

## A REASON FOR SICKNESS.



Healthy kidneys take from the blood every 24 hours 500 grains of impure, poisonous matter—more than enough to cause death. Weakened kidneys leave this waste in the blood, and you are soon sick. To get well, cure the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, the great kidney specific.

Mrs. J. A. Bowles of 118 Core St., Durham, N. C., says: "I was sick and bedfast for over nine months, and the doctor who attended me said unless I submitted to an operation for gravel I would never be well. I would not consent to that and so continued to suffer. My back was so weak I could not stand or walk, and it aches constantly. The first day after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I felt relief, and a short time I was up and around the same as ever, free from backache."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Bowles will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

One trouble with the oldest inhabitant is that he remembers too many incidents of his boyhood days that never happened.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. 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 obligations made by him. WARDING, KINNAM & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Baptism for the Dead.

Under the caption "The Vitality of Mormonism," Ray Stannard Baker writes, in the June Century: "Another device which holds the people to the church is the curious doctrine of baptism for the dead. It is believed that the living may, by being baptized, save their relatives who have gone before. A man goes to the temple and is solemnly immersed for his grandfather, who died out of the faith; the grandfather's name is duly entered in the book of records; the grandson contributes a fee, and comes the next day to be baptized for his grandmother, and so on. As the result of this faith the Mormons have delved more deeply into their genealogy, perhaps, than any other class of Americans. I know of several cases in which Mormons have gone to England on purpose to trace out their genealogical tree, bringing back long lists of their ancestors, in some cases going back to the time of William the Conqueror. On their return to Utah they begin the process of baptism, a dip for each ancestor."

## Everybody's Magazine, July, 1904.

The most sensational feature any American magazine has captured in years is Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance, the Story of Amalgamated Copper," which begins in the July issue of Everybody's Magazine. Mr. Lawson was one of the organizers of that gigantic corporation, and he knows exactly what happened to the millions that were lost through its manipulation. His first article is an announcement of distinctly dramatic interest and promises revelations of the highest importance to every one in the country. He frankly states that his purpose in telling the story is to set himself right with the thousands of investors who, through his instrumentality, put their money into Amalgamated and have been plundered.

## "A Day with Hudson Maxim."

Following the plan which St. Nicholas has carried out for several months, the July issue will have an instructive article designed to present valuable facts in a way entertaining to both young and old. "A Day with Hudson Maxim" is the title of Joseph H. Adams' sketch, which will tell many interesting details of the great inventor's life and work. Hudson Maxim's residence is in Brooklyn, where a visitor finds him as much at home among his high explosives as his cook in her kitchen. Mr. Adams tells, among other things, of being invited to lunch on Welsh rarebit cooked in a chafing dish over a lamp filled with—not alcohol, but nitroglycerin.

## Is It Not Worth While

If you travel on business or pleasure, to get the best service for the lowest rates? Ask the Erie Railroad Company, 555 Railway Exchange, Chicago, for full information. Booklets for describing Summer Tours and the Beautiful Chautauque Lake Region; also Cambridge Springs.

The joys of today and the griefs of today will be hand in hand at the setting of the sun.

**Expensive Agricultural Experience.** Senator Stewart of Nevada has also learned that farming—at least fancy farming, with the owner giving no personal attention to the business—does not pay, and his large estate of 600 acres in Virginia, which cost him \$149,000, has been sold to Judge Yeomans, of the interstate commerce commission for \$30,000.

By the time a man thoroughly understands the ways of a woman, he is so old that he doesn't care anything about them.

## The Day

Experience has taught you in advance that picnics are a delusion and a snare; so you know what to expect.

If elections were held on July 5 the party that would promise to raise the tariff on firecrackers 100 per cent would get all the votes except those of the wholesalers and retailers of noise.

It is generally admitted that the Chinese might have been in better business than they were when inventing the firecracker.

Tell the little children about how you had only 5 cents to spend on the Fourth of July when you were a boy. They have never heard about it before.

Cheer up. The almanac-makers declare that it comes only once a year.

Save some of the thumbs; there will be another Fourth next July.

Some foxy gentlemen go up in balloons on the Fourth to escape the noise.

To see some old men holding their ears and to listen to the rumblings of their grouch, one would think they never were boys.

Almost any reasoning being if he had his choice would rather be an automobile than a horse on the Fourth of July.

Still, is it worth such a fuss over a little thing like licking the British?

When the law bumps up against the firecracker the law usually retreats from the scene with a few burned fingers and a bum eye.

