

Loop City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, - NEBRASKA.

No matter who wins the New York election contest the lawyers can not lose.

Ill luck is still pursuing the Russian prisoners in Japan. They are to be sent home.

The university presidents can tackle football, but they don't seem to be able to score.

Artist Gibson has left the country, but the girls will continue the effort to live up to his pictures.

Two French generals are about to fight a duel. A careful inspection of the moon discloses no blood.

One vote for Mark Twain was cast at the election in New York. What joke there was on the voter.

The recent revolution in Brazil lasted only a few hours. Some saloon-keeper must have capitulated early.

The state of New Jersey is out of debt and has \$3,000,000 in the treasury. Of course, everybody knows it's tainted money.

A St. Louis woman's club decides that women can not love man and art at the same time. Then let art be passed up.

Why is it that a wise suggestion from a foolman never gets the attention given to a foolish proposition by a wise man?

Spanish students are rioting now. Possibly football is a good thing after all for the purpose of working off the students' surplus energy.

If John Kendrick Bangs carries out his intention to become a New England farmer, he will find that farming in New England is no joke.

It is ungrateful of Russia not to use W. T. Stead's remedies for a distressed nation, considering the fact that he has not patented them.

Russia is going to have a duma and China is going to have a parliament. Why is it none of these foreign nations ever wants a congress?

Russian prisoners at Kishinev revolted in a body and set fire to the jail. The simple life did not appeal to them when so much was going on outside.

That \$100,000 package of securities has been found intact in the street in Philadelphia. Now somebody will probably assume that it was hidden in the grass.

The Detroit man who has erected a statue of Satan in his front yard and has to guard it from the good little boys may be sure of the earnest sympathy of Miss Mary MacLane.

Being an optimist, Mr. Stead prophesies the loss of 100,000 lives in Russia. If he were a pessimist, he adds, he would say two millions. But Mr. Stead always was emotional.

It is gratifying to observe that the descendants of Pocahontas have been thoughtful enough at last to arrange for a suitable monument to the memory of their illustrious ancestress.

These articles telling people how to be as tall as they should be, do not meet the popular demand. What people really want to know is how not to be so short as they mostly are.

A Chicago wife wants a divorce because her husband spent all his money. That is a crime, as all wives will agree. Husbands should bring all their money home and leave it on the bureau.

A telegraph line is soon to be extended to Timbuctoo, but the office there will probably never achieve such importance as has at times been attributed to the ones at Mole St. Nicholas and Che Foo.

A fire in New York was started by the burning of a pile of letters ignited by the heat from a radiator. Unless they were love letters one janitor, must be doing all that can reasonably be expected of him.

The king of Spain is a skillful and fearless rider, a keen motorist, a deadly shot with either rifle or revolver, a splendid fencer and an exceptionally clever boxer. The people hope that he will also be a good king.

Prof. Jim Jeffries' remark that he "wouldn't play football for \$1,000 a minute" shows clearly how the princely income of a successful prize fighter makes him arrogant when discussing a question of wages.

Prince Louis cabled from New York to the London Times: "We find twenty-four hours in the day a wholly insufficient allowance for the daily fare of American hospitality." Royalty never did care much about an eight-hour day.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, is going to make a tour of the United States, and will bring with him Mrs. Kubelik and the twins. This ought to keep emotional young women from going crazy as they used to do when Paderewski played.

The retirement of Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostoff, the aged chief procurator of the holy synod of the Russian church, will not be seriously regretted by newspaper men who every now and then have had to write his name.

It is proposed in Russia to bring the Julian calendar up to date by shortening the Russian February by thirteen days and beginning March 1 in the Gregorian style. When people get to fooling with the calendar, February always get it in the neck.

The STAGE

The Wheeze-Makers.

New York play reviewers are prone to lighten the weight of their comments with jokes twisted from the titles of the plays under consideration. For some time this has worried Frank Wiltach, who writes:

"Lucky is the dramatist who can find a name for his play which the facetious New York critic cannot use as a handle for ridicule. The following illustrate the point: 'Who Goes There?' was presented at the Princess theater, and one critic answered the title; 'Nobody Goes There,' or, is likely to? Wilson Barrett's play, 'Lucky Durham,' was presented at the Knickerbocker by Mr. Willard, when one brilliant young man said the play was a cross between Bull Durham and Lucky Strike. When 'The Money-Makers' was offered at the Liberty, one pigeon-toed joker said: 'While "The Money-Makers" is the title, no real money is likely to be made out of it.' Clyde Fitch has been rather successful in heading off the joker who might brand his play with a jest, yet when Maxine Elliott presented 'Her Great Match' with great success at the Criterion a protegee of Joe Miller could not refrain from saying: "Her Great Match" failed to strike!"

