

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every taint or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as atcertified by the writings of leading authorities, and all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famous medicine and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

Oldest Known Tunnel

The near completion of the Pennsylvania tunnel reminds the American Israelite of the oldest known tunnel in the world, that of Siloah, near Jerusalem. It was used as an aqueduct. The famous inscription, discovered a few years ago, celebrates the first meeting of the diggers from both sides. Newspapers did not appear in those days, and so the event cannot be exactly dated, but it most probably took place under King Hezekiah, about 700 B. C., and is an interesting testimony of the high state of civilization among the Jews at a time when Europe was inhabited by savages.

TERRIBLE ITCHING SCALP

Eczema Broke Out Also on Hands and Limbs—An Old Soldier Declares: "Cuticura is a Blessing."

"At all times and to all people I am willing to testify to the merits of Cuticura. It saved me from worse than the torture of hives, about the year 1900, with itching on my scalp, temples, and afterwards it commenced to break out on my hands. Then it broke out on my limbs. I then went to a surgeon, whose treatment did me no good, but rather aggravated the disease. I then told him I would go and see a physician in Erie. The reply was that I could go anywhere, but a case of eczema like mine could not be cured; that I was too old (80). I went to an eminent doctor in the city of Erie and treated with him for six months, with like results. I had read of the Cuticura Remedies, and so I sent for the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and continued taking the Resolvent until I had taken six bottles, stopping it to take the Pills. I was now getting better. I took two baths a day, and at night I used the lather of the Soap dry on the itchy parts. I had great relief after washing in warm water, to stop the itching at once. I am now cured. The Cuticura treatment is a blessing, and should be used by every one who has itching of the skin. I can't say any more, and thank God that He has given the world such a curative. Wm. H. Gray, 3303 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia, Pa., August 2, 1905."

Hunting Votes. "Record" tells of some of the amusing features of the chasing of rural voters. "The other day," says the "Record," "Warren Guthrie, Republican candidate for county attorney, was returning from a sale in the country and noticed what he took for a voter at a remark in Guthrie. 'I may need him,' remarked Guthrie, as he climbed out, hitched his horse and started across the newly ploughed ground to address him for his vote. In getting through the fence Guthrie tore his trousers, afterward sank knee deep in mud and water in crossing a draw, and when he reached the man he discovered that the 'farmer' was only 16 years old."

Advantages of the South. There is no day in the year in which some crop cannot be grown in some one of the fourteen Southern States or in which stress of heat or cold may compel a suspension of manufacturing. In no part of the South are the winters so severe as to limit for days at a time any kind of work upon buildings and in most of it there need be, on account of weather, no interruption of work into which reinforced concrete enters.—Manufacturers' Record.

HAD TO USE A CANE.
Weakened Kidneys Made an Elwood, Ind., Man's Back Give Out.

R. A. Pugh, transfer business, 2020 North B Street, Elwood, Ind., says: "Kidney trouble laid me up for a long time, and when I was able to be up I had to use a cane. I had terrible backaches and pain in the shoulders. The kidney secretions were dark colored. After doctoring in vain I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured me entirely, and I am glad to recommend them." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



LAND OF GREAT DISTANCES.

THE VASTNESS OF SOUTH AFRICA APPALS THE TRAVELER.

Civilization Looks Out of Place as the Train Crosses the Veldt—Beautiful Mornings and Sunsets and Days of Quiet, but Noisy Nights—A Changeless Land.

It is fashionable to allude to a railway journey in South Africa in tones of thinly veiled scorn and contempt, to condemn it as tiresome, complain of it as uninteresting, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. There is space—almost unrestrained of space. And that is all. Through the East the traveller lives in the past. He feels, if he has any imagination at all, that for the moment he has become part of an ancient civilization which still survives the train and the telegraph; he moves through cities with a story in every stone; each mile brings new pictures of the might and wealth which fill the most enchanting pages in the book of history.

In America you cross a land of the future. The cities are marvels of industry. Africa you seem to live always in the country there is an echo of the hum of a restless enterprise, the murmur of a people confident they are hurrying on to realize a great destiny.

But across the great plateau of So. Africa you seem to live always in the present. It becomes a dominating idea. You cannot picture a past save like the present, or imagine a future differing from today. The veldt is, and it looks as if it will always be as it is. The slender thread of steel which crosses its illimitable space, the little towns set down at such great distances from one another, play no part in the scene. They are there, it is true; but they look fortuitous, out of place. Trains clang across the Karoo, and pant up the hillsides from Natal; but the veldt ignores them. It does not adapt itself to them. The slow moving ox wagon alone fits in the picture; the mail train, with its searchlight piercing the darkness and peace of the night, is, and always will be, a thing apart. It always seems to me that there is something curious, almost uncanny, about the great spaces of southern Africa—something you do not find in other great lands. The haste of modern life clashes with the spirit of the veldt. There is a silent protest against the intruder. The country calls disease and drought to its aid to prevent its freedom being shackled by the bonds of civilization and the handouts of progress.

The space destroys speed. As you hurry northward or eastward from London in a mile a minute express the close set villages fly past, increasing the impression of haste; but let the same engine pull the train northward from the Cape into the heart of Africa and its speed will seem to slacken. Steam cannot eat up the distances of such a continent, and there are no contrasts, no near landmarks, by which to measure the onward rush.

Yet such a journey, monotonous as it is, brings scenes which give it a fascination of its own. No one can paint in words or on canvas the beauty of a South African morning just after sunrise. Your carriage stands still at some wayside station, with its solitary one story house and inevitable dwarfed tree. Away, as far as the eye can see, stretches the thin grassland. The landscape holds, nothing to attract save its space; but the sunshine is something England never knows, the air is like a draught of champagne, the marvellous clearness and freshness—which no other land can equal—give new life. No breeze yet swirls the dust across the plain. All the world is still, as though lost in silent worship of the loveliness of the moment.

A few sleepy Kafirs, wrapped close in blankets which display a rainbow of color, gaze with languid eyes at the panting monster. The white man and his ways are familiar today in the heart of the Dark Continent. Yet there are men living who remember the time when the coast tribes believed that white men were a production of the sea, which they traversed in large shells, their food being the tusks of elephants, which they would take from the beach if laid there for them, placing beads in their stead, which they obtained from the bottom of the sea. History has been made quickly in South Africa.

A shrill whistle, and on again into space. All day you clatter forward—a little uncertainly at times. There are mysterious wayside halts in the wilderness, when you seem to have run out from the world and been side tracked far from the haunts of men; there are waitings at tiny sidings from which not a habitation is visible, and where the only possible traffic appears to be a wild buck or an occasional stray bullock. The land is empty. The swarms of natives you expected to see are absent; the country looks deserted. Space—only space. Now and then there glides into the picture a town with a name known to history, the site of a siege, the field of a battle. The impression it leaves is simply one of insignificance. No ordinary town could look imposing upon such a plain.

All day the train toils onward, growing weary at times as though disheartened at the miles which still stretch ahead. A few herds of goats or cattle; a shy figure in the distance, which makes you think of the harried Bushmen or the wild Vaal pens; now and then a live-like kraal away under the shade of some tree. But no incident, no break—never was there

such monotony. Yet you cannot conjure up a different picture. Even in imagination you cannot transform the veldt. It was thus when the first white men pushed forward from the shelter of the coast settlements into the unknown. It is thus today. It will be thus in a decade—perhaps in a century.

Sunset is as wonderful as the dawn. The still, cloudless sky darkens rapidly as the sun sinks below the rim of the plain. A solitary kopje becomes purple, then black, a fitting haunt for some robber chief, the terror of whose name has desolated the countryside. The last glorious glow, which the painter could reproduce, dies away, and a chill breeze sighs through the dry grass. The train puffs wearily on in the blackness of the night; ever forward, with the searchlight before the funnel, like a huge eye sweeping the land to find a human being.

In the middle of the night there happens a curious thing. The country becomes people. There is a grinding stop. A few lights flicker, hoarse voices shout unintelligible orders, there arises a banging and a clattering sufficient to wake the Seven Sleepers. What happens—how it happens—why it happens—no man knows. It is an eccentricity of a South African railway. The living day slips by with a silence which almost forces one to shout to break the stillness, but at night these mysterious noises arise. Men emerge from nowhere, and talk loudly of nothing beside the waiting train; figures with hammers beat upon the wheels or hold consultations in stentorian tones over grease boxes; a popular song is roared under the windows of sleepers; even a whole troop train of terribly wide awake soldiers has been met on a particularly dark night. But these things never happen in daytime. There are people in this wide land after all; but they only spring up at night.

So on through another day—always the same space. At last, as night falls once more, you enter a region of snow white hills, which look ghostly in the moonlight, of queer towers of iron bars and enormous wheels, as of the torture chamber of a giant'squisition. Stations slip past more quickly, houses grow more numerous. Finally appears a great city, where electric trams glide through the streets and a blaze of electric light shows a background of tall buildings. It is the Reef and the Golden City, the magnet which has drawn the railway all these hundreds of miles from the sea. But it is soon forgotten. The veldt laps the walls of Johannesburg and will remain, after it has gone, to cover the scars made by man.

Further on—you lose count of time in a South African train—is a gorge, down which you descend to the low country, the fever stricken land toward Delagoa Bay. You have heard of bold hills, of grand scenery; but the winding descent is disappointing. The hills look low, the valley is not deep. The country which stretches away around you is too immense. No picture could look imposing set in such an enormous frame.

This is the last, as it is the first, impression of a South African railway journey. Space, vastness. There are snow-capped mountains, swift running rivers, forest, bush, hill, valley, upland, desert. There is much that is striking, many things that are novel; but the greatest, the most lasting thing, the impression that remains when the others have become a blur, is the distance. This is a land of great distances. It fascinates you. Finally, it depresses you. What can man do with such a land; a land which has never changed—which means never to change? We build and scratch in little corners, but we have done nothing which really counts. The space is too great. The veldt is as it was—and always will be.

Dickens in Rome.
When Charles Dickens arrived in Rome on Jan. 30, 1845, he was profoundly disappointed. "It was no more my Rome, degraded and fallen asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins, than Lincoln's Inn Fields is." A short time before, while he was straining his eyes across the Campagna a distant view of the town had recalled London. This feeling soon passed away. He thought spring the most delightful season for Italy. He was again in Rome in 1857, saw J. G. Lockhart, "fearfully weak and broken," smoked with David Roberts, who was painting that famous picture of Rome now in the Scottish National gallery. The Pantheon he thought nobler than of yore, the other antiquities smaller.

It was in San Lorenzo square, Florence that Robert Browning picked up the part manuscript and part printed Roman murder trial of 1638 from which he spun his wonderful "Ring and the Book." The church of San Lorenzo, in Lucina, off the Corso in Rome, was the scene of Pompilia's marriage. It was there also that the murdered bodies were laid for was a weird funeral, attended by Capuchins, when they were in this church. While in Rome the Brownings stayed at 28 Via del Tritone.—Chambers' Journal.

After the Third Degree.
"Say," began the chief of detectives, "you remember that defiant murder suspect who was brought in last night?"
"Yes," replied the prosecuting attorney, "what about him?"
"Oh, he autodeed."
"Autodeed?"
"Yes; he broke down."—Cleveland Leader.

A LIE OF ANCIENT ROME.

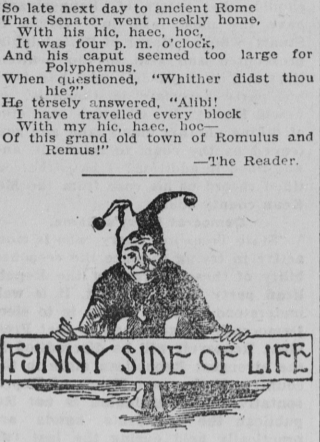
A Senator of ancient Rome. Quite late one night was going home. With his hic, haec, hoc. And he walked around the block. And the moon was on the grand old Colosseum. Profoundly wished that conscript peer To hail a hansom charioteer. With his hic, haec, hoc. As he trudged around the block. But he didn't have the Roman coin to fee 'em.

At last he said, "Great Caesar's ghost! I'm either stolen, strayed or lost With my hic, haec, hoc. It is nearly three o'clock. And seven moons are shining on the Tiber. I've looked too much meseems, since lunch On Scipio's Falerian punch. With my hic, haec, hoc. And this walk around the block Is hard upon a jolly old lumber."

At last he walked so far, they say. He passed the noble Apian Way. With his hic, haec, hoc. And it gave him such a shock That he almost lost his Latin conjugation.

When a praetorian on his round, That rashly roamed Roman found, And he said, "Hae hunc!" He uttered a word of such rank, Come hither and I'll lock you in the station.

So late next day to ancient Rome That Senator went meekly home. With his hic, haec, hoc. It was four p. m. o'clock. And his caput seemed too large for Polyphemus. "Whither didst thou go?" He tersely answered, "Alibi!" I have travelled every block Of this grand old town of Romulus and Remus!" —The Reader.



"You say she keeps boarders?"
"No. I said 'she takes boarders.'" —Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Book Reviewer—The plot of this novel was stolen, sure! The Police Reporter—Ah! A second-story job, evidently!—Puck.

"Yes, but I really did see a happy multi-millionaire once." "What?"
"Yes; he had just made another million." —Chicago Tribune.

"Hate—I hate that man." "What has he ever done to you?" "Nothing, but he was present once when I made a fool of myself." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Stella—I thought you said you would never marry a man with red hair. Mary—I thought I wouldn't at the time, but he afterward proposed. —Detroit Free Press.

"I thought Jim was going to marry the banker's daughter." "Oh, he can do better than that." "How?" "By marrying the iceman's daughter." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ethel—I showed papa one of your poems and he was delighted. Scribbler—Indeed! Ethel—Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else.—Judge.

"Won't you be bothered in Europe by your deficient knowledge of French?" "Not at all," answered Mr. Dustin Sax. "It will prevent me from being bothered in Paris by inquiries about how I got my money." —Washington Star.

"Our club meetings," said Mrs. Uppisch, "are attended by the best people—the brains and culture of the city." "Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Knox, "and do your swell society folk really condescend to associate with them?" —Philadelphia Press.

"George," said she, "do you really think we ought to have an elevator in our new house?" "Why not?" "Who would run it?" "Why, you of course," said George. "You run everything else in the house. Why not the elevator?" —Detroit Free Press.

"I've half a mind to write a magazine sonnet." "Go ahead—that's just what it takes." —Cleveland Leader.

"Is your business on a running basis yet?" "I should say so; I always run when I see a creditor coming." —Princeton Tiger.

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "I know it is early in the evening yet, but would you mind lying down on the lounge and taking a nap?" "What for?" asked Mr. Ferguson. "Because the baby is fretful, and your snoring always lulls him to sleep." —Chicago Tribune.

"And when all your reforms are established, what will happen then?" "Well," answered the man who is earnest, but not bigoted, "I suppose a lot of the other reformers will arise and want to go back to the good old days of their forefathers." —Washington Star.

"Why is it," queried the American globe-trotter, "that our American girls are so much more attractive to foreigners with titles than you English girls?" "I don't know," snapped the English beauty, "unless it's because they have more money and less sense." —Chicago Daily News.

"I want to know," said the irate matron, "how much money my husband drew out of this bank last week?" "I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage. "You're the paying teller, aren't you?" "Yes, but I'm not the telling payer." —Chicago Tribune.

Had Matrimonial Look.
Weary Willie (reading ad).—"Man wanted to chop wood, bring up coal, tend furnace, take care of garden, mind chickens and children." —Frayed Fagin (groaning)—Geel dem matrimonial advertisements make me tired.—Judge.

Very Small Armies.

Very small are the armies of some of the little governments of Europe. That of Monaco comprises seventy-five carabinieri, the same number of guards and twenty firemen. The army of Luxembourg has 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers and thirty-nine musicians, but the law provides that in time of war the volunteers may be temporarily increased to 250. In the republic of San Marino compulsory military service prevails, the result being that an army of 950 men and thirty-eight officers can be summoned to the colors. One company of sixty men forms the army on a peace footing. —Chicago News.

