

SAVED BY A FRIEND

One Woman Rescued From Death by Another.

If it had not been for one of my friends I would not be here to tell the tale.

These were the words of Miss Frances Hathaway, of No. 416 Pine street, Kalamazoo, Mich., whose interview is published in the Holland, Mich. Times.

"It is really remarkable that I did not lose my life," she said. "When I was 16 years old I was taken ill. I was pale and weak and grew easily tired and the family doctor seemed unable to help me at all."

"What you try any other physicians?" asked the newspaper man.

"Yes, but they did not help me either. My parents tried various remedies and treatment, but I only kept getting worse. By the time I was 19 years old I was thin and bloodless as a ghost."

"What did the doctors call your disease?" queried the reporter.

"They said my blood had turned to water and I had anemia. I felt dreadful. It was about this time that Miss Huntley advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People as she had been cured of a somewhat similar trouble by them."

"I bought a box and before I had taken all the pills I found that they were doing me good. My appetite increased and the healthy color began to show in my cheeks and lips. I continued to use the pills until I had taken fifteen boxes when I found myself entirely cured."

"Have you ever had any return of the trouble?" asked the reporter.

"No; never a bit. I cannot remember a time when I was as strong and healthy as now. I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life and I believe that no other medicine could have done so."

Anemia is not the only disease which succumbs to the potent influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness either in male or female. They are sold by all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

Short Stops. Usually the newest thing in fashions is a baby.

Street corners are the turning points in many lives.

Poets are born, but verse writers grow of their own accord.

Speaking of women and folding beds, a man can shut the latter up.

Every man may have his price, but the market is apt to be overstocked with the proceeds.

The typographical error of the compositor's wife.

An Irishman says the apple that caused old Adam's fall must have been a banana peel.

It's often better to be the sole owner of a small dog than a stockholder in a large one.

Children learn a great deal at school that they are compelled to unlearn after they grow up.

When a bright man is wanted for actual labor he doesn't have to pass a civil service examination.

After being landed by a girl who has been snubbed for him a man naturally feels like a fish out of water.

More people spend their time in wondering why they are not loved than in trying to make themselves lovable.

Many a fool man who is always saying that life isn't worth living continues to do business at the old stand just the same.

When a woman has company to dinner and her cooking is absolutely faultless she always says it would have been better had the range been in good working order.—Chicago News.

Brief Notes From Billville. There are only two citizens of Billville in jail now and one in the legislature.

It's our opinion the race problem could be easily solved by more plowing and less preaching.

TWAIN'S SIMPLE CURES

Mark Recommends Watermelon For Dysentery.

TELLS HOW TO CURE BALDNESS.

Humorist Says He Has an Infallible Preventive For It—Also Tells a Settlement Association in New York How to Cure Heartburn Without Medicine.

Mark Twain entertained the Fellow Citizenship Association of the East Side House Settlement in New York the other night by reading one of his stories to its members.

The association is an organization which aims to bring into a common bond of fellowship persons of all classes. The ambition is somewhat idealistic; but, despite the difficulty of the situation, Mark Twain dug out a story which fitted the case, says the New York Sun.

The moral of the tale he read was that nothing is impossible if you only go about it in the right way. It was inevitable, of course, that Mark should depart now and again from his text and make what are theatrically known as "asides."

Part of his story dealt upon the efficacy of watermelons in cases of dysentery, and that led the humorist, still adhering to the moral of the piece he was reading, to describe how almost incurable ailments might be overcome by simple remedies. If you can only find them out. Running his hand through his own bushy crop of silvery hair, he maintained that no one need be bald if he would only subject the top of his head to a very simple but effective treatment.

"Some years ago," he said, "my hair began to fall out. I knew at the time a man of about seventy years who had a very thick mop of hair. I asked him what the secret was, and he told me to just plow my scalp with a hard brush. Well, I tried his advice, and I have not lost a single hair in eleven years."

"People make a mistake in using so-called restorers. Some of them try without avail every liquid they come across which is contained in a bottle labeled 'hair something or other. Just such a man was a minister I once knew in Hartford. He was passing through his wife's room one day when he saw a bottle on her dressing table with the word 'hair' on it. He grabbed it, saturated his scanty white locks with it and went to bed. He awoke next morning to find his hair a bright green. The bottle contained hair dye and not a hair restorer. He had to preach that morning and found the task somewhat embarrassing because his congregation seemed to take more interest in his hair than in his sermon. He got into that predicament by refusing to take the advice I gave to him."

