

VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

A Pioneer of Colorado and Nebraska.

Matthias Campbell, veteran of the Civil War and two Indian wars, and a pioneer of Colorado, now living at 218 East Nebraska street, Blair, Neb., says: "I had such pains in my back for a long time that I could not turn in bed, and at times there was an almost total stoppage of the urine. My wife and I have both used Doan's Kidney Pills for what doctors diagnosed as advanced kidney troubles, and both of us have been completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

IMPRESSED THE LITTLE ONE.

Department of Colored Gentleman a Matter of Admiration.

Little Elsie, who had recently returned from a visit to Washington, was describing to her companion some of the wonderful things she had observed in the Capitol City.

"One evening," said she, breathlessly, "papa took me to have supper at a grand hotel where the dining room was awfully big, and at the tables around us sat great senators and representatives with their wives, all drinking champagne!"

"I suppose the manners of these great persons were perfect?" ventured her companion, with widened eyes.

"Yes," returned Elsie. "But," she added, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "the department of the colored gentlemen who served the wine was perfectly beautiful!"

NO. BUT HE USED TO BE.



"Are you interested in things psychical, Mr. Dubbs?"

"No, Miss Culshaw; I haven't wheeled any since the chainless-gear safety came in."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Peace for Once.

"I tell you, Judson is a slick chap," laughed Silas Ryetop. "He took his wife to Washington and kept her in the congressional library four hours."

"What did he do that for?" asked Hiram Hardapple.

"Why, begosh, they fine you if you talk in that building, and for four hours she didn't speak a word."

Why She Asked.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" she asked.

"Why do you put that question to me?" he replied.

"I only wished to know whether it was lack of experience or natural awkwardness that made you go about it in such a ridiculous way."

"Mrs. Pinkham, of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., together with her son, Arthur W. Pinkham, and the younger members of her family, sailed for Naples on May 20th for a three months' tour throughout Europe and a much needed vacation."

Jersey Legislation.

"That was a disgusting slap the governor took at our bills," said the New Jersey legislator.

"Seemed to irritate him as much as mosquito bills," admitted the disgruntled colleague.

When you meet with men of worth think how you may attain their level; when you see those of an opposite character, look within and examine yourself.—Confucius.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Independence Bell

A Poem That Has Been Read for Years—That Is Worth Reading Again—Who Wrote It?

When it became certain that the Declaration of Independence would be adopted and confirmed by the signatures of the delegates in the Continental Congress it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim Liberty to the land to all inhabitants thereof," and the old bellman posted his grandson at the door of the hall to await the instruction of the doorkeeper when to ring. As the word that the document had been signed the little patriot scion rushed out and flinging up his hands shouted, "Ring! Ring! Ring!"

There was a tumult in the city, In the quaint old Quaker town, And the streets were rife with people Pacing restless up and down; People gathering at corners, Where they whispered each to each, And the sweat stood on their temples, With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents Lash the wild Newfoundland shore, So they beat against the State House, So they surged against the door; And the mingling of their voices Made a harmony profound, Till the quiet street of chestnuts Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?" "Who is speaking?"—"What's the news?" "What of Adams?"—"What of Sherman?"—"Oh! God grant they won't refuse!" "Make some way there!"—"Let me nearer!" "I am stifling!"—"Stifle, then, When a Nation's life is at hazard We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal, Men and women, maid and child; And the July sun in heaven On the scene looked down and smiled; The same sun that saw the Spartan Shed his patriot blood in vain Now beheld the soul in freedom All unconquered, rise again.

So they surged against the State House, While, all solemnly inside, Sat the "Continental Congress," Truth and reason for their guide, O'er a simple scroll debating— Which, though simple it might be— Yet should shake the cliffs of England With the thunders of the free.

At the portal of the State House, Like some beacon in a storm, Round which waves are wildly beating, Stood a boyish, slender form; With his eyes fixed on the steeple And his ears agape with greed To catch the first announcement Of the "signing" of the deed.

Aloft, in that high steeple, Sat the bellman, old and gray— He was weary of the tyrant And his iron-sceptered sway, So he sat, with one hand ready On the clapper of the bell, When his eye should catch the signal, The happy news to tell.

