Rheumatism

Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

Romas Plebeian Provender.

The Romans were great sticklers for formal dinners. Their appetite-producers consisted mainly of egg salad, spiced fruits, oysters, asparagus, and snails in vinegar. Then, having stirred up the juices of the stomach to the point of keen expectation, they proceeded to realization by way of fish—principally mullet, which was regarded as the "top-notcher" of fishes, served with a paste prepared of the flesh of the sea hedgehog reduced to pulp, with oil, pepper, onions, dates and mustard; while, when the emperor was served with the priceless liver, the dish was but faintly seasoned with salt, pepper and oil, and served with chicken livers garnee. After fish and game, pork was the most esteemed meat dish, and it was served in the form of a roast stuffed with sausages. The dessert was formed of fruits in season, the luscious grape being a close competitor with the apple.

It Pays to Read Newspapers.

Cox, Wis., July 4.—Frank M. Russell of this place, had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes and now he is quite well. He says:

"I can now work all day and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the floor."

Mr. Russell's is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa county. This new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

Cruel Youth.

"He said I was tall and willowy," remarked the girl who likes flattery. "Do you think I look like a willow tree?"

"No; you look like a chestnut," retorted the savage young man in the loud vest.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslows's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period..

Sorry He Spoke.

"Oh, we have some very strong men in England," boasted the new arrival from London.

"How strong are they?" queried the American citizen.

"Oh, I've seen them lift cannons, trucks and even cars."

"Indeed. Then it is strange that none of them can lift such a small object as the yacht cup."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Easily Done.

Tess—Well, I believe I'm rid of Mr. Staylate at last.

Jess—How on earth did you accomplish it?

Tess—While he was calling upon me last night I remarked that "all handsome men were conceited bores." Then he said: "Indeed! I can take a hint as well as the next one," and left.—Philadelphia Press.

Little Country Town.

He sits there at the fireside, where the mellow light is gleaming
O'er the columns of the little country paper that he holds,
And something he has read there seems to set his fancy dreaming,
While memory's panorama of forgotten days unfolds.
Its quaint and homely phrases all incline him to reflection.
Some sweetness of enchantment as he lays the paper down,
Strips the bitter peel of sorrow from the fruit of recollection,
He tastes the mellow sweetness of the little country town.

He sees at eve, a cottage with the lamplight dimly straying
Through the window, thickly bowered with the honeysuckle vine,
To his ears come strains of music, there's a sound of someone playing
On a little cottage organ, and the notes of "Auld Lang Syne."
He hears the tea things clatter, sees a woman's figure flitting
Here and there, belike some fairy, and the shimmer of her gown,
And longing leads his fancy to the place where he is sitting,
Just across from her at table in the little country town.

Yet he sits here alone, with all the dreamy shadows dancing,
And silent save for voices that his memory may hear,
The eyes that o'er the columns of the little paper glancing
Like violets, dew-misted, in the passing of a tear.
From some, as he, are missing from the circle once unbroken,
And one he knows lies sleeping where the autumn leaves are brown.
His hair is white like silver, yet in fancy he has spoken
With all those lads and lasses of the little country town.

The misty eye of sorrow at the bush of dreams is seeking
The rose of recollection with the fragrance of its morn.
And in the ear of memory the voice of grief is speaking,
The hand that plucks the blossom knows the sharpness of the thorn.
His dreams die with the embers at the fireplace—ah, the pity!
The paper falls from listless hands and idly flutters down.
How lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, is the sullen, smoky city,
When the heart has come from straying in the little country town.

—New York Times.

How Crane Mimicked Robson.

