



HARD TO BEAR.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., living on East Main street, in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief I became almost discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murray Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Natural Resentment.
"We haven't any victims," said the man of the house, a tall individual with a chest measurement of thirty-four inches, "but here's one of my old coats you can have."

Tuffed Knutt, whose girth was nearer forty-four inches, looked at the garment and then at the owner.
"Mister," he said, with frigid dignity, "when you want to give away any 'yer old clothes you'd ort to take somebody 'er size!"

The Framing of It.
"I see there's talk of some members of the legislature framing a new trolley bill," remarked the inquisitive youth.
"How is a trolley bill framed, anyway?"

Sword Swallower.
"Yes, John has quit accepting invitations to dinner at the Bagnleys."
"He has? Why, what's the matter?"
"He says their knives are so sharp they cut his mouth."

CURES RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH.
B.B.B. Cures Deep-Seated Cases Especially—To Prove It B. B. B. Sent Free.

These diseases, with aches and pains in bones, joints and back, agonizing pains in shoulder blades, hands, fingers, arms and legs crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, or neuralgia; hawking, spitting, nose-bleeding, ringing in the ears, sick stomach, deafness, noise in the head, bad teeth, thin hot blood, all run down feeling, or catarrh are sure signs of an awful poisoned condition of the blood. Take Botanic Balm (B.B.B.). Soon all aches and pains stop, the poison is destroyed and a real permanent cure is made of the worst rheumatism or fouled catarrh. Thousands of cases cured by taking B.B.B. It strengthens weak kidneys and improves digestion. Drugists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample free by writing BOTTLE BALM CO., 54 Balm Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

European Russia has a less percentage of forest than the United States.

Dizzy?

Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all vegetable.

Want your stomach or head a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE.


Ripans Tablets

are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Every illness arising from a disordered stomach is relieved or cured by their use. So common is it that diseases originate from the stomach it may be safely asserted there is no condition of ill health that will not be benefited or cured by the occasional use of Ripans Tablets. Physicians know them and speak highly of them. All druggists sell them. The five-cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion, and the Family Bottle, sixty cents, contains a household supply for a year. One generally gives relief within twenty minutes.

W. L. DOUGLAS

'3, '30 & '35 SHOES

You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes.

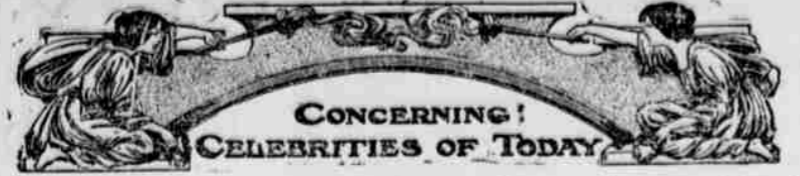


These equal shoes that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes. Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom. That Douglas name—Genuine! It proves there is value in Douglas shoes.

SOLE CURE FOR EYE AFFLICTIONS

DROPSY

NEW DISCOVERY



CONCERNING! CELEBRITIES OF TODAY.

A DEWEY STORY.

"Between Presidential terms," said Senator Dewey, "President Cleveland went hunting in the Adirondack forests one time. He took along Chick Bruce for a guide. Chick is one of the best guides in the mountains. They were waiting for a shot at a deer. Mr. Cleveland sat on a log with the muzzle of his gun resting against his heart.
"Chick saw where the gun was and fairly yelled, 'Here, you blamed old fool, is that gun loaded?'
"I guess it is," Mr. Cleveland replied, humbly.
"Chick grabbed the gun, and found it at full cock. Then he turned indignantly to Mr. Cleveland and said, 'Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what do you think would have happened to me? Blame you, don't you know I'm a Republican?'"

CORTELYOU'S START IN LIFE.