Then Mark Twain went on to give away gratuitously a remedy for heartburn.

"For eight years," he explained, "I was troubled with indigestion which took the form of an insurrection in my stomach after I went to bed. Various things which I had eaten and which I thought were good things got to quarreling. While this warfare was going on I happened to get to a place in Sweden where there was no drug store and where I could not get carbonate of soda, which I found usually smothered the heartburn."

"While I was in this out of the way place the heartburn came on in the middle of the night, and I thought to myself that I would have to stand for it. In my pain I stretched myself on my left side and threw out my arms. Singularly enough, the pain passed away. I thought it was an accident, but after turning over on my back and getting up a heartburn again just for the satisfaction of the thing I found that lying on the left side actually did bring relief. When I got back to London, I asked the secretary of the Royal Medical society why this was, but he didn't know, so I persuaded him to question some of the great doctors with whom he came in contact."

"He asked doctor after doctor about the mystery, but none of them could enlighten him, and at last he spoke to the celebrated Sir William Thompson. Sir William, after thinking a moment, said: 'Why, yes, I've heard about that remedy, but I had not thought about it for fifty years since. In fact, I was a student in Germany. I suffered then from an attack of heartburn, and an old village farmer told me to lie on my left side. I did so and got quick relief, but I had forgotten all about it and have continued to treat my patients with sand.'"

One more cure Mark gave to his audience free of charge. Watermelon, he asserted, would always drive away dysentery. If one slice didn't take effect, then take a second and a third. No matter how serious the case was three slices, he insisted, would cure it.

"And yet," he added, "although watermelons are so efficacious in dysentery, in the civil war signs were hung up threatening with punishment any one who carried watermelons into a camp where this disease prevailed. If watermelons had been brought into those camps, thousands of men who died from dysentery would have been saved."

Casars With Red Feathers. M. Bourez, a canary breeder of Paris, has found a method of producing red canaries, according to the Chicago Record-Herald. The color is obtained by feeding the parent birds on finely ground cayenne pepper, which gradually changes the color of the feathers. M. Bourez has already produced a reddish, orange colored bird and hopes in time to get a brilliantly red bird.

LI'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

Stories Depicting the Famous Chinese Statesman's Peculiarities.

That the late Li Hung Chang possessed a sense of humor is shown by several stories. One is told in connection with his first introduction of the telegraph, says the Philadelphia Press.

Posts were constantly torn up and burned and the wires cut and stolen. At last an offender was caught red handed and brought before Li. He begged for mercy and promised never to repeat the offense.

"I'll see to that," said Li, with a grave, imperturbable smile.

Some few hours later this particular culprit was not in a position to repeat that or any other offense, and the telegraph lines were left undisturbed.

Another anecdote is connected with a summons to the court of Peking, dictated by its hostile element. Scouting danger, he took with him his army of 50,000 men, drilled and armed according to the best European system, a force easily capable of "clearing out" the whole capital in a few hours.

He grimly marched his army to the gates of the city and sent in a message to the emperor, which was, of course, filled with all possible amount of courtesy, but which practically amounted to: "Well, here I am. What do you want of me?" The court suddenly discovered that it did not want him at all except to commend him most cordially for his zeal and devotion.

One of the late viceroy's peculiarities was a violent temper. It is related that once a serious disaster occurred in the arsenal at Tientsin, for which a general of high rank was technically responsible. Li summoned him to his office.

The general came in a hurry. Dressed in full official, his head covered with the uniform hat that bore the button of his high rank, he rushed into the viceroy's presence, threw himself flat on the floor at his master's feet, face downward, his official hat flying off. The viceroy also knew what to do. Without speaking he cuffed the general's ears, using his feet for that purpose, and after kicking him until his rage had been partially satisfied he seized the hat, tore off the button, threw it one way and the hat another, and then, finding his voice, dismissed the man from his service and degraded him in rank.

The general came in a hurry. Dressed in full official, his head covered with the uniform hat that bore the button of his high rank, he rushed into the viceroy's presence, threw himself flat on the floor at his master's feet, face downward, his official hat flying off. The viceroy also knew what to do. Without speaking he cuffed the general's ears, using his feet for that purpose, and after kicking him until his rage had been partially satisfied he seized the hat, tore off the button, threw it one way and the hat another, and then, finding his voice, dismissed the man from his service and degraded him in rank.

