Unusual Experience Granted Le Roy Bowen-Given up to Die by Four Doctors Because of a Serious Complication of Diseases-How He Saved Himself.

To escape death after being given up by four doctors, and bidden good-bye to family and friends, is an experience not granted every man. Yet it happened to Mr. Le Roy Bowen, of Decoria township, Blue Earth Co., Minn.

Mr. Bowen is a farmer, but formerly resided in Mapleton, where he was clerk and city marshall for a number of years. He is a well-known member of the Masonic fratemity and is of sterling honesty and uprightness of character.

His story is of the greatest interest. He end:

"I was suddenly taken sick in the spring of 1895. The doctor was summoned. He pronounced my case one of gravel and said the pain was caused by the passage of a stone from the kidneys to the bladder. I doctored with him for three months, but was not benefited. Once a week I would have a bad spell of two or three days duration, during which among the him for three months, but was not benefited. Once a week I would have a bad spell of two or three days duration, during which appears to the bowels and treated me for that.

"Timily I went to Mankato and consulted appearance of the somach. I continued to visit him until the sowals and treated me for that.

"The doctor laid my case before the faculty of Rush Medical College. Chicago, and it was decided that I had neuralgia of the somach. I was treated for that until Docember, but continued to grow worse. Then the doctor said, 'I can't do you any good. All itself for me.'

"I'me appointed time came; the four doc-"The appointed time doctors and the appointed time came; the four doc-"The appointed time came; the four doc-"The appointed time for the appointed time for



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NONE BETTER AT ANY PRICE THE McCALL COMPANY. 138 to 146 W. 14th Street, New York



Address THE McCALL CO., 138 to 146 W. 14th St., New York Biting Finger Nails.

The chief finger nail chewers of the world are the French, and it was recently stated upon reliable authority that nearly two-thirds of French school children are addicted to the habit.

Even for grown people there is hardly any habit, aside from the confirmed abuse of narcotics, more difficult to overcome than the habit of biting the finger nails. It requires a strong mental effort and constant vigilance to do this, for once a person has become thoroughly addicted to the habit he does it unconsciously, and is only reminded that he is marring himself when he gets one of his nails gnawed down to the quick. All manner of remedies have been advanced for the cure of the finger nail biting habit, including the placing of injurious and bitter compositions on the ends of the fingers, but none of the remedies amounts to much.

The only way to stop biting the finger nails is to stop. The Americans are next to the French in the finger nail biting habit, probably because the Americans, as a whole, are an exceedingly nervous people. A man who accomplishes his determination to knock off biting his finger nails may, by incessant manicuring, get them to look fairly well within a year or so, but finger nail biting, if long persisted in, ruins the shape of the ends of the fingers, and the nails can never be brought to look as well as those of the persons who permit their nails to grow as they were intended to grow. - Washington

Too Much For Watson.

Only once did Watson, when a captain, never fail to punish a man for intoxication. This was in the summer of 1893 at Boston, when the San Francisco took the Massachusetts naval militia on its first practice cruise. Among the regular crew was old Alexander Parker, sailmaker's mate, who was never known to remain sober when there was liquor to be had. When the naval militiamen came on board a witty boatswain's mate, while no officer was near, sang out in an authoritative tone:

"All you men having whisky or board lay below and turn it in to the sailmaker's mate for safe keeping."

Many amateur sailors took the bait, and in a few minutes old Aleck, sitting down below decks in his sailroom, was surprised to have a vast collection of flasks passed to him. He received all these as gifts with many thanks. He was found a day after sound asleep in his sailroom, literally covered with empty bottles of every size and shape. He was finally taken before the captain, to whom was told the circumstances. 'Parker," said he sternly, "I have no words with which to discuss your case. Go forward, "-New York Times.

Asked For a Shirt and Got a Wife. During the civil war there was a certain young lady in Georgetown who found it in her power to do a great deal for the Confederate soldiers confined in prison at Washington. Young, beautiful, cultured, popular, of a wealthy and prominent family, she was frequently allowed admission to the prison, whither she always took her maid with a well stocked basket of good things for the poor boys behind the bars. One day as she was passing through a group of men in the common prison she stopped and said to them:

'If there is anything you would like to have that I can bring you, won't you let me know? I shall be very glad. One man stepped forward promptly. Bowing most courteously, he said:
"If you will be so kind, I should like

very much to have a clean shirt." He was a young lieutenant from Louisiana, one of the bandsomest and most elegant men I ever met, and when that young lady looked up into his brown eyes she found it in her heart to give him much more than a clean shirt, for she married him as soon as the war was over. - Philadelphia Times.