"There is a man out in Ottumwa, Iowa—a quiet citizen retired from active life—who by a very small act turned George B. Cortelyou into the path which has led him steadily up to the present remarkable career," says the New York Commercial Advertiser.
"This man was entering the office of his brother in New York one day when he narrowly missed colliding with a young man whose seemingly deperately discouraged state of mind made him careless of his direction. When the gentleman stepped into the office he questioned his brother as to what he had done to the young man to cause him to be so downhearted.
"I did nothing," was the answer, "except to tell him that I had nothing for him to do. He applied for work."
"What can he do?"
"He is a stenographer."
"Send your office boy after him immediately," which was very quickly done, and young Cortelyou (for he it was) stood before the two men. "You are a stenographer?" was asked him.
"Yes, sir."
"How soon can you go to work?"
"This minute."
"All right. Hurry right over to the Postoffice Department. They are in need of a stenographer badly. I think you will be in time to get the place."
"It is needless to say that Mr. Cortelyou hurried. He got the place."

THE REAL MR. MANSFIELD.

"There is a popular impression that Richard Mansfield is a harsh tempered, disagreeable tyrant with his people; that he humiliates a few stage hands before the curtain rises up every evening, and that after the performance he goes home and beats the cook," says the New York Sun.
"Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Mansfield does not exactly feed upon infant mush, nor does he cry for the soothing syrup, but he is a gentleman and not a ruffian. Like all sensitive men and artists who have to earn a living among provoking people he is quick to resent impertinences, quicker to detect extortions. He loves children as he loves himself, and he plays the piano for recreation. He has never except in self-defense, injured his hands in the case of a fellow being, and yet every drunken rascal who is discharged by him for incompetency relates his story of his brutality. The fact is, he is an actor able to take care of his own with his good, brave fists. The man he puts down and out usually fabricates a lie about an unprovoked, unforeseen attack."

MAN WHO WROTE 'THE MIKADO.'

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who has just celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday, has been a writer of plays for more than fifty years. When he was at school at Ealing he wrote, stage-managed and painted the scenery of several plays which were acted by his schoolfellows. One of these was a melodrama named "Guy Fawkes," and in this the stage manager played the principal part. At the age of nineteen the fighting instinct possessed him, and he began to read for the army, but changed his plans upon the close of the Crimean War. The immense success of the Gilbert and Sullivan series of comic operas was due in probably more than half measure to Gilbert's clever satires.

HOW MAETERLINCK IS PRONOUNCED.

In connection with Harper & Brothers' publication of "Monna Vanna," the much discussed Maeterlinck drama, a question has arisen as to the pronunciation of the Belgian author's name. The correct way is "Materlinck" not "Maeterlinck" as it is variously spelled. The French pronounce it Maeterlinck, because the sound of the "a" in French is "a" but in Belgian French the "a" is pronounced "ah." Maeterlinck is a Belgian, having been born at Ghent in 1864. He has been styled "The Belgian Shakespeare." It was in 1890 that he first became famous, upon the production in Paris of his play "La Princesse Maleine."

A SITUATION UNEQUALED IN FICTION.

There is a story which Sir Edward Malet recalls of a situation hardly equalled in fiction. A certain cardinal at an evening party, when pressed by an admiring circle of women to say whether he had ever received any startling confessions, replied that the first person who had come to him after he had taken orders desired absolution for a murder which he confessed to having committed. A gentle shudder ran through the frames of the audience. This was turned to consternation when, ten minutes later, an elderly marquis entered the apartment and eagerly claimed acquaintance with the cardinal. "But I see your eminence does not remember me," he said. "You will do so when I remind you that I was the first person who confessed to you after you entered the service of the church."

MR. CLEVELAND'S REBUFF.

Ex-President Cleveland used to fish and hunt a good deal in the Barnegat Bay district. John Camburo, a Ware-

town guide, says that one cold, wet night Mr. Cleveland got lost. He wandered through the mud and rain and darkness for more than two hours, but not a house could he see, not a light, not a road.
Finally, though, he struck a narrow lane and in due course a house appeared. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired; he thought he would go no further. So he banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up and a gruff voice said:
"Who are you?"
"A friend," said Mr. Cleveland meekly.
"What do you want?"
"To stay here all night."
"Stay there, then."
And the window descended with a bang and Mr. Cleveland, shivering his gun again, resumed his journey wearily.

CARNEGIE PRACTICES BEING POOR.

Although Andrew Carnegie announced some time ago that he proposed to give away his immense fortune, probably no one took him so seriously as to suppose that he actually meant to impoverish himself. Now, however, we have an assurance from the millionaire himself that he means to die a really poor man, and the Laird of Skibo is practicing a lot of little economies with the object of accumulating himself to count the pennies when it becomes necessary for him to do so.

For instance, since the corridor car has become a familiar equipment on the English railway trains, Mr. Carnegie always travels third class, except when he is accompanied by his wife and daughter, then he goes first. On a recent occasion when he was coming south he was met accidentally on the platform at Carlisle by a former acquaintance, who had accumulated some wealth through kindly tips given to him from time to time by Mr. Carnegie. This gentleman was on his way to London, too, and was delighted at the prospect of having his friend and benefactor as a companion for the remainder of the journey to town. As he was alone he asked Mr. Carnegie if he would share his saloon, but before he had time to receive an answer, the guard's flag indicated that they must take their seats, when Carnegie with out ceremony disappeared into a third-class compartment. At the next stopping place Carnegie was again out on the platform, and his friend, approaching him, remarked in a tone of remonstrance:
"Why in the name of goodness do you ride in that dirty old cattle box?"
"Cattle are not always to be despised, my friend," Mr. Carnegie replied sharply; "they are of more value to the human species than many of the men I have come across in my career. Besides," he added, "I cannot expect to give my money away without something approaching a corresponding value, and as I am as comfortable as I care to be in third-class compartment, I do not see why I should give myself the habit of indulging in unnecessary luxury. I am going to die a poor man, and I must try in the meantime to acclimate myself to the new conditions."

HE WAS NOT BOTHERED AGAIN.

Sir Ernest Cassel, the London merchant prince, who gave \$1,000,000 toward the campaign against consumption, has a dry humor, but only occasionally gives rein to it in business hours. At one period of the time when he was building up his vast fortune, he was annoyed several times by a boy who wanted a place in his office. "Did you see that boy who was just in here?" asked Sir Ernest of his office boy one day after the persistent applicant had made another plea for work. "I saw him," said the boy. "What does he want?" "Well," said the merchant, "he wants your situation, and if I ever see him again he will get it." The hint was sufficient, for the merchant never saw the pest again.

THE KAISER AS A FATHER.

Although the Emperor William of Germany has six sons and only one daughter, he has always had strong views of the training of his one girl.
"It is better that a woman should know how to make a pancake than that she should be able to discuss constitutional questions," Emperor William once said to a court lady to emphasize the kind of woman his wife, the Empress of Germany, is.
The Emperor did not exaggerate for the sake of illustration. The Empress can bake and sew and mend, and her reputation as a housewife is maintained by six heavily young men and a charming little princess, who reveres her. They were all reared along the same lines, which were never relaxed.

AN ADMIRAL'S NEW AMBITION.

Rear-Admiral J. A. Howell, of the United States Navy, popularly known as the "father of the modern torpedo," because of his invention of that engine of war, is credited by the Toronto Saturday Night with knowing why he married—a piece of knowledge which some unmarried persons seem to regard as uncommon.
It was generally believed that he was wedded to the science of warfare, and it was a surprise to the entire Navy when he married a charming woman. A number of years after his marriage a fellow-officer visited Admiral Howell, and saw the children of the distinguished sailor playing about the house.
"It's like a dream, old man," said the visitor. "We never thought of your getting married. How did you happen to think about it?"
"Oh," replied Admiral Howell, glancing affectionately at his children at play, "I got tired of being referred to merely as the 'father of the modern torpedo.'"