CURED OF CONSUL FEVER. Representative to Miquelon Had All He Wanted.

Gerald Carlton, who served as consul at St. Pierre, Miquelon, under appointment from President McKinley, was pointing out how undesirable such positions are, says the New York Times.

"It cost me \$200 to get there," said he, "and when I arrived, being one of them 'literary fellers,' I hadn't any more money than I could conveniently carry around with me. There was no salary attached to the place, it being a fee office. I found that my predecessor had cleaned up everything in sight."

"To add to my troubles the 'queen of the island,' a wealthy widow, attempted to marry me, and the Pooch Bah, a sort of missing link, had a habit of being over-companionable. I finally asked President McKinley to stop considering me a consul. Then I packed my grip and started for the land of the free and the home of the brave. No more consulships in mine, thank you! I've had that and been cured."

CHILDREN TO CLEAN CITY. Unique Organization Formed by Pupils in Austin (Ill.) Schools.

One thousand children of the Austin (Ill.) public schools have been enlisted in a Clean City club. They have signed a pledge in which they promise to refrain from littering public places, to keep their yards clean, to protect birds, trees, flowers and all useful plants, to do all they can to make the city clean and attractive, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. The members will wear a button bearing the inscription, "Clean City Club."

The plan was formed by the home and educational department of the Austin Woman's Club. Mrs. Charles, chairman of the department, in speaking of the work said: "Permission has been secured from the board of education to use a room in the high school for the organization and instruction of the club. The members will be instructed about city ordinances and civic government."

A Popular Bird. Now the proclamation is issued. And the day of thanks is named. There is much attention centered on a bird that's widely famed. Not the scragging, screeching eagle, Not the hen of patient woe, Not the feck that swims and waddles, But the plump and tender Turk.

Other birds have won distinction. Each in its peculiar sphere. And to each has been accorded Praise at some time of the year; But when thoughts are by Thanksgiving And its feasting deeply stirred, 'Tis the turkey that's regarded As the only famous bird.

Off the feast is seen in fancy Long before Thanksgiving day, With the goodies on the table All spread out in bright array. 'Tis and cake and fruit and candy, And the cranberries in molds, But the brown and steaming turkey The imagination holds.

Many times the mouth will water With the premature delight Of assimilating portions. Of the dark meat or the white. Oft the chap who does the carving When Thanksgiving day arrives Will be dreaming that he's slicing Forty turks with forty knives.

Though the eagle's famed for screeching, Though the hen deserves much praise, Though some other birds are noted For a lot of winning ways, When Thanksgiving day is coming And is getting near at hand, Thoughts are centered on the turkey All throughout this mighty land.

All throughout this mighty land. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE CORONATION ROBES

Rules About Display at England's Ceremonial Not Liked.

THE FAIR SEX DISAPPOINTED. Ladies Resent Queen's Request That No Imported Costumes Be Worn. Use of Jeweled Coronets Restricted. Robes to Be Worn Over Full Court Dress—Edward's Attire.

London aristocrats are feeling gloomy over the Duke of Norfolk's supplement to the London Gazette, in which an earl marshal of England he gives detailed regulations concerning robes and coronets to be worn by peers and peeresses at the approaching coronation, writes the special correspondent of the Chicago News. The disappointment is chiefly among the fair sex. They are not to be allowed all the furbelows and tinsel which to feminine minds form the sine qua non of such important ceremonials.

To begin with, Queen Alexandra's request that all coronation gowns should be made of English goods and by English couturiers has had anything but an enthusiastic reception. Heretofore the white satin dresses and ruby velvet robes have come from France, and Dame Fashion stubbornly refuses to be satisfied with the home supply. It has just leaked out that the wives of three prominent diplomats have secretly passed in their orders to a Rue de la Paix firm, and it is more than probable that many other gowns signed by French houses will find their way into the royal cortege.

Another cause for putting lips is the regulation that peeresses must wear their robes over the usual full court dress instead of over the white satin toilets elaborately trimmed with gold laces and embroideries which were de rigueur in former days. One thing alone remains unchanged, and that is the robe. As in George IV's time, it will be of ruby velvet, the cape furled with miner's pure and bordered with rows of ermine, the number of the latter varying according to rank. The duchesses may show four rows, the marchionesses three and a half, countesses three, viscountesses two and a half, while the baronesses will have to be content with two.