There is no more wholesome, palatable and strengthening article of food in the whole catalogue than corn bread. It is truly the staff of life of the rural laboring classes in the south from year's beginning to year's end. Among the brawniest, toughest men in the country are the hands who work on the turpentine farms in Georgia. Their regular rations consist of one peck of cornmeal, five pounds of bacon and a pint of molasses per week. These articles constitute pretty nearly if not quite their whole bill of fare during the time they are in the woods cutting or chipping boxes or dipping turpentine, yet they are always well conditioned, hard of muscle and in good spirits. - Savannah (Ga.) News.

In one of the most fashionable districts of Paris a mock marriage was recently planned for the purpose of securing a rather dangerous lunatic. An attractive young person named Mile. De laplume was sitting in her boudoir the other day in a house situated in a street off the Boulevard St. Germain. Suddenly a ring came to the door, and one of her servants, having opened it, ushered in a well dressed man looking like a superior sort of valet. He told Mlle. Delaplume that he had a letter from one of her friends, a countess, and as the young woman put her hand out to receive the missive the stranger seized her fingers, pressed them to his lips, and then, sinking on his knees, made a passionate declaration of love and offered to marry her.

Mile. Delaplume saw by the man's eyes that he was dangerously mad, and, fearful of a tragedy, she accepted his offer with apparent calmness. Then she invited the strange visitor to the mayor's office in order to have the nuptial knot tied. The man accompanied her with alacrity to the establishment in question, where a secretary, informed of the real state of affairs, pretended to read the civil marriage regulations. The mock bridegroom was then taken by a detective to the police depot under the delusion that he was bound for a pastry cook's, there to give an order for sumptuous wedding breakfast. The man was, it appears, formerly employed as a valet by one of Mlle. Delaplume's friends. - Paris Letter.

A Brilliant Fraud.

A small weekly magazine was started here 11 years ago by two hustling young men. One was editor, the other "writer and paster." They clipped, extracted and rewrote. An advertising agent was employed on a commission of 25 per cent, and it was a caution the way he filled up the pages with black type and cuts. Some contracts were made for a month, some for three months, some for a year. The only cash in advance was half of the commission, which was paid as soon as the contract was turned

Prosperity peeped from its pages. The magazine rapidly grew fat. In the second week the American News company ordered 14,000 copies. Money flowed out like corn from a hopper and not a cent came in. The writer and paster went around at the end of the month to collect from the 30 day advertisers and what do you suppose happened? He failed to find one! Every advertisement was a fraud. There were no such names, no such businesses, no such addresses as the agent brought in for publication. He happened to have an engagement in New Jersey on that fateful day and never has been seen since. Contracts supposed to be worth \$10,000 were not worth a cent. The magazine died .-New York Press.

In a Buddhist Nunnery.

Sir Charles Gordon's "Recollections of Thirty-nine Years In the Army" contains this anecdote: "In 1860, at Tien-tsin, the two Gordons, when seeking for hospital sites, came across a Buddhist nunnery. Despite the warnings of one of the inmates, who appeared in boy's clothes, they entered the building and found that the inmates all wore male clothing. The Buddhist women were greatly shocked at the in-

'Our regret, ' says Sir Charles, 'was real. Explanations were exchanged. We were informed that the community within adopted male costume as an indication that they not only renounced their sex. We were 'received' by the lady superior, tea and cakes offered to and partaken of by us. We were then permitted to visit the 'private chapel, and finally we parted from the re-ligieuses on the best of terms."

Thackeray was much pestered by the autograph hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album, and often refused those who asked him to do so and sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an al bum, a young lady, was fortunate. Thackeray took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page he found these lines: Mont Blane is the monarch of mo

Mont Blage is the holds ago,
They crowned him long ago,
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.
ALBERT SMITH

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote: A HUMBLE SUGGESTION

I know that Albert wrote in hurry—
To criticise I scarce presume,
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray
Instead of "who" had written "whom.
W. M. THACKERAY

What Italy Needed.

Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1866, Massimo d'Azeglio, statesman, orator, poet, the painter of 'Orlando Furioso," but, above all, the trusty friend and valued counselor of Victor Emmanuel, was talking to a Frenchman, who congratulated him Frenchman, who upon the unification of Italy. made a new Italy; now we must en-

deavor to make new Italians." Providing For an Emergency. "What will you have?" inquired the waiter as Mr. Heyroob scanned the

French bill of fare. "Waal," he answered, placing his finger over an item, "ye kin bring me some o' that. But don't go away, 'cause if it tastes like it looks in print I'll have to try somethin else."-Detroit

Free Press. "Was that man ever a farmer?" inquired Mrs. Corntossel. "No," answered her husband very

"But he's always talkin about the delights of livin in the country.' "That's what shows he never was a farmer. "- Washington Star.

WANTED-SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS IS this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conductid at home. Salary straight \$300 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more no less salary. Monthly \$75, Reference, Enclose self-addressed stamded envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Prest, Dept. M. Chicago.

Good Progress. "How are you getting along with

your housekeeping?" asked the young wife's mother. "Oh, splendidly!" she answered. "I have almost got so I can do things to suit the hired girl."—Washington

Buried In the Well Where He Died. Speaking of strange and sad occurrences, none could be more remarkable than the death and burial of Charles Carter, a well known farmer residing near Russell. He was cleaning out an old well when the quicksand suddenly caved in on him, leaving only his head and chest exposed. When the alarm was given, hundreds of people assembled and went heroically to work to save their neighbor. It was found that nothing could be done toward removing the sand about Carter's body, so a parallel well was dug and a tunnel run from it into the old well, but even then the body could not be removed so closely was it grasped by the sands. It was found that a rope attached below Car- Not summer's self was ever half so fair ter's arms would pull the body into parts without withdrawing its covered portion, and that method had to be andoned. Carter was conscious and talked with his rescuers, but at the end of 58 hours he died. By this time an enormous crowd had gathered, and all sorts of plans were suggested for recovering the body, but finally it was determined to make the well the dead man's tomb, and it was filled up after religious services had been held upon its brink. The well was 48 feet deep, and perhaps no other Kansan ever found quite so strange a burial place. - Kansas City Journal.

Dangerous Thief.

A French actress, traveling about the country, had for use in one of her plays a lay figure, skillfully put together and dressed in a traveling suit. So says the New York Herald, which proceeds to tell a comical story about it:

At Marseilles it was left in the luggage room with other things. The curiosity of two of the railway employees being aroused at the sight of it, they took off the coverings and resolved to play a joke on their comrades. They placed the figure in an armchair at the desk of the cashier and shut the door.

When the employees on night service came, they opened the door and were surprised to see a man sitting before the cash box. They immediately closed and locked the door and ran for assistance.

A policeman arrived, revolver in hand, believing, like the employees, that he had to deal with a dangerous thief. He called on the figure to surrender and follow him to the station. As it did not obey the summons, the policeman shut the door and went in search of re-enforcements to surround place and thereby prevent the culfrom escaping. The door was again opened, the arm-

ed force entered, and it was not till they had suddenly pounced on the poor lay robber that they discovered the joke.

The Cause of Laughter.

Bain suggests the explanation that laughter is provoked by what he calls a degradation, meaning that we laugh when we all at once perceive something degrading, a trickery, a weakness or a pettiness in some person or object which we respect, as when the infirmities of human nature disclose themselves in a and soon found himself listening to a person of importance or when some monologue offered for his entertaintrivial affair occurs in a solemn ceremony to drag us down or when the wrong side of some great thing or some great man is exposed.

"The occasion of the laughter is the degradation of a dignified person or interest under circumstances that do not excite a stronger emotion. In all theories of laughter the more or less impor-tant fact is marked \* \* \* that the feeling of the ludicrous arises when something which we respected before is presented in a mean light, for we have no the world, but with it the emblems of disposition to laugh when something ly regarded as such is depicted as tricky and vile."-Popular Science.

Harcourt's Beaconsfield Auccdote.

Sir William Harcourt has one quite unique memory of the support he gave in old days to the public worship regulation act. That was an invitation which he received to visit Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden Manor.

Taking his guest-the member of family representing the ownership of broad acres-round his minute demesne, Lord Beaconsfield said, "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor!" young politician accompanied his host on Sunday to the village church, and on the way thither was warned that some hints of the high church movement had penetrated even that sylvan "My friend, the vicar," solitude. the lord of the manor, "will take what I call a collection and he calls an offertory, and afterward what I call a plate and he calls an alms dish will be placed on what I call a table and he calls an altar. "-London News.

Undismayed.

Counsel for the Defense-Gentlemen, I appeal to you to return this unfortunate to his little home, where a tender, loving wife awaits him, where his little children call him father-

Judge (interrupting)-I will call the learned counsel's attention to the fact that the accused is unmarried. Counsel (undismayed, continuing)

So much the more unfortunate is this poor man, who has no little home, where no tender, loving wife awaits him, where no little children call him father !- Fliegende Blatter.

