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NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of **DR. SAMUEL PITCHER**
Purified Sulfate of Magnesia
Saccharine
Glycerine
Purified Water
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**
Fac-Simile Signature of
Dr. A. H. Pillsbury
NEW YORK.
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Charles H. Pillsbury.

IN BEECHER'S PULPIT AT 39

Newell Dwight Hillis' Remarkable Success as Preacher and Orator.

BORN AND TRAINED IN THE WEST

Hardships of Early Life and Struggles to Secure an Education—Varied Experiences in the Religious Field.

To grip the hand of Newell Dwight Hillis, to meet his alert, kindly eye, to talk with him, to know him as he is, as he gives himself unreservedly to his closer friends, is to go away convinced that he is not only a great man among men, but a genius. Those who have heard him preach have felt the intellectual, the spiritual man; those who have met him in quiet discussions of books or of social conditions have seen the keenly alive, the broad-thinking man; but those who know him best, who understand what life means to him, who know of his early struggles and of his later responsibilities, who are in touch with him as a charitable, loyal, warm-hearted friend, have seen the man himself and they know that he is greater than any quality or qualities which may have brought him fame.

To be called at 29 years of age to occupy a pulpit that is larger in tradition and in requirements than any other in this country, if not in the English-speaking world, is a rare distinction. Dr. Hillis will step into the place built up by Henry Ward Beecher and added to by Lyman Abbott, with the authority of a man who has succeeded at a preacher, but after his 17th year his circle of work was broadened so materially as to make him a man of the west than of any single state. He was born of good old Puritan stock, in Massachusetts, whether his parents had migrated, the father to devote a rugged life to spreading his own conception of education and religion. Thus the boy was brought up in a home which, though plain and barren of luxuries, gave him the impetus to follow the scholar's life. He began life, real life, much earlier than is usually the case nowadays. When but 17, after teaching a country school and managing to save a pitiful little sum, he left home for Grinnell college and an education. How he strove and struggled and all but starved, how he plucked and worried is known to few; the full story may some day be told—it may not. Dr. Hillis himself is inclined to pass over this period of his life with a reminiscent smile.

A Man of the West.

Dr. Hillis—the degree of D. D. was conferred by Northwestern university in 1894—is an Iowa man so far, that is, a birth-place and early education go; the son of a preacher, but after his 17th year his circle of work was broadened so materially as to make him a man of the west than of any single state. He was born of good old Puritan stock, in Massachusetts, whether his parents had migrated, the father to devote a rugged life to spreading his own conception of education and religion. Thus the boy was brought up in a home which, though plain and barren of luxuries, gave him the impetus to follow the scholar's life. He began life, real life, much earlier than is usually the case nowadays. When but 17, after teaching a country school and managing to save a pitiful little sum, he left home for Grinnell college and an education. How he strove and struggled and all but starved, how he plucked and worried is known to few; the full story may some day be told—it may not. Dr. Hillis himself is inclined to pass over this period of his life with a reminiscent smile.

Organizing Sunday Schools.

It is with considerable quiet amusement that he tells of hard knocks and old experiences. While at Grinnell, hanging on to life and work by sheer nervous persistence, he interested himself in organizing a Sunday school. Though but a boy he showed such marked aptitude, and his labors brought such immediate success, that the attention of a man of means was focused upon him. An offer was made him to leave college and to drive through the west, organizing Sunday schools, at a salary of \$60 a month. This would give him a double opportunity to gain experience in his chosen field and to enable him to start a library, so he accepted.

From the start he was successful. His zeal and fervor, his magnetic personality, his remarkable gift of eloquence, all were concentrated upon his work. He drove from village to village in a covered buggy, stopping at each long enough to get the new institution fairly under way before driving on. From the middle west he continued into the mountains, mingling with all kinds of men, sometimes identifying himself with the lowest grades of society. One incident in particular he likes to recall:

Preaching in a Miner's Saloon.
"In one mining settlement I had a strange experience. Probably some one of my former pupils had preceded me, for on entering the village I was hailed by a beetle-browed villain who announced himself as the mayor and tavern keeper. He asked me if I was the preacher. As I had not been ordained, I said no.
"You do preach sometimes, don't you?" he insisted. I told him that I talked on occasion.
"Well," he said, "I'll tell you, we haven't heard any talking for a good while and the



NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS. (His latest photograph.)

denial remark probably aroused memories of better days in each of them.
"After the meeting, as I stood outside the tavern to get a breath of pure air, my host came out and approached me awkwardly. He started to speak, then hesitated, finally thrusting a bill into my hand.
"Here's that \$5," he said, "some of the boys say you've got to take it."
"I was prompted to refuse, but he would not permit it. Others saw the act, and they once took up a collection of nearly \$80. Of course I could not, as they urged, keep it for myself, but it helped the work along. From their looks I almost feared that they would shoot if I refused."

