

## A Slave From Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edward Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay, and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the sufferings in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail. I grew rapidly weaker and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the last year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full to-day as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### What He Should Take.

A magistrate of Edinburgh, contemporary with "Lang Sandy Wood," eminent physician, planned how to get from the latter a prescription without a fee. Taking advantage of a custom of the time, he invited Sandy to take his meridian with him in a "change house" near the Cross. Over the wine he gave a long account of his ailments, to which Wood listened in grim silence. At last he put the direct question: "Doctor, what do you think I should take?" "Talk!" exclaimed Sandy. "Why, if ye're as ill as ye say, I think ye should take medical advice."

### The Latest Sensation.

The surprisingly low rates offered by the Nickel Plate road to Boston and return account Knights Templar convalesce and a choice of forty routes. Tickets on sale Aug. 15th to 25th inclusive; longest return limit; service strictly first-class. Sleeping car space reserved in advance. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago.

### An Obsolete Custom.

The old-time custom of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony saluting the bride with a kiss has gone entirely out of favor and fashion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Choice of Routes.

To Knights Templar convalesce, Boston, via the Nickel Plate road, embracing Chautauque Lake, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Kayak on the St. Lawrence, Saratoga, Palisades of the Hudson, Hoosac Tunnel, and ride through the Berkshire Hills by daylight. Tickets on sale Aug. 15th to 25th inclusive. Lowest rates, quick time and service unexcelled, including palace sleeping and dining cars. Address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, for further information.

Dr. Max Nordau writes a "Reply to My Critics" in the August number of the Century. His book on "Degeneration" has called out a large amount of simply abusive criticism, and while he pays his respects to such writers, he gives serious answers to several objections which have been urged against his theories. Dr. Nordau thinks that the present epidemic of hysteria and degeneration is due to the over-exertion of the last sixty years; and that, while it is not the first phenomenon of its kind, it is more dangerous than the previous ones because it has gained a far greater headway.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 611 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

There is something wrong in the heart of the man who gets mad at the truth.

The cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in Egypt.

### Special Excursion to Boston.

The Knights Templar convalesce will be held in Boston from Aug. 25th to 30th inclusive. Tickets will be on sale via the Nickel Plate road from Aug. 15th to 25th inclusive. Always the lowest; through trains; drawing-room sleeping-cars; unexcelled dining-cars; side trips to Chautauque Lake, Niagara Falls, and Saratoga without additional expense. For further information call on or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

The August Atlantic Monthly contains several articles which are calculated to create widespread interest. One of the most striking contributions is by Jacob D. Cox on How Judge Hoar Ceased to be Attorney-General. Mr. Cox was a member of Grant's cabinet with Judge Hoar, and this paper is an important chapter in our recent political history. Percival Lowell, in his fourth paper on Mars, tries to answer the question, is Mars inhabited, and, if so, by what kind of people? The second of Mr. Menbody's papers is on French and English Churches. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

## JACK TOWNER'S DEBT.

**T**HAT debt was an affair of long standing, for it had been made years before Jack Towner's birth, so that it could not be looked upon as a strictly personal matter with himself.

His father, and Park Wright's had had trouble years ago over a piece of land down near the swamps upon the flats below.

The stream, which had been used as a boundary line was really the innocent prime cause of the miscellaneous burden, for they had looked at it in that light; but they did not, and when, after a big flood, the fickle stream forsook its old bed for a new one on the Towner side, the wrath of Jack's father knew no bounds, because Park's father took advantage of its shifting, and laid claim to the fertile corner which had thus been transferred to his side.

Of course Jack's father had felt himself wronged, and he went to law about it; but Park's father won the suit, and the costs, as well as the loss, fell upon Mr. Towner.

The bit of land was not worth the quarrel and the hard feelings, but Mr. Towner considered his righteous indignation, and he nursed it a life-time. It grew, as such things will, until each family, feeling sure it was the aggrieved party, held only bitterness and hate for the other.

