MARRIAGE BY FORCE

Queer Custom of Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego.

Take Advantage of Their Great Strength in Procuring Wives —Make Them Veritable Slaves.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook tells of a little known race of aborigines in an article in the Century Magazine on "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego," whom he visited on the Belgian Antarctic expedition. Of their marriage customs he writes:

Marriage, like almost everything Ona, is not fixed by established rules. It is arranged and rearranged from time to time to suit the convenience of the contracting parties. Women generally have very little to say about it. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the principal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accustomed to steal women from neighboring tribes, and from neighboring clans of their own tribe. The Onas, being far the most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a liberal supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for 30 years has given it as his opinion that a plurality of wives is entirely satisfactory to their peculiar emotions and habits of life.

The relation to one another of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wigwam is of novel interest. As a rule, they are no more jealous than are the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the several wives are often sisters. A young man takes by force, by mutual agreement, or by barter, the oldest daughter of a family. If he proves himself a good hunter and a kind husband, the wife persuades her sister to join her wigwam and share her husband's affections. Frequently, when a girl is left an orphan, she is taken into a family and trained to become the supplementary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the hut each wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her belongings about her. The wealth of the household is not common to all the occupants. Each woman has her own basket of meat fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews and bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of children.

The work of the man is strictly limited to the chase. He carries his bow and quiver of arrows, and his eye is ever on the horizon for game; but he seldom stoops to anything like manual labor that is not connected with the actual necessities of the chase. He kills the game, but the wife must carry it into camp. In moving, the women take up all of their earthly possessions, pack them into a huge roll, and with this firmly strapped across their backs they follow the unencumbered lead of their brave but ungallant husbands. Thus the women carry, day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. The women certainly have all the uninteresting details and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They will fight fiercely to protect their homes, and they will guard the honor of their women with their own blood. It is a crying sin of the advance of Christian civilization that this red man of the far south should be compelled to lay down his life at the feet of the heartless palefaced invaders to shield the honor of his home.

Can Ants Hear?

Naturalists have generally accepted the opinion that ants are not able to perceive any sounds that are audible to human ears. Prof. Weld, of the Iowa state university, controverts this opinion. He describes in Science careful experiments made by him with four species of American ants, from which he deduces the conclusion that these species, at least, are able to perceive sounds, but whether they do it by means of organs of hearing, or through the sense of touch being excited by atmospheric vibrations he is unable to say with certainty. He inclines to the opinion that they do really hear, as some individuals showed a perception of the direction of the sound, such as that of a shrill whistle, and others, which were not disturbed when violently shaken in their glass prisons, seemed to be "driven nearly frantic by shrill sounds."

Armor Against Guns.

The recent trials at Indian Head, on the Potomac, of the armor made for the Russian battleship Retvizan, building in this country, seemed to show that armor-plate of the Krupp form made in America has the advantage in the endless contest between guns and armor. Five-inch projectiles with a striking velocity of more than 2,000 feet per second failed to penetrate more than two inches of five-inch plate, and the projectiles were broken in pieces, while the plate was not cracked. —Youth's Companion.

China's Undeveloped Resources.

An indication of some of the important industrial effects which may be expected to follow the opening up of China, is given in recent reports concerning the Chinese tree called the "tu chung." Both French and English botanists assert that this tree contains a valuable substance resembling rubber, or gutta-percha. Mr. [illegible], of Owens college, believes that the substance is a true caoutchouc, and that the tree will become of great economic importance.—Youth's Companion.

PERHAPS SHE'LL "FERGIT IT"

But Willie Jones Will Get No More of the Suburban Girl's Nickels, Deaf and Dumb or Crushed.

When the suburban trains come in of a morning there is a real, deep pleasure in watching the throngs they bring to this large city, says the Chicago Tribune. Some find it comforting merely to gaze and ponder on this leaven which goeth forth to leaven the whole city—it is such a nice, cleanly, self-respecting leaven. There is none of the helter-skelter, unseemly haste with which the cable car throngs go to their daily toil. Here all is serene and elevating. It is charming and comforting. It makes one think of newly-paved streets, and pretty little rows of newly-fledged trees, and clean, proper houses that you buy at so much a month, and many things good for a hardened denizen of the city to think on.

In the spring they wear little bunches of flowers—violets, and cherry blossoms, and johnny-jump-ups, and others. It is touching, especially when they bestow the woodland wealth on hungry-eyed newsboys and their ilk. And the girls are tender-hearted in this respect.

There is one comes in every morning from Bloomdale, or Mossy Dell, or some sylvan nook around Oak Park. She is such an "altogether darling" that even the cob horses smile when she goes by. And she believes in human nature, and had a fervent faith in the charity that never faileth—the kind of charity represented by a nickel or dime dropped in every open palm between the bridge and State street—that is, until a recent Saturday.

On every other weekday she takes the 6:15 train westward, but on Saturdays it is the 3:10. Now it came to pass that for many days a sad-eyed youth had haunted the cars of the 6:15. He is pale, and of a Smike-like slenderness, and he wore a little black painted tin sign with words to the effect that Willie Jones had been born deaf and dumb, had only been out of the state asylum a month, and would the kind-hearted public extend its assistance in getting Willie food and lodging?

The kind-hearted public, in the person of the suburban girl, donated regularly to the worthy cause of Willie Jones, and Willie Jones smiled faintly, and lifted his hat with humble grace in voiceless gratitude, and a tender feminine heart fluttered with the happy consciousness of easing the woe of the world by her mite.

Then came the shock. She was sitting in the train about three o'clock that Saturday, reading her paper, when suddenly a wistful voice murmured at her elbow:

"Pardon, lady, but would you kindly spare a nickel to help a poor fellow in trouble? I've been working in a factory, and got my arm badly crushed. Just out of hospital, lady—"

She turned impulsively, caught a full view of the speaker's face, and gasped. It was Willie Jones. There were only a dozen people in the car, but they got the full benefit of the scene that followed.

"Why, I think you're perfectly awful!" she cried, her blue eyes wide with horror at the depravity of the case. "I see you every single night, and you're deaf and dumb, and I've given you ever so many nickels. And now you've crushed your arm and talk. The idea! I think you're just terrible. I—I'm going to report you to the police."

She was almost crying, and Willie was touched by her evident disappointment.

"Aw, say, don't yer care," he said, comfortingly, as he backed himself against the opposite seat and arranged his bandage more effectively. "Us guys have ter live, yer know, and yous folks from the country are easy. You're all right, lady. Even if I ain't deaf and dumb I get hungry, and your nickels bought me many a red-hot on a cold day. Don't yer care. I won't strike yer for any more. Fergit it, fergit it. Bye-bye."

And she hadn't got over it by the time they reached Austin.

AMBIGUOUS NATIONALITY.

The Clever Scheme by Which His Friends Got Votes for Julius Kahn, a Hebrew.

Representative Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, is, as his name implies, a Hebrew. When he was a younger man in the Golden Gate city he was just as popular with every class as he is now in the halls of congress. In the last election, however, the chances all favored the success of a democrat, and it was necessary to leave nothing undone to insure a good showing.

Mr. Kahn and his American, Irish and German friends of the younger set knew that there would be a little prejudice against a Hebrew among the older men of the different races, especially among the Irish in the section of San Francisco south of Market street. Something had to be done to get every Irish vote. The young Irishmen had played and fought and swam with Julius Kahn, but if they told some of the old fellows that Julius Kahn was the man they should vote for there might be a rebellion in a few quarters because of his name and creed.

So the young Irishmen went among the old fellows and said: "Pap, vote for Jerry Kane, sure. He is the only real thing and the finest Irishman that ever crossed the green sea." The name accomplished the work, and Mr. Kahn carried everything south of Market street. It was funny, it is said, to hear voters asking for ballots with Jerry Kane's name on them.—Washington Star.

SLEIGHING CONTESTS.

Rivalry That Became a Craze in Ohio Many Years Ago.

Four-Horse Loads of Merry People Entered Into the Sport—Towns That Were Completely Depopulated.

A sleighing party in the Western Reserve that took on the nature of a contest between several counties took place in the winter of 1855-56. The record of the long drives and the endless processions of four-horse teams is a tale still told to the children of the older inhabitants of the reserve. The winter of 1855-56 was just the kind for making a record on runners, says the Chicago Record. The snow was abundant, while alternate freezing and thawing kept the roads in firm condition. There were almost daily light snows to "grease up" the sleighing and invite the sport-loving population to enjoy their privileges, and this weather lasted for three months.

In February the people of Solon made up a neighborhood party of seven four-horse loads and started off for a jolly good time. Among their hasty decorations they carried a muslin streamer, five or six feet long, with a rudely painted negro face on it and the inscription: "You can't come it." Such a decoration was appropriate in those days of the underground railroad, for the runaway who reached the Western Reserve was pretty sure to be well cared for.