"The temptation was too great to resist. The wheeze-makers are already busy with Mr. Fitch's play written for Viola Allen, 'The Toast of the Town.' One of them has asked whether the play is from 'Bred in Old Kentucky,' or whether it is the dramatization of a bakery. The next thing they will say is that one of them will say it is called 'The Toast of the Town,' because it is dry, overlooking the fact that good dramatic toast is crisp. Imagine a play by Clyde Fitch being dry! Mr. Mansfield puts on 'Don Carlos.' How, in heaven's name, are they going to make a joke out of that? Finally, Nat C. Goodwin is out with a look looking for the ninnhammer who said "The Beauty and the Barge" went down with all hands!"

Personal Mention.

Ellen Terry will not visit this country until next season and then she will be heard in readings and not in theatrical productions.

In Lincoln J. Carter's new romantic drama, "The Flaming Arrow," many of the scenes are actual representations of historical places in the West. James J. Corbett is to be starred in

"The Little Church Around the Corner," in Cambridge, Mass., has sent out many footlight favorites—Marion Ballou, Christine McDonald, Blanche Ring and Minnie Ashley being some of the most prominent.

Harry B. Smith is the first American librettist who has had the courage to satirize the nouvelle-america American in his aspirations in Europe. He is said to do this very successfully in "Miss Dolly Dollars."

In the role of the Hon. Jefferson Jackson Clover, secretary of the department of agriculture in the new musical satire, "Cloverdell," Henry Clay Barnabee is said to have a role in which he is perfectly fitted.

Edmund Brees's first appearance in public was made in an amateur production of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he was cast as Friar Lawrence, but owing to the illness of the Romeo was pressed into service for that role.

The Aborn Production company has secured the rights from M. Whitmark & Sons for the Bostonians' most successful opera, "Robin Hood." The company began a tour Nov. 13, in Troy. Vivian Brewster sings Maid Marian.

Corinne, the leading lady of "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland," made her first stir in the Boston amusement world when she won the first prize in the greatest baby show ever held in Boston at Horticultural Hall on Tremont street.

Fumagalli, the Italian actor, has undertaken to give Rome an entire season of Shakespeare. The bard is popular in Italy, and it is said that no Italian actor considers that he has sounded all the depths of art until he has played him.

Countess Kinsky-Palmay, a Hungarian soubrette, well known in Europe, will appear at the Irving Place theater, New York, in December under the direction of Heinrich Conrad in "Heisses Blut," the piece on which the book of "The Rollicking Girl" was based.

"The Belle of Mexico," a new comic opera by R. B. Smith and Raymond Hubbell, who are responsible for "Fantana," is soon to be produced by the Shuberts. James T. Powers will be the chief fun maker of this new production. Christie McDonald will be seen in the title role.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham in New York last week, and the boy and his beautiful mother are doing splendidly. And "The Squaw Man," in which Mr. Faversham is appearing at Wallack's, is



SAM BERNARD.
Principal Comedian in the Clever Musical play, "The Rollicking Girl."

January in Bernard Shaw's romance, "Cashel Byron's Profession," which has been arranged for stage purposes by Stanislaus Stange.

Miss Irene Cromwell of the "Babes in Toyland" company is a veritable Cinderella as far as the size of her foot is concerned. Miss Cromwell plays Little Miss Muffet.

Grace Elliston's scene in "The Lion and the Mouse," where she poses as a newspaper woman, is the nearest approach to the genuine article the American stage has ever seen.

Among the cast selected by Maurice Campbell for "The Little Gray Lady" will be Julia Deane, Edgar Selwyn, Dorothy Donnelly, William Humphreys and Alfred Hudson.

Douglas Fairbanks is making such a pronounced hit as Lute Lulliam in "As Ye Sow" that Messrs. Brady and Grismer are looking for a comedy in which to feature him next season.