An innovation, this time in gentlemen's attire, which will detract not a little from the gorgeousness and pomp of the spectacle, is the fact that peers are ordered to wear their robes over full court dress, uniforms or regiments. At all previous coronations they were worn over white satin doublets and trunks and white silk hose. But what has caused the greatest discontent is the restriction regarding coronets. The clause stating that "no jewels or precious stones are to be set or used in the coronets, or counterfeited pearls instead of the silver balls," came like a thunderclap to many, especially to the dames who had already had their blazing diamond circlets prepared.

It is now definitely settled that only the king and queen and the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will wear jeweled coronets. All other coronets are to be of silver gilt, caps of ruby velvet with ermine lining and having a gold tassel on top. The baron's coronet will have six silver balls on the rim, the viscount's sixteen, the earl's eight, with gold strawberry leaves between the points; the marquises' four silver balls and four gold leaves alternately and the duke's eight gold strawberry leaves.

If peeresses cannot wear jewels on their heads they evidently plan to do so on their bodies, and all London jewelers are now busy making over and resetting heirlooms. Pearls, sapphires and emeralds are to be the favorite stones. Ropes of pearls are to be worn from the shoulders as though fastening the velvet ruby robes, somewhat the same way in which Queen Alexandra wore them at the opening of parliament.

Contrary to expectation no new crown will be made for the queen. King Edward's crown is to be slightly enlarged, but it will undergo no other modification. His majesty on this eventful day will appear before his subjects in his grand robe, George IV. This costume consists of three parts. The most important is the "dalmatica," or imperial robe. It is a three cornered mantle forming an inverted "Y" and fitting very closely about the shoulders. All over it are small embroidered crosses.

Beneath it is worn the "superintunica," a sort of short pelteric having sleeves of gold cloth embroidered with gold flowers. Above both dalmatica and superintunica is worn the "armilla," which is also of gold cloth, but has a deep ermine border. It is placed on the king's shoulders by the archbishop of Westminster, who exhorts his majesty to see in this mantle "a pledge of divine grace enveloping him completely."

A McKinley Memorial in Honolulu. A movement has been started in Honolulu for the erection of a monument to the late President McKinley, in which all the varied nationalities shall assist, writes a correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript. It was first thought best to raise a fund toward a national monument to be erected in Washington, but now the people of Hawaii have decided to show their patriotism by building a McKinley monument upon their own hook. The Japanese and Chinese societies have voted to assist in the building of the monument and will raise their share of the necessary funds among their own people.

A FILIPINO HUMORIST.

Tricks Played by Quintan Salas on American Officers.

Quintan Salas, the Filipino leader in Iloilo, who recently surrendered, seems to be a humorist as well as a fighter and has played many tricks on American officers, says the Chicago News. At one time when Captain C. M. Raynor, a volunteer officer, was ordered to pursue Salas in the Dumangas region he ran across a native who offered his services as a guide. Captain Raynor was quick to avail himself of the offer. The guide seemed to know the country very well and showed the captain more bypaths, lines, short cuts and hard trails than he possibly could have found alone. Up and down the bad lands he hiked after that will-o'-the-wisp, Quintan Salas. Toward the last of the march the guide told the captain that he would do a little scouting around himself and see if he could locate any signs of Salas or his men. He evidently found something, for he did not return. While in Iloilo recently Captain Raynor was introduced to Colonel Quintan Salas and could hardly believe his eyes as he recognized, standing before him with easy grace, his erstwhile guide of the swamps.

Captain Raynor is not the first American officer that Quintan Salas has had fun with. He dropped into Pototan one hazy evening disguised as a padre and made a pretty fair collection of outstanding accounts. The commanding officer was apprised of his visit, but when a search was instituted Quintan had just gone up the road. Another officer, a Lieutenant Conger, once ran across an insurgent hospital. The place was in charge of a very courteous medical officer, who greeted Lieutenant Conger quite cordially. He had a red cross on his arm. Not to be outdone in the amenities, Lieutenant Conger extended all the privileges granted by the Geneva convention and rode away. After he reached his bivouac for the night the lieutenant learned that the medical officer he had met was none other than Colonel Quintan Salas. The red cross had been assumed after the Americans came in sight, and most of the wounded and sick were "faked" also, for a visit to the place immediately afterward found it completely deserted.

