

## OUR

**Mr. Herschell Dead.**  
 Mr. Herschell, one of the high commissioners from Great Britain, died at Washington recently. He was sent to the United States because of his eminent attainments to take a leading part in the negotiations designed to settle all existing differences between the U. S. and Canada. Heart failure was the immediate cause of his death.

**A Whitecappers' League.**  
 A whitecappers' league has been organized in Miller and Early counties, Georgia, and the gang is terrorizing the people of that section by threats and deeds of outlaws. The gang recently issued an order that no Negro should live in the section in which the whitecappers are at work. Gov. Candler has been asked to suppress the outlaws.

**Dying of Scoury.**  
 Advice on Dawson City, Wash., say that men are dying of scurvy in the suburbs of that city. Recently a man was found almost dead in a tent on Victoria gulch. His food was gone and he was waiting for death, unable to do anything to help himself.

**Charged With Poisoning Her Husband.**  
 Mrs. Nella Eggert, of Nellville, Wis., has been arrested, charged with murdering her husband, by feeding him poison. It is said this is her third dead husband.

**Submits to Rome.**  
 Archbishop Vlatte, of Milwaukee, of the church organization known as the "Old Catholics of America," has withdrawn from that body. He submits himself to the Roman Catholic church.

A quarrel over some fence rails resulted in the death of Rev. J. C. Rexford, a Baptist minister of Lewis county, W. Va.

**Hospital Ship Goes to Manila.**  
 Orders have been issued to the hospital ship Relief to sail for Manila at the earliest possible moment and to move at as great speed as is safe. The engineer of the boat thinks he can make the trip in 44 or 45 days.

**TELEGRAPHIC BITS.**  
 China has granted Italy a 90-year lease of San Sun bay in the province of Che Kian.

Many laborers are out of work at Santiago owing to the lack of funds necessary to keep them engaged.

Wages of Illinois and Wisconsin Federal Steel Co. workers, numbering 15,000, have been raised 8 per cent. Alabama miners are also gladdened by an increase.

Gen. Gomez was received at Havana with military honors by the American military commanders on his recent visit there. He, in company with them watched 2,500 of his soldiers defile in the Plaza of Arms past the palace from the balcony on which Gen. Brooke and other American generals stood less than two months ago, when the last company of departing Spanish troops saluted the American troops, and Capt. Gen. Castellanos formally yielded the Spanish sovereignty. The celebration left a pleasing impression.

A combination of the sewer pipe industries in the United States is assured.

The American residents in the Chee Foo, China, have sent an appeal to the San Francisco chamber of commerce requesting that a ship load of corn be sent for the relief of 2,000,000 Chinese in Shang Tung province, the unprecedented floods of the Yellow river having destroyed crops, and the immense population along the great river being on the verge of starvation.

The funeral ship Roumania, which is engaged to bring home the remains of the dead soldiers, has completed its work at Porto Rico and is now at Santiago.

## TEN SONS IN THE ARMY.

Queen Victoria's Gifts Bring to Light Some Curious Facts.

The gift by Queen Victoria of \$50 and her portrait, which her majesty sent to a Mrs. Kevech, of St. Breward, Cornwall, in appreciation of the service of Mrs. Kevech's seven sons in the army, has had the effect of bringing to light several other cases of large families who have upheld the flag of old England. Whether these cases have been discovered with a view of sharing the queenly reward or merely to show that there "were others" does not seem to be clear, but the fact is that there have been not a few families in which a large number of sons have fought in the same regiment. The Battye brothers are believed to have been the most numerous of any one family of fighters. There were ten of these men, and they were all in the army at one time. Battles took off four, but the others went on fighting, and made good records without meeting disaster. One of them achieved signal distinction, being appointed military knight at Windsor. This was Col. Montague Battye, and his installation took place not long ago. Eight sons were given by Mrs. Margaret Clark, who died at Plymouth in 1817. Seven of these sons entered the naval service of John Bull, the remaining son donning the uniform of a soldier. The navy boys had harder "going" than the one who fought on land, for in an engagement commanded on one side by Admiral Keppel five of the sons were killed in one day.

**Evidently the Other Fellow.**  
 Hicks—"I firmly believe in phrenology. I flatter myself, for instance, that I can unfailingly discover aggressiveness from the appearance of certain bumps on a man's head." Wicks—"That may be true, but are you able to tell which of the parties was aggressive?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

Lesson Taught by a Lad's Act of Humanity.

Down on Harwood street the other morning—6 o'clock—some two or three early risers were on their way to market, says the Dallas (Tex.) News. Up the street at full tilt comes a boy riding bareback, and he is barefooted and bareheaded. He is whistling and is as happy as only a boy of 10 can be. On he goes at a full gallop, but with a keen eye taking in everything that is to be seen. He has just passed us when, with a sudden stop, he wheels his horse and makes for a near-by electric light pole. It is a tall one and, throwing the bridle reins over the nearest iron foot-rest, he dismounts as quick as a flash and up the pole he goes. Hand over hand he climbs to the very top, and once he comes near falling. But not a bit discouraged is he.

That boy is up to something, but for the life of us old fellows down on the ground we can't make it out. Now he throws one leg over a wire and in the entanglement we watch him struggle till he sits astride the center piece. And now he thrusts his hand up into the great glass globe, but his chubby arm is too short to get whatever it is he is reaching for. Another effort and he is standing upright on the cross-timber and with his arm away down in the globe, he brings out—well—a poor, little, frightened, fluttering bird. It hid in some way got into the conical-shaped globe and couldn't get out. Now we know what the boy means—he wants a pet bird and will put it in a cage and in a few days the poor little songster will die of neglect. We couldn't blame the little fellow, for we had all been boys once; but we thought it might have been just as well to have let it stay in its own self-incarcerated prison, and mayhap it would have finally learned to regain its freedom. But just then the boy, with face uplifted and a smile all over his sunburned cheeks, raises his hand, palm upward and fingers outstretched, and away flies the bird. Down the pole like lightning, astride the horse in an instant, and riding like mad, he passes by us. Go ahead, little rough rider, breathing the fresh, free morning air—free for you and free for the birds—we are all right. There are other rough riders who risked their life and everything they held dear in the world to help those in prisons and in bondage, and you are both made of the same kind of stuff. Ride ahead, little man, and though you did not hear or notice our plaudits there on the sidewalk, you are all right, and may God bless you.

## SWAM HANDCUFFED.

A Most Remarkable Performance of a Maniac.

The Ward line steamer, Seneca, which arrived at New York recently from South Cuban ports, brought with her W. H. Seymour, engineer's yeoman of the refrigerator ship Glacier, who was rescued from drowning, 3278 he New York Times, after he had thrown himself from the ship into the sea near Cape Cruz. Seymour came aboard the Seneca at Santiago in charge of Surgeon Burns, United States Navy, of the cruiser Cincinnati, and an attendant. He was mentally deranged and was bound for St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane, Washington.

While the Seneca was on her way to Manzanillo on Nov. 22 Seymour became anally and was placed in irons. On Nov. 23 the Seneca left Manzanillo for Cienfuegos, and Seymour was allowed to have the liberty of the main deck, so that he might get a little fresh air and exercise. Handcuffs were still kept on his wrists in order to prevent him from making any violent demonstrations. At 10:30 o'clock the steward appeared upon the bridge and informed First Officer Reed, whose watch it was, that a passenger was overboard. The ship was at once stopped and backed up to where Seymour, who is a large, powerful man, was seen swimming, handcuffed as he was, toward the shore, which was between three and four miles distant. A starboard boat was lowered away with all speed. First Officer Reed took command of the boat and it was manned by Fred Hansen, George Thompson, Christopher Knudsen and Louis Larsen, seamen. The boat made at once for Seymour, and he was dragged from the water and taken back to the ship. When the maniac was overtaken he was still swimming on his back, but he made no resistance. From the time the steward made his report to the moment Seymour again stood on the deck only fifteen minutes elapsed. It was probably one of the speediest rescues on record. Second Officer Parker was in his bunk when the alarm was given. He was sent for to relieve the first officer, but the rescue was so speedy that it was all over before he had reached the bridge. When Seymour was asked why he had jumped overboard he said: "I thought I'd like a bath. That was the only way I could get one."

## Paris and Its Trees.

Paris contains more trees than any city in the world, which is the reason why its streets and avenues are so beautiful. The trees are principally of three kinds—the chestnut and acacia, such as line the Champs Elysees, and the lime tree, which grows in such abundance in the Bois de Boulogne and on certain of the outer boulevards.

## His Backing.

"They say he has a fortune back of him." "More than that. He has squandered three of them, to my certain knowledge."

