust sun on my back, but I got up at the

ust sun on my back, but I got up at the end of an hour no wiser than before.

"Well, after this flasco I went into the bed room and examined that also. The blood stains were very slight, mere smears and discolorations, but un-doubtedly fresh. The stick had been removed, but there also the marks were slight. There is no doubt about the stick belonging to our client. He ad-mits it. Footmarks of both men could be made out on the carpet, but none of any third person, which again is a trick for the other side. They were piling up their score all the time, and we were at standstill.

Only one little gleam of hope did I get—and yet it amounted to nothing. I examined the contents of the safe, most of which had been taken out and left on the table. The papers had been made up into sealed envelopes, one or



Guest-Where's the proprietor? Clerk-Sorry, sir, but he's in the same

police. They were not, so far as I could judge, of any great value, nor did the bank book show that Mr. Oldacre was in such very affluent circumstances. But it seemed to me that all the papers were not there. There were allusions to some deeds—possibly more valuable—which I could not find. This, of course, if we could definitely prove it, would turn Lestrade's argument against himself; for who would steal a thing if he knew that he would shortly inherit it?

shortly inherit it?

"Finally, having drawn every other cover and picked up no scent, I tried my luck with the housekeeper. Mrs. Lexington is her name—a little, dark, silent person, with suspicious and sidelong eyes. She could tell us something if she would—I am convinced of it. But she was as close as wax. Yes, she had let Mr. McFarlane in at halfpast nine. She wished her hand had withered before she had done so. She had gone to bed at half-past ten. room was at the other end of the house, and she could hear nothing of what passed. Mr. McFarlane had left his hat, and to the best of her belief, his stick, in the hall. She had been awakened by the alarm of fire. Her poor dear master had certainly been mur dered. Had he any enemies? Well every man had enemies, but Mr. Oldacre kept himself very much to him-self, and only met people in the way of business. She had seen the buttons, and was sure that they belonged to the clothes which he had worn last night. The wood pile was very d for it had not rained for a month. burned like tinder, and by the time she reached the spot, nothing could be seen but flames. She and all the fire-men smelled the burned flesh from inside it. She knew nothing of the papers, nor of Mr. Oldacre's private

"So, my dear Watson, there's the report of a failure. And yet—and yet"—he clenched his thin hands in a paroxysm of conviction— "I know it's all wrong. I feel it in my bones. There is something that has not come out, and that housekeeper knows it. There was a sort of sulky defiance in her eyes, which only goes with guilty knowledge. However, there's no good talking any more about it, Watson; but unless some lucky chance comes our way I fear that the Norwood disappearance case will not figure in that chronicle of our successes which I foresee that a patient public will sooner or later have to endure,"

"Surely," said I "the man's appearance would go far with any jury

"That is a dangerous argument, my dear Watson. You remember that terrible murderer, Bert Stevens, who wanted us to get him off in '87? Was there ever a more mild mannered, Sunday several manner manne day school young man?

"It is true." "Unless we succeed in establishing an alternative theory this man is lost. You can hardly find a flaw in the case which can now be presented against him, and all further investigation has served to strengthen it. By the way, there is one curious little point about those press which may serve as as the those papers which may serve us as the starting point for an inquiry. On look-ing over the bank book I found that the low state of the balance was principally due to large checks which have been made out during the last year to Mr. Cornelius. I confess that I should be interested to know who this Mr. Cornelius may be with whom a retired builder has such very large transactions. Is it possible that he has had a hand in the affair? Cornelius might be a broker, but we have found no scrip to correspond with these large payments. Failing any other indica-tion, my researches must now take the direction of an inquiry at the bank for the gentleman who has cashed these checks. But I fear, my dear fellow, that our case will end ingloriously by Lestrade hanging our client, which will certainly be a triumph for Scotland Yard."

I do not know how far Sherlock Holmes took any sleep that night, but when I came down to breakfast I found him pale and harassed, his bright eyes the brighter for the dark shadows the brighter for the dark shadows round them. The carpet round his chair was littered with cigarette ends and with the early editions of the morning papers. An open telegram lay on the table.

"What do you think of this, Watson?" he asked, tossing it across. It was from Norwood, and ran as

"Important fresh evidence to hand McFarlane's guilt definitely established. Advise you to abandon case.

"This sounds serious," said I.

"It is Lestrade's little cock-a-doodle of victory," Holmes answered, with a bitter smile. "And yet it may be premature to abandon the case. After all, important fresh evidence is a two edged thing, and may possibly cut in a very different direction to that which Lestrade imagines. Take your break fast, Watson, and we will go out togeth er and see what we can do. I feel as if I shall need your company and moral support today."

