

A QUICK RECOVERY.

A Prominent Topeka Rebecca Officer Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills for It.

Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a local officer of the Rebeccas, of Topeka, Kans., Room 10, 812 Kansas Ave., writes: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills during the past year, for kidney trouble and kindred ailments. I was suffering from pains in the back and headaches, but found after the use of one box of the remedy that the troubles gradually disappeared so that before I had finished a second package I was well. I therefore, heartily endorse your remedy."



(Signed) Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner. A FREE TRIAL—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.

INSECTS FROM CHEMICALS.

Indiana Scientist Asserts He Has Succeeded in Bringing Animal Life from New Formula.

That he has succeeded in generating or in creating animal matter in the form of insect life from a chemical compound is now asserted by Dr. Charles W. Littlefield, of Anderson, Ind., and at his laboratory the other day he gave demonstrations of his discovery.

Dr. Littlefield, as a scientist, recently attracted attention by his claim to the discovery of life germs in common crystals of salt, after they were subjected to a simple compound of chemicals. Ammonia, alcohol and distilled water, added to a quantity of salt, and the whole enclosed in a glass tube for a period of about one hour, created the foundation or the beginning of life, according to Dr. Littlefield, and his discovery was credited by many scientists. Since that time Dr. Littlefield has desired to advance his theories and experiments, hoping to develop animal matter in living, animated forms. Now he asserts that he has succeeded beyond all doubt in bringing forth animal life from chemicals. A few drops of the chemical liquid was put under a powerful microscope. As if boiling and hopping about over the liquid were innumerable objects, appearing in shape and action like a gnat or flea of the smallest possible size.

HERE'S A ROOSTER HOBO.

Chicago Bird Beats Its Way on the Trucks of a Passenger Train to Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Chicago rooster will be exhibited at the West Michigan state fair, which will be held at Grand Rapids in September, as the result of unusual circumstances. It went to roost on the trucks of a Grand Rapids & Indiana passenger train. Some of the passengers saw the rooster take its perch at Grand Crossing and it hung on while the train was getting under way.

At Michigan City the rooster was still a passenger, though seemingly beating its way. It hopped off the trucks at the station at Grand Rapids, and admirers made a race for it. Now it will be placed on the poultry bench in Michigan's big show as an example of real, unadulterated Chicago grit.

Sympathy from Victims.

That little girl who ran away from home rather than pound a piano all day, according to the Chicago Daily News, ought to have no trouble in getting sympathy and aid from the neighbors.

One Great Advantage.

There will be one advantage in the Interurban railway dining car. It can stop at any orchard along the route for its fresh fruit.

CHANGE FOOD

Some Very Fine Results Follow.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Mo. says:

"For 2 years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work."

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains."

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach, but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed and so finally I turned to food."

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required, so I went to eating it."

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again, and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine, for I haven't needed any."

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed, this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer, and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

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

THE DISTANT DRUM

By F. H. LANCASTER

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

CHARLEY BRANTON grinned: "Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum," he quoted, derisively. Then he read the closing lines of her letter again. "Dear little girl forgive this stupid letter. I'm tired to-night, dog-tired."

"Slipped up on yourself that time, old fellow. No woman would write like that—'dog-tired.' 'Dear little girl.' And you still expect me to believe that 'M' stands for Mary? So? Let's see if Lottie can't hold up her end of the line rather better?" And smiling savagely he drew a sheet of perfumed note nearer and wrote in the large, angular characters the girls of his acquaintance affected:

"My own dear Molly," a distant ruffle of doubt reached him. If it should be a woman? He laughed harshly. "May the gods mend my folly. I'll swear he is a man. He gives himself away at every turn. Though why in reason he should wish to pose as a woman—unless he is a scamp—and that's what he is. And dead to the drum, and the absurdity of his occupation, the over-driven man plunged into an account of society plums that did great credit to his own faith in his imagination."

Long years ago when he was a college boy, Charles Branton had had a girl correspondent, but he realized that those letters were not what a girl would be apt to write to a feminine correspondent, and confident; and this was the problem he had been wrestling with ever since the taking tenderness of a Lulaby had lured him into writing a note of congratulations to his author and a native shyness of sentiment forced him to sign this note Charlotte Branton. He had said what he felt an urgent need of saying and his tracks were covered. Yet the reply surprised him. It began: "My dear little lady," He Charles Branton, the stern man of affairs had never been mistaken for a woman before. In the first sting of his pique the old love of mischief, he had believed long dead, awoke and came to his assistance. There was a tempting chance to make a fool of the other fellow—and stocks were good just then. Branton wrote such a reply as he fancied befitting the pen of a "dear little lady," and awaited developments.