A Janitor for College Fees.
But though this work was congenial he could not relinquish the idea of an education, and on his return he entered Lake Forest university. Here occurred some of the hardest struggles of his life. He secured a position as janitor of a local church

while his eyes twinkled. "If there ever was a time in my life when I gave way to unchristian thoughts—" But a smile closed the sentence.
In spite of his modesty enough can be gleaned from his own statements to convince one of the terrible earnestness of the man through his trials. His indomitable spirit, his nervous vigor, his practical optimism, all kept him at it with a persistence that perhaps was partly outside of himself.
After college came the McCormick seminary in Chicago, where he received his theological training, and after that the great life-work. He preached first at Peoria. His success there was so pronounced that he was called to the First Presbyterian church of Evanston, a position in such close touch with Chicago church circles that his name grew rapidly. A few years more and David Swing died; then Dr. Hillis stepped into his place in central church, Chicago. And many there were who said that he could not do it, that he was too young, too inexperienced, that it meant the decline of Chicago's most prominent church organization. But how he silenced his detractors is a matter of too recent history to call for comment.

Sermons in Favor.

Dr. Hillis has published a number of books, compilations of sermons and addresses, and all have met with remarkable success. The more important of these, "A Man of Value to Society" and "The Investment of Influence," show even to the casual reader the secret of his success. His writing is like himself, keen, logical, forceful, and, better still, intensely human. Though not yet 40, he has seen more than falls to lot of most older men. He has lived through hardships into success; and the hard treatment which might have made a cynic or a failure of a smaller man has mellowed him and ripened him into strong, vital manhood. And there is in all his work a gentle, tolerant humor that often crystallizes into wit.
Dr. Hillis is a very careful writer. He gives minute attention to every detail of style, and his study of the masters shows in every line of his writing. Even when carried away by the flow of his own ideas he constructs each sentence with the precision that long practice has developed into instinct. In delivering a sermon, however, he is not bound to the manuscript, and often he uses the written pages merely for an outline, breaking away from them into extended flights of eloquence.
The history of Plymouth church is built upon the lives of two men. Dr. Hillis, the third to occupy its pulpit, will be watched with absorbing interest by the whole country. Those who know him best feel sure that the noblest efforts of an already noble life will be devoted, not only to continuing the work, but to carrying it into larger fields.

RABBIT-FOOT SCIENCE.

Philosophy of the Thing Expounded by Colonel Brannon.

"You wouldn't think that a rabbit's foot could knock out the combined medical knowledge of a big city, but it can," retorted Colonel M. M. Brannon of the Treasury department to a New York Sun correspondent. The colonel has long been regarded as authority on rabbit-foot science. It is an old newspaper man and has the honor of having been the first man to name Grover Cleveland for the presidency and of having sent him a copy of his paper printed on white satin with the corners tied with the feet of graveyard rabbits. For these reasons what he has to say on the subject will be found interesting.
"Yes, it is a fact," continued the colonel, "and the rabbit's foot is here to stay. Why, I'd rather give up my job than my rabbit's foot. Some people believe in conjuring, in ghosts, in working spells, in bewitching and in the efficacy of horse chestnuts and Irish potatoes to cure and ward off certain ailments. Others do not believe in these things. Who is it that which class is the wiser? It is not just as absurd to believe too little as to just as absurd to believe too much. The positivist laughs at the credulity of the man who tells of an apparition or a dream that came to pass, yet the dreamer will laugh in turn at the narrow horizon of his friend the positivist. There are more things in heaven