Henry B. Harris has secured from Charles Klein the English rights of "The Lion and the Mouse," and has arranged with Charles Frohman to produce the same in the immediate future.

John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Craigie), the famous novelist and dramatist, will be the next celebrity to make a tour of America. She comes under the direction of the J. B. Pond Lyceum bureau.

Contracts have been signed by Maurice Campbell, whereby Henrietta Crossman will begin her New York engagement at the Garrick theater, in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," on Christmas day.

Paulina Edwards' new opera, which will be produced presently, is to be entitled "Queen Beggar." It was written by Harry Paulton and Alfred Boblyn, who composed the music of "The Yankee Consul."

A New York impresario has offered Lina Cavalieri a three years' engagement at \$1,200 nightly for the first season and an enormous increase for the second and third. Cavalieri has not yet accepted.

Frank Gilmore, the Rev. John St. John of "As Ye Sow," made his first stage appearance as a boy of 12 in pantomime. His earlier experiences were on the London stage, but in 1892 he came to this country.

BRAVED LONELINESS FOR WEALTH

With Alaska furs valued at \$25,000 from Nulato, on the Lower Yukon, Garrett Busch has arrived in Seattle after eight years spent in trafficking with the Indians in the wilderness where he was the first white man to penetrate as a trader. When Mr. Busch reached Nulato, Aug. 12, 1897, with a miner's outfit as his sole possession, he foresaw in that gloomy solitude a trade in the furs which would exceed in returns the reasonable possibilities of mining ventures.

Mr. Busch settled down at the place where the little town of Nulato now stands. He built a one-story cabin with lumber which he sawed from the native timber and began to trade his miners' supplies to the natives for the furs which they knew so well how to trap, but of whose value they had no conception. Through the first winter he lived alone, except when an occasional squad of Indian trappers came by and stopped in curiosity to learn what manner of man had settled in so lonely a spot. To these In-

dians he traded his humble supplies, except the provisions which he actually needed to sustain his own existence until spring.

The visits of the Indians were few and far between. The solitary trader was often homesick as he sat through the almost perpetual darkness of the arctic winter. In the short hours of glimmering daylight he gathered his little stores of firewood, dragging them through the snow, and then sat through the long night counting off the days on the calendar until spring. His nearest white neighbors were at Anvik, 200 miles down the Yukon, and at Weare, 240 miles up the stream. He never saw a white face until nearly a year after his arrival at Nulato.

When spring broke upon the lonely hermit life assumed a more cheerful aspect. The fame of the new white trader had spread far through the Indian settlements, and the natives began calling regularly at the post with their stock of furs. They came from Koyukuk, from Innoko and from Kus-hokwin, some of them traveling nearly 500 miles.—Seattle Times.

UMBRELLA TELLS OF TRAGEDY

"Look at me! Just look at me!"

It was the umbrella that spoke, or rather, the remains of what once had been an umbrella. A sloppy, flabby, muddy patch of silk, a dozen bent wires and a broken stick carved at one end, was all one could now see.

"Only look at me! Fifteen minutes ago I was a handsome, new silk umbrella, proud of myself, and my young owner's pride. Now I am trampled under the hoofs of horses and run over by every kind of wheel—not worth two cents. Look at me!"

"And it all happened in a jiffy! My, I should be dizzy yet if I didn't feel so dreadfully flat. Harry was coming up the avenue, swinging me admiringly and of course wishing for a shower. And would you believe it, he got his wish!"

"Harry felt the first drop, and up I was pushed. Joe, who was walking beside him, declared it did not rain, and called Harry proud for wanting to show me off. Harry told Joe he was only jealous because he didn't have a fine new umbrella.

"Well, it soon rained hard, and then Joe changed his tune. He wanted to walk under me, but Harry pushed him roughly away.

"Joe pushed back; he shoved Harry fairly out in the street.

"Perhaps Harry wasn't angry, and I don't blame him either, though I wish he hadn't laid me down while he went to give Joe the pummeling he deserved.

"But we had just come to that fearfully gusty corner, where the wind blows seventeen ways a second. The instant Harry let go of me one of the crazy puffs reached under me and made me so light-headed I jumped up to the seventh story windows in one bound.

"I felt like a balloon until five other puffs seized me, all pulling different ways. I turned thirty somersaults, landing lump in front of a big ugly auto!

"And remember, please, I never harmed so little a thing as a grass-hopper. But just look at me!"