EX-SENATOR HILL'S SILENCE. Says When He Has Anything to Say Knows How to Say It.

David B. Hill's arrival in New York the other day, immediately after the announcement by the leaders of the Greater New York Democracy that they intend to continue the war on Tammany until the organization is wiped out of existence, was regarded as significant, says the New York Herald.

"I have nothing to say about the election," said Mr. Hill when he stepped from the Albany train.

"What do you think of the plan of the Greater New York Democracy to start a new organization?" was asked.

"Not a word," repeated Mr. Hill.

"How about Mr. Croker's defeat?"

"Now," said Mr. Hill, smiling, "when I have anything to say I know how to say it, but I have nothing to say at present, and it is useless to urge me."

Mr. Hill went to William F. Sheehan's law office, where he conferred with Mr. Sheehan in regard to the franchise tax suits and later took luncheon with him at the Downtown club, where he persisted in his refusal to talk. He went back to Albany without having seen John C. Sheehan or any of the other leaders of the Greater New York Democracy.

HE GOT THE SOAP. A Missionary's Peculiar Request of George Gould.

While the special train of George Gould was on a side track in Missouri, says the New York Times, Mr. Gould stepped to earth to stretch his legs while waiting for a regular train to pass. It was in the more rugged part of the state, well away from civilization. A typical inhabitant of the district stopped a pair of emaciated mules near the train. He hailed Mr. Gould and said:

"Say, mister, we have a new baby at my dugout, an' we ain't got no soap. My old woman is so stuck up over it that she's making me drive fourteen miles to town to get some nice emellin' soap, an' i' thoutin' maybe you'd help me out by gettin' me a piece of soap outen one of them fancy cars."

Mrs. Gould, who overheard the request, had the porter give the man several pieces of soap wrapped in some towels and several articles of tinware delicacies. The man seemed much surprised at such generosity, and as he turned to drive homeward he shouted back to Mr. Gould:

"Say, mister, you all must be some relation to Santa Claus."

Earl Li's Bright Sayings. Let us use foreigners, but do not let foreigners use us.

Your Lord Salisbury is a man who says little and means much; your Gladstone is a man who says much and means little.

I really cannot tell how German women compare with those of China (he was talking to the emperor and looking at a woman's corsage). We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours.

General Grant and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history.

They call me another Bismarck, but surely I am now a greater man than Bismarck, for Bismarck is out of office and I am not.

With money you can move even the gods; without money you cannot move even a man.—New York Evening World.

WOMAN'S KIDNEYS.

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, SWAMP-ROOT, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the Nebraska Independent May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by the Independent, none seem to speak higher of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy than the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 117 High Rock St., Lynn, Mass., writes on Nov. 2, 1901: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe spell of kidney trouble. It was extremely bad, and when I finally was able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked very much like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, and while I



Did Not Know I Had Kidney Trouble, I somehow felt certain that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one course I was completely cured. My business is that of canvasser, I am on my feet of great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me."

MRS. H. N. WHEELER. Swamp-Root will do just as much for

How to Find Out If You Need Swamp-Root. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—stand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ fails to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Many women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood; in most cases they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their many ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it night or day, with scalding or burning sensation—these are all unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are sleeplessness, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, plenty of ambition but no strength.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar bottles at the drug stores everywhere. EDITORIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement, has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing, be sure and mention reading this generous offer in The Nebraska Independent when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Stove Sale advertisement for Hardy Furniture Co. featuring Peninsular Steel Ranges. Text includes: "We have a very special deal on a strictly high class Steel Range. For this month only we will sell the Electro Peninsular Steel Range, with high shelf as shown in cut. Freight prepaid anywhere within 300 miles of Lincoln, for only... \$27.50". Includes image of a stove and pricing details: "If wanted with reservoir add \$7.50", "Hot closet instead of shelf 3.50", "16-inch oven 3.00".

Advertisement for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Text includes: "BEST FOR THE BOWELS", "CANDY CATHARTIC", "Cascarets", "THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP", "EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY", "KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN".

Advertisement for Ladies' Friend medicine. Text includes: "LADIES' FRIEND", "TURKISH T. & P. PILLS brings monthly menstruation sure to the day—never disappoints you. 50¢ per box. 3 boxes will be any case. By mail, plain wrapper, \$1.00. Sold by B.O. Kostka, Lincoln, Neb. HAHN'S Pharmacy, 1855 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb."