

It Is True

That Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other medicines fail to do any good whatever. Being peculiar in combination, proportion and process Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power. It absolutely and permanently cures all diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

A Lapse of Memory.
"What's this you have asked me to carve, Mrs. Slimmeal?"
"That a spring chicken, Mr. Boardman."

"Why, so it is, so it is. How strange I didn't recognize such an old acquaintance."

Whereupon the other boarders refreshed themselves with a smile at the landlady's expense.—Exchange

A GOOD THING

For Women to Remember.

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham they are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's ills is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician living.

The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only, thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last four months. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

On His Metal.
Watchmaker—The first time I cleaned your watch it was in a gold case, the next time in a gold-filled case, and now it's in a silver case.

Hardup—Yes; "circumstances alter cases," you know.—Up-to-Date.

LAST MONTH

Of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.

The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, directly to its through route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

Booming.

"How do you find business?" asked the kind old lady of the man at the back door with a pail on his arm.

"Everything's on the jump with me. Could I sell you some frog legs?"—Detroit Free Press.

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.

Turned Down.

Sister—I heard that poor Miss Hawkins has gone into a decline. Is it so?"
Brother—Yes, she has; I got some of the decline last night.—Up-to-Date.

ABLE OMAHA LAWYER.

James M. Woolworth Who Addressed the American Bar Association.
James M. Woolworth, of Omaha, whose sensational address to the American Bar Association at its Cleveland meeting created much comment, is perhaps the foremost lawyer in Nebraska and one of the most remarkable men in America. His father was a noted New



JAMES M. WOOLWORTH.

York lawyer, and as soon as young Woolworth left Hamilton College he began the study of law under the preceptorship of his father. As early as 1856 left Syracuse, N. Y., and went to Omaha. He was the first City Attorney of Omaha, and has steadfastly devoted himself to the pursuit of his profession, declining all temptations to wander into political fields foreign to the law. He was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1862, and since that time he has argued more cases before that court than any lawyer west of Chicago. Apart from law books, Mr. Woolworth's studies have been wide and varied. His essays, addresses and lectures on general subjects show his great versatility and comprehensiveness of mind. In 1875 Racine College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. In 1892 the University of Nebraska made him L. H. D., and in 1890 he was given the degree of D. C. L. by Trinity University of Toronto. He has laid by a snug fortune from his earnings, and is a large part of the backbone of the citizenship of Omaha.

A BRAVE DETECTIVE.

Officer H. C. Brown Is a Terror to Border Outlaws.



H. C. BROWN.

Twelve years in Chicago as a detective and regular patrolman admirably fitted Officer H. C. Brown, now stationed in Denver for active work among the outlaws of Colorado and New Mexico. Thanks to Mr. Brown's zeal in tracing criminals, he was compelled to depart from southern Colorado, and there is a \$1,000 prize awaiting the first man who will bring his head to the New Mexico White Caps. In April of last year, Brown, Deputy Sheriff William Green and William Kelley were called upon to arrest cattle thieves who were carrying on extensive threats in the San Isidoro country, not far from Las Animas, in southern Colorado. Both Green and Kelley were killed and their murderers are reported to have received the \$1,000 sums promised for their dead bodies. Mr. Brown was wise enough to leave the country. He is persistent in his declarations that the White Caps were behind the opposition to the law. The valiant survivor of these various fray is now traveling one of the most desperate districts in Denver.

Inhabitants of Washington, D. C.
The residents of Washington do not vote. The persons living there who have no legal residence there vote at their old homes if they vote at all. Between 1871 and 1873 the District of Columbia had a territorial government and the inhabitants voted; but in 1873 most of the taxpayers appealed to Congress to abolish the territorial government as it was too expensive and corrupt. Congress heard their prayer, and now the residents have no voice in the government of the District, which is managed wholly by Congress.

A Princess' Bicycle Suit.
Princess Maud of Wales when she cycles wears a neat tailor-made costume, with plain skirt, similar to that of a riding habit.

given a bullet in the thigh that for eleven long years made him most miserable. Did uncle and nephew send the bullets that wounded them? Probably not, but who can tell?