The answer that came promptly was gravely gentle with a suggestion of tenderness that stirred in him emotions he had not felt since his mother's fingers had been taken from his hair forever. But he dodged the emotion and the drum and sunk the sensation in a careless "By glory, the fellow knows his ropes. A little while the correspondence ran upon literature and the emotions in the abstract, but Branton remembering hard those girlish letters of long ago soon hinted coyly a desire to know what the M in Mr. Boswell's name stood for. He had been told promptly that it was not a Mr. Boswell, but a Miss, and that the M stood for Mary. Hearty laughter came to him for the first time since he had joined the Money-Mads. For M. Boswell's letters, in spite of that cleverly suggested tenderness, had been masculine almost to the point of tobacco smelling.

"What the deuce is he driving at?" Branton grumbled, sobering suddenly. Was it an effort to force his hand or a design to dupe a young girl. Branton had a business man's opinion of literary chaps. And as stocks took a bad turn just then his projected fun ended in a grim determination to lead on a scoundrel to his undoing. He laid on the young girl thick and sweet and evidently she won upon M. Boswell. The replies he received took on a more openly, tender tone, quickened with a cheery hope that it heartened one to read. Charlotte was soon cut down to Lottie or simply "My dear"—which last sometimes caused a ruffle from the distant drum. Branton was forced to yield a grudging admiration to the fellow's skill, his gradual approaches, and the tenacity with which he held each gain of ground. This letter had begun "My dear," and so full had it been of a strong, sweet patience that once or twice during the reading of it the distant drum had drawn near—"suppose it should be a woman, a woman who could understand—the kind of woman he had felt the need of when things went wrong. But at that ending. But at that ending "dog-tired" he had hardened his heart in bitter disgust—at such bad acting. Now for a lot of girlish sympathy and not a little girlish love and we will see what becomes of "Mary."

A reply came by return mail: "My own dear little girl," he read. "Your sympathy was very sweet, but it made me feel like a thief in the night"—ah, ha—for matters were not nearly so bad with me as I evidently led you to believe—"oh, hosh—"I wonder if you realize what your letters have come to mean to me—like open, sunny places in the thin woods of life. Do you remember the woods where Rinaldo strove—fiend possessed? I don't mean that my life is nearly so difficult, but I'm an impatient beast and when I cannot make all earth and half of Heaven go the way I want, there is nothing left but swearing, and that avails little save a grudging sort of self-contempt—true, true, my dear sir. Don't I know. But you must know naught of the fair sex if you fancy that they write letters like these. But, Jove, if you only were a woman." He shook his head. "Rather, you are an uncommonly clever scoundrel." He drove the letter deep into his pocket and went out to face what the day might bring—and the day brought Sully's failure. A wild day on the floor with men howling like fiends around him, and in the thick of it, Branton found himself thinking of the letter—the woods where Rinaldo strove. And it angered him. Walking home, tired, hungry, the loser by many thousands he thought of it again and with the thought and the an-

ger came the conviction that he was, in fit mood to unmask villainy—to do anything that would give head to the exasperation straining at its lash. "I'm an impatient beast myself," he muttered, grimly.

When the elevator had left him face to face with M. Boswell's number, Branton broke into harsh laughter at the thought of the bitter humiliation hanging over the head of the unsuspecting. He knocked roughly and a clear voice cried: "Enter."

A small room made merry by freight dancing in bookcase doors.

A desk, and at the desk a woman with gold glasses and strong stooped shoulders.

"Are you M. Boswell," Branton demanded dully, for the drum was deafening him, "Strong and sweet, strong and sweet."

"Certainly!" The rising inflection suggested an enquiry as to whom he might be. As though at roll call Branton's heart answered that it was pleasant in here after the chill and din outside, that the fair—sweet face and the strong hand standing at pause—even the deep chair by her desk seemed good to him. He remembered that she had called him dear many times and it seemed very good. This woman with the glad, gray eyes was his friend. And he promised himself that after this when things went wrong he would come here and sit in this chair and look at the fire and listen to the scratching of her pen and all would be well with him. Then the infection in her "certainly" made itself felt and he replied to it placidly.

"I am the young girl you have been corresponding with."

Miss Boswell removed her glasses and looked at him thoughtfully. Every manly line in his well-marked face; every tired one. She spoke kindly:

"Pardon me if the saying sounds harsh, but when a bearded man of 30-odd announces himself as a young girl, he lays himself open to the charge of insanity or intoxication."

"I am neither drunk nor crazy," and he sighed contentedly.

"Nor a young girl?"

