

ENLARGED JOINTS FROM RHEUMATISM.

Such a Condition Indicates a Chalky Deposit and is Seldom Cured—Those Who Hope in Some Cases, However, from an Enriching of the Blood.

From the Record and Union, Rochester, Minn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, wife of Mr. John Pratt, one of the oldest settlers in Olmsted County, Minnesota, for many years has been painfully afflicted with rheumatism. Mrs. Pratt is well known in the vicinity of Viola, having during one administration held the responsible position of postmistress. She tells the tale of her affliction and subsequent restoration to health, which is printed in order that others similarly suffering may read and adopt the same remedy she did.

Viola, Olmsted Co., Minn., Aug. 24, 1896.

"A little over ten years ago I discovered that the joints of my fingers were enlarging, and very sore. I consulted many physicians, with some slight relief at times from pain, but the joints grew larger and larger, and my neck, shoulders and limbs were so stiff that I could not move them without great pain. My toes too were swollen out of all shape, and my fingers were so drawn, and the muscles so contracted that I could not use them. I had given up all hope of cure, when my attention was called about three years ago to the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I procured a supply.

"It was not long after I began taking them before I experienced considerable relief, and I continued using them according to directions until I have taken altogether about three dozen boxes. My fingers are now straight and flexible, and the joints reduced to their normal size, the rheumatic pains are almost gone, and now, though I always keep Pink Pills by me, I never use them unless I catch cold, or get wet through. I am willing that this testimonial shall be published, in order that the extraordinary curative powers of Dr. Williams' medicine may be known to rheumatic sufferers.

(Signed) "MRS. E. A. PRATT."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hissing.

Hissing is not invariably an expression of disfavor. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese show their reverence by a hiss.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The difference between winter and spring wheat is merely a matter of cultivation.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Putting little thoughts in big words don't make them weigh any more.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The Vatican contains 208 staircases, and 1,100 different rooms.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabacher, La., Aug. 26, 1895.

He that takes no holiday hastens a long rest.

What's the best disinfectant and remedy for skin irritations and defects?—Glen's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Lotion, black or brown, 5 c.

Weaving by hand is increasing in Switzerland.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

It is easier to hold an anaconda's tail than a fool's tongue.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ill with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ill, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb. This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Faulty Rule.

Who is a citizen in this town who has always experienced the greatest difficulty in fitting their proper names and identity to acquaintances whose faces he knows perfectly well. So marked is this failing that he has often been placed in exceedingly awkward situations, even with friends whom he has known for several years. Some time ago he hit upon what he considered a rather ingenious plan for finding out the name of the man to whom he was talking. After one or two safely commonplace remarks upon the weather or any not too personal topic, he would ask in an apparently casual manner:

"Well, how is business with you, now—pretty fair?"

It almost invariably happened that his unsuspecting companion would say something in reply which would reveal the nature of his occupation. This was all Mr. A.—wanted. As soon as he knew this particular, he knew his man. Many successful experiments with this method soon gave him a fatal amount of confidence in his infallibility. Fearless of detection, he put the same inquiry unblushingly on every occasion which found him unable to identify an acquaintance. Last week the shock came, and now his faith is sadly shaken by what he admits was a conspicuous failure.

Dropping into a seat in the cable car one morning he found himself beside a gentleman who greeted him familiarly, and proceeded to make inquiries regarding his family, which showed him to be a comparatively intimate friend. Mr. A.—, knowing his face, but entirely at a loss for his name, merely awaited a good opportunity.

"And how is business with you now, brisk?"

His companion stared a moment, then laughed.

"I guess you don't know me, Mr. A.—; now admit it."

"Well—I—why," stammered the other, awkwardly cursing his wretched memory, "you are—"

"Bishop L.—. I think my business is about as lively as usual, you know."

Healthfulness of Lemons.

Very many people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than double by taking another at night also.

The way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink with sugar, before going to bed.

In the morning, on rising, at least a half hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water.

This will clear the system of bile with efficiency, without any weakening effects of calomel or mineral water.