The Wisconsin boy had to leave the army. He attended a Chicago commercial college and was about to accept a position when Gen. John B. Callis, now of Lancaster, who had known him as a boy and as a soldier, both having been in the same brigade, wired him from Huntsville, Ala., asking if he would accept a place in the Freedman's bureau at \$125 per month. The answer was: "Yes; I'm on the way to Alabama." He resided in that State for many years, holding various places of trust, including collector of internal revenue, deputy United States marshal, United States marshal, etc. He is now a much respected resident of Tarkio, Mo., his place of business being Rockford, a few miles away. At last accounts his soldier uncle was still a resident of Virginia.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Logan as a Discip'arian.
Logan never permitted family ties or friendships to interfere with what he considered his duty in time of war. On one occasion he demanded and secured the resignation of his own brother-in-law, Colonel Osborne, for refusing to carry out an order, and he stood by his decision despite a strong pressure brought by men of influence at Washington to induce him to withdraw the mandate.

General Logan had made up his mind it would be for the good of the country to organize into regiments and properly drill and equip a large number of negroes. He saw in them good fighting material and thought it would be better to use them as soldiers than to allow them to hang about the camps in idleness. An order to this effect was issued and Colonel Osborne was named as the man to put it into execution. The latter remonstrated. Logan insisted. Finally Osborne openly revolted, declaring, so Lieutenant Merriam asserts, that he—

"Did not come here to fight for niggers, or to act as their military instructor."

When this reached Logan's ears he sent for Colonel Osborne and demanded to know whether he had used the language attributed to him. Osborne said he had and that he meant every word of it. He had taken up arms to fight for the Union, not to free negroes and to teach them to be soldiers, and he didn't propose to take any part in that kind of work. As Osborne spoke Logan's face grew black with anger. Finally smothering his emotion he thundered out:

"Write out your resignation at once, sir, or report yourself under arrest. You will obey orders while I command here, or be cashiered from the service."

Osborne was speechless for a moment with surprise. His relationship had brought him into close contact with Logan and they had been good friends. Presuming upon this he had thought his refusal to do the duty assigned to him would be overlooked and another officer named for the task. But Logan was obdurate. He declined to modify the order in any way and insisted upon Osborne dropping out. Appeal was made by the latter's friends to the authorities at Washington and Logan was asked to smooth the thing over. He stood firmly by his original order and Osborne left the service.

Later General Logan named another officer to mobilize and drill the negroes and the order was obeyed without hesitation. He had shown he was not a man to be trifled with and from then on he had no trouble in getting his commands carried out. To antagonize Logan was to arouse a ferocious lion and every soldier knew it. Fair in his treatment of both men and officers, never asking of them anything but what he was willing and ready to do himself, he enforced his orders with iron, resolute will. When his word went out there was none to oppose it and early in his career he won the confidence and love of all who served with him.

Where He Belonged.
The historian of Company F, of the Twenty-third Massachusetts Volunteers, calls to mind the awkwardness of one of the raw recruits.

In his composition there was not a particle of time or tune, and the step always bothered him.

One day, at drill, Smith was persistently getting out of step and out of place, until the drill-master demanded impatiently:

"Smith, where do you belong?"
With innocence upon his face and a sense of injury in his tone, the recruit answered:

"In Ipswich, sir."
"I wish to heaven you were there," was the officer's despairing rejoinder.

Evidences of Progress.
Two Washington County boys were dodging bullets at Sharpsburg. The balls commenced to shave off the bark of the pine tree which they were using for shelter. Finally an enfilading fire began to chip off the other side of the tree. One of the besieged Georgians remarked:

"Bill, don't you remember that General Toombs said in his speech at Sandersville that Yankees couldn't shoot?"

"Yes, Tom," said the other, "he certainly said so."
"Well, Bill, they are learning—fast, aren't they?"—Savannah Press.

