

FOR WOMAN'S EYE

The Sanative, Antiseptic, Cleansing, Purifying, Beautifying Properties of CUTICURA SOAP render it of Priceless Value to Women.

Much that every woman should know is told in the circular wrapped about the Soap.

WHILE the farmer is gathering his crops his body is gathering a crop of aches and pains, cuts, bruises, backache, sore muscles and stiffened joints. Why not allow

Mexican Mustang Liniment

to attend to the latter crop? That is just what it is intended for. It drives out the aches and heals the wounded flesh most thoroughly. It's the Best Liniment for the flesh of man or beast.

In San Francisco there is a telephone for every sixteen persons; in Greater New York, only one for every forty-eight of their residents.

A Texas spider caves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread then reaches on board with her half dozen little ones, cuts the thread, and away goes the airship to some distant point on the prairie.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men in all stations of life than any other make, because they are the only shoes that in every way equal those costing \$5.00 and \$6.00.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES

CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1899 sales, \$1,103,820; 1900 sales, \$2,040,000. Best imported and American leathers, Hag's Patent Gait, English, Box Gait, Gait, Kid, Cord, Calf, Wat, Kangaroo, East Color, Eyelets used. Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 2c extra. Illinois, Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



LIBBY Luncheons

Season the product in key-opening cans. Turn a key and you find the meat exactly as it left us. We put them up in this way. Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (whole), Veal Loaf, Deviled Ham, Brisket Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef. All Natural Flavor Foods. Palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. "How to Make Good Things to Eat" will be sent free if you ask us.

N. N. U. NO. 737-38, YORK, NEB

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. One in time. Sold by druggists.

A monster mushroom has been gathered in a field at Northwood. It weighs 21 pounds 2 ounces, measuring 39 inches in circumference, and grew in three days.

The greatest coffee drinkers are the Americans. Last year the importation of coffee cost the people of the United States \$52,000,000. The greatest tea drinkers are the English, the greatest wine drinkers are the French, and the greatest beer drinkers are the Germans.

In Cuba it is the custom to sell peeled oranges on the street stands.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption for Asthma. It has given me great relief.—W. L. Wood, Farmersburg, Ind., Sept. 8, 1901.

Glass bath tubs are in use in Germany.

Don't forget a large 2-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Los Angeles claims to have a greater stretch of attractive ocean beach in its vicinity than any other American city.

Use the famous Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2-oz. package 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

In consequence of an increase in the price of German coal sent to Switzerland, that country is now being supplied with American coal.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, the bottle.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

The physical effects of violent emotion are shown by hysteria and various forms of insanity in animals, as well as in man.

Nothing half so fine as Mrs. Austin's Pan-cake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.

FITS. Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 24-page trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, M. D., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED Men for the United States

Navy, able bodied, age 18 to 35, and boys age 15 to 17. Write for information. Naval Recruiting Service, 101 Main St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

FOR SORE FEET. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING TO KEEP YOU DRY.

MADE FOR WET WORK. SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson (Stonewall) died May 10, 1863, of injuries received at Chancellorsville the night of May 2. The Southern people have always insisted that the fatal shots were from the muskets of Jackson's own men, delivered, of course, under a misapprehension, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. They dislike to admit that Federal bullets could kill the hero whom they almost worshiped. His loss was mourned in the army and throughout the South, and his people profess to believe that his death was the beginning of the end of the Confederacy, and that had he lived their cause might have triumphed. History will doubtless take a different view of the matter. It was quite evident that Jackson had had his day. It was not in the nature of things that he could have continued those exploits which have made him famous. It would be a very grave indictment of the generals opposed to him to assume that he could have kept on surprising their camps by sudden strokes.

The greatest of all blows delivered by Jackson was at Chancellorsville, and it is to be doubted whether there was another general in the army of the Potomac besides Hooker who would have given Stonewall his opportunity at that time. Jackson's thesis, often expressed, was "Mystify the enemy," but the commonest soldier in the Federal army in Virginia had come to understand Jackson's movements. It was a frequent saying in the camps when encouraging news was disseminated from army headquarters about the military situation: "Now look out for Stonewall Jackson on our flank." Everybody understood that Jackson had to be reckoned with, and it could have been only a question of time when he would have been reckoned with.

