UNABLE TO STAND FOR MONTHS BECAUSE OF SPRAINED ANKLES.

Cured by St. Jacobs Oil.
(From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary indorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra road, Gelli, Ystrod, near Pentypridd, South Wales, who says:

"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe, and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well-known medical man he would have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

Can't Help to Save It.

"I'm very much alarmed about the future of this country," said the politician.

"Does any especial danger threaten it?"

"Yes, sir. There is some reason to fear that I shall not be appointed to office."—Washington Star.

Saved His Life.

Miss Hatty—"And when he proposed, did you refuse him?"

Miss Antique—"No; I just didn't have the heart to, because I knew he could not live without me."—Columbus State Journal.

If You Use Ball Blue,

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the Best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

A Cleansing Remedy.

Doctor—"There's nothing serious the matter with Michale, Mrs. Muldoon. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything."

Mrs. Muldoon—"Yis, doctor; an' will Oi give it t' him befoor or afther his males?"—Glasgow Times.

A Desirable Neighbor.

Mrs. Binks—"That woman we just passed is the nicest neighbor I ever had."

Friend—"Neighbor? Why, she didn't so much as glance at you."

Mrs. Binks—"That's what I like about her."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

London contains 13.95 per cent. of the whole population of England and Wales.

Brine springs flow under the town of Norwich, England. They have been there for centuries, and were used for the production of salt long before the Chirstian era.

A tribe of peculiar people dwell on the banks of the Purus, in South America. Men, women and children are spotted, with brown spots on a white skin. Their chief article of diet is fish.

Buy and Try a Box Tonight.

While you think of it, go buy and try a box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, ideal laxative, tonight. You'll never regret it. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

ASTHMA-HAY FEVER
CURED BY DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE
SEND FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.
ADDRESS DR. TAFT, 79 E. 130TH ST., N.Y. CITY.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain alleviating and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica.

We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints.

A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations."

Price 25 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail.

No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
17 State Street, New York City.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

N.N.U. NO. 697—51. YORK, NEB.

The "heart wood" of a tree has ceased to take any part in the vegetative economy of the tree. Its only use is to strengthen the trunk.

An English photographer has devised a scheme for making birds take their own photograph. A bait of fat is placed on an electric wire which is so connected with a camera that when the bait is removed the camera shutter is released, giving an instantaneous exposure of the sensitive plate.

Under the auspices of the Institute of France further researches are being made in the famous grottoes of Mentone, on the Riviera, where bones and other remains of prehistoric men have at various times been found. Lately three entire skeletons have been discovered.

The brain of the ant has been the interesting subject of recent study by Prof. Forel, the Swiss zoologist. This organ is well developed in the workers, smaller in the females and merely rudimentary in the males. The insects have the senses of sight, smell, touch and taste, hearing being doubtful. The ants are endowed with memory and reasoning powers, and in their warfare it is easy to see their courage, their despair, their order for the fray and their personal hatreds.

C. A. Witchell, an English naturalist, says the speed of flight of birds is often greatly overrated. The swift, for instance, has been credited with a speed of 150 miles per hour, and the popular imagination compares the flight of a sparrow-hawk with that of a cannon-ball! Independent of aid from the wind, Mr. Witchell thinks, forty miles an hour is about the full speed of a good pigeon flying a long distance. The homing pigeon can be relied on, under fairly easy conditions, to make sixty miles an hour, or considerably more. On a short course a sparrow-hawk can outfly a homer. But the sparrow-hawk frequently fails to catch smaller birds that form its prey.

A well has recently been driven in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville in Paris, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the subsoil of the French capital. The revelations throw light on the manner in which great cities, in the course of centuries, bury the relics of their past. First comes a layer of rubbish, nearly four and a half feet thick, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. A second layer, a little over two and a half feet thick, consists of rubbish recognizable by the character of its fragments as belonging to the period from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. This is separated from the first layer by a thin deposit of sand, and a second sandy deposit covers the third layer, which plainly shows relics of the eleventh and [illegible] centuries. At the bottom is a clayey deposit filled with fragments of pottery and bits of oak timber belonging to the Gallic and Gallo-Roman periods.

ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

John Schaefer, a Half Hour Under Water, Then Resuscitated.

I want to say at the start that what happened to me shows clearly that lots of people suffering from immersion are allowed to die when they could be resuscitated. If it had not been for the energy and hopefulness of Dr. Barney who worked over me when my case appeared hopeless, I would be in my coffin to-day instead of here in this chair.

My father, Henry Schaefer, was killed two years ago by a fall from the L. structure at Fulton Ferry. I live with my mother and two sisters at No. 1014 Third avenue, and my mother sells tickets for the Fifth avenue L road at the Fortieth street station. I am a stenographer.

Last Wednesday afternoon, with John Watson and Mike Gallagher, I went for a swim in the bay at the foot of Thirty-eighth street. We undressed on Bell's dock, right alongside the Thirty-ninth street ferry slip.

I am not a very good swimmer. I don't suppose I ever swam any further than twenty-five or thirty feet. But I had plenty of confidence in myself, and I never felt any fear in the water.

After paddling around for a while I concluded to take a dive. I had dived from the dock, but had never taken a high dive. The other boys were diving off a pile that stuck quite a distance out of the water. I climbed up there, poised myself and dived head first.

I hit the water clean and went down. I remember feeling pretty well satisfied with myself for the good dive I had made. I had tasted a new joy in swimming, and determined that I would repeat the dive as soon as I came to the surface.

All at once it occurred to me that I was going down a long time. I asked myself why I didn't start toward the surface. There appeared to be some kind of a suction that was dragging me down all the time. I thought it was caused by a ferry boat going out of the slip, and that I would soon go up.

My eyes became dim and my ears rang, but I felt no pain. I don't remember when I began to breathe and filled up with water. All I remember is floating around down there for a long time. I didn't think of dying, nor did the events of my life pass through my mind. All my faculties seemed to be bent on trying to figure out why I didn't go up.

Now comes the most remarkable thing. Just as my eyes were getting so dim that I could scarcely make anything out I saw some object coming toward me from the surface. It was a black, indistinct object. It came pretty close to me and then went away. I felt some curiosity about it, and soon saw it coming toward me again. It advanced and receded several times, and finally it touched me.

The next I remember was a feeling of exultation at being in the sunlight. I realized that I was no longer surrounded by water, but the bright air seemed oppressive. Then I fell into unconsciousness and did not recover my senses until 8 o'clock the next morning, when I woke up here in the hospital.

I have heard since how I was rescued. John Johnson, a boy who lives in Fort Hamilton, dived after me six times before he found me. Three times he dived with his clothes on. I understand he is to get a life-saver's medal, and if anybody deserves it he does.

What puzzles me is this. They tell me I was under the water about fifteen or twenty minutes when Johnson began to dive for me. Is it possible that I saw him coming toward me and going away? Did I retain consciousness under the water for fifteen or twenty minutes? It would seem impossible, but it is strange that I should have seen that object groping around, evidently in search of me, and it is strange that I should remember being taken into the sunlight.

Dr. George D. Barney, of No. 401 Third street, was the man who pulled me through. He did heroic work, but I don't remember anything about it. They got my heart beating and my lungs to work, but I felt nothing until I woke up here the next morning.

I was puzzled for quite a time. I knew I was in a hospital, but I wondered what brought me here. The last I remembered was the sunlight. Then my mind worked back to my experience in the water and I realized that I had been nearly drowned. I had no idea how long I had been in the water until my mother told me of my almost miraculous escape.—New York World.

CARLYLE AND DISRAELI.

How the Statesman Disarmed the Philosopher's Prejudice.

Magnanimity superior to his own could shame even the dogmatic Carlyle. The man whose arrogance of opinion never permitted him to take anything back once had to confess that a Jew had disarmed his bigotry and changed his insulting prejudice into gratitude and respect.