GLOWING COLORS OF SYRIA

The crowning glory of a Syrian landscape, however, is its brilliant coloring. Before I left America, says Lewis Gaston Leary in The World To Day, it seemed to me that the vivid tints of Tisso's pictures must be exaggerated, but they fall short of the reality. Of course, no artist can hope to reproduce the marvelous warmth and depth of the colors in an eastern landscape, or to imitate the vague, soft hues that are so characteristic of the Syrian atmosphere; but it would be almost as impossible for him to find tints that were overbright or to arrange them in an order too daring to be matched by the Syrian sun.

The very nights are full of color. The moonlight is so brilliant that it is easy to read a guide book and, even on a moonlight night and in the wilderness, far from any city's glare, the starlight has been so bright that I could see the second hand of my

watch and could find quite a distinct shadow cast by Jupiter. A moonlit scene at home gives only the impression of light spots and dark spots; everything is black or white or gray; but here in Syria the moonlight shows all the colors of the rainbow. The green of the trees and grain, the red of the tile roofs, the blue of sea and sky and the white of the distant mountains are softer and more delicate, but hardly less distinct, one from the other, than in the sunlight.

But the sunset colors are the best of all, especially when the mountains come close to the sea. I hesitate to compare Beirut with Naples; yet we have as clear skies here, the sweep of the bay is much the same and, instead of smoky Vesuvius, there is the splendid range of Lebanon, culminating in Jebel Sunn, almost twice as high as the Italian mountain, and for half the year crowned with dazzling snow.

RICHES IN JEWELER'S SWEEPINGS

The waste of gold in a manufacturing jeweler's premises is likely to be so considerable that the most stringent measures have to be taken to avoid loss by reason of the gold dust falling to the floor, getting caught in the workers' clothes, getting washed off his hands, and in many other ways.

Some time ago a gold and silver manufacturing firm had occasion to put in a new floor in its working room and the man who made the change took the old floor in payment of his work, and was well paid.

In the process of manufacture it is impossible to avoid small particles of the precious metal flying upon the floor, where they are trodden into the crevices until the floor is saturated with them. The floor in a manufacturing jeweler's workshop which has become so worn that it must be replaced contains fully sufficient gold to pay for a new one.

The sweepings are sent to the refiner for the gold to be extracted.

The process of extracting the gold from these sweepings is simple. They are burnt, and the ashes are carefully collected. The buyer selects samples here and there, taking a portion from every part of the heap. These he weighs, puts through a grinder and sieve, then thoroughly mixes the product, takes a sample of it, weighs it, refines it, and calculates how much gold there is in the whole quantity of ashes. From this he forms an estimate of the value and pays accordingly.

Even the water in which gold is washed when a ring or other article of jewelry is cleaned is preserved until there is a sufficient quantity to make it worth while to separate the gold from it.

FEW MEET ALL REQUIREMENTS

There are some good jobs on the railroads which the going begging to-day because there is no one to fill them. In this territory several positions as passenger and freight solicitors are open and men are wanted. The roads upon which the vacancies exist are searching every corner to find the proper man. The old story that the sons, cousins, nephews, brothers-in-law and what not of the general manager are given preference does not seem to hold good here. Perhaps all of the preferred relatives have been provided for. But the fact is that good men are scarce and are wanted. Out of the thousands employed it seemed peculiar that but few were really eligible to promotion. An old railroad explained it.

The present day demands upon those who have to meet the public

are numerous. One eligible was bright, but slovenly. He would not keep his face shaved and his linen clean. Another had the other qualifications, but he had sporting proclivities which made him unreliable and objectionable to a certain class of people with whom he would have to deal. Another had many qualifications except the ambition. He was not a pusher. A fourth was an honest worker, but did not have the address. He would be unable to present his case well. And so the whole gamut of human failings was gone through. The all-around man, who lives up to his opportunities and is broad gauge, is hard to find. Or, if he is found, he stands in his own light by neglect of the conventionalities and the things which are tremendous aids to success.—Cleveland Leader.

FORTUNE LOST THROUGH HASTE

Some years ago a man in England had an aged aunt who died, leaving him sole legatee of all her personal estate. When he came to examine into her effects there was nothing worth carrying away. Of the diamonds and money which she had possessed in abundance nothing could be found.