For another thing, Jackson's methods could only succeed in the absence of a strong cavalry force opposed to him. Such a force he had never encountered, but the day of his good luck in that respect had passed when he was killed. Hooker in his blindness had sent the new and splendid cavalry corps of the army of the Potomac on a wild raid around the rear of Lee. Nothing was gained by it, but the army lost the strong mounted vanguards that should have preceded it on its own flanking movements around the rear of Lee's strong position on the Rappahannock. Had that cavalry corps been in its place, masking Hooker's march and guarding his flank, Stonewall's scheme of mystifying would have failed. His march would have been detected, as, in fact, it was detected, but a force would have been at hand to check it and to give Hooker warning so as to enable him to prepare for any onslaught.

In the very next campaign, that at Gettysburg, it fell to Jeb Stuart's cavalry to try to repeat the Stonewall tactics and fall upon the flank and rear of Meade's army on Cemetery Ridge. Had he carried out his plans and orders, Gettysburg would have a different history. But Pleasanton's cavalry corps was on hand, and when Stuart struck his blow it fell upon the strong steel of Custer, Gregg and McIntosh. It was always so after that in the army of the Potomac, and whenever the flanks were endangered by Jackson-like movements it was when the cavalry was absent on other duty, and then the infantry was alert.

Then, another thing, Jackson's field had been changed. Longstreet says that the newspapers made Jackson's reputation by exploiting his conquests over the petty little armies in the Shenandoah. He never met his peers in that region. Naturally his people demanded that so formidable a marshal should be attached to Lee's main army, but he made no brilliant success as a fighter alongside of Longstreet and A. P. Hill and R. H. Anderson. His great march from the Shenandoah to Richmond to help raise the siege was a great feat, but his success was due to the mystery of the movement, to the fatuity of the Federal generals set to watch him and the fact that the army of the Potomac besieging Richmond had no cavalry to speak of, barely enough for outpost duty. The natural place for a cavalry corps, had there been one connected with the army of the Potomac, would have been to the northeast of Richmond, right in the pathway of Jackson's march. Then that flank would never have been turned.

As it was, when the battle opened Jackson got to work several hours late and contributed very little to Lee's strength. It was so all through the campaign of the seven days around Richmond. The attacks of the Confederates upon the army of the Potomac were repulsed upon three different fields within a week. Lee's losses were frightful, and Jackson's troops were barely engaged. Jackson's next move was to steal a march in the rear of Pope's army at Manassas, a most daring maneuver, but he placed his whole force in a trap and would have been annihilated had it not been for the activity and devotion of Longstreet.

Jackson's great weakness as a general was his morbid reticence. He had no confidants among his colleagues or subordinates. This was a great mistake in that kind of a warfare, in which he followed and led to his ruin. In none of his great enterprises was there a second in command instructed to take up leadership in case of necessity and

carry on the work. Such a state of affairs could easily result in the loss of an army. Jackson was wounded at Chancellorsville while engaged in duties that properly belonged to his staff of officers, or at the most to one of his brigadiers. It is not the place of the leader of an army in the critical situation to go at night outside of his picket lines to reconnoiter in the face of an enemy. And when he was shot down, the movement, successful up to that time, was virtually paralyzed for want of a successor to the fallen chieftain.

Still, Jackson was a great leader and a great soldier. His men idolized him and his superiors trusted him. The talents he displayed fitted him for an independent command, but in a small field. They would not have won for him the command of one of the great armies destined to settle the issue by hard fighting. It is well to recall these facts at this time, when a young generation is studying the subject of war. The military ideals to be looked up to in case of war should be sound ones. A picturesque and thrilling career is not necessarily the most serviceable one in war any more than in civil life.

The Grand Army Button.