The Good Old Jokes

Grier-By the way, did I ever tell you that story about the end man and the small boy? Frier-No, but several hundred other

people have told it to me. Grier-Nonsense! Nobody ever heard it before yesterday.

Frier-Then it isn't worth hearing. -Boston Transcript.

The average attendance at places of worship in England and Wales is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,-000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700. About 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday.

In a Wet Season. "I see," the editor said, "that you have rhymed 'again' with 'rain.'

"Yessir," the office poet assented. "Well, it doesn't go. It may be all right in the weather report, but you are hired as a poet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Smoke as They Wash.

Cigarette smoking is a common practice among the colored washerwomen of New Orleans. They lean over the tub and make a quaint picture as the smoke rolls from their lips. -Nebraska State



A WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

As this white winter wrapped in fleece, A royal silence brooding everywhere

And all the world a voiceless dream of per Amber and opal, faintest pearl and rose,

Orange and purple in the sunset sky; In fiery hues the wide west flames and glows, Nor fades till stars are shining out on high. O'er steel blue lakes the sheen is bright like

The trees in naked beauty lift their limbs, Lae wind is hushed that erst did sob and wail— Softer its tones than mother's cradle hymns.

Strange, silent winter, fair beyond belief, White robed and fair and dreamy as the night, Forgetting pain and care and joy and grief, Creeps solemnly apace and shrouds the light. -Harper's Bazar.

NUGGETS' LUCK.

How the spruce looking stranger got into the little, old, dilapidated town up in the Sierras none of its inhabitants appeared to know, but most of them were extremely anxious to ascertain. Seldom it was that any one went to the town. Apparently there was no particular reason why any one should. The surrounding scenery was grand, it is true, but the town could make no claim to being an essential part of the grandeur. Its one street straggled up the mountainside for a short distance and lost its way in the forest. A long, ramshackle "hotel," several despondent looking stores and a number of saloons made up what it was pleased to call the business portion of the town. On all sides and as far as the eye could see, however, were the imperishable evidences of what this little town once had been-the center of a natural wealth almost inconceivable. Vast areas of white and yellow and reddish clay, mountains deal o' harm. seamed and gashed and cut in twain, miles of rusty and disjointed gigantic iron pipes, told of the days when the miners with hydraulic guns "held up" nature and forced it to deliver its treas-

But all that was long ago and is only a pleasant memory with the little town now, and to the stranger's not unnatural inquiry as to how the people supported themselves came the cheerful and cannibalistic reply that they "lived on

one another. The stranger sat on a box outside one the stores beside one of the citizens ment. It would have been a dialogue between them, but the entertainer would not have it that way. An old man, with grizzled beard and weather beaten face, was he. The stranger noticed, with some surprise, that, although stained and rusty, his long frock coat and the trousers stuck into his boots were of good broadcloth. A very conspicuous watch chain, a huge diamond pin in a setting of tobacco stained shirt front and the entire absence of a collar made up a somewhat incongruous appearance.

"Yes, you're right," began the entertainer, starting the monologue with considerable energy, "this town ain't worth a whoop in hell today, but you oughter seen it onct. Ain't a forty-niner myself, and you got to make a good deal of allowance for what some o' these old has beens tell you, but they all do say it was a hummer before they stopped

"You oughter get old Nuggets to tell you somethin about it. Ain't you met Nuggets yet? Well, you should, for he's about the only sight we got in townonly thing the town brags about and p'ints out to strangers. Nuggets was ere-or som'ers about here-before they ever did any hydrauleekin-when everything was placer and sluice minin. He'll tell you his story. He'll tell it without bein ast. I've heard it so often that I know it myself. He likes to hear himself talk.

"He was one o' the first to come acrost the plains-leastways that's what he says-and when he got here he just nacherally staid. He kem around by the old emigrant trail back o' Lake Tahoe and into Hangtown.

"Hangtown-you know, that's what they called Placerville in them dayswas a great place then. Meals was \$3, and so was beds; whisky was four bits and two bits a drink, accordin as how you wanted it, and flour was \$10 for a small sack. Course, you know, most all supplies kem around the Horn to Frisco, was boated up to Sacramento and teamed out to the mines from there. Business was good in California in

them days. Most every one had money, and it wasn't no trick to get it. The cricks and river bottoms was full o' gold, and any one could take a shovel, pick and rocker and wash out as much as he liked. Course that sort o' thing spoilt the Argonauts, as they call 'em, or a good many of 'em anyhow-would a-spoilt most any one.