As the sleighing party rode across from Cuyahoga county into Summit county, the people of Twinsburg were pleased to look upon the invasion as a challenge and determined to take the banner away from Solon. They collected 16 teams and returned with it a few days later. The people of Bedford, Cuyahoga county, then organized and won back the banner across the county line again.

For weeks otherwise sane people would drop everything to join the sport, until news of the mammoth sleigh rides spread over the whole country and accounts of them were published even in the London dailies. Finally the crowds outgrew the townships and a grand round-up of all the bob sleds of three counties was proposed, Medina being invited to join, and the banner was to go to the one furnishing the most four-horse and six-horse teams. The great meeting was to take place at Richfield, in the northwest corner of Summit county, where the three counties joined, and Saturday, March 15, was appointed as the date for this three-cornered battle of sleighbells and buffalo robes.

The oldest inhabitants will never forget the stirring scenes of that great day. Over the hills the great loads poured from all directions. Now their way was overarched with great oaks and walnuts; now they clambered up a rising vista that ended abruptly in the winter sky above; now the summit revealed a beautiful view of the valleys below and bells jingled furiously down the steep slope. They came in troops, like the rats at the Pied Piper's notes—big, four-horse loads, in bunches and companies. And such a collection of horseflesh! Big, well-kept fellows, in well-matched teams; scrawny, sorry plugs broken down by the winter's campaign; teams all alike and well-mated; teams picked up from all round the neighborhood, no two alike in size or color, and innocent of currycombs. And as for people—some towns were completely depopulated that day, for these 462 loads were attended by many one-horse and two-horse loads that did not count at all, and it was estimated that between 10,000 and 12,000 people came out on that great ride. It is said that all this frolic took place without a case of drunkenness, although it is admitted that big sled boxes and abundant buffalo robes really make statistics on this point uncertain.

Summit had the largest representation—171 four-horse teams—and received the prize with the injunction to preserve it among the treasured archives at Akron, their county seat. But it did not molder on their hands to any appreciable extent, for they had no more than put it in cold storage for future generations to gaze on when Medina flung out defiance to the victors.

Memories of the great pioneer hunting parties came to mind, for had not their county been the scene of the great Hinckley hunt, the wonder of its day? Their horses were not jaded, since they had just entered the contest. More than that, Summit had raised but 31 teams more on its own territory. So they arose the following Tuesday and turned all eyes toward the hilltop city of Akron.

See, this winter caravan is now gaining the heights. Now the smoking chimneys of the busy little city are in plain sight. In the city cannons begin to boom, whistles shriek, bells ring—a royal welcome from a besieged city to an invading army.

The judges count horses. There is a disputed point—mules had never appeared at previous meets. Shall a bunch of these long-eared, ugly beasts win the day against them and allow a rival to take away the banner? But Medina finds that they can afford to be generous, for their four-horse teams number 182, a good margin of 11 over Summit's record of Saturday, so they throw in the mules for good measure, thus winning the prize without any cloud on their title.

The famous banner will be cheerfully surrendered to any delegation that will call for it at the county seat, Medina, with 183 teams. You see, they never really yielded that point about the mules at all. Such a delegation will find a most cordial greeting at this quiet little town, but let all sleighride parties be sure of settled winter weather when they come, for Medina mud sticks like poverty and the bottom of it is somewhere in China.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired and aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c, in stamps. Trial package Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Artificial flowers, mixed with the real ones, are used for table decorations.

Last year 4,700,000 cubic yards of material was dredged out of the Duluth Superior harbor.

Philadelphia has 41 wards and two branches of the city council. Chicago has 35 wards.

A contract made over the telephone is legal and binding, according to a decision recently rendered in a Pennsylvania lawsuit.

Inoculation for the plague is coming more into favor in Bombay city, as many as 7,179 persons having been so treated in one week.

When cattle arrive in Havana from South America, Mexico or Texas, they are first inspected in the yards, and then a large percentage of them are driven out to pastures for several weeks' grazing. When they arrive they are thin and rough looking.

St. Louis has no curfew law, but many of the owners of mills and factories have agreed to have their factory or mill whistles blown in the evening to warn the children that it is time to go home. The whistles will be blown at eight o'clock in the winter and at nine in the summer, and the plan will be continued for a year.