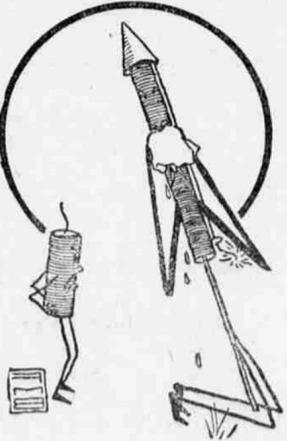
See! see! The dense crowd quivers Through all its lengthy line, As the boy beside the portal Looks forth to give the sign! With his small hands upward lifted, Breezes dallying with his hair, Hark! with deep, clear intonation, Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur, List the boy's strong, joyous cry! "Ring!" he shouted, "Ring! Ring! Ring! Oh! Ring! for Liberty!" And straightway, at the signal, The old bellman lifts his hand, And sends the good news making Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! what rejoicing! How the old bell shook the air, Till the clang of freedom ruffled The calm gliding Delaware! How the bonfires and the torches Illumined the night's repose, And from the flames, like Phoenix, Fair Liberty arose.

The old bell now is silent, And hushed its iron tongue, But the spirit it awakened Still lives—forever young, And while we greet the sunlight On the Fourth of each July, We'll ne'er forget the bellman, Who, 'twixt the earth and sky, Rang out OUR INDEPENDENCE! Which, please God, shall never die.

STILL IN THE HOSPITAL.



Firecracker—What you lingering round here for, Mr. Rocket? Thought you were going off on the Fourth.

Rocket—Why, the fact is, the little boy with me went off before I did and hasn't got back from the hospital yet, and I am waiting for him.—Judge.



Get out the declaration and read it again. Perhaps there may be a few points you have forgotten. Oh, by the way, have you ever read it?

GREAT DAY IN HISTORY



Everett's Eulogy on Independence Hall

DEED which neither France nor England, Greece nor Rome, ever witnessed was done in Independence Hall, in the city of Philadelphia; a deed that cannot be matched in the history of the world. That old Hall should forever be kept sacred as the scene of such a deed. Let the rains of heaven distil gently on its roof, and the storms of winter beat softly on its door. As each successive generation of those who have been benefited by the great Declaration made within its walls shall make their pilgrimage to that shrine, may they think it not unseemly to call its walls salvation and its gates praise.—Edward Everett.

IT is possible to hold Fourth of July celebrations in the shadow of the structure which saw the birth and signing of the Declaration of Independence, the most potent doctrine for freedom in the history of the world, and the nation has not ignored the opportunity.

There are many patriotic Americans who make it a duty on July 4 to journey to Philadelphia, a pilgrimage to the shrine of liberty, there to raise their voices in thanks and rejoicing for the great deed that was there accomplished.

Since that day, now distant 131 years, when Charles Thomson, rising in his chair, read for the first time the final draft of that momentous document which Thomas Jefferson wrote, but which underwent many changes before meeting with the final approval of the delegates to the continental congress, not an Independence day has been permitted to pass without a proper celebration in the public square back of Independence Hall.

Presidents of the United States, senators, representatives, justices of the highest courts, and even foreign ambassadors have poured forth their eloquence at liberty's cradle. The municipal authorities of the city of Philadelphia are careful to see to it that some distinguished man is always on hand as orator of the day.

The pomp of military circumstance has sometimes been called upon to lend prestige to the occasion, and the best musicians of the land have been proud to play patriotic airs in the shadow of the steeple where hung the bell that so singularly fulfilled the prophetic mission assigned it 24 years before to "proclaim liberty throughout the land."

The location of the hall lends itself to purposes of public celebration. There is ample room, both front and back, for the building stands well back from the pavement, so that a large company can gather in front. In the rear, the beautiful Independence square, there is still more space, and thousands assemble to listen to the orations, and hear the Declaration of Independence read.

This latter is really the distinctive feature of Fourth of July celebrations in Independence square. The day would not seem properly observed without this omitted.

It is a notable record of which every American may be proud that not a Fourth of July has passed since we have been a nation, without the inspired words being uttered again to the air that heard them first.

The first reading of the declaration was that by Charles Thomson, the secretary of congress, when he announced the completed paper to the men who had framed it. Thomson did not, however, read the declaration from the balcony of Independence hall to the people crowded outside to hear for the first time in what terms the colonists should tell King George that his control of the 13 colonies was at an end.