In an attic was an old chest, filled with ancient, worn-out corsets, and worse still, old curl papers. In his anger and disappointment he had this carried down into the garden and a bonfire made of the whole. As the fire burned he savagely thrust in his stick and turned over one of the discolored curl-papers. It unrolled and discovered itself as a banknote of large denomination. Frantically he dashed his hands

among the flaming corsets to recover the rest of the despised curl papers, but he succeeded in saving only a few. The rest were destroyed. So he called a servant, had the dust and debris swept up and the whole carted off to scavengers. He had managed to scrape up only a few hundred dollars from the estate, where he had expected more than that number of thousands. He could not understand it; but there the matter stood for some days.

Then he came across an old woman who had previously been in the service of his aunt. He told her of his mystification at being unable to find any of the diamonds. "Why, yes, sir," was the response. "I knows misses always had a lot of diamonds. She stitched 'em all into her old corsets and put 'em away in a box."

ON THE ENGINEER'S LAST RUN

His Story of How He Lived His Life All Over in a Flash.

"Drowning is not the only experience that causes a man to read his own biography in the flash of a second," said F. C. Roberts, a locomotive engineer.

"I was running on the passenger trains between Atlanta and Macon several years ago, and I was to meet the north-bound train at a certain station on the road. Well, it was all my fault. I hadn't slept any for five nights, and the only rest I had was in my cab. The last stop that we made before this experience of which I speak the fireman had to wake me up when the signal to go ahead was received. I had gone to sleep in my cab.

"As we approached the next station the conductor may have signaled me, as he claimed he did, but we dashed through the town at about forty miles an hour before I heard the north-bound train, less than 300 yards away, coming around a curve. I threw on the air brakes and reversed, but it all looked too late. The fireman jumped, but I was paralyzed. The two great engines, one bearing a special train, rushed together like angry bulls, and I was frozen there, and while those trains rushed together, I saw every incident of my life just as plainly as the day it happened. That's all I know about it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MONEY IN ABANDONED FARMS.

Country Life in America Points Out Important Facts.

The great mass of conservative opinion seems to be firmly set against advising the public to buy cheap lands, says Country Life in America. "Ten-dollar-acre land is no good for farming," the experts say. "Farming requires more capital than formerly, and the day of general farming in the East is past. A thousand dollars at least is necessary. The best 'abandoned farms' have been transferred into summer homes; the others should never have been attempted."

In the hope that there might be some exceptions to these pessimistic statements, Country Life in America began an investigation, which has brought to light the following hopeful facts: First—Many people have succeeded at general farming within the last ten years on land costing \$5 to \$10 an acre. Second—General farming is often better than special farming for the beginner without experience—at least for the first year. Third—There is plenty of suitable land in New England and the South that can be bought for \$10 an acre or less. Fourth—Much of this land is not abandoned; it is still worked for profit. It can be had at bargain prices for three permanent legitimate reasons—old age, ill health, the settlement of an estate. Fifth—People do not know how to find out where these cheap lands are.

My Forces.

I'm no self-made man, for I dearly can trace each force that fashioned me. From the years long ago, when a babe new born.

I lay on my mother's knee. Then God above in His heaven of love To the angels gave control Life undivided of this little child— And they breathed in me a soul.

Then the love that lies in a mother's eyes. Words that soul to active life. And from all alarms, her sheltering arms Protected me in the strife. Her tender care and her loving prayer As the boy grew into man. My nature drew to a full growth true. As only a mother can.

In no college walls, in no learned halls, Found my brain its forming tool; From the press of work's hard stress, I learned in the world's great school. The god of life and the evil's strife, I struggled on to find, And the labor to gain, the work to attain. Sharpened and shaped my mind. Then into life with its hardships rife When success was almost won. Came a keener sight and a brighter light. As through clouds burst the sun. Work lighter grew, gray sides more blue. A new light seemed to start— A heaven this of new found bliss— And love awoke my heart!—Baltimore American.

Ted's Beginning.

The new assistant rector was trying to impress upon the mind of his young son the difference between his own position and that of his superior. "Now, Ted," he ended, "I want you to remember to be very polite to the rector. We are strangers, and I am only the assistant; it becomes us to be extremely courteous. Some day, perhaps, I shall be rector myself."

The next day the boy was walking with his father when they met the dignified rector.