How dear to my heart, is this Grand Army Button, An emblem of Loyalty, gold cannot buy. A badge which the Nation, in gratitude put on The breast of the heroes who came home to die. As comrades we wear it, over hearts that are beating With pride as we think of the days that are past. Shoulder to shoulder, as life is retreating, Fraternally greeting with loyal hands clasped.

CHORUS:

The little bronze button, the danger tried button.

The Grand Army button we wear with such pride.

If danger again should threaten "old glory,"

The blue and the gray, then, would rally around.

The star-spangled banner, forgetting the story,

That we, as opponents, had ever been found.

No Northern or Southern, no Eastern, no Western.

Americans ever, united we stand. Shoulder to shoulder, without a question,

Orders obeying, but justice demand.

CHORUS:

The little bronze button, the danger tried button.

The Grand Army button we wear with such pride.

—American Tribune.

The Veteran Saw It All.

An old man with silvery hair was led into the cyclorama of Gettysburg, in New York, by a bright-faced little miss in a jaunty gypsy hat and dress and sat down while she described to him the features of the pictures in detail, occasionally asking her a question or shaking his head slowly, as if in doubt of the accuracy of her account. She had described to him in her own way the on-rush of Pickett's men and the hand-to-hand conflict at the stone fence where the Pennsylvania veterans met the charge of the Southerners, when he asked, "But where's the artillery, Mag?"

"Oh, you mean the big guns. They're over there on the hill in a row."

"All in a row?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

He shook his head. "Look around," said he. "There must be some more that are not in line."

"Yes," she said. "There are some down here, but they are all upset and seem to be broken. I think they are busted."

"Is that where the men are coming over the stone wall?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Is there a grove of trees?"

"Yes, grandpa. It seems to be full of men, but the smoke is so thick you cannot see them."

"Oh, I can see them," he cried.

It was then noticed by several people who were listening to him that he was blind. The little girl said: "Oh, no, grandpa, you can't see them."

"Yes I can," he answered. "I can see them very well, and the broken cannon, too."

The child looked at him with innocent surprise as she said: "You are joking now."

"No, my dear," replied the old man. "No. That was the last thing I ever saw on earth. There was a caisson exploded there just this side of that fence and that was the last terrible picture I ever saw, for it was then I lost my eyesight, and I have never got the picture of it out of my mind."

His Matody.

Farmer Honk—I understand that the young city feller that has been boardin' at Eli Summertine's died last night in sort of a peculiar manner.

Farmer Hornbeak—D'know as there was anything specially peculiar about it. He died dead, same as folks generally do.

Farmer Honk—Aw, you know what I mean—the cause of his death was peculiar.

Farmer Hornbeak—D'know as it was either. He died of a combination of mushroom appetite and foodstool judgment—a pretty common fallin' amongst city folks, I've noticed.—Judge.

During the Civil War the Confederate cruisers captured or destroyed 80 ships, 46 brigs, 84 barks, 67 schooners and 8 other vessels flying the American flag.

Little Switzerland has an enormous army in proportion to population. The population is 2,900,000; the standing army, 128,000.

OLD FAVORITES

The Day Is Done. Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Glean through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet The restless pulse of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume The poem of thy choice, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

O, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose. O, my love's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O, my love's like the melody That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love! And fare thee weel awhile! And I will come again, my love, Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

—Robert Burns.

HONOR FOR ILLINOIS GIRL.

Miss Augusta Cottlow Was Born and Reared in Shelbyville.

Shelbyville, Ill., lays claim to the distinction of being the home and birthplace of many men and women whose diverse talents have won for them a national reputation and reflected credit upon this city. Prominent among this number is Miss Augusta Cottlow, familiarly known as Gussie by her Shelbyville friends.

Miss Cottlow was born on April 2, 1878. At the early age of 3 years she



MISS AUGUSTA COTLOW.

played the piano by ear and at 4 began the regular study of music. From that age until 9 her only teacher was her mother. Since then she has studied under the best teachers in this country and in Europe, where she spent five years and played before many of the crowned heads, eliciting in every instance merited applause and commendation. Her success in Berlin is history.