"No. Nothing but a man who," he paused to drink in the deep peace of her presence and she completed quietly, "who has seen a wild day on the floor. May be you will not mind resting a bit while I finish this sketch before the color fades." She pushed a bell. "Only ten minutes." Her voice trailed away, her shoulders stooped again to her rapid writing. Not too absorbed to call his attention to the tray the maid placed on a corner of her desk. Coffee, oysters, hot rolls, cold ham—Branton had eaten nothing since breakfast. "But I shouldn't eat your salt—"

She swung her pen crosswise to shove a cup toward him.

"No salt in the coffee. Drink it. You need it." And Branton surrendered his tired soul to her soothing. It was good to be here, and nothing else mattered. Good to be here, watched over by those kind, gray eyes, ministered to by that strong right hand, soothed by this sunny silence. This was the woman he had needed all his life and he had found her.

The ten minutes ran into a silent half-hour, and after he had finished his supper Branton lay back in his chair resting, unconscious of the occasional shrewd glances flashed upon him from behind those gold glasses. A rustle of paper, a brisk "well" broke the spell. Branton drew a deep breath. "It is all right," he said, contentedly, "I'm Lottie."

She took off her glasses and looked at him. "I beg your pardon?" The tone made him sit up. He explained quickly. "Lottie, that you have been writing those strong, sweet letters to. I'm Lottie C. Branton!" He pulled out a card.

The gray eyes went through him like cold steel.

"Pardon me if the saying sounds harsh, you are also a scoundrel."

"Scoundrel? If I—no, no. I thought you were a man."

"A year ago—"

"I know. But—but—oh, Lord, I didn't heed the distant drum. I went on believing you to be a man—"

"An uncommonly scaly one?"

"Oh, no. Wait. Oh, I might as well tell you the truth. I thought you were a scamp and I meant to show you up."

"And you showed yourself up?" A flicker of fun warmed her eyes. Branton laughed joyously and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Own up. Have you never doubted my girlhood?"

"It has occurred to me occasionally that if you were a girl you were the craziest one ever created."

"Ah, had you, too, refused to heed the distant drum. Don't you think you are about as deep in the mud as I am in the mire?"

"Not at all."

"Then give me a hand to help me out. Please, Molly, I'm tired. Dog-tired."

"I know you are. So am I. Let's sit down."

Branton sat down, retaining her hand. "This is what I call being comfortable," he said.

"This is what I call being incorrigible," Molly retorted, withdrawing her hand to the arm of her chair.

Branton stretched out his arm and laid one finger across the back of her hand. "Heed the drum," he admonished in a tone of deep satisfaction. "Heed the drum, it is beating reveille for your happiness and mine—and it is no longer a distant drum."

Three Eagles Kill a Cow.

Three eagles attacked and killed a cow belonging to Aaron Whitson, at Garden City, Kan. They also picked up and carried about 25 yards a dog that weighed 35 pounds.

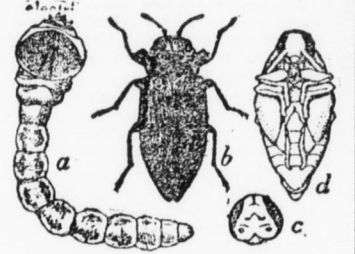
The Russians are experimenting with a "water-clad" battleship, which has an upper deck of cork and a second deck of armor. The space between the two can be filled with water; then the ship floats a foot under the sea's surface.



DESTRUCTIVE TREE BORER

It Is Found in All Parts of the Country and Does Incalculable Damage Every Year.

The destructive tree borer so well known to horticulturists as the flat-headed apple tree borer and to entomologists as Chrysothorix femorata is found in all parts of the country, and annually destroys vast numbers of trees. It attacks apple, pear, quince, plum, peach, cherry, ash, elm, maple, box-elder, sycamore and willow trees. The injury is done by the flat-headed borer during its grub or larval stage. The adult insect is a beetle about half an inch long, flattish-oblong in form, shiny greenish-black above and copper colored below. The female deposits her eggs in the crevices of the bark of the trunk and main branches, usually on the south or southwest side, where the effects of the sun upon the tree are greatest. In our locality the most of the eggs



FLAT-HEADED TREE BORER. a, larva; b, beetle; c, head of male; d, pupa—twice natural size (original).

are probably laid during April and May. Although eggs are sometimes deposited by this insect upon healthy, well-established trees, it evidently prefers to select sickly or newly-transplanted ones, especially those whose bark has been injured by exposure to the sun. The eggs hatch within a few days after being deposited. The young larva soon eats through the bark and proceeds to bore at some depth beneath the surface, leaving behind it a flattened channel. Sometimes a single borer will girdle a tree and cause its death. The larva reaches its full growth by the end of the summer, being then a pale-yellowish grub about half an inch long, with a broad, flat head. During the winter it remains quiescent. The next spring it bores out nearly through the bark, then moves back a little and undergoes its change into an adult beetle form, the transformation being completed in about three weeks. The beetle then cuts an opening through the bark and escapes to continue the work of destruction begun by its ancestors. During the warm part of the day it may be seen flying about in the hot sunshine.