Yes, Doras, you are a good guesser. This is the Fourth of July—Modest, shy, Timid, shrinking, quiet, unassuming, etc., July 4th, The day we celebrate Early and late And in the middle; also around the edges. With hammers, tongs and sledges, Anvils, steam whistles, boiler factories and A grand Collision between a ton of noise And a wagonload of sound. The boys Sit around the house all day And play With their thumbs, oh, yes! I guess That's a poor joke. Great smoke! It's really funny. You can't get them near the houses except for money. They start in bright And early a week before and keep it up until midnight. Next day The doctor holds sway. The old men set the pace when they were boys. The year of the big noise, And you can't stop the hubbub With a club Or a standing army. What's the use Of a glorious Fourth if you can't turn noise loose? If it's to be A quilting match or a pink tea Let the boys know In advance of the show That they must shoot No cracker, too! No horn— And they will not go to the trouble of being born.

The doctor is a busy man. His harvest time is here; And he will make enough this week To last him for a year.

## American.

O, Mother of a mighty race, Yet lovely in thy youthful grace! The elder dames, thy haughty peers Admire and hate thy blooming years; With words of shame And taunt of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread That tints thy morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet; Within thy words are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones, While safe thou dwellest with thy sons. They do not know how loved thou art. How many a fond and fearless heart Would rise to throw Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not in their hate and pride, What virtues with thy children bide—How true, how good, thy graceful maids Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;

What generous men Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen. What cordial welcomes greet the guest By thy lone rivers of the west; How faith is kept and truth revered, And man is loved, and God is feared, In woodland homes And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest For earth's down-trodden and oppressed. A shelter for the hunted head, For the starved laborer toll and bread, Power, at thy bounds Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O, fair young Mother! on thy brow Shall sit a nobler grace than now. Deep in the brightness of thy skies, The thronging years in glory rise, And, as they fleet, Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye with every coming hour, Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower; And when thy sisters, elder born, Would brand thy name with words of scorn, Before thine eye Upon their lips the silent shall die.

—William Cullen Bryant.



We all know the history of that pivotal Fourth of July from which all others have become conspicuous. We know how conflicting interests and emotions had contended. How Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had burned the bridges behind them, and been proclaimed traitors by Great Britain, urged on their cautious brethren. How sagacious Franklin, long-headed John Adams and fiery-hearted Richard Henry Lee, together worked and planned, coaxing, persuading and arguing with their conservative colleagues, day after day, until they parroted of their dare-all spirit. How that patriotic Congress eventually put aside every interest, every consideration, save that of liberty and love of the right. How, with bold John Hancock in the chair, the undying fifty-six, on July 4, 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence. We know that the deadly seven years' struggle that followed, that carried that Declaration to the sword's point, and made the world accept it as true. The liberty of America was born on that July day at the state house in Philadelphia. That date shines clothed in a blazing star against a darkened firmament. Let the small boy shout, whistles blow, bells ring, and cannon roar! Never too loudly can the good story be told. At Saratoga and Stony Point, Yorktown and Valley Forge, our fathers won the right for their children's children to the last generation to burn powder and make uproarious din upon this national day of days.

John Adams, the second president, first prophesied that the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence would become a festival day. Boston has the honor of holding the first real Fourth of July celebration. The war was over. The United States were free and independent and Boston proposed in 1783 to celebrate the event in great style. So there were parades and parades and fluttering of flags, and shooting of muskets and cannon. The Declaration of Independence was read aloud, and Dr. John Warren, Professor of Anatomy in Harvard college, made a strongly patriotic speech. The custom, so beautiful and appropriate, was adopted everywhere throughout the land, and the plan of these celebrations has always been closely modeled after the pattern first set.

Exactly ten years after, July 4, 1783, John Quincy Adams was the orator of the day at Boston. He had not yet reached his twenty-sixth year, but his father "was Massachusetts' most prominent son, and his son was counted as in a sense his representative. That day John Quincy Adams showed that he was something more than merely the son of his father. His address is yet considered a masterpiece, and from that day he was a power in the land, and eventually became president.

The morning of the Jubilee Fourth, July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, found four of the signers yet alive. The sunset found but two. On that day there passed away the immortal spirits of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, each of whom had been president of the nation he had helped to make.

The morning of July 4, 1826, found both the old comrades sick unto death. Jefferson sank first, with the words: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." Meanwhile in his mansion, John Adams lay gasping his life away. Ninety-one years had not dimmed his intellect or weakened his courageous spirit. He heard the noise of the day's celebration, and asked what day it was. After he had been told, he lay for a while lost in thought, his mind reverting to those stirring times fifty

years before in the state house in Philadelphia. "The touch of death was on him then, and he realized it. 'Jefferson yet lives!' he ejaculated, and then a little later, a sentiment suggested by the day crossed his lips. 'Independence forever!' he said, and never spoke again.

Exactly five years after the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, James Monroe died, the third president to die upon Independence Day. He was one of the most American of American presidents. His death, on July 4th, emphasized anew the fatality that has pursued so many of our chief magistrates upon this day.