Jack's father had declared he would pay Jason Wright back for the theft, as he termed it, and so every opportunity for suits for damages was indulged in, sometimes upon one side, sometimes upon the other, but in each case with a growth of the bitter feelings; and the debt, in Mr. Towner's heart, had a heavy weight of interest added to it.

It was too heavy, in fact, for two boys to shoulder, as did Park and Jack when their fathers died and they took up the cudgels of the old fight.

Jack was thinking over it one late September morning, as he saw Park Saunter by contemptuously, flinging a stone at his dog.

"Poor Bruno!" said Jack. "Everything he does only adds to the debt. He thinks he can push me aside even in boating and base ball; but I'll be square with him yet," he ended, fiercely, stalking gloomily back to the house.

"It would be better if we did not live here," said his mother, anxiously looking at him; "this old trouble has made you so cross and bitter. I wish you would let the matter go."

"Let it go, as if it were all right?" he exclaimed. "Never! When I have paid him back for it, it will let it drop, not before."

"When you have done a wrong, it will not make it right," she wearily answered. "I wish it were settled."

"Well, when I get a good chance, it will be," he replied, determinedly, as he left the room.

A minute later he looked in again. "I am going down to the flat hunting snipe. Won't be home till late," he said, and disappeared again.

Neither he nor his companion, Jim Peters, had bagged a bird, after a couple of hours' wading about over the marshy land, which the stream, swollen by late rains, had overflowed until it was a miniature lake.

The only bird hit by them had fallen beyond reach and was sailing down the current.

"Gone down to lodge in that old willow, suppose," muttered Jack. "We may as well go home."

Bang! went a gun just then from the opposite side of the marsh, as it seemed.

"Most likely it is Park. He never hears my gun without getting out his. He's down by the gorge, I expect. That has drifted right down to him. Everything seems to go straight into his hands now—but it won't always be so."

Bang! the gun was fired again.

"Game's lively," remarked Jim. "But whoever it is, he had better be getting back. The water is rising mighty fast. Let's be going."

Bang! bang! The reports followed each other in quick succession.

"Can't be he's killing anything. Something must be up," Jack remarked.

"Yes; water's up, and it's going to be higher. We'd better be getting out of this before we have to swim."

Jim set the example by wading off toward the mainland, holding his gun out of the water.

"Current is setting in strong, too," he observed, as he stemmed along, Jack in his wake.

"Those pieces coming down look as if there had been a fresh flood above," Jack said, as some fence boards were seen on the surface of the stream.

Bang! bang!

"Say, Jim, do you suppose anybody's down the flats alone?" Jack queried, stopping abruptly.

"He'd better not be, the flood's going to be much higher to-night. Come on." Jack moved slowly.

He knew these flats—what they were in slight floods, crossed as they were by a net work of ditches for drainage.

If anybody was down there and did not know how to swim, it would be a pretty tough matter getting back to the mainland.

Bang! bang!

"Look here, Jim, you take my gun with you. I'm going back. I don't believe anybody's foolish enough to hang about the marsh just for fun."

"And get caught yourself? We're out none too soon, I think. Father says 'Chester dam is leaking, and I don't want to be in its way if it breaks. If that's Park, I should think you'd let him look out for himself. He would you. Pay him back in his own coin.'"

Jack hesitated.

It must be Park, and here was a chance to pay him back.

He took a few steps, stopped again, thrust his gun into Jim's hands, and turned back.

"I'm curious to see who it is, anyhow," he said, as he waded off.

"Well, if that isn't a foolish thing to do!" was Jim's comment, as he hurried off to the marsh.

Jack knew his ground, and carefully avoiding the deep ditches, he struck the logs which at intervals crossed them.

It was quite a distance down the flat that he had gone, and the water was waist deep.

Then bang! went the gun again, and the flash showed him where the gunner was—in the low crotch of the old willow, beyond what was known as the "Deep Hole."

"Hallo!" Jack called.

"Hallo!" came back, quickly.

"Who is it?"