Willing to Forfeit.
There were loud and prolonged yells with much waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies in the galleries when the speeches were made at the reunion of the United Confederates in Nashville, Tenn., that the name of the body be changed to the Confederate Survivors' Association, that they might retain the cherished initials C. S. A., but when the votes of the veterans were counted there was found to be a big majority against the proposition.

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.

Four-It on Opposite Sides.
Some months ago I told about the late Gen. John Gibbon fighting his own brother at Antietam. Gibbon was commanding a Western brigade and his brother was an officer in a North Carolina command. A peculiar feature of the incident was the fact that the brothers knew what they were doing—knew that they were facing and fighting each other. I have a similar story to tell, but before telling it let me say a word more about Gibbon.

Three weeks ago I was at Arlington, Va., one of the most beautiful cities of the dead in the wide world. The good Virginia lady, my hostess, drove past scores of beautiful and costly monuments—monuments erected by companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps and armies; by States, counties and individuals. They designated the graves of heroes—generals, admirals, colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants. Some tower high toward the heaven to which the spirits of the sleepers, others bear corps emblems—all were very full of interest, naturally so. Turning from these my eyes swept over the forest—so to speak—of the little white stones that mark the graves of more than 10,000 brave men—men of no high-sounding titles—knapsack and musket patriots, without whom the nation would have fared sorrowfully in deed.

After we had entered the Lee mansion and viewed the rooms in which the great general had so often received and entertained the first men of the republic in the long ago, when he had dined, slept, studied, worked and played, I said to the Virginia lady: "Please drive out by the pavilion and wait while I find a certain grave." On the grassy slope, fifteen rods to the right of the historical mansion, facing Washington, only a few feet from where Gen. Rufus King, father of Gen. Charles King, the popular author, had his tent in 1861 when commanding the brigade which Gibbon helped to make famous, is the modest grave of Maj. Gen. John Gibbon. It is without monument; not even a little white stone marks his resting place. A pine board, whitewashed, bearing his name, date of death and rank, and a grass-covered mound are all I saw, save a cluster of roses an earlier comer had placed there. How still it was in that beautiful spot. I could have remained there for hours just to look and think. Memory was anxious to help me see that sleeping hero in the activities of life—in his country's most trying time; to see him fitting men for war, leading a brigade, then a division, then a large army corps, in great battles; then in Indian wars, always great, brave and noble in his chosen calling. And this is the end—this little mound, marked by a board, in this quiet place, close to long rows of costly monuments? No, no! This is not the end. Gibbon lives beyond this life, and he lives and will live for centuries in this life. His deeds were too great to die—to be forgotten. Before long a remnant of the Iron Brigade, a command that was the apple of his eye—a remnant gray-haired, bent and dim-eyed, will gather about this silent bed, and with fitting ceremonies they will dedicate a monument to the memory of John Gibbon. It will not be as broad, high and costly as some in that wonderful home of the dead, but it will tell a story of courage, honor and usefulness not often told of a soldier. It will bear the emblem of his first brigade, the names of its regiments and the battery he grew up with from a cadet to captain, and a list of the battles in which it fought. It will be just such a monument as this dear old hero would have chosen had he been consulted in his lifetime.

Yes, I was lonesome when I moved away from Gibbon's grave that bright Monday morning. Not only is Gibbon silent, but the voices of three-fourths of those five regiments and Battery B are also hushed forever.