There is no known reason why working people who carry their lunch with them should be ashamed of this fact. Mill hands are not ashamed of it. They lug their food to the factories in big tin kettles, one on the right arm containing solids, another on the left loaded with, perhaps, tea. But stenographers, bank clerks and lawyers invariably do the act hypocritically, using green baize bags, music rolls or fake cameras.

THE CROWD SLIPPED.

And Dropped Right Into the Trap the Smooth Corn Salve Faker Had Made.

The portly man with the bulging overcoat pockets began to lose his center of gravity gradually at the corner of Fifteenth street and New York avenue, says the Washington Post. One foot slipped from beneath him on the icy pavement, and by the time he had reestablished connections with the bricks with that one the other shot out from under him. Then they both began to execute a quick and devilish shuttle dance. The man's arms flew out, and he seemed to be making a wild but futile effort to pull slices out of the nippy atmosphere. Then he simply sat right down, without any superfluous ceremony or hubbub whatsoever. Of course all the men within a radius of 80 feet adjusted their hands to their sides and ha-ha-ed joyously. There is only one thing on earth that tickles a man's fellowmen more than to see him drop kerflop to an icy pavement—it tickles 'em more if he happens to have a bottle of bug juice in his rear pocket.

This portly man with the bulging overcoat pockets looked around him in a dazed sort of way, as if he were endeavoring to study the thing out. Meanwhile the dozen or 15 men who were waiting for cars just lay back and hollered. The portly man made no effort to rise, and the longer he sat there, looking mystified, the funnier it seemed to the merry gang around. Finally they began to close in on him.

"Made you see constellations, hey?" asked one of them, laughing uproariously at his own humor.

"Just taking a little rest, I s'pose?" inquired another.

"Got a job melting the ice, eh?" asked another.

By this time there were about 20 men standing in a circle around the portly man who had so suddenly taken a sitting posture. Then the portly man, without rising from his sitting position, reached into his overcoat pocket and brought out a small square package.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a tone of a man who knew just exactly what he had to say by heart, "I have taken this somewhat unusual method to attract your attention to the merits of this new brand of mentholated, carbonized dethigumjigged corn salve that I am selling at the almost insanely low price of a quarter a box, money refunded if you don't find instant relief, and—"

Most of the crowd fell back and disappeared, but five of them thought he had earned their quarter and bought corn salve.

Youthful Diplomacy.

The grocery man on the corner relates that a couple of days ago a little girl entered his emporium and timidly laying down a dime asked for ten cents' worth of candy.

"It's for papa," she said. "I want to 'spise him when he comes home."

The grocery man proceeded to dig out some of his stock, when the little girl interposed.

"Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for papa," the grocery man remarked.

"I know," explained the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say that 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."—Memphis Scimitar.

Telegraphing Over a Glacier.

Experiments made by French savants on Mont Blanc, last summer, showed that the ice of a great glacier will serve as a support for a telegraph wire without insulation. A naked galvanized iron wire laid upon the ice transmitted telegraphic signals more than a mile.—Youth's Companion.

British Use Engines.

Traction engines are employed by the British forces in the Transvaal for the conveyance of supplies. They drag heavy loads up steel hills, and save the struggling horses.—N. Y. Journal.

Education in a Normal.

The Southern Oregon Normal, at Ashland, gives a training of three and four years in branches of study above the eighth grade. One year of practice teaching in the training school is afforded to students preparing to teach. Many young people leave out the training and have the advantage of the academic work as a preparation for college. Not all students, by any means, attending a Normal school, make teachers of themselves.

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Or Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys is a very common ailment. Like all chronic diseases the symptoms come on insidiously. If proper treatment is obtained in its early stages, Bright's Disease may be cured. HUDYAN will cure it if it is taken in time. HUDYAN will relieve all the symptoms. Do not delay too long. Don't wait until your case becomes incurable. Begin the use of HUDYAN now, while you may be cured.

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6. WEAKNESS OF THE HEART. HUDYAN will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart and make it strong and regular in its beatings.

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WHAT TWO WOMEN SAW.

Two New York women stood in front of a Broadway window watching a Persian weaver laboriously weaving upon a frame, the pattern of a beautiful rug. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, thread by thread the pattern grew beneath his hand, until what had seemed a meaningless crossing of dull threads gradually took on form and beauty. Suddenly one of the two women began to repeat the lines:

> Weaving, weaving threads of faith
> Pattern of a woman's heart,
> Who can ere anticipate
> The hues of life in every part?
> Will the colors warmly glow—
> All traced in love and happiness;
> Or will they fade in somber woe?
> A woman's future who can guess?