and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But that a rabbit's foot should walk in and serenely untie the Gordian knot that had baffled the best skill of the science of medicine is something that will put skeptics to thinking.
"There is one thing about rabbit-foot philosophy that is of great importance. The foot of the graveyard rabbit has all the powers of the foot of the ordinary rabbit multiplied to a phenomenal degree, each foot taking precedence as with the other. The left forefoot of the graveyard rabbit is the thing to make things hum. It derives its potency from the fact that a rabbit scratches on the grave with its left foot. All animals scratch with the left foot when they scratch with one foot at a time. Even chickens, when they begin to scratch, always begin with the left foot.
"Now, while the left forefoot of the rabbit is the ablest instrument of conjuring known to the followers of rabbit-foot science, there are certain conditions under which it may be procured that greatly enhance its virility. For instance, if it is killed of a moonshiny night. This is because on such a night ghosts and spectres walk abroad and the atmosphere is laden with such general eeriness that the foot of the rabbit absorbs the occult qualities of the hoodoo. If night and with a 'sassafras' stick cut in the dark of the moon with a knife that cost 45 cents, there is nothing that will not yield to its powers. A few applications would even cure chronic office-seekers.
"There are many things our doctors know, and a few things they do not know. For instance, sometimes they know that they do not know what ails a patient, but they know enough to keep other people from knowing that they do not know it. A fellow over in Jersey City while being shaved in a barber shop hiccupped and if it had not been for a rabbit's foot he would have passed over the river sure. He could hear the splashing of the waters of the River Jordan against the rocks, so near was he when rabbit-foot philosophy elbowed itself into the room, waved medical science aside and asserted itself. The fellow's name was John Carberry, a bartender, a mixer of Jersey liquor, and he was taken with a fit of hiccupping while being shaved in a barber shop. He applied the usual simple remedies, but got no better. He went home, went to bed and sent for a physician. The man of medicine came, prescribed for him, collected \$2 and went home. Next day other physicians were summoned, then others and others, until thirteen of them were applying their remedies.
"They all looked wise, of course, and, superlatively solemn, and all made suggestions, like people will about running a Jersey City case through the hospital, but they actually agreed that the patient was in a bad fix, and the patient thought so himself. Each doctor suggested a remedy and they concluded to try them all, if the poor fellow held out. They went on dosing and dosing from day to day, and Carberry continued to lose flesh.
"When the case got into the papers people from all over the country began to send remedies, some of them by telegraph. One man suggested that Mr. Carberry have his friends stand him on his head and hold him in that position until he became black in the face. A woman wanted feathers burned under his bed. Every remedy that came was tried, or very nearly all of them. There was lay between life and death for about seventy-two days. He only slept an hour or two at a time, when under the influence of drugs. He became so weak that the hiccups made no noise—simply an upheaval of the chest. The doctors had long since given up hope. It was a wait for Blucher or death, and Blucher came. An old-time plantation mammy entered the room, with a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, and announced that she had come to cure 'dat chile of dem hiccups.' She untied the handkerchief and, taking out the left forefoot of a graveyard rabbit, said:
"Put dis under de chile's head; den de chile man' roll de sofa to de middle of de room, an' walk room; if free time to de right wid his thumbs clasped, an' den walk

round' it free times to de left' wid his little fingers clasped. Den de chile man' lay down. He'll go to sleep an' not wake up till mornin'."
"Carberry didn't have time to try the remedy, for the good old woman's simplicity and earnestness tickled him, and he got into a fit of laughing which lasted several minutes. Then he went to sleep and did sleep until morning. He is now a well man, and is dispensing family-disturber to all comers at the same old stand. Now, some will say that it wasn't the rabbit's foot that cured him; that he didn't try it. To my mind it proves the marvelous power of a remedy that will cure without taking it. That is where the rabbit's foot shows its majestic superiority over doctor's medicine."

GRANT'S GREAT HEART.

Refused to Make Partisan Warfare on a Woman.

