

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS

WONDERFUL CURE IN A STUBBORN CASE OF RHEUMATISM.

The Evidence is Furnished by the Secretary of the Board of Trade of Wellsburg, New York, and Cannot Be Doubted.

The popular secretary of the Wellsburg, N. Y., board of trade is Mr. W. J. Dalton, and his statement to a reporter regarding one of the most important events of his life carries with it the greatest weight. It is unusual for a person to be afflicted from childhood with rheumatism but it is even wonderful that there is a remedy so exactly suited to the treatment of this stubborn disease that one hundred doses were sufficient to eradicate it in a case of twenty years' standing. The proof that such a remedy is within the reach of an rheumatic sufferer is found in Mr. Dalton's own words. He says:

"I had been troubled with rheumatism all my life, even when a boy. It attacked me in the legs, arms and shoulders. The pain in the latter was particularly severe. I, of course, took medicine for it, but did not obtain permanent relief. One day about three years ago while reading a newspaper, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and determined to give them a trial. I had taken but three boxes of the pills when the trouble, which had been my affliction from childhood, entirely disappeared.

"About a year later I had another attack of rheumatism which was brought on by working in a damp place. I remembered well what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had done for me, so I immediately purchased some. Strangely enough, just three boxes again cured me, and I have been entirely free from rheumatism ever since. I have told a number of people about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they have taken them with most beneficial results."

(Signed) W. J. DALTON.  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, New York. Be sure you get the genuine; substitutes never cured anybody. Look for the full name on every package.

**What he had Heard.**  
Tommy I'm glad I don't live out in North Dakota.  
Arthur—Why?  
Tommy—I have heard that they have thrashing machines out there.—Somerville Journal.

The remarkable success of Garfield Tea, the great KIDNEY cure for Constipation and Sick Headache, is due to its healthful action on all the digestive organs.

**His Philosophy.**  
She—I wish I could be as contented as you.  
He—Oh! I ain't contented—only I don't think it's worth while to worry about it.—Puck.

**Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.**  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

**Mixed.**  
Officer of Gas Company—But don't you know we can't afford to give you good gas at any such price as that?  
Consumer—What are you giving us now, hot air?—Chicago Tribune.

**Condensed.**  
"Of course," said the great star's manager, "it will cost something extra to display the title of the play on your electric light sign."  
"Oh, I don't know," replied the proprietor of the theater, "we ain't spendin' no more'n we have to. We've arranged to shorten it to read '2 Gents of Verona.'"—Philadelphia Press.

**HOW'S THIS:**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Went & TRUAX, Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a certain, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all drugists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills is the best.

**Supremely Restful.**  
"I wonder if there's any lazier occupation than fishing."  
"Well, yes—looking at people fishing."—Brooklyn Life.

**Entitled to Half Rates.**  
Beggars—Please give a poor old blind man a dime!  
Citizen—Why, you can see out of one eye.  
"Well, then give me a nickel."—Chicago News.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

**In the Affirmative.**  
The body of the latest mysterious disappearance having been found at the bottom of a creek, we pause long enough to ask whether the mysterious disappearance ought not to stop appearing.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## FROM DAY LABORER TO MULTI-MILLIONAIRE



## AND UNITED STATES SENATOR



From the depths of a silver mine in which he wielded the pick as a day laborer, obscure and unknown, to a seat in the United States Senate, the possessor of millions in ready cash and mines—and all that within ten short years—has come to Thomas Kearns, a native of New York. The "Silver King" of stage fiction has abdicated in favor of the "Silver King" in real life, for the lurid drama with which Wilson Barrett roused us years ago has been outdone by the tale of "Tom" Kearns' life achievements.

The man who has been received into America's highest legislative body as a representative of the State of Utah has had a most extraordinary career. Brain, brawn and "backbone" brought him from the level of the "hired man," the plodder, drudging "Man with the Hoe" of Markham to the plane of the man of large affairs, the employer of many men and a maker of the nation's laws.

The rise of Thomas Kearns was sudden, and his career has been meteoric. He was born in New York in 1862, and consequently is but 39 years of age. From the Empire State early in his youth he journeyed out to the wilds of the Nebraska prairies, where he toiled as a farm laborer. Tiring of digging for potatoes and the like on the plains, he determined to dig for more valuable "crops" in the Black Hills, where he remained for some time, and then went to Utah.

He had pluck and perseverance, and, though less than ten years ago he was



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

working as a laborer for something like \$3 a day, those qualities, coupled with that elusive thing known as good luck, finally brought him to the position of the foremost mine owner in the State, a leading railroad director and Senator, with a fortune of from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

In his earlier years, according to a candidate for the place which went to Kearns, the new Senator was a master of the fistic art, and the manner in which he applied ring knockout tactics in the defeat of his late senatorial adversaries, skilled and determined as they were, would indicate exceptional fighting qualities.