There is infinite pathos in the way that women ponder over and try to trace out

the purpose and meaning of their lives. To young and happy women it seems as if destiny was weaving their future in all the colors of the rainbow like a merry dance of cupids weaving garlands about a May pole in the spring-time of life. But to thousands of women life looks to be all "a warp of sorrow in a woof of pain."

WHAT LIFE REALLY IS.

A woman's life pattern is really woven by herself. A great philosopher has said "Life is neither pain, nor pleasure; it is serious business." If a woman would make it her serious business to understand herself mentally, morally and physically, using the common sense that God has given her, there would be far less misery and suffering woven into the pattern of her life. She can make it almost anything she chooses.

Every woman who wants to derive the full share of happiness, which nature intended her to find as a woman, wife and mother, ought to read that great and wise book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. Several hundred of its thousand pages are devoted to the subject of woman's special physiology, telling in plain and refined language how a woman may build up her physical self to meet the emergencies of her developing career.

The author of this great book is among the most successful of living physicians. His "Favorite Prescription" is known in every corner of the civilized globe as the most remarkable supportive tonic and health creator ever devised for weak and ailing women. It imparts direct strength and healthful vitality to woman's delicate, special structure, and increases the vigor, endurance and recuperative force of her entire system.

A Pennsylvania lady, Mrs. Alonzo Rathmell, living at the corner of Meade and Almond Sts., in Williamsport, in a recent letter, says: "My life is a story of misery. Until the birth of my boy I had health that I often boasted of. I married in my twenty-fifth year, and two years afterward my boy was born. Then the health I boasted of was suddenly gone. Pen or tongue can never describe the awful suffering I endured for a year and a half. I was so miserable I longed for death to relieve me, when a kind neighbor came in and asked me to try a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I said, despairingly: 'Oh, its of no use. I can't ever be any better.' She insisted, and my husband, who was in despair, got a bottle, and I took it just to please him. I had not taken half a bottle when I was able to walk across the room without feeling faint or having any palpitation of the heart. Oh what a God-send your medicine is to suffering humanity. We had spent two hundred dollars with the leading doctors without any benefit whatever.

"Last December I had a baby, and, thanks to your 'Favorite Prescription,' I stood the confinement well and have a fourteen pound baby girl. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

For thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N.Y., assisted by a staff of nearly a score of skilled specialists in the different branches of medical practice. Any woman consulting him by mail will receive, free of charge, the best professional advice anywhere obtainable. All correspondence is regarded as sacredly confidential.

The magnificently illustrated "Common Sense Medical Adviser" is now published in a paper-covered edition which will be sent *absolutely free* for the bare cost of mailing; 21 one-cent stamps which should be sent to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Or 31 stamps should be sent if a durable heavy cloth-bound volume is preferred.

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Washington Letter

Continued from First Page.

the vice presidency, said: "The greatest ambition of my life had already been realized. I have seen those who were confederate soldiers fight under the stars and stripes against foreign foes, as soldiers of the United States. I have seen the masses of the people of all of the southern states eagerly and earnestly offering their services to fight in the country's cause, and have seen them thus become participants in the events which have suddenly made ours the leading nation among the great powers of the world, and which have opened avenues which enabled us to establish the most favorable commercial relations with countries containing nearly one-third of the earth's population. The realization of conditions so advantageous to our whole country fills the measure of my desires, and beyond that I have no ambition whatever."

No treaty, no canal bill. That is the situation in the senate, and unless there is a radical change in existing conditions, there will be no action upon either at this session. It has been understood all along that the Nicaragua canal bill was dependent upon the ratification of the Nicaragua canal treaty, and within the past week, it has become almost certain that if a vote on the treaty were taken, it would be rejected, and it is to be allowed to go over to the next session. Members of the isthmian canal commission, created by the last congress, have reached Washington, but they say that no report of their work will be made in time for submission to this session of congress. The postponement of the canal bill is just what the administration desired, but the failure to ratify the treaty is a heart-rending disappointment.

The Clark case is closed and a decision is now awaited from the committee on elections as to whether Senator Clark shall retain his or be put out of the senate. The majority expect a report from the committee, against Senator Clark, but the majority do not always guess right in such matters.

