

### Had a Way with Her.

She was a lady with a way with her. She stood on the footboard of a car down about 30th street, and she leaned on the three women in the seat.

"Won't you folks please shove along?" said she. It's such a nuisance, having to climb over people. Thanks."

She seated herself in the end seat. "I always ask people to move along," she said. "I just won't climb over them."

A curious rigidity settled on the jaw of the woman who had been forced out of the end seat. She had a basket on her lap, and there was fire in her eye. At 35th street she rose, and without a word she climbed over the lady who had the way with her. She gouged the lady's trim shirt waist with the basket. She kicked the lady's trim foot with malice, and she jerked the lady's trim hat away as she passed.

"There!" was all she said, and she looked as if she meant it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### ACHED IN EVERY BONE.

Chicago Society Woman Who Was So Sick She Could Not Sleep or Eat, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Marion Knight, of 33 N. Ashland ave., Chicago, Orator of the West Side Wednesday Club, says: "This winter when I started to use Doan's Kidney Pills I ached in every bone and had intense pains in the kidneys and pelvic organs. The urine was thick and cloudy and I could barely eat enough food to live. I felt a change for the better within a week. The second week I began eating heartily. I began to improve generally and before seven weeks had passed I was well. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not help me, but \$6 worth of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to perfect health."

A FREE TRIAL.—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents.

### MAKES MONEY FOR NATIVES.

Mint in Birmingham Coins Metal in the Largest Quantities.

Birmingham, England, has a mint which, in addition to turning out millions of English coins, does more in the way of supplying foreign governments with coin than any other money-making establishment in the world. A few days ago it shipped the first installment of a huge Egyptian order for 10,000,000 piasters. The consignment weighed five tons, and was conveyed in sixty cases and valued at \$15,000,000. For well over a century Birmingham has taken the lead in this literal kind of money-making. As far back as 1707 one firm coined under contract for the British government 4,000 tons of copper coin, valued at \$4,000,000. Among the countries and governments which have gone time after time to Birmingham for their money are India, Tunis, Canada, Turkey, China, Hong-Kong, Hayti, Sarawak, Tuscany, Venezuela and Chili.

In some instances, notably in that of China, the coins were not made in Birmingham. As a matter of fact, no Chinese coin has, so far as is known, ever been made outside the celestial empire. The pride and prejudice of the Chinese have to be humored, so the firm sent out a complete plant with men to operate it, and the coins were struck in China. No fewer than eight separate plants have been sent out to China in this way.

For the new kingdom of Italy the same thing was done in 1862, 1,600 of "blanks" being shipped to furnish the raw material. Again, in Marseilles, when the re-establishment of the empire under Napoleon III. rendered necessary a new copper coinage, 750 tons of metal were in this way turned into money on French soil.

### Merit Makes It the World's Leader.

Merit, greatest medicine ever put into convenient form for quick, easy, pleasant use—backed by the right kind of advertising, has given CASCARETS the greatest sale in the world among laxative medicines. Over ten million boxes a year are now being bought by the American people. This wonderful growth has never been equaled and it is the best endorsement that any medicine has ever received. Great successes always bring out imitators and we want to warn our readers, that when it comes to buying medicine the dealer is none too good and whenever a dealer offers to sell you something just as good as CASCARETS, put it down as a worthless fake, put your money in your pocket and go to a store where you will be treated fairly and where, when you ask for CASCARETS, you will get what you ask for.

### An Essayist.

The editor of the Creektown Eagle was a young man with impressive manners. After he had knocked at the door of Mrs. Casey's modest dwelling he waited, hat in hand, for her appearance.

"Madam," he said, with a low bow, "I was present at the graduation exercises of the Creektown Seminary, and was much impressed by the essay of a young lady, Miss Violet Casey, who is, I am told, your daughter. Her treatment of the theme, 'Stern Duties of Life,' was such that I hope to induce her to contribute similar articles to the Creektown Eagle. Would it be possible for me to see her?"

Mrs. Casey's mouth had opened in a slow, helpless way during this address, but here at last was something tangible, and she brightened at once.

"Violet?" she repeated. "Sure you can see her. She's out back of the house in the hammock. She'll be glad to see you, no doubt, but if you'll excuse me, I'll run back to me ironing."