That privilege was reserved for John Nixon, a prominent member of the committee of safety. In honor of the occasion, delegates to the congress fled out in the July sunshine to listen to the sacred words.

Later, long years after, Edwin Forrest, the most noted of American actors, whose love for patriotism and the institutions of his country was deeper even than his regard for the stage, stood on the same spot, and on a Fourth of July morning read the words of Jefferson, as no man has read them before or since. A great crowd was present, perhaps the largest ever as-

sembled, and the actor during and after the reading was cheered again and again.

Forest, esteemed the Declaration of Independence as the best single piece of composition in existence, valuing it even above his beloved Shakespeare. Two years after the first Fourth of July, there occurred a celebration in Independence square that had a special significance. The advance of the British, and their occupation of Philadelphia during the winter of 1777-1778, had forced congress to leave the Quaker city and go to York.

After the evacuation congress returned July 2 and a grand celebration of the recurrence of the promulgation of the declaration was held, in which nearly the entire population of Philadelphia joined. Chevalier Conrad Alexander Gerard of France, the first minister ever accredited to the United States from any power, was an interested spectator.

During the centennial in Philadelphia there was naturally a notable demonstration, and no less a person than Don Pedro, emperor of Brazil, sat among those who cheered the sentiments that had sounded the downfall of monarchy in this country, and were finally to take his throne from the ruler of Brazil.

In later years, another representative of a foreign country was the central figure at Independence square. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister, spoke there with fine eloquence, and made one of the best speeches uttered to him in his many felicitous utterances in this country.

The anomaly that he was the envoy of one of the most absolute of monarchies did not prevent the celestial from painting in most graphic phrase what the venerable building stood for.

During his first administration, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, came to Philadelphia one Fourth of July and, standing on a platform raised on the square, appealed to the young manhood of America that the great lessons of 1776 be not ignored.

Samuel J. Randall, Judge Kelley, Gen. Grant, Lewis Cassidy have also figured prominently in Fourth of July celebrations there.

During the administration of Mayor Warwick, himself an orator of genuine gifts, every year was made the occasion of notable demonstrations to which were invited men of national fame.

Under the direction of the governor of Pennsylvania a work of incalculable interest has been finished at Valley Forge park by the state.

Valley Forge has a close relationship with Independence day, and the old camp site has proved a Mecca on July 4 to thousands of Americans who come from all over the union to pay a tribute to the fathers of the United States who suffered and died on this historic spot. Practically the entire site has been reserved. A chapel has been erected on the spot where Washington was discovered at prayer. At the moment Valley Forge park comprises about 175 acres. It is properly policed and cared for by workmen, whose duty it is to keep the roads and the entire park in perfect order.

Public interest has kept pace with the work. On Memorial day 1,500 persons registered at the headquarters, and this is probably not one-fourth of those who were in the park.

Anywhere from 8,000 to 10,000 Americans will fittingly celebrate July 4, 1908, by going over the ground, on which their heroic forefathers underwent the sufferings that made Independence possible.

He Had Broken Something.

Mrs. Wilson had a young Japanese servant who had a habit of trying to conceal from his mistress any breakage of dishes of which he chanced to be guilty. The good lady explained that it was wicked to deceive, and directed the Japanese to tell her whenever he broke anything. The boy promised to do as she advised. One day, while Mrs. Wilson was entertaining some friends in the parlor, the Japanese suddenly appeared in the doorway. His teeth were bared in a childlike smile, and his eyes sparkled with the light of conscious virtue.

"Meesa Wilson, you ter-ra me, when break someting to ter-ra you, I break my pants!"—Success Magazine.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Business Amounts to Something. Last year Brazil needed over 20,000,000 jute bags to hold the year's coffee production. Each bag costs the shippers a trifle over 18 cents. The business of making coffee bags thus amounted last year to nearly \$4,000,000.

Try Murine Eye Remedy For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Ask your Druggist. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Lotteries Pay Big Dividends. Nearly \$100,000 is spent in Mexico City every week on lottery tickets and in the same period only about \$70,000 is paid back in premiums.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease, hair falling, itching, and dandruff. 50c a bottle.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained PENSIONS by Thompson's Eye Water
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 26, 1908.



After suffering for seven years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter.

Mrs. Sallie French, of Panama, Ind. Terr., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had female troubles for seven years—I was all run-down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different troubles but did me no good. While in this condition I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now strong and well."

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