When Robson and Crane acted the "Comedy of Errors" together, Mr. Crane's "Dromio" was the most notable feature of the performance, for while Robson simply represented himself in the garb of the Syracuse servant, Crane gave an excellent exhibition of his mimetic powers by duplicating the "Dromio" of his associate. He thus describes the opening night:

"It was one of the most intensely exciting nights I ever experienced behind the scenes. In making up, Robson dropped a huge daub of grease paint on the front of his tunic. Out of pure consideration for art, I painted a similarly dirty device on my garment. But Robson nearly destroyed the fine fabric of consistency, to the construction of which I had sacrificed the cleanliness of my attitre, by walking on absent-mindedly in the second act with a smoking cigar protruding from his mouth. Just previous to his entrance in the first act he declaimed his speech in the wings, and from this I took the key, which I had to hold constantly in mind. My lines were only partly committed, so that between thinking of Robson's peculiar voice and mannerisms—which I was expected to imitate faithfully—and of my own speeches—which should have been delivered with equal fidelity to Shakspeare—I sweltered in body and mind all night.—Leslie's Monthly.

His Letter.

When Willie Blank was at the seashore last summer his father wrote to him quite frequently, and in each letter inclosed 10 cents or a quarter to add to the little lad's pleasure. Willie was no letter-writer, but one day he managed to compose the following comprehensive epistle, which he sent to his father:

"Deare Papa—I got all your leters, and you have put some munny in each one of them. Please write oftener. Your luving son, WILLIAM."

—Woman's Home Companion.

BOILS

PYRAMIDS OF PAIN

Boils show the blood is in a riotous, feverish condition, or that it has grown too weak and sluggish to throw off the bodily impurities, which then concentrate at some spot, and a carbuncle or boil is the result. To one already enfeebled by disease, boils seem to come with more frequency, causing the intensest pain and greatest danger to the already weak and debilitated sufferer. All skin eruptions, from the sometimes fatal carbuncle to the spiteful little cat-boil, are caused by bad blood, and the only way to avoid or get permanently rid of them is to purify and build up the deteriorated, polluted blood, and counteract the humors and poisons; and nothing will do this so quickly and thoroughly as S. S. S., which is the acknowledged king of blood purifiers and greatest of all tonics. Where the blood has become impoverished and is poor and thin, no medicine acts so promptly in building up and restoring its richness, purity and strength. The time to cure a boil is before it develops, when it is in a state of incubation or formation in the blood; for boils are, after all, only the impurities and poisons bubbling up through the skin, and this will continue in spite of poulticing and lancing till the blood gets rid of its accumulated poison. The way to stop boils is to attack them in the blood, and this is what S. S. S. does. All danger of boils is past when the blood has been thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all morbid, impure matter. If you are subject to boils, then the same causes that produced them last season will do so this, and the sooner you begin to put your blood and system in good order the better the chance of going through the spring and summer season without boils or other painful and irritating skin eruptions. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and can be taken with perfect safety by old and young, and without harm to the most delicate constitution. It is mild and pleasant in its action, and unequaled as a cure for boils and kindred eruptions. Write us if you would like medical advice or other information.

Allegheny, Pa., June 11, 1903.

From the age of twenty or thirty I was sorely afflicted with large, awful boils on my face and body. As soon as they would heal up in one place they would break out in another part of the body, and this continued for ten years. I tried everything I could hear of to get relief, but nothing did me any good. I had but little faith in S. S. S. doing me good when I began it, but after taking it for a short while the boils began to disappear. I continued on with the medicine, taking six bottles, and all the boils entirely disappeared. Five years have elapsed since that time, and I have never been bothered since, showing that the cure was permanent. I had some thirty or forty of the most painful boils one ever had, and to be entirely rid of them by your great purifier, S. S. S., puts me under a debt of gratitude to you. HENRY ZINN.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

PONCA INDIANS CHOOSE CHIEF AND COUNCIL.

Tribe that Was Once Part of the Sioux Nation Selects Rulers in Traditional Manner—Recalls Practical Extinction of American Bison.