People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but, properly diluted, so that it does not burn nor draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has an abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.

Wild Canary Birds.

Many of the very best canary birds are captured wild in the United States. Southern California is full of wild canaries, and there are no better singers in the world. In some sections the air seems to be filled with melody. They are so plentiful that the boys kill them in great numbers with sling shots, and they are little more thought of than sparrows. Some dealers prefer the American canaries to the imported, and there does not seem to be any danger that the supply will ever run short.

Didn't Hurt Him Much.

At West Brattleboro, Vt., a man who had jumped from a load of hay looked up just in time to be struck by a hay fork. One time entered his face just under the eye and went through the roof of his mouth, but the wound did not seriously inconvenience him.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

Letters in War Time.

During the civil war the government expended infinite pains in forwarding mail to the troops in the field, says an old army man. We talk now of the wonders of our postoffice organization, but perfect as the system is it is not more perfect than was the system which carried thousands of letters unerringly to the million or more of men in distant camps in a hostile country, even to the line of battle formed for attack. There was carelessness in direction then as there is now, but the experts traced out the man whose name was misspelled and whose regiment was confused with some other and whose company was not given, until finally the letter reached the right man.

The custom then was for a letter to be addressed to the company, regiment, brigade and division of the army in which the soldier was supposed to be. Mail for a certain division went to the headquarters, was distributed to the brigades and regiments, and by the regimental headquarters to the companies, and by the company officers to the men. It sometimes happened that a letter in case of army reorganization was addressed to the Fourth Division when it should have gone to the Third; went to the Fourth Corps when it should have gone to the Fourteenth, but if the number of the regiment was correctly given it reached its destination. The government provided that all letters from the soldiers should be forwarded without postage if they bore the frank of the adjutant or colonel. This was a great convenience to the men, because it was almost impossible for them to secure or carry postage stamps. Packages of papers sent to the boys were more conscientiously delivered than they are in these times. In fact, the postal system of the army was a wonderful thing. I remember losing but one letter, and that was on a train captured by John Morgan.

The pathetic side of the letter business came when the warm messages of affection and love from sweethearts, sisters and mothers came to the men who had been shot or fatally wounded, or who were raving with fever in the hospital. The most trying duty of company or regimental officers was the handling of such correspondence. It required tact, sympathy, and understanding of human nature, and a heart full of consideration and tenderness.

Occasionally there would come to a man dead a letter full of reproaches and petty complaints, written by a woman whose nerves were on the edge and who complained to her absent husband through force of habit. The plain, blunt, misspelled words and misspelled letters seemed in such cases instruments of torture stopped by the dead heart.

In one case of this kind the captain wrote simply a formal statement of the soldier's death, assuming that a woman who could write so many petulant things could have little sentiment or warm feeling. He was surprised to receive in reply a most touching letter asking for all details and particulars and explaining how precious was the memory of everything connected with the real woman, and when we returned we found in her home so many relics of the men of the company and such hero worship of the husband who had died in battle that recollection of the petulant, complaining letter went out of mind.

There were many men in the service who could neither read nor write. We had half a dozen men of this kind in our company, and it fell to my lot to conduct the correspondence of some of them. They were fine-looking, brave fellows, and for several months no many knew that they could not read nor write. They affected a knowledge they did not have. One day a burly young fellow sidled up to me in a bashful, confiding sort of way, and inquired if I could read all kinds of writing. I supposed that he wanted to know if I could read German or French, and I explained that I could only read English, and he explained that he only wanted me to read English written by an Irish girl. Thereupon he pulled out of an inner pocket six letters unopened, which he had received from his daughter. Taking up the letters in order I read the most remarkable chapters in a young life that ever came within the line of one man's observation. This girl was in the poorhouse. She began by telling how comfortably she was situated. In the next letter she admitted that she was not comfortable, but if her father could send her a very little money she would not be miserable. In the next letter she told of persecution and trouble. In the next, which came from another postoffice, she told the story of her running away from the infirmary and of her seeking a house among strangers. The letters were girl's letters, but they told the story, and the stout, strong fellow before me covered his face behind his hand. With the pitiful appeal in the last letter he broke down.