At one of the club last night, relates the Washington Post, a party of gentlemen discussing that charming story told by that most excellent actor and thorough gentleman, Stuart Robson, of General Grant's reply to the card asking if he had paid for his box at the theater on a certain occasion. Every one in the room, after the usual stumpy speech, and a silver speech at that, was over one of the party narrated the following anecdote of that extraordinary man, which may be history and may be romance, but all will agree that it ought to have occurred if it did not.
"When General Grant was president a certain statesman in congress, intent on political and official spoil, in noting around in one of the departments found that the daughter of James Jackson, who killed Ellsworth in Alexandria in 1861, was on the roll as a clerk. The statesman had a henchman who desired just such a clerkship and on his demand Miss Jackson was removed and the henchman installed in her place.
"The young woman was in great distress, for she was dependent on her father for food and raiment. She consulted a friend, who advised her to go to the president and lay her case before him. She shrank from the trial and protested that General Grant had no time to waste on her, and that if he did her young lady, and take courage. You shall be restored to your place."
"With a heart overflowing with gratitude she went home and the following day a messenger from the White House called at her lodgings and left a note from the president with an inclosure of something like this: 'To the Secretary of the — Dear Sir: Restore Miss Jackson to the clerkship from which she was dismissed last week. U. S. Grant.' She took it to the department and presented it to the secretary, who indorsed it. 'There is no vacancy at present.' Much crestfallen she took the paper and returned home to consult the friend who had first advised her to see General Grant. He read the paper and the indorsement and said to her: 'Take this to General Grant; it will be all right.' She took it to Grant and he read it. Without a word he went to his desk, took up a pen and wrote under the indorsement of the secretary: 'Then make a vacancy. This government is too powerful and too magnanimous to wage war on women and orphans. U. S. Grant.' The vacancy was made and Miss Jackson was restored to the public service."

Fate.

Detroit Journal: Sometimes a man seems to be in the hands of an inexorable fate. Algernon Fitzmaurice loved Madeline Potts madly, devotedly, with a consuming passion; yet he did not come to call on her.
"When will the twentieth century begin?" he suddenly asked her, one evening, how that she perceived the falseness of his position.
"You must ask papa, first," faltered Madeline.
"Victorian struggled manfully against the current of events, and was therefore much surprised, upon meeting the old man next day, to hear himself say:
"Potts, what'll knock a cold?"
The father dutifully searched the young fel-

low's pockets for cigars before replying for Madeline was the light of his home." (Here the proprietors of the magazine in which this story is running, offer a prize of \$25,000 to anybody who will guess how it all ends. It would be bad faith in us to anticipate.)

STORIES ABOUT STEWART.

The Silver Knight on the Stump and in Mexico.

The following characteristic anecdotes are related by the Washington Post of Senator Stewart of Nevada:
In 1896 Stewart was in great demand as a stump speaker. Late in October he was billed to speak in Kentucky. He arrived in Louisville on a Saturday afternoon and stopped at the Galt house. The spacious rotunda of that famous hostelry is a favorite gathering place on Sunday mornings of many of the leading citizens of that town, where they exchange compliments and pass opinions on men, things and events, past, present and to be. On this particular Sunday morning following Stewart's arrival the lobby was unusually crowded and the discussions were most animated. On this particular occasion the venerable senator about 11 a. m. has established himself with his stenographer and typewriter back of the clerk's desk and in the immediate rear of the lobby. After a time the crowd in the lobby were startled by what was evident to the exordium of a stumpy speech, and a silver speech at that. It was Stewart dictating to his stenographer his Kentucky speech. He had just finished Indiana. He was walking the floor wholly unconscious of the fact that he was the audience. The silver man in the rotunda would applaud at his telling points, but what brought the house down—republicans, silver democrats, gold democrats and all—was this gem, which he dictated as he walked back and forth: "O, but they say, Stewart is rich, and has got millions in silver mines. Suppose he has? What the hell has that got to do with it?" The old fellow came out a few minutes later, and everybody of all shades of political opinion made much of him, though he never knew that his speech had been overheard.
Another anecdote of Senator Stewart, related by another gentleman, was an account of his conference with President Diaz of Mexico some years ago. It seems that Stewart and a party of Americans were in Mexico to close negotiations for certain concessions touching some railroads and mines and other matters. Senator Stewart was the spokesman for the party. The Mexican president was supposed not to understand English and a most accomplished interpreter was present to translate into Spanish what the senator said. The conference took place in the Mexican cabinet room. The Mexican president was on one side of the table and the American senator on the other. The senator began a discussion of the concession that was sought and as he made his speech the interpreter turned it into Spanish. After a little time the senator got into the silver question up to his elbow. He let the concession slide and dipped into Lombard street, Wall street, gold gamblers, gold bonds and so on and so on for two moral hours. The president was supposed not to understand English; but frequently, almost constant twittings of his countenance belied the supposition. After Stewart was exhausted he sank back into his chair. When the interpreter suggested that he would better say something about the concession, "O hell," replied the old fellow, "You know as much about that as I do. Go on and tell him about it in his own lingo."

GIVE THE CHILDREN A DRINK

called Grain-o. It is a delicious appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and used by all who have used it because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee, but is free from all its injurious properties. It aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about one-fourth as much as coffee. 10c and 25c.