There is a touch of pathos in the story from Oklahoma which recalls the practical extinction of the American bison. It appears that the new chief of the Ponca Indians, who live in Oklahoma Territory, was to choose his advisory council. In the old days when a new chief selected his council, they were taken from the band that was most successful in a buffalo hunt. It was arranged to imitate this ancient custom, but the contrast was almost painful for the old-time hunters who can remember when millions of the shaggy beasts roamed the plains in freedom. Three buffaloes from a small herd in captivity were obtained for the purpose. A sixty-acre tract was inclosed with a substantial stockade, at different places were ten small corrals, one for each band of warriors that participated in an endeavor to be chosen of Chief Horse Chief's council. Upon this occasion the band that succeeded first in driving the buffalo in the corral assigned to it was declared the winners. The other bands were free to interfere whenever possible, which brought on a kind of polo scrimmage, with the buffaloes for the ball.

AN OLD-TIME BUFFALO HUNT.

The Poncas sent invitations to the Osages, Pawnees, Kaws, Tonkawas, Otoes, Missouris, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and other tribes in Oklahoma to be present. Hundreds of Indians accepted, more especially to see the buffaloes, which are now so rare as to be actual curiosities. A real buffalo hunt in the brave days of old was very exciting and often attended with much danger. What a change! The modern travesty was nothing more than driving a few tame cattle to corral.

WHITE EAGLE.

There are a little more than a handful of the Poncas left; if the white man ever found a good Indian, which some claim to be an impossibility, the Ponca was a near approach to that ideal. The tribe was part of the Sioux nation, and the original home was near a branch of the Red River and Lake Winnipeg. The Poncas have always enjoyed a reputation for being very peaceable. They were driven from their Red River home by their old enemy, the Chippewas, who forced them beyond the Missouri River. Following them up closely, the Chippewas drove them away once more, when they joined the Omahas, which alliance has had the effect of preventing their annihilation.

Although a part of the Sioux nation, the other tribes kept up a relentless war upon the Poncas, as did the Pawness. Osages and the Kansas Indians. What these wars left, smallpox and the white man's vices nearly finished, and from a total of about 6,000 there are only about 600 now. The remnant was placed on a reservation, near the mouth of the Niobrara River, in Nebraska, and here their ill-luck followed them. This time it was not their Indian enemy, but the Federal Government which foiled them. Uncle Sam neglected the terms of the treaty made with them, and once more they became nomads, forced to hunt for subsistence. They nearly starved to death, and, as if destiny had something worse in store for them, they were forcibly removed to Indian Territory, where the unwholesome water killed off their animals and depopulated their ranks.

Forty years ago, when Chief White Eagle was chosen, there were about 6,000 in the tribe. Only eight survive of those who hunted the buffalo at his inauguration. The Council of Advisers consist of ten, and since he can no longer draw the necessary quorum he has retired, and his son, Horse Chief, takes his place at head of the tribe.

Selected in a Buffalo Hunt.

In accordance with the traditional laws of the tribe, the chief and his advisers are selected in a buffalo hunt. At this hunt sixty bucks take part, forming twelve hunting parties of five each. The most successful ten in the hunt are selected as the council, and when one of them dies the next best hunter among the remaining fifty who participated in the chase is put in his place.

But the Poncas have been dying fast, owing to the unremitting attention of their enemies and the forgetfulness of the Federal Government. White Eagle, who was one of the leaders in the ghost dance in 1890, is very old, and this fact, together with the small number of advisers left him, made his resignation a matter of course. As a matter of fact, this action was decided upon last year, when his son was selected, but Horse Chief, it is said, could not exercise authority until after the formal hunt, when his advisers would be selected. The hunt bore little resemblance to that of forty years ago.

Extinction of the Bison.