The thought that he had carried these letters all the time, not showing them because of a false pride, and through this false pride closing his ears to the appeals of his daughter, as he explained, the only creature in the world that loved him; the thought that he could have helped and had not was a very bitter one. I took up the correspondence at that point. My first letter evidently failed to reach the girl. I wrote another, and another, and finally there came a note in reply. When com-

munication was once opened relief was ready. The father could not do too much for the daughter, and all his savings went to her. Through influence exerted by the officers of the company she was placed in school, and after the war became one of the most influential women in her circle in a Southern city.

Guerrillas Scared by Mules.

"The worst fright I ever had was caused by a drove of young mules," said Frank James, who was one of Quantrell's most daring night riders. "A detachment of Quantrell's command was suddenly and unexpectedly unhorsed in Western Kentucky about the middle of the war. I was one of them. There were ten of us in the party. We hustled around in lively fashion for new horses, and could not afford to be very squeamish about the style of the animal or the means employed in acquiring them, for the enemy was close upon us and pursuing us hotly. Along toward night we came upon a pasture filled with a motley array of horses and we helped ourselves to them. In the bidden was an old mare with a big bell tied around her neck. Of course, we knew that this meant she was the leader of the drove. But we pressed her into service, anyway, and away we struck down a rocky branch road. You don't know what a rocky branch road is unless you have had to travel over one in Western Kentucky. It is no road at all, but simply a level bank along a branch, or small creek, that flows through a valley between the high hills, which in most any other country would be called mountains.

"Well, we were going lickity-split down this rocky branch road toward our command. It was soon after dark, but it was as black away down in that ravine as the innermost recesses of the infernal regions are supposed to be. Though we were riding fast and making a good deal of noise, we could hear a tremendous commotion in our rear. We halted to determine the nature and cause of it. The uproar sounded like a cavalry charge, and we concluded that a whole division of Federal cavalry was pursuing us. We resumed our course under whip and spur, and louder grew the noise in our rear. It sounded exactly as if the enemy was gaining on us at every lap, and I suggested that we shy off into the bushes and wait for the Yanks to come up. Then we could surprise and rout them. On the mad rush came with a mighty clatter of hoofs on that rocky branch road. As the uproar grew louder and more distinct, we knew the enemy was near, and we threw ourselves into line of battle.

"Pretty soon we heard the clatter just over the brow of a hill from our position and we cocked our guns, ready to throw a broadside into the onrushing Yanks as soon as they showed themselves on the hill's crest. In another instant a black mass could be seen sweeping over the knoll. Then we thought probably it might be some of our own men, and that before sending our deadly fire into the mass it would be best to find out what composed it. We shouted 'Halt!' at the top of our voices, but still the mass continued to sweep toward us. Then we fired a volley into it. The flash of our guns made a brilliant red streak in the inky blackness, and through it we saw a lot of young mules. They had broken out of the pasture when they discovered the absence of the bell mare, and their instinct had guided them in our direction in search of her.

"I have no idea how many of them we killed, but I do know that I was mad enough when I got over my fright to shoot them all down, and would probably have done so if it had not been for the fear that the cannonading we had already indulged in had aroused the enemy and put him onto the direction we had taken."—St. Louis Republic.

Meade and His Men.

General Horace Porter relates the following anecdote of General Meade in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Century:

General Meade was a most accomplished officer. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, and had a complete knowledge of both the science and the art of war in all its branches. He was well read, possessed of a vast amount of interesting information, had cultivated his mind as a linguist, and spoke French with fluency. When foreign officers visited the front they were invariably charmed by their interviews with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was a disciplinarian to the point of severity, was entirely subordinate to his superiors, and no one was more prompt than he to obey orders to the letter. In his intercourse with his officers the bluntness of the soldier was always conspicuous, and he never took pains to smooth any one's ruffled feelings.