### MANCHURIAN HOUSES.

From the dwelling of the rich banker to the hut of the savage, says the author of "The Long White Mountains," all houses in Manchuria are alike in four respects, so far as circumstances will admit. First, all face the south, because that is the quarter from which good influences come, and it has the incidental advantage of keeping the cruel north wind at the back. Secondly, Manchurian houses are all one-storyed. Thirdly, the front of the house is filled with movable window-frames, with lattice panes of paper, not glass. As the summer advances the paper can be torn away and the house ventilated; and then, when winter returns, the paper is very inexpensive to replace. Fourthly, built up against the wall, there is a kang running the length of the interior, and communicating between room and room.

The kang is a platform about two and a half feet high and five feet broad, made of brick. Inside is a flue carried four or five times up and down the whole length of the kang. At one end is a boiler in which the family dinner is cooked.

Outside in the yard is a chimney ten or twelve feet high, which creates a draft through the flue. Thus all the smoke and heat of the kitchen fire pass backward and forward through the kang, warm it thoroughly, and finally emerge through the chimney. The top of the kang is covered with matting made of strips of bamboo or the rind of the tall millet.

The convenience and economy of the kang are marvelous. Throughout the day it serves as a place on which to sit and talk. At meal times it is the dining-room. The food is served on small tables a foot high, round which the family squats.

In the evening the beds are unrolled, and it forms the general sleeping-place. In the cold weather, with the thermometer below zero outside and below freezing point even within, a nice warm kang makes a most agreeable bed on which to sleep.

It is wonderful how little fuel is required to heat it. A boy lights a wisp of straw and stuffs it in a hole at the foot of the kang. It seems impossible so insignificant a fire can affect the great mass of brickwork. But in about half an hour a gentle glow pervades the top of the kang, and all night long it remains delightfully warm.

If in ignorance we ever ordered more fuel for the kang, we only made it insufferably hot. Occasionally in inns we found kang's so scorching by reason of several series of dinners having been cooked or because our beds were too near the boiler that we were compelled to sleep on the floor or on tables, or else to lay a quantity of straw under our bedding to mitigate the heat.

### Voice from Arkansas.

Cleveland, Ark., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—Nearly every newspaper tells of some wonderful cure of some form of Kidney Disease by the Great American Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this part of Arkansas is not without its share of evidence that no case is too deeply rooted for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure.

Mr. A. E. Carlie, well known and highly respected here, tells of his cure after nearly a quarter of a century's suffering. Mr. Carlie says: "I want to let the public know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I think they are the best remedy for sick kidneys ever made."

"I had Kidney Trouble for 23 years and never found anything that did me so much good as Dodd's Kidney Pills. I recommend them to all sufferers."

There is no uncertain sound about Mr. Carlie's statement. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills rescued him from a life of suffering and he wants the public to know it. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

### Men Killed in War.

A French statistician, Dr. Charles Ricket, has arrived at the following estimate of the number of men who died in the wars carried on by the various Christian nations during the last century. The total reaches to the figure of 14,000,000. It is made up as follows: Napoleonic wars, 8,000,000; Crimean war, 300,000; Italian war, 30,000; American civil war, 500,000; Franco-German war, 800,000; Russo-Turkish war, 400,000; civil wars in South America, 500,000; various colonial expeditions in India, Algeria, Mexico, Tonquin, Abyssinia, South Africa and Madagascar, 3,000,000.

### For Your Perfect Comfort

At the St. Louis Exposition, which is very severe upon the feet, remember to take along a box or two of ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER for Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Sweating Feet. 30,000 testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Spilkins' Character.

Rev. Dogood—No man is so bad that there is not a little of the angel left in him.

Bobson—Guess that's so. Remember Spilkins? Everybody thought he was about the worst man on earth. Why, his own mother wouldn't come to his funeral. Well, sir, I've been told a thousand times a month for the last five years that Spilkins was the only real saint that ever lived.

"My goodness!"

"I married Spilkins' widow."

We are never without a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption in our house.—Mrs. E. M. Swayze, Wakita, Okla., April 17, 1901.

### One Minister's Failing.

Deacon Grabhard—Rev. Du Goode says he doesn't believe in raising money by church fairs, suppers, concerts and lotteries.

Deacon Pinchpenn—H'm! He's altogether too conscientious for a minister.

### STICK TO IT.

O prim little postage stamp, "holding your own In a manner so winning and gentle. That you're 'stuck on' your task,—(Is that slang?—) you'll own. And yet, you're not two-cent-mental. I have noted with pride that through thick and through thin You cling to a thing till you do it, And, whatever your aim, you are certain to win Because you seem bound to stick to it.

Sometimes when I feel just like shirking a task Or "chucking" the work I'm pursuing, I recall your stick-to-it-iveness and I ask "Would a postage stamp do as I'm doing?" Then I turn to whatever my hands are about And with fortified purpose renew it, And the end soon encompass, for which I set out, If, only, like you, I stick to it.