Disraeli, whom he had often reviled in speech and in print, had every reason to know how bitterly Carlyle despised him and his race; and after he had become the most powerful man in England he took his revenge. It was the vengeance inflicted by a great man who could forget his personal antipathies upon a great man who could not.

Recognizing the commanding intellect of the surly philosopher and the luster it conferred upon his country, the prime minister offered him the knighthood of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and the "good fellowship" pension once accepted and enjoyed by Dr. Samuel Johnson and also by the poet Southey.

Carlyle declined the title as being out of keeping with the tenor of his "poor existence," and the pension because he was not in needy circumstances; but the fact of the offer and the generous language in which it was conveyed, startled and subdued him. He wrote frankly to Disraeli:

"Allow me to say that the letter, both in purpose and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble; that it is without example in my own poor history, and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons toward men of letters at the present or at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart."

Subsequently he wrote to his friend, the Countess of Derby:

"Mr. Disraeli's letter is really what I called it, magnanimous and noble on his part. It reveals to me, after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for. It is, as my penitent heart admonishes me, a kind of 'heaping coals of fire on my head,' and I do truly repent and promise to amend."

One needs no better evidence of the real greatness of Carlyle than the promptness with which he recognized this magnanimity, and the manliness with which he acknowledged it.

Not Much of a Musician.

They were talking about music, he and she, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. What he didn't know about the soothing art would fill several square volumes, calf bound. What she thought she knew would take just as much space.

"Now, there's Mary," she declared. "She has beautiful expression."

"So have you," he replied. "Your expression has Mary's beat a block."

The girl smiled, and continued: "Florence has splendid technique. Her touch is perfection.

"I don't know about technique," the young man admitted. "But talking about touch, you ought to see my sister. I went home with money. Just one touch from her and I didn't have change enough to hail a car or stop a bread wagon."

"That is too much," declared the girl, rebukingly, and the subject was changed.

Origin of the Term "Infantry."

The term "infantry" soldiers originated with the Spanish, and was first applied to the military force employed by an infante, or young Prince of Spain, to rescue his father from the Moors.

A woman was roasting the men today, whereupon a man said with a grieved tone, "Madam, you forget that your father was a man."

"The use of slang," says George Eliot, "denotes poverty of thought." It promotes thoughtlessness in speech and lays no solid foundation for written language.

One would hardly think that among the most delightful of literary occupations is the perusal of sale catalogues of books. It opens a wide and suggestive field of information—so says that good authority, Mr. Spofford, librarian of Congress.

Dr. Ryle, the Bishop of Exeter, is evidently a keen admirer of Scott. At a prize distribution he handed a boy a copy of Marmion. "Have you read it?" inquired the prelate. "Yes," said the boy. "Then," said his lordship, "read it again."

The author of a new novel which sells up to a hundred thousand copies must not think that he is breaking the record. The sale of "Ben Hur" goes right on. The publishers state that over 725,000 copies of Gen. Wallace's novel have been sold.

There is one kind of disease, it seems, which is desirable to have, and yet it is seldom cured—book-madness. Mr. Leon E. Vincent has written an essay with his title in the Arnold Record of American First Editions, which treats of the charms of the collecting habit in both sexes.

Louisa M. Alcott in 1874 wrote to a young author this advice: "Learn to write short, and above all learn the art of taking a very simple event or character and making it true to life, with the mixture of the comic and the pathetic that exists in what we call human nature. Put your own experience into your tales and they can't fail to be good."

There will be presented next season another book-play, and one that is said to have all the marks of success about it. It is from Uncle Terry, by Charles Clark Munn. The characters in the book are all taken from people who are alive to-day, and Uncle Terry himself, a light housekeeper in Maine, is a plain, homely, lovable man—all of which make the book so popular.