There are three ways of combating the borer: (1) by destroying the grubs while they are at work in the tree; (2) by the application of some substance that will prevent the eggs being deposited or will destroy the eggs and newly hatched larvae, and (3) by wrapping the tree with something that will prevent the females gaining access to the bark. But, by the best methods known, borers are difficult insects to combat. The larvae make their way into the wood so soon after the eggs are deposited and keep so completely out of sight as they work, that they may do much injury before their presence is suspected, and are difficult to kill when detected. It is a case where an ounce of prevention is most decidedly more effective and more economical than a pound of cure.—Arizona Station.

Top-Dressing for Grass Lands. Why did top-dressing grass land, so much talked about 40 years ago, become unpopular? Why not stimulate the growth of the grass roots already in the soil, as well as to buy grass seed to make new ones? Two years ago I dug some muck right from the bog—it was muck, not mud—mixed ashes with it, one bushel of ashes to six bushels of muck, and spread it on a plot of ground that was badly run out. That plot bore a good crop of grass last year, and this year it looks still better, while the grass surrounding this spot is very thin and light. This dressing may be applied any time after haying or very early in spring. It pays.—W. W. Maxim, in Farm Journal.

Feeding Cows Before Calving. In the matter of feeding it should always be liberal for the cow that is soon coming in. No starving will answer. The following, from an exchange, are simply the conclusions of experience and common sense: "As to her care before calving. Her food should be somewhat reduced in quantity, and of a cooling, laxative nature. Roots, silage, alfalfa hay and shredded corn fodder are excellent for roughage. Oats, bran or a little oil meal are good concentrates. After calving only tepid water should be given for at least a couple of days. Keep her in a dry warm boxed stall and see that she gets no sudden chill for several days."

Cost of Raising a Calf. The cost of raising calves from birth to maturity is treated in a recent farmers' bulletin. From record of the amounts and cost of food consumed, it has been reported by the Alabama station that the average cost of the first year's growth of a calf is about \$12, or \$20 until the time of calving. The station in Connecticut gives \$33 as the estimated cost of raising a calf until two years old.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GULA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.

How Another Sufferer Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise your wonderful remedies enough, for they have done me more good than all the doctors I have had. For the last eight years and more I suffered with female troubles, was very weak, could not do my housework, also had nervous prostration. Some days I would remain unconscious for a whole day and night. My neighbors thought I could never recover, but, thanks to your medicine, I now feel like a different woman."

"I feel very grateful to you and will recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all. It has now been four years since I had the last spell of nervous prostration. I only weighed ninety-eight pounds at that time; now I weigh one hundred and twenty-three. I consider your Vegetable Compound the finest remedy made. Thanking you many times for the benefit I received from your medicine, I remain, Yours truly, Mrs. J. H. FARMER, 2909 Elliott Ave., St. Louis, Mo."

Remember Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. She speaks from the widest experience, and has helped multitudes of women.

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

BEST BY TEST

"I have tried all kinds of waterproof clothing and have never found anything at any price to compare with your Fish Brand for protection from all kinds of weather."

(The name and address of the writer of this unsolicited letter may be had upon application.)

A. J. TOWER CO. The Sign of the Fish Boston, U. S. A. TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Canada Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

TELEPHONES FOR FARMERS' LINES And Village Exchanges. Build your own lines—expensive and simple. Book of Instruction FREE. ON 30¢ THE NORTH ELECTRIC CO. 145 ST. CLAIR ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO

IN ALL CLASSES OF INVESTMENT The Southwest

STANDS PRE-EMINENT AND WE CAN GIVE YOU THE BEST. For particulars address the SOUTHWEST DEVELOPMENT AND EXPLORATION CO., Box 170, Albuquerque, N. M. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Big Four Route to St. Louis "The Way of the World" to the World's Fair For information as to rates, hotels and boarding houses, address nearest Big Four Agent, or WARREN J. LYNCH, G. P. and T. Agent, Cincinnati, O.

FRISBIE'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Lough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists. TRADE MARK

HARD WORK MAKES STEEL JOINTS RUB ALL AMERICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT GOOD FOR ACHES AND PAINS AND ALL THE BEAST THAT IS CAPABLE OF SUFFERING RUB IT IN HARD