Kinder seemed to them that the supply would last forever, and they didn't worry much and wasn't particuler about savin it. They was all about alike, and after a fellow had worked purty hard for awhile and cleaned up a little pile he'd get to thinkin he needed relaxation, and down he'd go to Frisco and blow in his pile.

"Then he'd strike the trail for the goldfields for another stack o' blue "Course every one had a partner in

them days, and this here Nuggets had one by the name o' Wilkins. One day they kem into this town with a nugget that was a corker. Was as big as your hat-red cinnatar, with chunks of pure gold stickin out of it all around. "The jeweler offered 'em \$1,500 for

it, but they wouldn't sell it Nuggets said there was more o' it where it kem from, but no one believed him. "Everybody thought that Nuggets some o' these pockets are good enough at such a conclusion?

for a pore man anyhow. "That night there was an awful snake canyon over there plam crazy. Leader.

They brought him into town, and all they could get out o' him was a string o' the d—dest, foolishest words you ever neard of. He didn't say much else for a good many years afterwardyouster sit around the town here and get it off to himself. Went somethin like this:

'Changed all the trees in the Rattlesnake-moved 'em and mixed 'em all up. Might 'a' been a dream, but I don't think so. Ask Bill-he knows. Put a shot in her. Seen rock in my time, but no rock like that. Bill, d--dold fool, gits scared, and we kivered her up to come back to. Didn't blaze no tree, but my old knife's stickin on the moss side o' that tree. Might 'a' been a dream. Ask Bill.

"Course you can bet your life that old canyon was prospected pretty well after that, but nothin was found. The specimen was sold and the money divided between Bill Wilkins and Nuggets' daughter, who had to take care o' him. Wilkins went over into Calaveras soon after that and fell down a shaft about 500 feet deep.

"Well, time went by, and the law stopped hydrauleeking, and purty much every one left the town that could git out o' it, and it ain't been worth a d-n

"Nuggets' daughter she married Bob Hittel, who was a teamster and didn't have much o' it to do either. They was pore, but they managed to make a livin and keep old Nuggets besides. Course you know the old man couldn't do nothin but sit around and talk those words I told you of. "Every one was kind to him, except,

perhaps, Jake Openheimer, who kept the principal store then. He youster rile him a good deal and josh him and ask him when he was goin to open her up, but I reckon he didn't mean a great "Every now and then Nuggets 'ud

wander over into Rattlesnake canvon and spend nigh on to a day there. When he'd come back, he'd be worse tuk than ever and go moonin around and sayin those words: 'Changed all the trees in the Rattlesnake-moved 'em and mixed 'em all up. Might a-been a dream, but I don't think so.' "'Bout this time his little gran'son was growin up, and Nuggets began for

to take him along with him in his trips to the canyon. Mrs. Hittel, she objected at first, but when she seen the boy liked to go and her father was dead set on bavin him with him she didn't make no more objections. The boy used to say that while they was in the canyon Nuggets spent most o' his time huntin for something he couldn't find. "One evenin in the summer time, bout ten years ago-I was here then

myself-Nuggets and the boy kem into town and gave it a surprise that it ain't got over sence. You can believe it or not as you want to, but he'd got back his mind all right and talked as sensibly as I'm talkin now. Don't believe he ever was crazy myself-just think he'd got his mind set on one thing and couldn't get it off.

"But he was purty near crazy with happiness. He'd an old rusty knife in his hand, and he kept sayin to us all the time, ' 'Twarn't no dream after all. 'twarn't no dream.' Seems when they was in the canyon the boy got to playin around and crawled under a big tree that 'ad been blown down and found the knife stickin in it underneuth. Course you know what that meant.

"Well, Nuggets is all right now. So was his claim. He sold it for a purty nice sum to a couple o' big mining men down below. See those smokestacks in the trees over in the canyon? Well, there's a 14 stamp mill on the spot where that knife was found.

"Bob Hittel runs this store we're sittin in front of, and Bob's wife owns her own house. Nuggets has a mortgage on about everything Jake Openheimer's got left, and the boy-the gran'son, you know-he's down below in business for himself. "That's about the story old Nuggets

Il tell you when you meet him. Some o' it's true I know myself for a fact, and I reckon, mebbe, some o' it's-well, you know, Nuggets is a Missourian and a purty good liar himself." The stranger arose, stretched himself, and, striding up the street, encountered

doorway of his store. "Great story I just heard," said the stranger. Been talking to the old pioneer?"

the one legged druggist standing in the

"Pioneer? Why he's not a fortyniner. "No, but he's a forty-eighter."