My friend had no breakfast himself.

for it was one of his peculiarities that in his more intense moments he would permit himself no food, and I have known him to presume upon his iron strength until he has fainted from pure inanition. "At present I cannot spare energy and nerve force for digestion," he would say in answer to my medical remonstrances. I was not surprised, therefore, when this morning he left his untouched meal behind him, and started with me for Norwood. A crowd of morbid sightseers were still gathered around Deep Dene house, which was just such a suburban villa as I had pictured. Within the gates Lestrade met us, his face flushed with victory, his manner grossly triumphant

ant.
"Wel!, Mr. Holmes, have you proved
to be wrong yet? Have you found us to be wrong yet? H your tramp?" he cried.

"I have formed no conclusion what ever," my companion answered.
"But we formed ours yesterday, and now it proves to be correct, so you must acknowledge that we have been a little in front of you this time, Mr You certainly have the air of some

thing unusual having occurred," said Lestrade laughed loudly.

"You don't like being beaten any more than the rest of us do," said he. nore than the rest of us do," said he.
'A man can't expect always to have it his own way, can he, Dr. Watson? Step this way, if you please, gentlemen, and I think I can convince you once for all that it was John McFerane who did this crime."

He led us through the passage and

out into a dark hall beyond. (Continued Next Week)

A Long, Long Time. Guest-Say, waiter! Waiter-Yes, sir. Guest-I bet I've been waiting here

Simply Misunderstood Him.

Detroit Tribune: "When I opened the window last night and asked who was there," said Mrs. Smith, contemptuously, "you were so drunk you coldn'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 Pene."

| THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Kept Himself Cool.

From the Boston Herald.

A man and his wife was 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 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 Gutave C. Reichhelm, the note. chess analyst and problem composer of Philadelphia, was a quiet and mild man, with a horror of squabbles, noise and excitement. "Mr. Heichhelm was once dragged out of

his peaceful retirement," said a Phila-delphian. "He had to go to New York to testify in a libel suit. his cross-examination the lawyer for

the defense, unaware that he was dealing with a man of Mr. Reichhelm's note, said 'I hope it isn't true that you said you

"Thope 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. Reichhelm 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?" other side yourself?

One-Armed Applause.

Mme. Bernhardt had just returned from a spin in a motor car. Her face was flush-

ed, and she wore a skirt of sealskin.
"Madam," said a reporter who speaks French, "what do you regard as the greatest triumph of your career?" The great artist smiled. "My greatest triumph

The great artist smiled.
"My greatest triumph?" she mused.
"Well, I think perhaps my greatest triumph was in Paris, on the first night of
"L'Aigion," 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.

burst of laughter. 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

'We saw two one-armed men standing up in the front row, side by side, quite oblivious of the amusement they created, co-operating with their remaining hands to add to the applause.'

The German Students.

Drunkenness has of late been charged in England against the students of the University of Oxford. Of this charge Pereival Farrar, an Oxford man, said in De-"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 ab-surd, 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 one roached 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 Mra.
Leader calmly, "is to be Hepzibah." "Wh-at!" exclaimed Leader. "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 Mrs. Leader. "It was my dear mother's name, and it means 'my delight is in her.' If you don't think those sufficient teasons, I do." ed Mrs. Leader.

crafty look crept athwart his visage, and he smiled.

"I don't know that I object to the name was engaged once to a sweet girl whose name was Hephzibah, and—" "The baby's name," interrupted Mrs. Leader, haughtlly, "is to be Harriet!"

One on Smith. Secretary Shaw today told a story on Representative Smith of Iowa when the latter was a fledging attorney and anxious eriminal court in Iowa, but he was not Where is your lawyer?" inquired the

judge who presided. "I have none," responded the prisoner.
"Why haven't you?" "Haven't any money with which the pay

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

"Yes, your hanor."

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

The prisoner eved the budding attorneys The prisoner eyed the budding attor-

neys in the court room, and after a criti-cal survey stroked his chin and said: W-a-l-l. I guess I will take Mr. Alex-

lows is Safe. Representative Smith of Iows, the same one Secretary Shaw told the story about, is chairman of the subcommittee appropriations committee to which esti-mates 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 may be shot to pleces 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 val-

replied the chairman. 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 'nto this case further."

Willing 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 suf-focation. I was afraid I'd lose Bess, and so I just grabbed her hand and held on for ar life. When we were nearly to our destination—just fancy!—I looked down, end 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,' "

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 en-

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."

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.

mmmmm 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

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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 entirely unexpected. The caller was Theodore Rocsevelt, 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 Rent—Several grain and stock farms. John Mulhall, 306 1/2 Pierce street.

Sudden Loss of Faith.
From the New York Weekly.
Doctor Pill (at medical meeting)— What's the matter with Dr. Physic to-

hight? He apepars 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 rheuma-tism for six weeks, and all his brother physicians who were called in only made



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