## Haughty.

"They say money talks." "Maybe it does; but it's hardly on speaking terms with some of us."

## On The Trolley.

The red is melting in the river,  
 The red is dying in the snow,  
 The evening star begins to quiver,  
 Related birds go darning by,  
 Come, let us follow, follow, follow,  
 And find how fine it is to die!

By pine-woods where, when noon was sunny,  
 The air with spicy balsams flowed,  
 By gardens full of sweets and honey,  
 Where summer-long the rose has glowed,  
 By weary wife and loitering lover,  
 Come, flash along the river-road.

The forest wall across the river,  
 The darkness within the curling tide,  
 The fragrant winds about us shiver,  
 We rock, we rock, we rock, we ride,  
 Thrilled with the sweep of airy motion,  
 And glad because the world is wild!

The night soars up the purple spaces,  
 The whirling winds divide the deep,  
 Strange gleams are on our faces,  
 Swift lightnings underneath us leap,  
 As forward flying, dying, flying,  
 Upon the thunderbolt we sweep!

Harriet Prescott Spofford

## MAJOR RUMSEY.

It was the proud boast of Mrs. Maltworth, widow of the late Captain Robert Maltworth of the 14th Cavalry, proprietress of the Esmeralda Hotel, Seabreeze, that in each of the twelve years during which she had successfully brought two young people into relations with one another that had resulted in matrimony. To tell the truth, Mrs. Maltworth was a born matchmaker, as many a young lieutenant could have witnessed.

Mrs. Maltworth was one of those rare individuals who can sink their own discomforts and smile on the pleasures of others. It was largely due to this fact that the Esmeralda had prospered, and during the season its rooms were flooded with young people bubbling over with holiday spirits, who joked and laughed together as if the office and the counter were nothing more than mere imaginings which would not reappear at the expiration of a brief fortnight.

But Mrs. Maltworth and her two daughters were growing despondent. The season was rapidly growing to a close, and as yet no two young people had been attracted to each other. To be sure, there had been one or two mild flirtations which had excited considerable expectation, but they had not "developed" and had expired before the participants left Seabreeze.

"Here's a letter from a Major Rumsey, my dears," said the widow one morning. "He wants to come next Monday with his son and daughter to stay—why, he doesn't say how long he will stay."

"Who is he?" inquired the elder of the Misses Maltworth, a prim young lady of 23, whose living interest was centered and circumscribed in the cutting down of expenses at the Esmeralda.

The widow passed the letter to her. "He writes from Shoreham, you see, and that is very select. We shall have to put him and the son in the second floor front and his girl in the room opposite ours."

The younger daughter nodded approval. She was a pretty girl, who had all her mother's amiability and tenderness, mixed with her father's soldierly pride.

Major Rumsey duly arrived with his son and daughter. He was a middle-aged gentleman whose hair was generously sprinkled with gray, labeled military from head to foot, and possessed of a bluff, hearty voice that instantly won the widow's heart.

"I always felt thoroughly at home with army gentlemen," she confessed to him ere he had been in the house half a dozen hours. "You see, I'm a soldier's daughter and married a man who carried a commission."

"Madam," replied the Major, "you surprise and honor me."

"Yes, my poor husband, Captain Maltworth of the 14th Cavalry."

"What?" roared the Major, springing from his chair. "Your husband—old Bob Maltworth of the—?"

"The same, sir."

"My dear Mrs. Maltworth, this is indeed a pleasure. I and old Bob—Captain Maltworth, were mates together before—have you never heard him speak of his old friend Rumsey?"

"Bless my soul, my dear lady," continued the excited Major, walking to the window. "Fancy coming across the widow of my old friend! The world is, after all, quite a little place; now, isn't it?"

The opening of the door and the entrance of Mabel caused him to turn round.

"Mabel, my dear, this Major Rumsey—and he is an old friend of your poor papa's."

The Major bowed to the fair young girl before him, who she blushed and murmured, "How dry" in so pretty a manner that the Major was on the instant charmed and captivated.

That evening there was a merry party in the widow's little drawing-room, which excited considerable curiosity among the other boarders. There was much laughter and just a few tears on the part of the hostess, and that night young Harold Rumsey dreamed of a blushing blue-eyed girl who had called him "Mr. Rumsey."

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Harold Rumsey, and Miss Eleanor Rumsey (to quote the Seabreeze News) was decidedly a time of unqualified enjoyment. The happiness of the three suffused through the whole of the Esmeralda Hotel, and the proprietress was heard to remark that never in all her life had she seen so jolly a company as her boarders at this point. The visit lengthened from a fortnight to three weeks, then to a month, and still the happy trio said nothing of leaving.

"It does my heart good to see these young people living so happily," said Mrs. Maltworth. "It makes me feel young myself, I confess."

hand was clasped in both of his, and as the old soldier watched he saw her head droop lower—lower.

"Mrs. Maltworth," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "come here. You see those two young people away there? They are our young people."

Together they watched the two, who, all unconscious that they were observed, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak. "I felt sure it would come," she cried. "Fancy this is the thirtieth year without a break!"

"The thirtieth year?" thundered the Major. "Do you mean to tell me that the girl has for thirteen years—"

"Major Rumsey!" interrupted the little woman. And then she explained, and explained so well, that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself, and swore with a characteristic military oath that he could have desired no better mate for his life.

"O dear," she cried in dismay. "It mustn't be. I was forgetting it's the 13th, and that would be unlucky. It was on the 13th that my poor Robert—"

"Nonsense, my dear madam," growled her listener. "Surely you don't believe in that old woman's tale!"

"But Robert—on the 13th—"

"Robert," the Major thundered, and immediately apologized. "I forgive myself. What I wanted to say is this: Why should we risk the happiness of our boy and girl?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured the lady. "Suppose, for instance, two other people found they could join forces with advantage and advance on the enemy's line better together than singly. Suppose, I say—Mrs. Maltworth—Helen—what do you say to taking me?"—and here the Major flopped down on his knees in most un military style—"me—an old halfpay officer without a friend in the world? Now, what shall we say?"

And like the soldier's daughter and the soldier's widow that she was, the blushing proprietress of the Esmeralda answered "Yes" with precision.

This is how it is that Esmeralda is "under entirely new management," and the young people who congregate there in the summer speak regretfully of the old days—the days that are no more.—Buffalo News.

## STORY OF SMART BEES.

Those in Texas Know How to Succeed

In The World.  
 "The busy bee has long had a reputation for industry, but I always considered him rather conservative until I ran across the up-to-date variety that does business in the Fort Davis region of west Texas." So spoke a former journalist, now a railroad man. They have some of the finest honey in the world out there, and its delicate flavor is due to the blossom of a shrub that grows profusely on the mountain sides. The trouble is, however, that the flowering season of the bush is brief, at a given altitude, and the bees have to follow their favorite food higher and higher as the season advances. Now, you know, the bee makes a "bee line" for the hive as soon as he has soaked his feet in the liquid sugar of the flower. Well, the west Texas bee evidently found it very inconvenient to climb all the way down to the valley with each load of honey, and some smart bee struck upon a plan as simple as it was unique. It is generally known that the self-same shrub that gives honey to the bees produces a succulent joint, which is big and rocky looking like a lizard as you ever saw fawns and fattens. This creature, called a "yolo" by the Indians, is 14 inches long and too lazy to get out of its own way. The yolo's back bristles with points, and he is terrible to behold, yet to the bee he is only a godsend, and without the least fear a swarm will proceed to establish its comb between the points of the yolo's pachydermatous back, and without ado fill in the honey. The best, of course, following the food plant, will keep the hive always within easy walking distance, and in the fall, when the season is over, the bees swarm back into the lower level, while their diminutive pack mules wind down the mountain paths to the valley, where the honey is quickly transferred to its winter quarters in the beehives or the ranchman's hive."—Washington Star.

## THEY ARE HARD WORKERS.

Several Royal Ladies of Europe Known to Rise Early.

The Princess of Wales, when at Marlborough House for the London season, is one of the hardest-worked women in England. When her child-maintenance, and in removing a drem were young, says the Woman at Home, she always made it a rule to be ready for breakfast at half past 8 in the morning, so as to go into the schoolroom at 9 o'clock to inspect the "copies" written on the previous day.

The energy required for the carrying out of such a rule will be better appreciated when it is understood that, while at Marlborough House during the London season, the princess rarely finishes her day's duties before 2 o'clock in the morning. After her return from the entertaining at which her presence is a necessity, she usually takes the hours from 12 to 2 in the morning to write private letters, because she has so little time during the day. At Sandringham, however, when not entertaining large parties, she allows herself a little more rest.

The queen herself, although she is not now a young woman, never goes to bed before 12 o'clock, and is awakened soon after 7 in the morning. During the day her time is so fully taken up that she has none to lie down and rest, as most of her subjects have after reaching her age.

The late Empress of Austria was perhaps the earliest riser of all the royal personages of Europe. She allowed herself only the short sleep to be snatched between 11 o'clock at night and 3 the next morning. After that she was up, and the worst of it was that she insisted on her unfortunate suite being up also.

Dr. Huggins' Nerve Cure.  
 Soothes, strengthens and tones the nervous system. A wonderful remedy for overworked and disordered nerves. 25c., warranted to please or money refunded. For sale by H. D. Tisdale, Hillsdale, Mich.

Dr. Huggins' Headache Neuralgia Tablets.  
 25c. Only safe, instant relief for neuralgia, sciatica, facicache, headache or acute nerve pains in any part of the body. Warranted to please or money refunded. For sale by H. D. Tisdale, Hillsdale, Mich.

The Indigestion.  
 Farmer Hayrick—"I'm 'goin' ter give Abe as good an eddication as money kin buy." Farmer Cornstassel—"What college be yer got in mind?" Farmer Hayrick—"Well, Mandy an' me hev pitched on Eton, ez the name sounds like he'd plenty of grub."

Hissed to Sleep by a Snake.  
 A curious remedy for sleeplessness is used by the inhabitants of the Samoan islands. They confine a snake in a hollow bamboo, and the hissing sound emitted by the reptile is said to quickly induce slumber.

Be Prepared!  
 The bearing of children is not such a very serious ordeal to the woman who is prepared. If Mother's Friend that wonderful soothing and relaxing liniment, be faithfully used during the period of pregnancy, there will be little morning sickness or nervousness, the critical hour will be relieved of much pain, and labor will be brief. Recuperation will be rapid, and all after-dangers will be avoided. Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle. SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK ON THE SUBJECT. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MAKE PERFECT MEN  
 DO NOT DESPAIR! Do not fail for longer! The joys and ambitions of life can be restored to you. The very worst cases of Nervous Debility are absolutely cured by BRADFIELD'S TABLETS. Give prompt relief to indigestion, loss of appetite, nervousness, and drain of vital powers, incurred by overwork, excessive study, or other causes. One box restores vitality, energy, and health. Sold by druggists, or by mail, \$1.00 per box, or six for \$5.00, with a postal note, without charge, on receipt of price by THE BRADFIELD CO., Canton, Mass., Chicago, Ill.

When in Want of Job Printing, of any description, call at this office.

Scientific American.  
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 235 F St., Washington, D. C.

## AMERICANIZING FOREIGN JEWS.

In a Generation the Native Yiddish Color Will Fade.

On all sides American life is pressing in on them; in every corner children are coming under the spell of its outward glamour, says Harper's Monthly. It is Morris Rosenfeld's badge of fame among his people that he was discovered by a Harvard professor and has read his poems before the leading literary men of New York. Even the language he uses is affected by the outlying idiom. Mr. W. D. Howells, who speaks very highly of the poems, tells me that many of the words were plain English. A resident of the Ghetto, Abraham Cahan, has written stories of Yiddish life in New York for American magazines and has published two successful books.

In describing the influence of American life, he told of a mother who said: "I don't speak English, but I shall soon learn. There," (pointing to her son), "that is my teacher." The children mostly go to the public schools and, except in their homes, have discarded the Yiddish language. "I like to talk about the old country," a Yiddish mother said to me one evening at the Windsor, "and some day I think I go back; but my children make fun of me and call me 'Dutchman.'" Here the father chimed in: "Yes, they say. 'What good the old country? This here is United States.'" He confessed to me that he preferred Proctor's to the Windsor. This was during the Spanish war and the Windsor was draped with American flags and banners, some of them wrought in silk. The orchestra began with Sousa's "Stars and Stripes."

I found that the Yiddish people were proud of the fact that they had sent a larger proportion of soldiers to the front than any of the other colonies. For all the minglings of outlandish jargons, the bits of quaint life and character on the stage, the insistence of Jewish customs and religious usages, those Yiddish sons were right—that was United States. In a generation or two the native color of Yiddish life will fade and the theaters with them.

Staybolt Philosophy.  
 "Hard tasks," said Mr. Staybolt, "we are apt to put off until we feel like it. But things happen all the time; the most curious and unexpected things are continually cropping up; we have not cast off one brake before another holds fast, or would if we let it; and we all take the breath very easily. One does not need to be much of a mathematician to be able to cipher out that if we keep putting things off we shall put them finally beyond our power of doing. A far better way to do the things as they come up without regard to whether we feel like it or not. Then we shall discover that the things that stopped us were really of no account at all, and before we know it the hard task is done and we are ready for another. And there's more fun in turning out one good job complete than there is in any amount of puttering over trifles."

Food's Sarsaparilla never disappoints. It may be taken for impure and impurified blood with perfect confidence that it will cure.

Workshops for Cripple.  
 It has been proposed to the Council Municipal by M. Marsoulan to organize in Paris a certain number of workshops for those unfortunate wights whom accident has deprived of an arm, or one or both legs, and who up to now have had absolutely no means of livelihood but begging. No ordinary cripple will be eligible, as there are many ways in which he can work.

For Headache and Neuralgia.  
 Dr. Huggins' Headache Neuralgia Tablets. 25c. Only safe, instant relief for neuralgia, sciatica, facicache, headache or acute nerve pains in any part of the body. Warranted to please or money refunded. For sale by H. D. Tisdale, Hillsdale, Mich.

The Indigestion.  
 Farmer Hayrick—"I'm 'goin' ter give Abe as good an eddication as money kin buy." Farmer Cornstassel—"What college be yer got in mind?" Farmer Hayrick—"Well, Mandy an' me hev pitched on Eton, ez the name sounds like he'd plenty of grub."

Hissed to Sleep by a Snake.  
 A curious remedy for sleeplessness is used by the inhabitants of the Samoan islands. They confine a snake in a hollow bamboo, and the hissing sound emitted by the reptile is said to quickly induce slumber.

Be Prepared!  
 The bearing of children is not such a very serious ordeal to the woman who is prepared. If Mother's Friend that wonderful soothing and relaxing liniment, be faithfully used during the period of pregnancy, there will be little morning sickness or nervousness, the critical hour will be relieved of much pain, and labor will be brief. Recuperation will be rapid, and all after-dangers will be avoided. Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle. SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK ON THE SUBJECT. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MAKE PERFECT MEN  
 DO NOT DESPAIR! Do not fail for longer! The joys and ambitions of life can be restored to you. The very worst cases of Nervous Debility are absolutely cured by BRADFIELD'S TABLETS. Give prompt relief to indigestion, loss of appetite, nervousness, and drain of vital powers, incurred by overwork, excessive study, or other causes. One box restores vitality, energy, and health. Sold by druggists, or by mail, \$1.00 per box, or six for \$5.00, with a postal note, without charge, on receipt of price by THE BRADFIELD CO., Canton, Mass., Chicago, Ill.

When in Want of Job Printing, of any description, call at this office.

Scientific American.  
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 235 F St., Washington, D. C.

Revivo  
 RESTORES VITALITY.  
 Made a Well Man of Me.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

O. W. FERRIS' DEPARTMENT STORE.

Has moved his stock the next door south of his old stand. The new store has been fitted up especially for his department store and here he will add new lines. Everyone invited. We are ready for inspection.

## A Trusted Official.

HONESTY AND TRUSTFULNESS REWARDED.  
 S. E. Brees, of Orange, Had an Experience Recently which is Intensely Interesting—An Example for Others.

From the Lake Review, Osakis, Minn.  
 "My wife and son finally advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I didn't believe that there was any help for me, and one day my son came home with a box of the pills. I began taking them and before the box was gone I felt cheerful and easy, as my head was clear and seemed to be rested. The pain had left my heart, and I could walk as spry as ever."

"I have taken nearly three boxes and for the past two years my health has been steadily improving, and now I am able to do considerable work, both in winter and summer. Today I weigh about fourteen pounds more than I ever did. I have much faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and this is natural enough as they have alone restored me to health and strength."

"I am now 57 years old. I sleep good, the numbers has left my arms, my brain is clear; my heart beats regular, and all these comforts and blessings I attribute to the use of these pills. S. E. Brees."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of April, A. D. 1897.  
 WILLIAM B. LYONS,  
 Notary Public, Minn.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Box V, Schenectady, N. Y.

Farwell Word.