In 1795 Washington selected a plot of ground within the city of Washington as a suitable spot whereupon to erect a monument to the American Revolution. This was never acted upon, but thirty-four years after his death, it was decided instead to erect there a monument to Washington himself. Slowly funds were collected, and on July 4th, 1848, the cornerstone was laid with imposing civic, military and Masonic honors. The monument was built so slowly, however, that not until December, 1884, was the last stone fitted into place, and the beautiful Washington obelisk, the tallest structure in the New World, completed.

Two years after the cornerstone was laid, the unfinished shaft had reached the height of more than 150 feet. Zachary Taylor, the beloved old "Rough and Ready" of the Mexican war, had been president sixteen months. On the national holiday, July 4, 1850, he visited the uncompleted monument, in which he took great interest. Once on the grounds, he laid aside the dignity of his high office and stretched himself under the grateful shade of the partly completed shaft. A peculiar lassitude seemed to come over him, and he lay there a long time. Suddenly paroxysms of internal pain came on. He had been struck with death on Independence day, and that within the shadow of the first president's monument. Again the old fatality to a president upon the Fourth of July. He was carried back to the White House, where he lingered five days and died.

The civil war that devastated our land, 1861-5, had progressed none too favorably for the Union cause up to the middle of 1863. Grant was doggedly besieging Vicksburg, which controlled all the lower Mississippi. As stubbornly the Confederates resisted, Lee had determined to carry the war into the North, and had invaded Pennsylvania with a great army. The fate of the nation swung in the balance. North and South, the people tremblingly awaited the issues of each day. July 1st found Vicksburg still holding out, after six weeks of terrific cannonading. The same first day of the same month brought the clash between the invading army of Lee, and the defending expulsive army of the Federals at Gettysburg, Pa. It was American against American and July 1st passed into July 2nd, and that into the third of July, and yet the dreadful battle raged. Sixty thousand men on those three days were taken prisoners, wounded or killed. Lee was forced back. In the turning battle of the war fortune had favored the Union forces.

The dawn of the Fourth found the heart of our people torn with contending emotions. The mother mourned like Rachel over her son, stark upon the field of Gettysburg; the father rejoiced over a crucial battle won; the South sank, appalled at the blow to her pride, her hope, her ambition; the North was buoyant and elated. Then over the wires at night flashed the news that Vicksburg had surrendered that day, and the Mississippi was open to our gunboats. Great and wild, long and loud, was the rejoicing of the one part of the nation. Sorrowful and filled with despair was the rest of the nation. God grant that never again may Independence Day find one portion of our people rejoicing over the discomfiture of another portion, "for we be brethren."

The "sad Fourth" was in July, 1881. Two days before President Garfield had been shot by Guitaen, the assassin, and for the fifth time in our history the shadow of death hung over an American President upon Independence Day. The country Fourth of July picnics were abandoned, the celebrations in the great cities were suspended. Here and there a flag waved mournfully, as though anticipating its early hanging at half-mast. It was a quiet Fourth, a sad Fourth, a hard Fourth. All hearts were touched. From that awful day, July 2, until the dread day in September, when the last summons came to the poor, worn, suffering President, there was never a waking hour but that the thoughts of our people were with their stricken chief, fighting heroically for life.

The Spanish-American war was on hand in 1898. On the third of that July the Spanish admiral, Cervera, made a desperate attempt to escape from Santiago harbor. It quickly ended in a victory for the Americans. A victory so complete that it annihilated the entire fleet, and the whole body of Spaniards became prisoners of war. Virtually the war was ended then and there. It took a few hours for the news to get where it could be cabled but all over the Union July 4th, 1898 the wires sang busily. The Spaniards were not our flesh and blood, as were the southern soldiers that day thirty five years before, when the Fourth of July wives flashed the news of victory. There was no bitter to the joy, no pang to the victory.

What the future has in store for this red-letter day of time we know not. But come what will, by great deeds done, by battles won, by days of national joy and national sorrow shared together, Fourth of July will ever be a sacred day to all true Americans.

## This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.

## Defiance Starch

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

## Mustn't Flirt Any More.

The Cunard company has issued an order forbidding the officers to promenade the decks with feminine passengers or to participate in any social events on shipboard. It seems that numerous complaints were made that the officers were neglecting their duties in order to play gallant, and besides, that the officers snubbed all but the pretty girls bringing complaints from the ladies not endowed with beauty. The fascinating wearers of gold lace and brass buttons will hereafter attend strictly to their duties, for steamship companies should take as good care of their homely passengers as of their good-looking ones.

## Rules for Politicians.

"There are," said Thomas Taggart, the Democratic leader in Indiana, "three rules of deportment which should be the guiding stars of all politicians: First, never take a drink, for fear of promoting intemperance; second, never refuse a drink, for fear of making bad friends; third, never worry about what happens—unless it happens to you."

## The Preacher's Evidence.

Roland, Ill., June 27.—Diabetes has so long been looked upon as an incurable form of kidney disease that a sure cure for it must rank as one of the most valuable medical discoveries of the age. And every day brings forth fresh evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure diabetes. Important evidence in their favor is given by Rev. Thos. P. Norman, the well-known Baptist minister here. Mr. Norman says: "I had all the symptoms of a bad case of diabetes and received so much benefit from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills that I cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering from that dread disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the worst form of diabetes."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diabetes, one of the final stages of kidney disease. All the earlier stages from backache to rheumatism are naturally much more easily cured by the same remedy.

## The Fulton Centennial.

Profiting by former experiences in the matter of celebrations in not having things ready on time—for instance, the Columbus, Dewey and other affairs—New York has already commenced preparations toward the celebration of the centennial of the sailing of the first steamboat on the Hudson. This will be in 1907, and is to be an auspicious event. Steps have been taken toward building a facsimile of the Clermont, at first sneeringly dubbed "Fulton's Folly," but which turned out to be Robert Fulton's joy and pride when she successfully paddled her way to Albany and back in four days' time. Steamboat development within the last century has been so wonderful that it is fitting to commemorate the inventions of Fulton and John Fitch in as big a blow-out as steam and money can devise.

## Why He Dislikes Republicans.

After one of John Sharp Williams' pull-and-haul contests with Republicans in the house during the last session of congress, Speaker Cannon said to him: "John what makes you such a bitter partisan?" "Well, Joe," was the reply, "coming from you, that is certainly very good." "Oh, never mind about me, but tell me why you are such a partisan." The Mississippian answered gravely, "To tell you the truth, I never saw a Republican until I was 21 years old, and I can't get used to them, somehow."

## FOOD FACTS

### What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food, and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that I must change, then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work miracles. "There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## HOW JACK LONDON "ARRIVED."

Popular Author Struggled Hard for High Position He Holds.

Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but twenty-eight years old. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. To-day he is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of the magazines, from The Century down, are open to him.

The story of how he "arrived," how he first set foot upon the stepping-stone to success, he tells in The Editor, the New York magazine for literary workers, incidentally giving the latter class some excellent advice. Here are a few of his terse, pregnant sentences:

Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out yourself.

Fiction pays best of all. Don't write too much. Don't dash off a 6000-word story before breakfast. Avoid the unhappy ending, the harsh, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the things you write.

Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slap into it every stray thought that flutters up into your brain.

"As soon as a fellow sells two or three things to the magazines," says Jack London, "his friends all ask him how he managed to do it, and then he goes on, in his own racy way, to tell how it happened to him."

He had many liabilities and no assets, no income and several mouths to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, and did not know what an editor looked like. But he sat down and wrote. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had vague ideas, obtained from a Sunday supplement, that a minimum rate of \$10 a thousand words was paid, and figured on earning \$600 a month, without overstocking the market.

One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual long, thick manuscript envelope, a short, thin one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed a sacred thing. It contained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, modest as ever, he had figured in his mind what the offer for this 4000-word story would be at the minimum rate—\$40, of course—he opened the letter. Five dollars!

Not having died right then and there, Mr. London is convinced that he may yet qualify as an oldest inhabitant. Five dollars! When? The editor did not state.

But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached an editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the patience to penetrate beneath the husk of wordy introduction and discover the golden grain.

Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells it:

"Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before, and earned more money at it. I resolved to do it again, and I certainly should have done it, had it not been for The Black Cat.

"Yes, The Black Cat. The postman brought me an offer from it for a 4000-word story which was more lengthy than strength, if I would grant permission to cut it down half. Grant permission? I told them they could cut it down two-halves if they'd only send the money along, which they did, by return mail. As for the \$5 previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble."

And the rate he received for his first Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid!

Nor is Jack London the only writer who has been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has truly said, has done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication.

Each of its famous prize competitions has brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the \$2,100 prize was won by a young Texan who had never before written a story, and the second, \$1,300, went to a lawyer's wife in an obscure Missouri town.

It has just inaugurated another contest in which \$10,000 will be paid to writers in sums of from \$100 to \$1,500. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition.

The conditions are announced in the current issue of The Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by the Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Even those who cannot write a winning story themselves may earn \$10 by giving a timely tip to some friend who can.

But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to The Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to dig dollars out of his brain, for what life does not at least contain one tale worth telling?

## The June Century.

Queer little fellows are the pocket-gophers, and very important factors in the production of the vegetable mold of the west, according to Ernest Thompson Seton. The result of Mr. Seton's study of pocket-gophers in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas, Manitoba, and British Columbia will be presented to readers of the June Century under the title of "The Master Plowman of the West." Mr. Seton's drawings, as always, will add greatly to the interest and value of his sketch.