It remains for a conference committee to determine what sort of a government Hawaii shall have. The senate passed a bill to provide a government for the territory of Hawaii; a house committee reported a substitute for the senate bill and after attaching numerous amendments thereto, the house passed it. Now, the original bill and the substitute, with its amendments, will be turned over to a conference committee, and a bill differing from both may be the result.

Two consular reports, one from Belgium and one from France, contain hints that should not be lost upon this government if we are to maintain colonies. Belgium has recently established a school for the training of students who intend to seek fortune in the colonies. The instruction includes practical demonstration of the sort of buildings settlers should construct, including proper rules of sanitation; also the cultivation of indigenous plants, European plants and vegetables, the best methods of gathering crops and transporting them to market, treatment of native labor, etc. In France, a colonial institution is to be established to train young men to fill positions in the colonies, which is to send out expeditions of students at national expense, to gather information, which is to be furnished commercial houses in the form of detailed reports.

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A Michigan Miracle

Speech Restored after Nearly 13 Years.

The Ypsilanti Commercial, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Many things appear miraculous that are really the result of natural laws, the workings of which can be accurately predicted. A striking example of this occurred in a prominent Michigan family recently, and there can be no question as to the truthfulness of the narrative since it is attested by Mrs. Harriet Begole, of Ypsilanti, Mich., a sister-in-law of Mr. Joshua Begole, who was Governor of Michigan in 1883-4. Mrs. Begole said:

"In 1886 I suffered from a severe illness; during which my voice left me and I did not speak above a whisper for nearly 13 years.

"I was treated by five local physicians and afterward consulted leading specialists of New York. They diagnosed my case as partial paralysis, stating that the left side of my throat was entirely paralyzed, the right side partially so. For nearly eight years I have suffered from a severe stomach disorder and about a year ago I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mrs. Harriet Begole.

"My stomach trouble was relieved, my general health became greatly improved and to my surprise I regained control of my vocal organs. I have used five boxes of the pills and last November I spoke aloud for the first time in almost 13 years. I am now 71 years of age and have full control of my voice.

(Signed) MRS. HARRIET A. BEGOLE."

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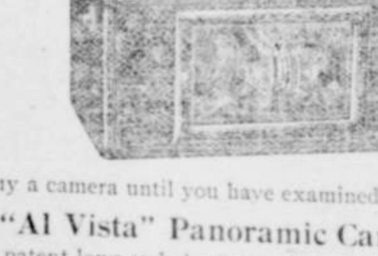

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TIME TABLE.

WESTBOUND		EASTBOUND	
Leave Grants Pass	8 a. m.	Leave Crescent City	6 a. m.
Arrive at Waldo	6 p. m.	Arrive at Waldo	8 p. m.
Leave Waldo	4 a. m.	Leave Waldo	6:30 a. m.
Arrive at Crescent City	6 p. m.	Arrive at Grants Pass	4:30 p. m.

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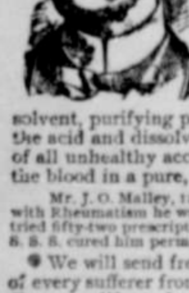

Rheumatism may attack with such suddenness and severity as to make within a few days a healthy, active person helpless and bed-ridden, with distorted limbs and shattered nerves; or it may be slow in developing, with slight wandering pains, just severe enough to make one feel uncomfortable; the tendency in such cases is to grow worse, and finally become chronic.

Like other blood diseases, Rheumatism is often inherited, and exposure to damp or cold, want of proper food, insufficient clothing, or anything calculated to impair the health, will frequently cause it to develop in early life, but more often not until middle age or later. In whatever form, whether acute or chronic, acquired or inherited, **Rheumatism is Strictly a Blood Disease,** and no liniment or other external treatment can reach the trouble. Neither do the preparations of potash and mercury, and the various mineral salts, which the doctors always prescribe, cure Rheumatism, but ruin the digestion and break down the constitution.

A remedy which builds up the general health and at the same time rids the system of the poison is the only safe and certain cure for Rheumatism. S. S. S., made of roots, herbs and barks of wonderful solvent, purifying properties, attacks the disease in the right way, and in the right place—the blood—and quickly neutralizes the acid and dissolves all poisonous deposits, stimulates and reinforces the overworked, worn-out organs, and clears the system of all unhealthy accumulations. S. S. S. cures permanently and thoroughly, and keeps the blood in a pure, healthy state.

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