"Park Wright," was the answer. "I am treed by the water. I don't know my way out. Who is it?" he asked, in return.

There was no reply for a moment.

Jack stood on a submerged stump, looking at the willow and its occupant.

He knew that Park could not swim, and here the fellow was, afraid to try and find his way out because of the holes and ditches he must cross.

"Hurry up, if you can help a fellow out," cried Park.

"It's Jack Towner!" Jack replied, in a half-alarmed shout.

"He heard a despairing 'Oh,' followed by 'I needn't expect help, then.' Of course Park needn't expect help. Jack was master now, and Park might get out by himself if he wasn't such a coward."

Here was a chance to pay—"Bo-o-o-m!"

What was that noise? Was it Chester dam?

It was a mile away; but that big pond would soon be down there.

"Hold on! I'm coming!" cried Jack, making a rapid cut to the tree.

"Climb down here. It isn't over your head. Do just as I say, and don't lose your senses. Hurry!"

"The dam has broken," Park said, faintly, as he stood trembling by Jack's side.

"Never mind. Come on!"

It was not far across the marsh, which narrowed here to what was called the gorge, but it was deep and the dull, rushing roar was growing louder.

Grasping Park's hand, Jack struggled on, slipping, but instinctively finding the old farm bridge across the first deep ditch.

The current was increasing, but they scrambled on, now into another ditch, but up again, to flounder into new holes.

The water was growing shallower, but just then it heaved suddenly about them, and almost threw them off their feet as they struck a bank.

To struggle up it and on to a rocky terrace above was a task, but Jack did it, dragging Park after him, just as the widening, deepening torrent swept by with a mass of trees and boards upon its surface.

"Good for you!" Jack exclaimed, above the roar, as they clambered up higher out of its reach. "You kept right along at my heels first-rate," he added, as a vent to his excitement.

"Yes, with you holding me up," Park stammered.

"It isn't such a sweeping big flood as some, but we'd stood a poor chance if it had caught us," Jack continued.

"Say, Jack Towner, what made you help me out?" suddenly asked Park.

"I'm not one to let any fellow drown, if I can prevent it," was the evasive reply. "We'd better be worried home-ward. Folks will be worried if they hear the dam is gone."

"All right; but I won't forget this," was Park's brief answer.

And the two found the road around the bluff, across the bridge and to their homes, in complete silence.

The next morning Jack was giving his mother the details of his adventure, as they stood looking over the mud-covered flat, when they heard Park Wright call excitedly:

"Jack Towner, come down to the flat; I've something to show you."

Jack slowly obeyed, and followed him down across the marsh.

An hour afterward he dashed into the room, followed by Park.

"What do you think, mother?" he cried. "The stream has gone back into the old bed. The flood cut a channel just deep enough to stay there now."

"And whether it does or not, I'm going to have papers drawn up to-day, so that the stream won't make any more trouble hereafter," Park added, eagerly. "I'd made up my mind to that last night, but it got ahead of me. We're going to drop the old trouble though, here."

The two boys clasped each other's hands for a seal to the decision.

"So it is settled, and I am so glad," said Jack's mother, as Park left them. "If only your father and his could have thought so long ago—that it would be easier to drop it than to hold on to it."

"Yes," murmured Jack; "and I'm thinking, suppose I had paid him back last night."

"I think you did," was her simple reply.

What Alis Sheppard?

Medical skill is baffled by an affliction which has befallen George Sheppard, a McKeesport, Pa., mill man. Last Thursday night Sheppard retired in good health. Late in the night he was aroused by a stinging sensation in the neck, under the right ear. He thought a mosquito had bitten him, but the pain in his neck increased, and he arose and lighted the lamp. He felt dizzy and faint and thought he would arouse his wife, but, to his horror, he discovered he had been bereft of the power of speech. Doctors have been in constant attendance since, but admit the case puzzles them. They call it paralysis of the vocal muscles. Sheppard has recovered his general health, but little knots have formed on either side of his neck. It is feared his speech and hearing are forever lost.