Mr. Kearns bowled over Mr. Salisbury, a newspaper editor; Mr. McCormick, a banker; Mr. Brown, a lawyer, the leading candidates, and several lesser lights. The Democratic members gave their honorary support to A. W. McCune, the leading candidate when there was a deadlock in the Legislature two years previous.

The advancement of Thomas Kearns began with his connection with the Ontario mine and with David Keith, who is now his partner in the ownership of the most famous of Utah's producers, the Silver King group of mines at Park City. This property is worth more than \$10,000,000, it is estimated, and last year alone paid more than \$1,000,000 in dividends.

After working for seven years as a laborer in the Ontario mine, Mr. Kearns, with Mr. Keith and others, took a lease on the Mayflower, in the same camp. It was a good venture, and Mr. Kearns there laid the foundation for his future great success as a mine owner. Later on other claims were acquired and the Mayflower group was extended and rechristened the Silver King, and Mr. Kearns is now known as the "Silver King" through this association.

## Why a Woman

is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family physician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is



Mrs. G. H. CHAPPELL.

at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to us, and our advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the U. S.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Address Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn, Mass.

**Tenure in Office.**  
Dr. Prinz of Germany declares that marriage prolongs life. This gives some smart bachelors an opportunity to rise and remark that marriage makes life seem long to a man.—Boston Globe.

**The Limit.**  
"You have no more sense than the law allows," he sneered.  
Then he added, as a bitter afterthought—"and a prohibition law, at that."  
Whereupon the party to whom the remarks were addressed began fracturing a few statutes.—Baltimore American.

**Rather Unkind.**  
Gusher—My wife has promised to wait for me at the gate of heaven if she is the first to go.  
Flasher—Tut, tut. You shouldn't be so revengeful as to make her wait through eternity simply because she made you wait while she fixed up sometimes.—Life.

**Too Much Imagination.**  
The gentleman whose claim to a whole Florida island, based upon a Spanish grant, has been adversely considered by the supreme court, may be consoled by the fact that there are numerous people who have found sad defects in their titles to Spanish realty, principally, however, in the matter of castles in Spain.—Baltimore Herald.

**Compensation.**  
"Yes," said the author, "when I get started writing a novel I do lose considerable sleep over it."  
"Oh! well," exclaimed the critic who had a neat way of disguising a bitter dose of sarcasm under the sugar-coating of apparent flattery, "what is your loss is your reader's gain."—Standard.

**Beginning of the End.**  
They say the object in wanting those Danish West India islands is to look after the eastern end of the Nicaragua canal. But in this thing it is not the end that is wanted, but a beginning.—Philadelphia Times.

**To be Expected.**  
"You fellows," complained the king of beasts, "don't seem to be properly impressed when I start to describe my adventures."  
"Ah!" replied the diplomatic hyena, "your stories are wonderful, but then we know you are a lion."—Philadelphia Press.

**WORLDLY BEAUTY.**  
Don't grieve over friends departed,  
If lost or living or dead;  
Be jolly and bright and happy  
And you'll find many more instead.

And the world is full of beauty  
For those who can suffer and smile,  
While the sweetest task is duty,  
Though adrift on a barren isle.

If you're worthy of love, you'll get it,  
And there never was yet a day  
That I couldn't see some beauty  
As I traveled my worldly way.  
—John A. Joyce, Washington Post.

### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

**A** MOCKINGBIRD, drunk with sunshine and the scent of apple blossoms, was flying from tree to tree and caroling ecstatically—an animated spring song gone mad.

From the door of the little brown house at the head of the orchard emerged a sweet, rosy maiden, herself as dainty and sweet as an apple blossom. Her hair was primly brushed back and tightly plaited, and her gingham dress was a miracle of crisp starchiness.

She ran down the steps, across the yard, and peered through the lilac hedge. A lanky, slovenly boy of 14 was stretched upon the grass, deep in a book.

"Rob," she said in a stage whisper, "come here."

"What do you want?" drawled the boy, without moving.

"Come here! I've something to tell you."

He arose slowly, shaking back his unkempt hair, shuffling his unlaced shoes into place, and slouched across the yard.

"Mr. Ames proposed to Aunt Lucy last night; I heard him."

"Oh, go way!"

"He truly did. You see, I was in the hammock in the grape arbor, and they didn't know I was there."

"Listening!" said the boy, scornfully.

"I was not! I was listening to the mockingbird. It was spinning among the apple blossoms and singing like a crazy thing just as it is doing now. I think it sang all night, for I heard it whenever I woke. What do you suppose it does that for?"

"I dunno. Be stung it mebbe. Get on with your rat killin'."

"Well, I didn't notice a word they said until I heard a chair scrape across the porch, and he cleared his throat tremendously. Then I peeped through close to her, and he said:

"Miss Phillips, I—I—you must have seen—I—that is, you must know—I—and then he kissed her."