A Good Record.
Out of all the external remedies on the market we doubt if there is one that has the record of that world-renowned porous plaster—Alcock's. It has now been in use for sixty years, and still continues to be as popular as ever in doing its great work of relieving our pains and aches. It is the remedy we all need when suffering from any form of ache or pain resulting from taking cold or over-strain. Alcock's Plasters are sold by druggists in every part of the civilized world.

Suggestion to Automobileists.
An automobilist of great experience suggests that it is a good idea for the driver of a car to show his companion on the front seat how to switch off the ignition current in case the driver suddenly becomes incapacitated. By this simple operation the car can quickly be stopped, and the damage it is liable to do if it runs wild will be reduced. —Scientific American.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured!
By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are cured by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is a powerful purifier and a blood purifier. Write for One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by other means. Send for circular free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Such Flies Are Useful.
Fireflies of Jamaica emit so brilliant a light that a dozen of them, enclosed within an inverted tumbler, will enable a person to read or write at night without the least difficulty. These flies are in size as large as a common house fly, and perfectly harmless. Their appearance in unusual numbers acts as a barometer to the natives, and is an indication of approaching rain.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The flying lemur of the Indian archipelago, which is only about 30 inches long, can leap fully 300 feet by the use of the membrane connecting its limbs with each other.

There is no satisfaction in having dry and uncomfortable when out in the hardest storm.

TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING
BLACK OR YELLOW. On sale everywhere.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

YOU CANNOT CURE
all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh, caused by gonorrhea, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic
which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for women's ailments by local treatment with Paxtine.

Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

Chickens Earn Money!
If You Know How to Handle Them Properly.

Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results. The way to do this is to profit by the experience of others. We offer a book telling all you need to know on the subject—a book written by a man who made his living for 25 years in raising Poultry, and in that time necessarily had to experiment and spend much money to learn the best way to conduct the business—for the small sum of 25 cents in postage stamps.

It tells you how to Detect and Cure Disease, how to Feed for Eggs, and also for Market, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and indeed about everything you must know on the subject to make a success.

SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS IN STAMPS.

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE,
134 LEONARD ST., N. Y. CITY.

BUILT UP HER HEALTH SPEEDY CURE OF MISS GOODE

She is Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Writes Gratefully to Mrs. Pinkham.

For the wonderful help that she has found Miss Cora Goode, 255 E. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill., believes it her duty to write the following letter for publication, in order that other women afflicted in the same way may be



Miss Cora Goode

benefited as she was. Miss Goode is president of the Bryn Mawr Lawn Tennis Club of Chicago. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have tried many different remedies to build up my system, which had become run down from loss of proper rest and unreasonable hours, but nothing seemed to help me. Mother is great friend of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles, having used it herself some years ago with great success. So I began to take it, and in less than a month I was able to be out of bed and out of doors, and in three months I was entirely well. Really I have never felt so strong and well as I have since.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacement of organs, inflammation or ulceration, can be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Her experience is very great, and she gives the benefit of it to all who stand in need of wise counsel. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes

BEST IN THE WORLD
W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

There is no satisfaction in having dry and uncomfortable when out in the hardest storm.

TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING
BLACK OR YELLOW. On sale everywhere.

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which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for women's ailments by local treatment with Paxtine.

Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR FEET
Send 25c today for pair of (15 plaster) of CORNO
Removes corns, callus, cures itching, blisters, bunions. Builds new skin. Leaves no soreness. Price and contents combined. Care guaranteed or money back. At drug and shoe stores, or by mail postpaid. 25c. Full details, BEST SUPPLY CO., Sole Mfrs., Dept. J, Juliet, Ill.

I CAN POSITIVELY CURE ALL female disorders
(Pains, nervousness, weakness, etc.) Send 10c for trial bottle. DR. LINDEN, Female Specialist, 41 Cortlandt Street, New York.

PATENTS
48 p. book free. Highest refs. Long experience. Fitzgerald & Co., Dept. 54, Wash.ington, D. C.

Thompson's Eye Water
If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water