## A HOUSTON SENSATION.

The First Fair Woman Bicyclist Seen Upon the Streets.

Lightly she tripped down the stairs, almost as noiselessly as if unshod, and stood upon the last step watching a man move a bicycle from the entrance of a staircase and place another within her reach, says a Houston special. She glided to the edge of the sidewalk, mounted her wheel, and he followed. Just then a voice from a group of men said, "Look at that!" All turned their eyes in the direction indicated and beheld a young woman wearing bloomers, a cap, blouse waist closely fitting, black stockings, and a pair of wheeling slippers. It was 8:30 o'clock p. m. and she had come down from above a Main street store, and with her escort started toward the auditorium, out Main street. As she led the way and passed along men stepped out from the curb-ling onto the driveway and with their staring eyes followed her along the street as far as the electric light gave any satisfaction of seeing. It was the first of her sex seen on the streets of Houston in bloomers riding a bicycle, and to say it created a sensation in drawing it mildly. From both sides of the street men stepped out and looked and exclaimed, "Well!" But nobody had a chance to tell of it as news on the streets afterward, because everybody seemed to have seen it. No sooner would one start out by saying, "I saw something just now that—" when the other fellow would break in, "Yes, I saw it, too." It created a genuine sensation along the street and was the talk of the gossips most of the evening, and many watched for the lady's return, but some had to give it up, as they hadn't the time.

The young man was not quite "as sure" as he was and slid down into the yard, scaled the fence and was seen no more thereafter forever.—Texas Siftings.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists 75c.

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FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney & Bladder Remedy. No matter how long you have suffered from Catarrh, Stricture, Gonorrhea, or any other disease, send to Dr. Kline, 149 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Wise Precaution. Mrs. X.—Why, Otto, what are you doing there? You are actually burning all the love letters you sent me during the period of our courtship!

Mr. X.—I just took up the letters and was reading them through when it occurred to me that anybody who cared to dispute my will after my death would find it quite an easy matter to prove my insanity on the basis of these missives.—Taglich Rundschau.

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"The Bluffington trolley road isn't doing the business that it ought to," said one investor. "Why, it's paying dividends right along," returned the other. "I know it. But that's a blind. Business must be very light. They haven't killed anybody for three weeks."—Washington Star.

The visitor—"I gather that the Baptists and Methodists are not on the best of terms here." The native—"You bet they ain't! You see, mister, doorin' the dry spell the Baptists allowed they would give a picnic to break the drought. As soon as the Methodists heard of that they begun prayin' for rain, an' when it rained on the day of the picnic they tuk and claimed the credit."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Crook No. 1—"Stealin' earrings is dead easy, but I believe in doin' things in a nice, gentlemanly way. It makes me sick the way some o' these amateur crooks goes to work an' snips off the lobe o' a woman's ear to git the diamond, when they could just as well snip the earrin' below the ear." Crook No. 2—"Does seem like unnecessary cruelty." Crook No. 1—"Course it is, an' that ain't the worst of it. It hurts the business. Why, when a woman's ears has been cut once, she can't never wear earrings again an' there won't be no chance to rob her a second time."—Buffalo Express.

Will Walk Around the Earth. O. T. Swanson and H. P. Gidley have started from Kansas City on a novel trip around the world. They expect to walk every foot of the journey, except when water interferes, and will start out penniless. They will eat and sleep in a tent and expect to defray a portion of the expenses of the trip from advertisements of prominent American firms to be displayed on the outside of the tent.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Twilight Interview.

"Twas the first twilight interview, she swinging in the hammock on the side veranda, and he sitting submissively at her feet with his legs dangling off the boards. "How refreshing at the closing hour of day," he gently remarked, "to thus in sweet companionship await the rising of the stars that will soon fleck the cerulean dome of heaven with spangles of silver! I would ever thus, with thee at my side, revel in the glories of the azure—azure as sure as—"

"What exquisite language," said she, with a sigh. "How can you afford it on 86 a week?"

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