A MAN IN PALMER, MASS., IS DEAD OF CHRONIC POISONING FROM ARSENIC IN THE COLORED PAPER OF HIS SITTING ROOM.

A philosopher is often a man who disguises his dyspepsia with the cloak of wit.

ONE OR OTHER HAD TO DIE

AN INDIAN DUEL IN THE SEVENTIES—CROOKED NECK'S LAST SHOT—THE WIFE-STEALER WON.

EF killing day at Stand-
liff Rock agency, A. D.
1876, but a few years
after the Custer massacre,
Long Point, on the eastern
bank of the Missouri, opposite Fort
Yates, is black and blue, yellow and
red, green and dirty white, with a kaleid-
oscopic crowd of Sioux to whom the
butchery of six score huge steers
strongly appeals.

In the center of the throng rises the
fence of the killing corral, "ten-to-
high." Animals maddened by rifle
shooting, blood, yell and waving blank-
ets need a strong enclosure if they are
to be done to death without inflicting
reprisals.
At that day and date the Indians
were allowed to shoot a fortnight's
supply of cattle themselves. Later,
soldiers were detailed for the work in
order to abate cruelty to the animals
and danger to all residents within the
radius of a mile. After the steers were
down Indians by the score would leap
into the sanguinary arena, cut the
tongues from the quivering carcasses,
and sometimes regale themselves on a
mass of congealed blood. After such a
meal a Sioux brave was unprety.

On the morning in question it was evi-
dent to the agent and his employees,
whose presence at the killing was
necessary to secure a proper allotment
of the beef to between tribes and fami-
lies, that something more than usually
exciting was afflicting the Indians.
There were four tribes of Sioux at
Standoff Rock—Lower Yanktonians,
Upper Yanktonians, Umpapapa, Black-
feet—and generally these mixed togeth-
er without thought of tribal relations
or jealousies, as do nationalities on
Broadway. This day, however, the
Umpapapas and the Blackfeet were di-
vided, and even to the inexperienced
eye were hostile.

Having finished the distribution of
the divided carcasses, and sick with
sights, sounds and smells that told of
nothing but brutality and savagery, the
agent was about to take a boat across
the Missouri when sudden cries were
heard from the corral, and on top of the
corral fence a look interestedly
whence they came, and where, 100
yards away, fully 400 Indians, men,
women and children, were rapidly sepa-
rating into two groups with a la-
cra fifty feet wide between them.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Into the head of this lane danced a
braided figure, thrusting aloft a double
barreled shotgun and yelling at the
top of his voice. At the foot appeared
a quieter but no less ferocious warrior
armed with a Winchester rifle of the
old magazine type, calibre .45.
How were they dressed?
Not at all, unless you call a coup
feather eek, some dabs of yellow,
green and blue paint on hair parting,
cheekbone and breast, and a very much
abbreviated and visibly soiled breech
cloth a toilet. Their wanted garb had
been hastily doffed.
By this time the farmer of the agency,
Waldorf by name, and an old stager
on the plains, had climbed to a seat be-
hind the agent, and in a rather uninter-
ested tone said:
"Guess them fellers intends to do
some shootin' to kill. There's had blood
'twix 'em for mo' a year. Now they're
going to try to let some of it out."
"Do you mean that it is a duel?"
asked the astonished agent, a distinct
tenderfoot, by the way.
"Zactly what I do mean," responded
the farmer. "And of you'll wait about
two minutes you'll see some passin' in
it, cheeck."

"I conceive it to be my duty to put a
stop to this outrage," was the agent's
comment. "Why, bless my soul, it's
murder."
"I conceive it to be my duty," re-
torted the farmer, "to prevent any such
blame fool proceedin' 'cep'tin' you're
plum anxious to furnish the corpse
yourself. Man, man! it would be death
for a white man to git between them
two now."
"As the farmer, to emphasize his protest,
seized the agent's arm in an un-
shakable grasp, the only thing remain-
ing to be watched the proceedings with
such composure as could be vouchsafed
to one who had left the Atlantic sea-
board but a few short weeks before.
While the conversation between the
farmer and the agent was proceeding
the Indian opponents had been dancing
forward and back along the lane and
across it in zigzag fashion for all the
world as if they were setting to part-
ners in an old-fashioned contra-dance.

THE WOMAN IN IT.

The man with the shotgun was named
Crooked-Neck, and he was a Blackfoot,
while his opponent, an Umpapapa, usu-
ally called Shaven-Head, was a noted
scout in the employ of the Government,
and appeared on the rolls as Umpapapi-
"Good-Toned Metal." Their hostility
grew out of the fact that Shaven-Head
had stolen Crooked-Neck's favorite
wife, and the immediate outbreak
arose out of what some of Shaven-
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"As the farmer, to emphasize his protest, seized the agent's arm in an unshakable grasp, the only thing remaining to be watched the proceedings with such composure as could be vouchsafed to one who had left the Atlantic seaboard but a few short weeks before. While the conversation between the farmer and the agent was proceeding the Indian opponents had been dancing forward and back along the lane and across it in zigzag fashion for all the world as if they were setting to partners in an old-fashioned contra-dance.

A Sweat Shop Story.

The visitors were being guided through the big knitting factory. "Who is that weary-looking person standing by that machine?"
"That is one of the persons who knit the sweaters."
"And that well-fed individual sitting in the big office, with a cigar in his mouth?"
"That is one of the firm that sweats the knitters."
Whereupon the visitor decided that that factory was where he would get his next sweater—nit.

A Good Alibi.

"You say," said the State's attorney, "that on the night of the 15th of September, the time when this crime was committed, you were out riding in the town of Oakville?"
"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, who was trying to set up an alibi.
"Have you any witnesses to prove that you were out riding?"
"Well, I don't know their names, but there must have been ten or twelve gentlemen carrying the rail, while there were a dozen or more walking behind, carrying the tar and feathers."

Slow Fellow.

Tess—Mr. Sloukache tells me he called on you the other evening. He says he thinks you're as beautiful as Venus, Jess—Pshaw! he behaved like a Venus de Milo himself.
Tess—How do you mean?
Jess—Oh, the Venus de Milo hasn't any arms, you know.

FIT SPERMANTICALLY CURED.

No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 a bottle and 10 bottles for \$15.00. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 131 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Lord Grimthorpe.

The manufacturer of artificial camphor by electrolysis is now assured.

A Peer Clockmaker.

Lord Grimthorpe, the designer of "Big Ben," though nearly ninety, still retains his skill as a scientific horologist.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY, clerk of the court, do hereby certify that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of CATARRH OF THE BLADDER cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

Patents.

THADDEUS AND PENSION. Millions of dollars have been made out of patents that expire. Millions of dollars are appropriated to buy patents. 20 years protection. Write to THE W. H. WILLS COMPANY, 1414 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Wanted Agents.

For our Prepared Remedies, Balm, Vaseline, and Ointments for all ailments. Send for catalogues. Agents wanted everywhere. Write to THE W. H. WILLS COMPANY, 1414 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THROW YOUR CRUTCHES AWAY!

Rheumacide CURES.

THE BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Cascarets

CANDY GATHARTIO

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, constipation, pain after eating, liver trouble, yellow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move, regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ail you start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels into regular motion. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or refund. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

Sick, Nervous

Neuralgic Headaches

QUICKLY CURED BY

PROMO-SELTZER

10 CENTS. CURES ALL HEADACHES.

Insanity in the Farmhouse.

Statistics go to show that seventy-five per cent. of the women sent to insane asylums come from farmhouses. Many are easily frightened, many grow morbid by reason of their treadmill life and lack of wholesome recreation and many lack proper medical attention when it is necessary and by reason of ignorance and poverty fail to seek relief until the mind suffers with the body.—Atlanta Journal.