Town with Many Historic Trees.

Litchfield, Conn., has more historic trees than any other town in New England. Among others are two elms planted by John C. Calhoun, a sycamore said to be one of thirteen planted by Oliver Wolcott, signer of the declaration of independence, and named after the thirteen original colonies, an elm which served as a whipping post in colonial days, and a willow tree which grew from a waiving stick stuck in the ground by Colonel Talmadge, the American officer who captured Major Andre, the British spy.

Seeks Damages for Lost Teeth.

A Russian opera singer who lost five teeth in a railway accident on the Trans-Caucasian line has just been awarded \$50,000 damages, or at the rate of \$10,000 for each tooth. She claimed that the loss of her teeth prevented her from singing and deprived her of a large revenue.

"Are you broke?" asked one brakeman of another. "No, but I'm braking," was the reply.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism Neuralgia Backache Headache Feetache All Bodily Aches AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

In a speech in London the other day Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told an admirable story of the advice given by an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, respectively, to a gentleman whose servant was constantly breaking articles in the household. The Englishman said to the employer: "Oh, get rid of him—dismiss him." The Scotch advice was: "Stop the money out of his wages." "But," said the master, "he breaks more than his wages amount to." "Then," said the Irishman, "raise his wages."

Unable to Rise.

Morenci, Mich., Sept. 8th.—Mr. J. S. Whitehead, of this place, has given the following letter for publication:

"Unsolicited, I wish to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and to return thanks for the great benefit I have derived from a few boxes of this splendid remedy.

"I had kidney trouble very bad, in fact, I suffered so much that for days at a time I could not get out of the chair where I had been sitting without assistance.

"I cannot describe the pains I suffered for they were something fearful. About seven or eight months ago I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and very soon found that they were helping me.

"I can truthfully say that they have done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken.

"I have been greatly benefited by them and it is my desire to let others know so that if anyone is suffering as I suffered they may know where a cure may be found."

In the Isle of Man roads are kept up by a small tax on every hoof and every wheel, and a sum equal to one day's labor yearly from all the inhabitants.

Don't Give Up.

Don't be discouraged by past efforts to find relief and cure from the myriads of ills that come from sick kidneys. You may pass nights of sleepless tossing annoyed by frequent urination. Your back may ache like a toothache or sudden twitches and twinges of backache pain make life a misery. Perhaps you have nervous spells, are weak, tired out, depressed. There is cure for all of this and for every trouble of the bladder and kidneys. Read this case and note it tells how well the cure was tested.

Charles Lindgren, sealer of freight cars on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., La Porte, Ind., says: "I have greater faith in Dodd's Kidney Pills to-day than I had in the fall of 1897, when I began taking them, and made a public statement of the result. At that time I had suffered with lameness and soreness of the back which was so excruciating that I could scarcely turn in bed and Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured this trouble. I am always ready to endorse Dodd's Kidney Pills personally to anyone requiring a kidney remedy. After a lapse of three years I make this statement which shows my undoubted faith in the preparation."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mr. Lindgren will be mailed on application to any part of the U. S. Address: Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents per box.

Bamboo pens have been used in India for over one hundred years. They are made like the ordinary pen, and for a few hours writing are said to be very serviceable.

Nothing half so fine as Mrs. Austin's Pan-cake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.

Ducks are the most numerous fowls in China, and form the chief animal food of the Mongolians. They are kept on every farm, and on all the lakes and smaller streams. There are many boats in some of which as many as two thousand are kept.

Nothing half so fine as Mrs. Austin's Pan-cake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.

New Cook—I'm afraid I can't take the place mumm. Mistress—Why? New Cook—Well, mumm, the kitchen table ain't big enough for ping-pong!—The Sketch.

Carl Seller, an eminent oculist, declares that it is not only not hurtful to read in a recumbent position, but actually beneficial to persons of weak eyesight. Throwing the head back, he asserts, brings gravity into play, and partially empties the veins overfilled by prolonged work with the eyes.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher