

Rheumatism

Sarsaparilla Gives Complete Relief, Also Cures Catarrh.

was troubled with rheumatism and pain on my face. One of my friends advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did. After taking six bottles cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured me of catarrh." Miss MAMIE B. 4408 Moffitt Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

best—the One True Blood Purifier.
Cures all blood poisons. 25 cents.

YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM.

comes from Attila, Ind. of the department of the big laboratory and building of the Sterling Remedy Company of Casacerta Candy Cathartics-To-Bac, the original guaranteed to habit cure. The fire broke out in one of the packing rooms on the third floor during the night, and had made considerable damage before it was discovered.

When it became apparent that the department would have difficulty in fighting the flames, the work of saving thousands of valuable documents, books, files, millions of booklets and tons of advertising matter was begun with the aid of the Sterling Remedy Company, which is the principal industry of the beautiful city of Attica, employing several hundred people, besides being affiliated with the Indiana Mineral Springs, the famous Mud Cure. Hundreds of men, women and children vied with each other in carrying out the contents of the burning building.

As a result of the proverbial energy and resourcefulness of General Manager H. J. Spaulding, he quietly walked away, secured a big show room near by, and had all the office furniture, charred and damaged as it was, taken there. Before the fire had ceased burning, in which the fire engines were being directed in the warehouse office for new supplies, and a large quantity of material were ordered by wire, the streams were still playing on the premises. Several shipments were made the evening from goods saved, and on the morning, all departments were at work in various rooms about town, while a gang of men were cleaning away the wreckage preparatory to rebuilding.

More Amusing Occupation.

There's no use crying over spilt milk.—Brooklyn Life.

No. 4.
the number of the Michigan Central North Shore Limited Train, leaving at 2:00 p. m. and arriving New York at 8:30 p. m. (26 hours 30 minutes). If you can't get it, send for it.

is an happiness in having and getting only in giving half the world is wrong sent in the pursuit of happiness. Henry Drummond.

All About Alaska.

descriptive folder containing five maps of Alaska and routes to the gold fields, the complete publication of the kind in the world. Send 4 cents in stamps to F. I. Whitney, P. O. T. A. Great Northern Railway, Broadway, St. Paul, Minn. "Alaska," a book of Gold and Glacier, a beautifully illustrated booklet, sent for fifteen cents. The Great Northern is over 100 miles the shortest line from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Seattle and Portland, and the longest line from Seattle and Portland to San Francisco.

The untiring effort of a woman to keep a burglar under the bed.—Chicago.

a scald a burn? Yes, and Jacobs Oil is a cure.



Three white beds.
Women's sympathy, and I leave my heart to you.
I left alone. I bowed down.
I was sinking spells three to four a day.
The doctor called twice a day, and once a day for four weeks, and four times a week for four months. He said I would have to be unclean. Then I commenced taking Chamberlain's Vegetable Compound, and I improved until I was cured. I avoided an operation which would have cost me \$500. I am gaining every day and want to thank Mrs. Tnos.

AN OPERATION IN FINANCE.

The tall, thin man with gold-rimmed specs, who writes of stocks and bonds and shares,
And tells us when quotations vex
Men who are bulls or who are bears,
Came in and leaned against my wall.
I promised me that he'd reveal
If I would listen to him all,
The secrets of a famous deal.
It was, he said, the most immense
Transaction ever known to him—
Although its dollars and its cents
(In volume) were extremely slim;
The Santa Fe and Erie sales,
The Diamond Match, the Allety L.,
Were very tame and tiresome tales,
Compared with this which he would tell.

And then, although I never read
His anecdotes of pork and wheat
And mining stocks, and though, indeed,
My ignorance is quite complete,
Concerning rate per cent. and price
And foreign purchase and demand,
I understood him in a trice
And smiled on him and grasped his hand.
Because I, too, had felt that thrill
Of keen delight and pride and joy,
Which no man knows or feels until,
With penny tightly clutched, his boy
Of two or thereabouts has gone
As valiant as an emperor
(Through unaided and alone)
To patronize the candy store.
—Chicago Record.

Leaving the Hospital.

THE nurse came in at seven o'clock and found that Mrs. Johnson had already risen and dressed herself. Her only incompleteness of toilet was the tangle of her hair. If you are a woman with a great mass of brown hair it is a sweet pleasure to wait for some other woman to come and comb it out for you of a morning. Mrs. Johnson had always "tended" her own hair before coming into the hospital, and the treat of feeling that the deft fingers of a white-capped nurse had grasped that responsibility was very comforting. It even stole away some of the soreness of the stitching to file there quietly in the high-legged bed while the young woman talked in a soothing voice and brushed out the long strands and told her how pretty it all was, and mentioned the woman who had had typhoid fever and whose every look and curl had fallen a sacrifice to the shears of the hospital barber. Yes, yes; there is a luxury in having somebody else "tend" your hair if you are one unused to that kind of thing.

So Mrs. Johnson, realizing that now she must go back to the seven children and to the busy life at home, waited for the nurse to come and for the last time administer this delight. To-morrow she would have to snatch time between the dressing of Hilde and the sending to school of Ernest to perform this function with her own hands, as she had done in the years before she was admitted to the hospital. It was a long time back, that day of admission. It seemed to her sometimes that she had always been an occupant of that little three-bedded room, whereas she had been a dweller therein but a space of eight weeks. But that is eight centuries in a hospital. She looked across the room and calculated that Miss Finshaw, who was in for the straightening of an ankle so that she might walk on her sole like other mortals instead of on tiptoe, was the fourth person who had rested for a time in the bed with the brass knobs; while the other bed, now without a tenant, had felt the pressure of a woman with a goitre, a girl who had died on the second day after her arrival, and an old lady with a gloomy sort of ailment which defied the doctors and which caused her to weep freely and ring her bell for the nurse incessantly. The doctors at last told the old lady's son that his mother was lonesome, which was the most of her complaint. Her husband had been killed by a cable car two years before, and she had grieved for him with whom she had been yoked for 30 years, and this—this alone—was the malady from which she was suffering.

Mrs. Johnson, dressing that morning in anticipation of the coming of her husband, thought pensively of her former associates. On that day when the girl had been pushed out of the room on the ghostly white vehicle which the hardened patients called the "banana cart" Mrs. Johnson had tried to follow mentally the course of events. But she could not. Her thoughts were tractable enough until they reached the door of the cement-floored room where the white-clad doctors with their sterilized clothes and bandages and towels waited, but once across the threshold the whole thing became a matter of conjecture, for up to that time Mrs. Johnson had not of herself passed the portal. She could only wait and guess and wonder. After a long time the cart was again pushed into the room, and the white and gossamer girl was placed, unconscious, on the bed from which she was not to go again in this life.

But try as she could Mrs. Johnson could not now remember her name. The other patients all knew that Mrs. Johnson was going to be discharged this morning, and they congratulated her feebly or cheerfully, as strength and spirit dictated. She went upstairs into the wards where most of the interesting cases were and paid her respects for the last time to those whose acquaintance she had made in these two weeks of her convalescing. They were all glad to hear of what they called her

luck, and asked her about her children, and wanted her to bring her husband upstairs so that they might see what manner of man this was who was going to take her away.
"Let me guess," said little Miss Hough, who thrice in her life had been upon the table, until now she was a veritable patchwork of suffering patience. "He is a tall man with a red beard and light mustache."
"And he can sing. Can't he, now?" inquired Mrs. Marshall, with a little laugh. Then, before Mrs. Johnson could merrily deny the accusation of vocal abilities, poor Mrs. Marshall drew her face up into an expression of sincere pain for the feeble little rollicksome laugh had ripped down her neck to the stitches in her throat and had wrenched them the millionth part of an inch, which was just enough to cause them to hurt like red-hot irons. Mrs. Marshall's eyes filled with tears, and she whimpered for a moment, and Mrs. Johnson knelt beside her bed and kissed her and petted her soothingly, and said that if she would try to be patient she would tell her all about everything, especially the boy of four who was going to the kindergarten.

"In just 41 minutes," observed Mrs. Teck, peering at a little gold watch, on the case of which was engraved an impossible buffalo with a nose like a species of ant-eater, gazing fixedly at a castle which had the dimensions of height and width but no thickness whatever, "in just 41 minutes Mrs. Johnson will be gone. I wish it were my time to go."
"Have you been counting, too?" inquired Miss Hough. "So have I. And oh, don't I wish it was me."
It developed that everybody had been calculating upon the exact number of minutes which must elapse before the emancipation of the graduating one. There is so little to do in a hospital that a discharge is an event which is transcended by but one thing in all the world—an admission. An admission rises superior to a discharge because they have such a broad latitude over which to wander. You can speculate on the nature of the ailment and wonder whether it is going to call for an operation or yield to medicine. You can guess at antecedents and circumstances and as to whether or not the patient comes of a religious stock—of the kind given over to murmuring of hymns and sacred songs. And in a ward of course you will get to see her visitors, and you have a most agreeable time of it in figuring as to whether the young man with the sad face is her husband or her brother. A patient going away isn't nearly so interesting, of course. It is not to be expected.