In 1840 a Virginian named Raines, one of a large family, married a Southern beauty and left for the new West. They settled in the lead regions of Southwestern Wisconsin. Their son, John W., was 18 years of age when the war came. The sound of the drum brought out to aid in collecting men for Company C, Second Wisconsin, carried young Raines into the army. At about the same time a Virginia uncle, somewhat his senior, but bearing the same name—John W. Raines—became a member of a Virginia infantry regiment. The Virginian's command became a part of Stonewall Jackson's First Brigade. The badger boy's command was a part of the Iron Brigade, Nephew and uncle were at the first battle of Bull Run—the Virginian's brigade being led by the intrepid Jackson. Lee's right arm later along, and the Wisconsin boy's brigade was under the command of Col. William Tecumseh Sherman, later along Grant's strong right arm. Neither suffered more than a dreadful scare in their first battle. In August, 1862, they met again, this time at Gainesville, not far from their first meeting place. Their former brigade commanders had grown to corps commanders by this time, and the Raineses and their comrades had become veterans. It was a mighty clash. Jackson, who commanded the engaged Confederate corps, pronounced it the most stubborn fight of the war up to that time. The Southern man was slightly wounded, but the Northern boy was

That Terrible Scourge.
Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "hits the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

Rolling Prisons of Texas.
Texas, according to those who have driven through the State, has some queer ways. The climate is said to be the hottest, coldest, wettest and driest in all the country.

Convicts work on the roads in this State. Following the chain gang is a wagon conveying a big cage in which bloodhounds are kept in the daytime. The dogs, of course, are used to track escaped prisoners.

At night the brutes are turned out and the convicts sleep in the cage. The chain gang processions are seen in the roads summer and winter.—Toledo Blade.

Thirty thousand elk are wintering in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, according to the estimate of the game warden, who says that in one herd which he saw there were 15,000 of them, stretching over a distance of six miles. The sight, he said, surpassed anything he had ever seen and utterly amazed him. The elk's trail over the snow was like flint ice, he said, so hard had the snow been packed down. The animals are seen by thousands any morning, moving along the Snake river from the Great Swamp to the Gros-Ventre hills, and at night the wails of the calves straying from their mothers may be heard.

Real Rest and Comfort.
There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen, burning and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor will send a sample free to any address.

In her early days Queen Victoria was a diligent sketched, her mother, the Duchess of Kent, being her tutor. A collection of her drawings, dated 1833, each bearing her autograph, will soon be offered for sale.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

When our children go astray the cause is outside of them; when the children of others go wrong, the cause is inside of them.

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Tobacco and warehouse receipts issued after it was stored were both used in Virginia as money.

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

Children cry for the moon and when they grow up they want the earth.

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

The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.

Horse and Boar.
A desperate fight between a horse and a boar, which resulted in the death of both animals, is reported from the county line eighteen miles north of Warsaw, Ind. The animals were on the farm of Arthur Munson and got together in a field, when the combat began. At the end of twenty minutes the horse was torn and bleeding, bad wounds being inflicted by the tusks of the angry hog, which was also in a dying condition, its head and legs being broken by the tremendous kicks administered by the horse. The animals survived the fight only a short time.

SUFFERING WOMEN.
How Many of Them Have Quietly Obtained Advice That Made Them Well.

My sister, if you find that in spite of following faithfully your family doctor's advice, you are not getting well, why do you not try another course? Many and many a woman has quietly written to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., stating her symptoms plainly and clearly, and taken her advice, which was promptly received. The following letter is a pretty strong confirmation of our claims:

"I had been sick for six months; one doctor told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would get well. I had female troubles in their worst form, suffered untold agonies every month; my womb tipped back to my backbone, had headache, hysteria, fainting spells, itching, leucorrhoea.

"My feet and hands were cold all the time, my limbs were so weak that I could hardly walk around the house; was troubled with numb spells. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of her Blood Purifier, one package of her Sanative Wash, and am entirely cured. I have not had one of those numb spells since. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"—MRS. LOUISA PLACE, 650 Belmont St., Brockton, Mass.

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DR. J. C. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or irritate, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York, 220 N. Wabash St.

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Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

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Parties preferred who can give whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. J. E. GIBSON, 11th & Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

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PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 5 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. at law.

ROOFING The best Red Rope Roofing for 1 ct. per sq. foot, cys and nails included. Substitutes for paper. Samples free. The Fay Manilla Roofing Co., Camden, N.J.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not irritating to the system.

Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

S. C. N. U., - - - - 40-97

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.