There was an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac who had formerly been a surgeon. One day he appeared at Meade's headquarters in a high state of indignation, and said: General, as I was riding over here some of the men in the adjoining camps shouted after me and called me 'Old Pills,' and I would like to have it stopped." Meade just at that moment was not in the best possible frame of mind to be approached with such a complaint. He seized hold of the eye-glasses, conspicuously large in size, which he always wore, clapped them astride of his nose with both hands, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: "Well, what of that? How can I prevent it? Why, I hear that, when I rode out the other day, some of them called me a 'd—d old coggie-eyed snapping turtle,' and I can't even stop that!" The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling, and to take his chances thereafter as to obnoxious epithets.

A Neglected Pain.

One of the beneficent arrangements of Divine Providence is pain. It is the signal of danger, the telegraphic alarm from the outposts, intimating the presence of an enemy. Without the protection of pain a man warming his feet might burn them off, and the human system might be destroyed if it were not for the protection afforded by pain.

Many people neglect the intimations of pain; they use narcotics to deaden the sense of pain; they treat pain's warnings as if they were of no account, and by and by, when it is too late, they find that they have done themselves mischief which they can never repair.

Every pain has its use; and if we are to enjoy health we must pay attention to the admonitions of pain. Most pains, if taken in season, can be promptly relieved. Rubbing, heating, bathing, and similar means, frequently bring immediate relief, and if pains are obstinate the effort to relieve them should be the more persistent; but on no account should we treat pain with indifference; it is like an alarm bell; it is a warning note uttered for our protection and for our safety. We should thank God for pains, which caution us, warn us, and protect us; and should immediately seek to remove the causes which produce pains, and so guard our health and lengthen our lives.

Unwieldy Legal Tender.

Copper was actually used in Sweden during the last century as the chief medium of exchange, and at times merchants had to take wheelbarrows with them when they went to receive payment in large sums.

Fame in France.

France has set about 300 monuments to more or less distinguished Frenchmen during the last twenty-five years, and there are now 127 committees collecting money for more.

A Stout Backbones

Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back, rheumatism, and disorders of the kidneys, the tonic and diuretic action of Hood's Stomach Bitters is the one thing useful. The stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column, and all its dependencies, are sympathetically strengthened. The dyspeptic and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

Density of Newfoundland Fog.

A Newfoundland fog is frequently so thick that for the bowsprit of a vessel to be seen emerging from the mist while not a trace of the masts or hull is perceptible is as common as is the spectacle of a vessel the topmasts of which are basking in the sunshine while the crew below cannot see from stem to stern.

Nervous Weak Tied

Thousands are in this condition. They are despondent and gloomy, cannot sleep, have no appetite, no energy, no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon brings help to such people. It gives them pure, rich blood, cures rheumatism, creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and imparts new life and increased vigor to all the organs of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c



ROOF IT WITH FAY'S MANILLA. ROOFING COMPANY, CAMDEN, N. J.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now *Chas. H. Fletcher's* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher's* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher's* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897: Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher's
Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BE BEAUTIFUL! IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD YOUR FACE SHOWS IT. It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep.

HEED THE RED FLAG OF DANGER.

When you see pimples and liver spots on your face.

Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD. If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help nature help you!

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c, 25c, 50c. YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY. No. 250

Bear in Mind that "The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use **SAPOLIO**

On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat.

HIRE'S Rootbeer

cools the blood, tones the stomach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, temperance drink of the highest medicinal value.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Baltimore. A postage makes 6 gallons. Sold every where.

CURE YOURSELF! Discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of the mucous membrane. Painless, and not astraining. Sold by Druggists.

EARN A BICYCLE 600 Second Hand Bicycles, 1st Hand Bicycles, 2nd Hand Bicycles, 3rd Hand Bicycles, 4th Hand Bicycles, 5th Hand Bicycles, 6th Hand Bicycles, 7th Hand Bicycles, 8th Hand Bicycles, 9th Hand Bicycles, 10th Hand Bicycles. Write for circular.

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