"Hello!" promptly began Tedd. "Pop's been tellin' me 'bout you—how you're the real thing, an' he's just the hired man an' we got to knuckle under. But some day he may be it himself, an' then you'll see!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Break by a Nervous Husband.

After the execution of Prof. Webster of Harvard for the murder of Mr. Parkman, Mrs. Webster went away, and was gone for a long period. On her return to Boston two of her old friends went to call upon her, a gentleman and his wife. Both were in a state of nervous excitement while waiting in the parlor for her to appear.

"Now, remember," whispered the wife to her nervous husband, "don't say anything to recall to Mrs. Webster's mind the awful experience she has been through."

Just then Mrs. Webster entered, and the nervous man exclaimed, with outstretched hands: "Why, my dear Mrs. Parkman, I am so glad to see you back!"

Followed McClintock's Orders.

A young man who afterward became a successful reporter on a Boston daily relates one of his first experiences in endeavoring to get work as follows:

"I walked into the office of John N. McClintock, editor and publisher of the Granite Monthly, a New Hampshire magazine, and asked for an opportunity to show what I could do. I was asked what I could write about, and with a John L. Sullivan confidence replied: 'Oh, I can write about anything.' Like a shot came the response: 'Well, right about face, then.' That settled me. I did."

CONVINCING EVIDENCE

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Cure Rheumatism.

"People can cure themselves of a good many common ailments at a very small cost if they go about it the right way," said Mr. Hoar, recently. "For instance, I have just cured myself of a very painful disease. I might have begun to treat it sooner, that's all the mistake I made in the matter. But I found the root of the difficulty and I picked out the right remedy without the aid of a doctor."

"It was really all in my blood. I first felt a twinge in my left foot and ankle in the middle of last January, following exposure to cold. I realized I had rheumatism and I knew that really comes from bad blood. Cold simply develops it. Then my hands ached and were cold and clumsy even in hot weather, and numb a great part of the time. I concluded that my blood was thin and poor and the circulation sluggish."

"After a time my feet and ankles swelled so badly that I could only tie my shoes by the way up. My legs were terribly and I could walk only a short distance before giving out completely. "When I read of the cures of all kinds of blood diseases, that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I was convinced that they were just the remedy for my case, and so it proved. I could see that they were benefiting me before I had quite used up the first box. The improvement was decidedly marked after I had taken two boxes. Three more boxes restored my hands and feet and legs to natural size and feeling, and then I stopped taking medicine and have since been perfectly well."

Mr. F. LeRoy Hoar lives at No. 135 Constitution street, Bristol R. I. Any one can get convincing evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured anemia, rheumatism, erysipelas and other serious diseases by simply writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Parisian Market Porters.

The porters of the market place in Paris carry, strapped on their backs, great baskets full of garden produce. Often one sees a man with a load of cabbage that is bigger than himself.

Value of Private Cars.

A few years ago only men of great fortune possessed private cars. Now, nowadays there are so many of these palaces on wheels that their value is estimated at \$72,000,000.

Symbol of the Cross.

The symbol of the cross is used in the religions of the aborigines of North and South America, and by the most ancient nations of Europe, as well as by Christians.

River Rises Forty Feet.

The famous Tugela river, in South Africa, is said on one occasion to have risen forty feet during a single night, owing to thunderstorms on the mountains.

Old Mother Nature.

Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.—Emerson.

Idaho Joins.

Fraser, Idaho, Nov. 27th (Special).—Mrs. Martha J. Lee has given for publication the following statement, concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills:

"I was down with Rheumatism three times," she says, "and each time Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me. The last time they cured me, and now I am able to get around and do all my work, though I am fifty-eight, and I can walk to Sunday School every Sunday. Before I took Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so bad I could use neither hand nor foot. I shall keep Dodd's Pills on hand all the time."

Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid crystallizing in the muscles. Healthy kidneys remove all Uric Acid from the blood. Diseased Kidneys cannot remove this Acid which collects in the blood and poisons every vein and artery. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys; by healing and strengthening them, so that they can rid the blood of all impurities.

Valuable Pair of Scissors.

The German emperor not long back received a peculiar present—a pair of scissors, but so exquisitely made as to be valued at nearly \$500. A steel merchant was the giver. He had the emperor's portrait and some celebrated historical buildings engraved on the scissors. The engraver is said to have worked five years at his task.