Her eyes were exclamation points!

"Well," said the boy, breathlessly.

"That's all."

"What!"

"Ssh! Don't talk so loud. That's all I can tell you. Then they were engaged."

"Gementaly! Why, how'd she know what he meant?"

"Why, she knew!"

"Must be a mind reader, then."

"Pshaw! She knew from the way he acted. She's known a long time," said the miniature woman, with a wise look.

"Well, of all the fools. And he took

a prize for oratory last year, too. He ain't much like a feller I was readin' about yesterday. He went down on his knees, so—"

And the youngster flopped down on the grass with the grace of a jumping kangaroo, and rolled his eyes like a cow. "And he said: 'Qu-ween of my hear-t' and a lot more stuff that I can't remember. It was silly," he added, falling back into a lounging attitude.

"Lend me the book."

"Pa got it," he said, indignantly. "I hid it behind a row of books in the bookcase, and he got a-huntin' some'n and found it and chucked it into the fire. I don't care. I can write a piece just as good, an' get it by heart. Catch me a-makin' such a fool of myself as that college dude."

"When you have written it may I read it?"

"Yes," he replied, condescendingly, "I'll let you see it. It'll be a cracker-jack, you bet."

"Maybe I could help you write it," she suggested, humbly.

"Oh, I sha'n't need any help," he said, complacently. "I know just how it ought to go."

"Grown people are so commonplace," she sighed. "Do you suppose we'll ever be like that?"

"Land, no!" said he, as he slouched back to his book. "If I thought I'd ever be such a fool as that feller, I'd trade myself off for a dog and then shoot the dog."

A mockingbird, drunk with moonlight and dew, was careering from tree to tree, singing madly, and sending showers of pink petals down on a couple who were wandering through the orchard.

Her hair was a golden tangle and the soft folds of her gown fell with studied carelessness from her ivory throat. His manner was the manner of a young man deeply, devotedly in love with the dearest girl in the world. From his high shining collar to his polished shoes, all was immaculate.

They were silent. He, because his tongue refused to speak the words that were clamoring for utterance. She, because she was sorry for him. It was not maiden shyness that lurked behind

her demure face and downcast lids, but pure perplexity. No master of diplomacy ever faced a more delicate issue than that which confronted her.

"It's exactly eight years since Uncle John asked Aunt Lucy to marry him," she said at length. "It was in apple blossom time, and the mockingbird was singing in the moonlight. The odor and the song always bring it back to me."

"By Jove! Eight years—!" He was struck speechless by the contemplation of so much bliss.

"Do you remember how we laughed over the proposal? By the way, you never showed me the one that you talked of writing."

"I never wrote it," he said, with a grin that was almost a grimace. Then with a tremendous effort, "I—do—don't you think I—er, that is, we—we could dispense with anything of that sort, Lucy?"

The situation for the next several moments did not admit of connected conversation, but as they strolled toward the house a little later, she said, with an arch look: "We've grown up quite as commonplace as the rest of the world, haven't we?"

"Commonplace!" he ejaculated, fervently. "Well, if this is commonplace, I—"

Another pause, a lengthy one.

"Do you remember wondering why the mockingbird rioted among the apple blossoms and sang like a mad thing?" he asked, solemnly, after a while. "I know now. If I could do the same it wouldn't begin to express my feelings."

When, after several pauses, they finally reached the lilac hedge, the young man startled the nestling robins with a sudden guffaw of laughter. With his mind's eye he saw a lanky boy on his knees in the grass beyond the hedge.

"A half-grown cub of a boy is several kinds of an idiot," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

When a young man has a hole in his glove all the girls in town are very solicitous, which makes their fathers, who have unended holes in their clothes, marvel.

## MILLION DOLLARS FOR A NORTH POLE SEARCH.



BALDWIN. ZIEGLER.

Evelyn B. Baldwin, who is to command the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition in search of the north pole, is rapidly completing the great outfit which his plans require for the Arctic quest, and has announced that everything points to-

ward the middle of June as the date when the expedition will leave New York. Four portable houses, two steam launches, a photographic outfit, and fifty tons of dog food are among the latest list of supplies for which Baldwin is negotiating. This expedition, which will have practically unlimited financial backing by Wm. Ziegler, will probably go into the Arctic regions better prepared to accomplish its object than any similar expedition since the quest for the pole began. Ziegler has announced that he is prepared to spend a million dollars.

Baldwin went with the Peary expedition of 1893 as meteorologist and in 1897 went to Spitzbergen to join Andree in the latter's balloon expedition, but was prevented by lack of room in the balloon car. His plans for the coming attempt to reach the pole were formed after five years' close study. Baldwin will have the most extensive transport train ever carried on such a voyage.

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