Books wind into the heart. We read them when young, we remember them when old. We read there of what has happened to others. Even here, on Salisbury Plain, with a few old authors, I can manage to get through the summer or winter months without ever knowing what it is to feel ennui. They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner; and at night, by the blazing hearth, discourse the silent hours away. Books let us into the souls of men, and lay open to us the secrets of our own. They are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments.—William Hazlitt.

At fifteen years of age Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's verses were accepted, at eighteen she published a volume of stories and poems that sold to the number of 15,000, and six weeks after leaving her boarding school she married her publisher, William Moulton. She made their home in Rutland Square, Boston, famous as bringing together many of the literary lights of that city. She is almost as equally well known in London. Of late more of her time is spent in her Boston home. In that comfortable old house, filled with books, is seen on the walls specimens of the youthful genius of James N. Whistler, who was a schoolmate of Mrs. Moulton.

Incorrect Diagnosis.

He posed as a fortune-teller and mind reader, and when he was arrested and taken into a New York court for posting handbills on the street, he explained his vocation to the presiding judge.

"And so you are a mind reader," said the interpreter of the law. "I wonder if you can read my mind."

"Oh, yes," replied the prisoner, apparently believing that a "bluff" would serve his cause as well as anything. "You are of a bright and cheerful disposition. And I can see by the merry twinkle in your mind that you are about to tell me to go home."

"Your diagnosis is not correct," said the judge. "I was merely meditating whether I should make the fine five dollars or ten dollars. I think we will call it five dollars this time."

Changed Her Mind.

The house was "handy to the street-car line" and in good repair, there were the proper number of closets and the rental was reasonable, but before coming to terms the house-hunting matron said to the agent:

"It is only fair for me to tell you that we have five boys."

"That won't make any difference, ma'am," he said, with a smile. "You will find big families of boys on both sides of you."

"Oh, then I don't want the house at all!" she exclaimed. "I want to find a neighborhood where there won't be any boys but mine!"

At last accounts she was still hunting.

Millions of Cigarettes.

In one New York factory 30,000,000 cigarettes a week are turned out on an average all the year round.

The day that a woman washes her head her family expects very little she of her.

Quite a Relief.

He—"Clarice, you know I have always thought a great deal of you, and I have flattered myself you think not unfavorably of me. May I—will you be my wife?"

She—"What a start you gave me, Harry! Do you know, I thought you were going to ask me to lend you some money."—Boston Transcript.

A Noble Ambition.

Cholly—"I am tired of letting paw support me, and I've made up my mind to become independent of him, don't you know."

Miss Bullion—"I think that a very noble ambition."

Cholly—"Yaas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice rich girl like you, don't you know."

A New Shade.

"The critics say there's good local color in that new Kentucky novel."

"Oh, yes; the author says the heroine had 'Bourbon colored eyes.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Saskatchewan, Western Canada, Is Called the "Garden of Eden" by a former Resident of Reed City, Mich.

In a letter to the Reed City, Mich., Clarion, Mr. Jas. G. Armstrong of Meltford, Saskatchewan, says, writing on 27th of May, 1901:

"This is a fine country for a poor man, as he can go out on the hay slews and cut all the hay he needs. He turns his cattle out on the prairie, and when he is not using his horses, he turns them out also. There is such an abundance of food they never wander away.

"A lady, who has lived here eight years, told me that this was the original 'Garden of Eden.' I certainly would believe it, if we could only find the apple trees. But as it is, we have many varieties of fruit—strawberries, cranberries, saskatoons, huckleberries, red and black currants, dewberries, plums, red and black cherries, and red raspberries. All of these fruits grow wild. Then the flowers that dot the prairies, making them look like a real garden. We have eaten of the wild red currants, and they are equal if not superior to those grown in Michigan. We have sweet corn 7½ inches high. As the western farmers are all done seeding, branding cattle and sheep shearing are now progressing. Wool is only five cents a pound, and many ranchers have on hand last year's clip. I inclose you a potato blossom, slice of new potato, which measured 6½ inches when cut. This is no fairy tale, if we are so much farther north than Reed City. It is all facts. Come up and see. This has been truly called the 'garden of the West.' With fruits and flowers, lakes and streams, fish and fowl, beautiful rivers, tracts of timber and mountains, what more does a man want?" Information concerning all parts of Western Canada will be cheerfully given by communicating with the agent of the Government of Canada, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

PRINCESS VIROQUA, M. D.