"Who is he, anyhow?" "Him? Oh, that's Nuggets."-William A. Taaffe in Argonaut.

A lad in one of the London board schools was found guilty of a serious infraction of discipline and was directed by his teacher to tell his mother when he got home what misdemeanor he had committed.

The next morning the schoolmistress called Johnnie to her desk, when the following dialogue ensued: Well, Master Johnnie, did you in-

form your mother what refraction of discipline you were guilty of yesterday and the reprimand and punishment you "Yes'm," was the sententions reply

"Well, and what did your mother "She said she'd like to wring your neck for you." No more discipline reports were sent

Weekly.

Burbank-You say that you never saw that man before, and yet you think and Wilkins had found a small pocket. I'd like mighty well to know what and that was all there was to it, but there is about him to make you arrive

Sherlock Holmes, Jr. - Watch him closely, and you will notice that he windstorm, and two days afterward starts at every sound as if he were afraid Nuggets was found comin out o' Rattle- it would wake the baby. -Cleveland

## Constipation

results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists, Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass,

To put on a mustard plaster is not at all difficult, but to do it in the best way requires some care and skill. In the requires some care and skill. In the first place, remember never to give a cold mustard plaster to a patient. To a weak or sensitive person the shock is often great. Either mix with very het water, or, better still, have a plate put where it can get warm while you are mixing. Having everything ready at hand, mustard, flour and a spoonful of molasses, with a bit of old musling. hand, mustard, flour and a spoonful of molasses, with a bit of old muslin or linen—an old handkerchief is the best thing for the purpose. Stir the mustard and flour together first, making the plaster stronger or weaker with mustard as you have been directed. Add the molasses and then the water until the smooth mass is about as thick as the molasses and then the water until
the smooth mass is about as thick a
porridge or poultice. Spread your cloth
on the warm plate, using the middle
portion of the linen and leaving a margin on all sides, which is to be folded
back at the edges. Put a second cloth over the whole, so that the mustard is entirely hid between the two covers and keep on the plate until it is necessary to apply the plaster.—Philadelphia

Value of Toes In Walking. The idea that the lesser toes are neces-

sary in walking is generally entertained, and it has been a surprise to European physicians to learn that amputa-tion of all the lesser toes of both feet has been followed by complete recovery and the restoration to usefulness of both the feet operated upon. The feet healed slowly after the operation, but very steadily and without unpleasant complications. The operation was performed, and in a little more than a year and a half the patient danced all night and experienced no inconvenience whatever on account of having only one toe on each foot. She rides a wheel, plays tennis and enjoys every sport that girls of her age are fond of. The cause of the trouble was originally chilblains, which was neglected until it produced contraction of the muscles with the most intense pain, which was at times so severe that she could not enjoy the necessary amount of sleep. Surgeons are of the opinion that a great deal of needless suffering is endured which might be relieved by extremely simple operations on the feet. - New York Ledger.

Dodging a Shot. When Dewey was first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat the admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconneiter. The southerners had a way of rushing a fieldpiece to the top of the high bank, firing point blank at the gunboat and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a

"Why don't you stand firm, lieutenant?" said he. "Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?'

A day or so after the admiral dodged shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue, but the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude and finally declared:

"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to

Devils In Petticoats.

The Russians are reported to have said when they first saw the highland regiments, "We thought we had come to fight with men, but find devils in petticoats."



ing their babes into the world Philosophy of this kind is based upon gross ignorance. The fact is, that there is no necessity for the severe pangs undergone by the average woman. If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanily way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the majority of women suffer from weakness. majority of women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine or-ganism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can always be remedied. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It acts directly on the delecate description. It acts directly on the deffeate and important organs concerned, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic. It banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quick-ens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thou-sands of women have testified to its mar-velous merits. Honest druggists do not weekly. velous merits. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good."

"I suffered fourteen years," writes Mrs. Mary J. Stewart, of Box 46, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal., with female weakness, nervousness and general debility. I tried everything to no avail. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me.

and Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

The names, addresses and photographs of hundreds of women cured by Dr. Pierce's medicines are printed by permission in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It's free. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailting only. French cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Every woman needs a great medical book. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser fills this want. It contains over pages and nearly 800 illustrations.