Mrs. Johnson went upstairs and bade the little spinal meningitis boy good-by and fixed his pictures before him so that he could see them all without having to turn. The little boy was of a ruelful sort, awaiting only the slightest and most fragile of excuses for melting into tears, and when Mrs. Johnson said she was not going to come in any more his eyes grew moist. Seeing this the convalescent knew better than to repeat the indiscreet statement to Winifred, the brave six-year-old, whose right leg was trussed in the air with a great weight holding it at a shipmast angle. She told the child she was going to see her own little girl that day.
"Has she got a stiff leg?" asked Winifred, and for fear of hurting the child's feelings, the woman said that her little girl was afflicted as intimated.

Mrs. Johnson kissed them all and told them of the candy she was going to send them, and then for the last time she heard their usual confessions of desire; Earl, the spinal-meningitis boy, now recovered of his tears and crying shrilly a determination to be a policeman and ride in the patrol wagon; Winifred to be a nurse and wear a white cap, and Guy sturdily content to have a shovel and dig a trench for gaspipe.

The nurses passed in the hallways with their basins and trays, but none of these paid any attention to the convalescent, for none of them knew her except in the most general way. Her own attendant upstairs had already smiled pleasantly and had congratulated her on the successful outcome and had gone away to wait upon other patients, especially the typhoid-fever man, who rang his bell persistently. Mrs. Johnson went into the room which she could no longer call hers and threw on her cape and hat and waited for the familiar step. Having already sent her extra apparel, there was nothing to take away but herself. The books should become the heritage of the next comer. She wondered who she would be and if she would like "The Pride of the World" or "Gladys Heming's Atone ment" the better. Somebody was coming. She rose and hurried over to the dresser to take a final look at her hat, and her eyes for the last time rested on the "symptom sheet," whereon the nurses had carefully noted the medical story of her case. She seized the pen and wrote good-by across the bottom and turned to meet her brown-bearded husband, whose eyes were bright with joy.

Two minutes later the rattle of the wheels of the hack died out of the street, and Mrs. Johnson was gone.—Chicago Record.

Nobody is too trifling to distribute missionary tracts.—Washington Democrat.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Interesting Items Recorded by the Editor of that Breeziest of American Family Weeklies.

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THE other day, when Mr. Wharton, of Chicago, left Giveadam Gulch for Grass Valley after a stop of three days, we warned him that the people over there were a peculiar lot, and that he must not carry his handkerchief in his pistol pocket. He promised to heed our admonition, but forgot all about it within half an hour. He reached Grass Valley all right and was introduced to all the prominent citizens, but unfortunately for him was drawn into a political discussion on the street. While airing his views on the tariff question he reached back for his handkerchief, but before his fingers had clutched it, he received a bullet in the shoulder from the man he was arguing with. It was all owing to his absent-mindedness, as he cheerfully admits, and though the wound is a painful one, Mr. Wharton is thankful that he still lives. Any stranger reaching Grass Valley with a handkerchief in his hip-pocket should either let it remain there, or announce to the crowd:
"Gentlemen, I am now about to throw my right hand behind me for the purpose of drawing my handkerchief, and I trust there will be no shooting."
Our grand and glorious west has its peculiar customs and idioms, and such strangers as observe them seldom get into trouble of any sort.

NO, THANK YOU.

YESTERDAY we received an invitation from the leading men of Pine Hill to come over and address the citizens on the subject of a railroad through that locality. The said leading men have our thanks, but we must decline the honor. The last time we spoke in Pine Hill it was on this very railroad question, and we were two weeks getting up something flowery. Two minutes after we began speaking the carcasses of jack-rabbits began showering down on us, and before we

could retire somebody hit us with a brick-bat. We were quite willing to call it even, but the other fellows were not. They insisted on running us six miles over the worst road in the territory, and we were so played out when we reached home that we didn't leave our bed for two days. We like to make speeches on railroads or most anything else, but the sudden interruptions and after-claps characteristic of the Pine Hillers are calculated to make an orator tired of life. We'll send a speech over to be read to the crowd, and we'll hope they get a railroad, but our cheerful and obliging spirit comes to a stop right there.

HE'S A HUSTLER.

CORONER STEVENS is fulfilling his prediction we made when he was appointed to office. Last Wednesday he rode 12 miles, empaneled a jury, in-quested on a horse-thief, and had a verdict inside of three hours. It would have taken his predecessor at least one full day to accomplish the same work. Last week, when the boys on Big Four Rancho lynched a stranger Coroner Stevens had his report ready in 50 minutes, and there wasn't a superfluous word in it. Our county has struck the right man at last to fill the position, and Mr. Stevens has only to keep on as he has begun to win fame for himself. The business-like manner in which he discovered that the man over at Big Four Rancho had been hung by the neck instead of shot through the heart was a revelation to the lookers-on.



DISTURBING THE PEACE.

A late hour Tuesday night Mr. John A. Clark encountered Capt. Whipple on the street as both were wobbling homewards with a jag on,

MISCONSTRUED.

Coldwater—I was never drunk in all my life.
Col. Bourbon (admiringly)—Deah me, suh! An' you don't look like a man that could stan' much, eithah!—N. Y. Journal.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

Executive Clemency.

Frank Harvey has been granted a full pardon by Gov. Tanner. Harvey was sentenced at the January (1897) term of the Rock Island circuit court to the penitentiary at Joliet on a charge of burglary. The conviction appears to have been made by mistaking the defendant for another man. Gov. Tanner also pardoned John Manus, who was convicted of burglary at the March (1897) term of the Henderson circuit court on the ground that the burglary was committed to supply a starving family.

Spalding Sentenced.

Charles Warren Spalding, late president of the defunct globe savings bank in Chicago and former treasurer of the state university, was sentenced to the penitentiary by Judge Horton under the indeterminate act. On the verdict that found Spalding guilty of having converted to his own purposes \$28,000 worth of bonds belonging to the state university, his term of imprisonment may be from one to 14 years. The case will be appealed.

Found Guilty.

James Mingle, charged with killing his infant daughter, was found guilty in Springfield of murder in the first degree and his punishment fixed at death. The evidence was purely circumstantial. If the jury's verdict is sustained Mingle's hanging will be the first in Springfield for 30 years. Jealousy was the cause of Mingle's crime.

Condemn Adulterated Food.

The twenty-third annual convention of the Illinois Millers association was held in Springfield and a committee was appointed to draw up a memorial to congress asking for the passage of a law forbidding the sale of adulterated flour without the placing of a brand of "Mixed Flour" upon the package. The old officers were reelected.

Died in a Schoolhouse.

Jacob Elston, a well-known resident of Henry county, was last seen alive Thanksgiving evening at Geneseo. The other morning his body was found by children in a schoolhouse two miles east of Cambridge. No school has been held there for several days and there was no means of telling when or how his death occurred.

Dug Himself Out.

Theodore Rebenstroff, a hardy young coal miner, while blasting in the Reutcher mine at Mascouta was buried up to his mouth in coal. Picked by piece he removed the mass, and when finally released he called for help and then fainted. Both legs were broken, and he sustained serious internal injuries.

Will Teach Farm Work.

A special winter term in agriculture and related studies will begin at the university in Champaign January 4 and extend to March 11. The course, which will be free, will embrace studies in animal husbandry, dairying, veterinary science, agriculture, horticulture, etc.

Life Prisoners Die.

The number of "lifers" at the Joliet prison has been reduced by the death of two from consumption, Frank Adkinson, sentenced from Peoria, and Thomas Beverley, sentenced from Freeport, both of whom were convicted of murder in 1895.

A Double Wedding.

A double wedding took place in Dixon when Irwin M. Bunnell, of Ashton, and August Voegelé, of Steward, married Misses Vertha and Dora Dennis, respectively. The brides are sisters and have heretofore lived at Bradford.

Told in a Few Lines.

While riding in a buggy with his aged wife, John Gasaway, aged 71 years, a pioneer citizen of Iliopolis, died of heart disease.
Turner Hefn was killed by the accidental discharge of his shotgun while out hunting near Cobden.
Wicks Kent, a tinner, was killed by a falling tree near Hidalgo.

John W. Tughy, a prominent resident of Nokomis, killed himself with morphine.
William Desmond, a veteran Mississippi river steamboat captain, died suddenly at Galena of apoplexy.
Ex-Alderman John Weichlein, of Bloomington, died aged 64 years. He was an employee of the Chicago & Alton railway continuously for 35 years.
The next state convention of the prohibition party will be held in Peoria in May or June, 1898.

The Galesburg Pottery company's plant was almost destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$30,000.
William Ploeuse committed suicide at Bloomington by hanging.
Elihu Fisher, a Mexican war veteran, aged 73 years, died at Bement.
John Spaford, one of the oldest residents of Rockford and a pioneer manufacturer, died at the age of 76 years.
Robbers entered the post office at Louisville and stole \$684 in stamps and money.
Dr. B. P. Reynolds, one of Chicago's oldest and best-known physicians, died at the age of 65 years.
Horion, Gilmore, McWilliams & Co., one of the largest wholesale hardware firms in Chicago, failed for \$210,000.
Dr. J. Ernest Pollock ended his life at Sterling by swallowing three ounces of laudanum.