Endorses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After Following Its Record For Years.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Health is the greatest boon bestowed on humanity and therefore anything that can restore lost health is a blessing. I consider **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** as a blessing to State and Nation. It cures her mothers and daughters and makes them well and strong.

PRINCESS VIROQUA,
Practicing Physician and Lecturer.

"For fifteen years I have noted the effect of your Vegetable Compound in curing special diseases of women.

"I know of nothing superior for ovarian trouble, barrenness, and it has prevented hundreds of dangerous operations where physicians claimed it was the only chance to get well. Ulceration and inflammation of the womb has been cured in two or three weeks through its use, and as I find it purely an herbal remedy, I unhesitatingly give it my highest endorsement.—Fraternally yours, DR. P. VIROQUA, Lansing, Mich."—*$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

If you are ill do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for special advice; it is entirely free.

The London school board has 165 cookery and 110 laundry centers.

JUST THINK OF IT

Every farmer his own landlord, no tithes or taxes, his bank account increasing year by year, land value increasing, stock increasing, splendid climate, one that schools and churches, low taxation, high prices for cattle and grain, low railway rates, and every possible comfort. This is the condition of the farmer in Western Canada, Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Thousands of Americans are now settled there. Reduced rates on all railways for home-seekers and settlers. New districts are being opened up this year. The new 160-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply to C. Pedley, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb., Agent for the Government of Canada.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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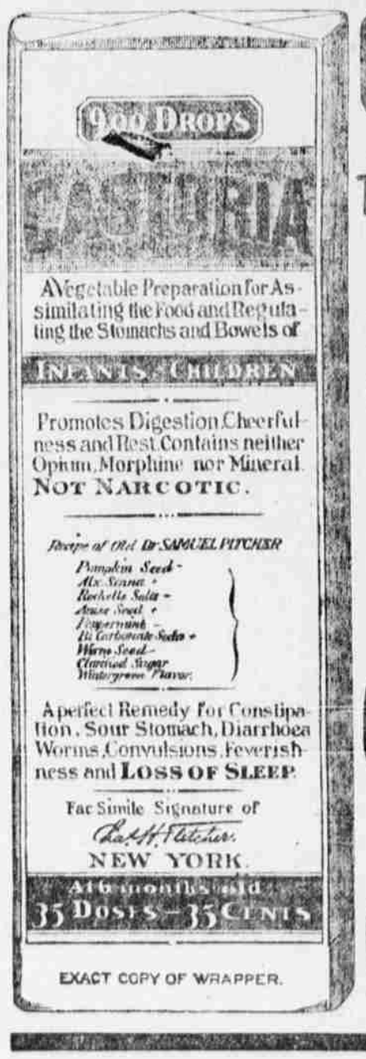

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

A Stupid Traveller.

Gibson—"How stupid some folks are!"

Hudson—"For instance?"

Gibson—"I was sitting in the car last evening, and a man came along and asked, 'Is this seat taken?' And it was full of my bundles. The fellow must have been blind."—Boston Transcript.

A Warning to Girls.

A young woman at Garden City jerked her head back to keep from being kissed, and broke her neck. She did not get kissed, either. It is a terrible warning to the girls not to jerk.—Hutchison, Kan., News.

A girl should never encourage a young man's drinking if she wants him for steady company.

City Gadders.

Aunt Hilda—"Well, it do beat all! These city people are the worst gadders I ever heard on."

Mrs. Meadow—"You have a niece there, haven't you?"

Aunt Hilda—"Yes, and her card says she's never at home 'cepting Thursdays."

British taxpayers' incomes average 248 pounds.

If afflicted with Asthma, Thompson's Eye Water