The sages declare that true genius, so called, Is simply the will to "keep at it." A "won't-give-up" purpose is never forestalled, No matter what foes may combat it, And most of mankind's vaunted progress is made, O stamp! if the world only knew it, By noting the wisdom which you have displayed In sticking adhesively to it. —Nixon Waterman, in Success.

### THE END OF A RAINBOW

THE sudden summer shower was over and two children stood on the hotel veranda gazing wistfully at the glorious bow that spanned the sky.

"I wish we could touch it," the girl said longingly; "it is the most beautiful thing in all the world."

"Well," the boy returned practically, "I don't care much about touching it, but I'd be mighty glad to find the end of that rainbow."

"Why?"

"Don't you know, goose? There's a great pot of gold at the end, and it will belong to the person who can find it. Jiminy, but I wish I had it here this very minute."

"Let's go and get it."

The boy stared at his tiny companion in surprise. The feminine mind was much more daring than his own. It appeared. Did the girl really mean that they should go off alone into that limitless forest when they were never even trusted near it unless accompanied by some older person? Still, he took another look at the brilliant bow. This was certainly the chance of a lifetime, and, of course, he would not refuse to go any place that a girl was willing to go.

Besides, it was her suggestion anyway, not his, and if there were future reprimands and scoldings in store he could just say that it was she who proposed going.

"Come on," he said briefly, holding out his hand, and off the two trudged toward the alluring, treacherous bow, giving no heed to the awful error which their absence would surely inspire.

It was nearly twenty-four hours later that they were found. The boy's father, heading one of the many search parties that were scouring the woods, stumbled over them, and his pale lips set forth a triumphant shout—for the children were safe, and in view of that fact all minor matters sank into insignificance.

Death had hovered too near to leave room for any feeling save that of deepest thankfulness. There were no scoldings in store for the culprits, though both were questioned closely regarding the escapade.

The girl always remembered with fervent gratitude that the boy never told any one that it was she who had proposed seeking the pot of gold.

The boy rather wondered at his own reticence, but after all it seemed rather a mean sort of trick to palm the responsibilities of his misdeeds on a girl! He kept a discreet silence on that point, and by doing so exhibited considerable more manliness than a certain ancestor of us all once displayed.

Two weeks later the hotel closed for the season, and the girl and the boy went their different ways. Off in her eastern home the girl did not quite forget the boy who had done his best to comfort her in the terrible forest, and who had protected her by his silence when they were found.

Off in the West the boy remembered with a feeling of pride that the girl had never cried during that awful experience, and that she had never reproached him for allowing her to go into such peril. Of course, he should have known better, for was not he a boy, and the elder, too?

The girl had been a casual summer acquaintance and the two were effectually separated when the brief summer season ended. For several years the girl begged his mother each June to go back to that place, but she had a shuddering horror of the valley and the mountains, and nothing would induce her to return.

So at last the boy gave up asking, and the experience was crowded into the background by a hundred new interests and aims.

Long years after, when he was a man playing a man's part in the world, the old desire suddenly seized him to return to that place. The hotel was still there, very modern in every way, but somehow he felt bored and missed an intangible something which he had imagined he would find. He stood it for a week, then the quiet became intolerable. He resolved to leave the place. That day she came.

He knew it was fate from the very first. He was not ordinarily inclined

to be shy, but he felt like a raw school-boy in her presence.

She had many friends at the hotel, but he managed by sheer persistence to monopolize a good share of her time.

He could not tell whether he was making any headway or not. She was friendly but very elusive, and the time had come when he must go back to his work, for there were obligations which he could not ignore.

He lured her out that morning for a row, with the promise of a lovely spot which she had never seen. He was unusually silent and she leaned back in her corner of the boat watching him with speculative eyes. Apparently he was searching for some particular hook. At length his quest appeared ended, for he drew the boat carefully to the shore and held out his hand to her. Then they wandered over a woody knoll nearby. "This is the place, I am sure," he said at last. "I have seen it, often in my dreams, and here is just where the end rested."

She stared at him in mild surprise. "No, I am not out of mind," he assured her, "I wanted to tell you a story, and I had an unaccountable fancy for telling it to you in this spot. Will you hear it?"

"Is it interesting? Does it commence 'Once upon a time?'"

"Of course it does. It would be an exceedingly poor story if it didn't. I hope," and the man's face grew very earnest, "that you will be interested in the poor little story—but I cannot be sure—"

"Once upon a time" when the world was nearly two decades younger than it is now, a boy and girl started from the hotel down in that valley to find a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow—at least the boy, who must have been a very mercenary creature, was thinking only of the gold, but the girl was much more poetic, for she cared nothing at all for the gold. She only wished to see more closely that wonder of mist and light which held and enthralled her fancy. They got lost; of course, that was a foregone conclusion, you know, and they were only discovered and saved by a kindly miracle of fate. The girl was a genuine brick, though, and never taunted the boy with his rashness and wickedness in leading her into such peril. The boy should have known better, you see, for he was considerably older, but he was always a good bit of a fool. He did not find the end of the rainbow, but for years he dreamed of it, and in some mysterious way he came to fancy that the treasure was not gold after all, as his nurse had told him, but that it was something infinitely more precious than gold. He was never quite sure what the mysterious treasure might be, but he knew that when he was a man he must seek it here—just on this very spot, for it was here that the rainbow seemed to end as the children looked up to it from the valley below—just here by this little hill."

There was a silence. Her face was turned quite away. The man looked at her keenly and then went on with his story in a low voice which, perhaps, shook just a trifle.

"And so—and so—he came here today. He knows now what the treasure is at the end of the rainbow. A woman's heart and a woman's love. He does not know whether he dare claim it or not, but it is the gift which he most covets from life. And—can I have it, dear?"

Her face was still turned away. The man's heart had time to grow very heavy before she spoke.

"I was always wildly grateful to you for not telling that it was actually I who had proposed the expedition."

"You don't mean—" he interrupted breathlessly, "that you were—"

"And—and—I did want to find the end of the rainbow, too, and if you think that we could, perhaps, find it—together—why—"

He was holding her hand in a tight clasp, and was looking down at her with eyes full of reverent, incredulous joy.—Everywhere.

"That fellow," said a brakeman this morning, as a man of leisure passed, "had a law suit with work a few years ago, and wop his case."



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

### Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

### Mrs. Leah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony."

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forth with produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year. THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

# CASCARETS

CANDY CATHARTIC

10c. 25c. 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

## BEST FOR THE BOWELS

### The Cowgirl's Race.

No event on the program excites more interest than the cowgirl's race, and there is a great craning of necks when down before the judges' stand the contestants trip, each in trim shirt-waist and divided skirt, each matter-of-factly holding out her small feet for the spurs which a committeeman is gallantly fitting, each in business-like fashion taking a look herself at the fastenings of her heavy cowboy saddle. A moment more and each has vaulted to her seat and they are jockeying for place like veterans. The crowd is all upon its feet now, yelling like mad when the real start is made. Then they are away like the wind. They ride to the manner born, fearlessly, splendidly, each bending low over her horse's neck and fiercely applying whip and spur. It is a close half mile, and the multitude holds its breath for a second or two when, on the home stretch, they are seen coming almost neck and neck. Then one forges ahead a little—another gains—and cheer after cheer rends the air when under the wire flies a little girl—she does not look to be more than 14 years old—with short hair flying, eyes dancing and cheeks like roses, as she looks up at the judges' stand with a laugh of triumph, the "Champion Lady Rider of the World," according to the terms of the contest.—Leslie's Monthly.

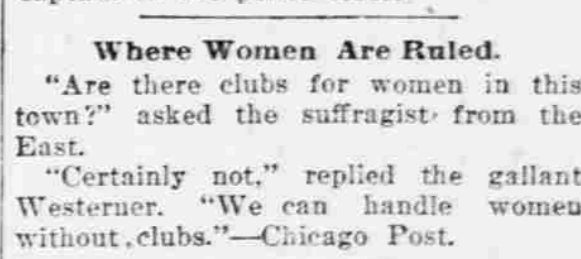
Avoiding Suspicion. Miss De Style—Horror! Why have you adopted a grocer's scale and a yard stick as our coat of arms? Mrs. De Style—I wish people to know that our money was made in honest trade. Otherwise they might see that your father or grandfather had been captain on the police force.

### Where Women Are Ruled.

"Are there clubs for women in this town?" asked the suffragist from the East. "Certainly not," replied the gallant Westerner. "We can handle women without clubs."—Chicago Post.

### A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and restores the complexion to its natural purity. It has stood the test of 26 years, and is so famous that we taste it to be sure its properly made. Accept no counterfeits. Put of similar name. Dr. T. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-tou (a patent): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



S. C. N. U. - No. 34-1904

### BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER

CURES catarrh of the stomach.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURE FOR ALL THE TUBERCULAR DISEASES. Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

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