Time was, within the memory of many living men, who are not so very old, either, when the American bison, or as he will perhaps always be called here, the buffalo, existed in the Western country in numbers incalculable. Between the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River they roved in herds so large as to seem impossible to one who never saw them. There is a well-authenticated story that the garrison at Fort Kearney actually fired their cannon at an immense herd once to prevent them taking the fort in a rush. Many officers and cavalrymen who were stationed on the frontier years ago tell of traveling for months at a time and never being out of sight of their countless numbers. The bison was particularly numerous in Kansas at one time, owing to the fact that the buffalo grass was there most plentiful. At times the plains were a solid, moving mass of monsters; as far as the eye could see they were visible in enormous numbers. Trains were often delayed while a herd crossed the tracks of the Union Pacific Railroad.

At one time they roamed all over the country. Naturally migratory, the Indians knew their wandering habits, and followed them. They were in those days of the greatest value to the Indians. They supplied nearly all of their food, and millions were slaughtered each year for the sustenance of the red man. Not only did the buffalo supply food, but furnished them with robes and hides for clothing and dwellings.

The Indians made tools from the hide, horns and bones of the buffalo. The hide of the bulls was tanned and used for lodge covers. Dried in the sun after the hair was removed, the hide became almost as hard as flint, and was used for moccasin soles and belts. Laid on the ground, the dried hide kept out the dampness and formed a fairly good bed. Raw hide was cut into strands and braided into ropes. Green hide was converted into Lettles and also into canoes. Battle shields, which were impervious to arrows or lances, were made from the thick hide of the neck of the buffalo. No part of the valuable beast went to waste with the Indian.

Enough has been told to show that the practical extinction of the buffalo was not due to the Indian, but to the white man. While the Indian never killed more than was needed, the white man slaughtered relentlessly. Then, too, the white hunter, when he was a hunter and not merely a tenderfoot cut on a sporting excursion, would simply take the fur hide and leave the carcass to the wolves. He was very wasteful, and the "sportsman" who spent a day, killing off perhaps hundreds, would not touch the meat, although the knowing ones found the buffalo steak superior to that of the beef of commerce.

TEPEES OF THE PONCAS.

The excitement of the old-time buffalo hunt was whetted by the danger which it entailed, for, while the huge animal of the plains was, generally speaking, a peaceable beast, the habits of the bison were such that to become entangled in a herd was a perilous position for both horse and rider. They were easily frightened, and, like sheep, followed their leaders blindly. This fact also made it difficult for the old bulls who always grazed at the head of the herd to stop a stampede, when once it occurred. The force behind them would push them forward, and many instances are known where the leaders, stumbling or pushed over a cliff, would have the whole herd piled up over them in a mangled mass. It is easy to see the perils of a hunter against a force like this, which, once started, did not stop until exhaustion overtook those behind. Buffalo hunting was a science, and was only to be engaged in safely by those who thoroughly understood the methods of their prey.

REMNANT OF A BUFFALO HERD.

CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK.

Centuries Elapsed Before Completion of Corinthian Canal.

"Speaking of canals," said the engineer who had been talking about Panama, "a very interesting canal, and one not much heard of, is that connecting the Gulf of Corinth and the Gulf of Aegina in Greece. It's some older than any we have in the Western hemisphere, also, for Periander, tyrant of Corinth, proposed to cut through the isthmus as long ago as six hundred years before Christ. Superstition stopped him, however. Julius Caesar and Caligula took it up again when Rome had hold of Greece, but it was too much for them. Then came Nero, and he went at it with vigor, but the work stopped when he died. Others kept pounding away at it for the next several hundred years, but it was not until 1881 that real work of the Nero energy was put upon it. Then Gen. Turr, aide-de-camp to Victor Emmanuel of Italy, organized a company and worked on till the money gave out in 1890, the chief obstacle being some kind of a flint which dynamite couldn't break.

"About $10,000,000 was spent up to 1890, and then Mr. Syngros took hold, organized a new company, with $965,000 working capital, and finished the job in 1893. It is only about four miles long, but it is 69 feet wide at the bottom, about 80 feet at waterline, 26 feet and 3 inches deep in water, and it is cut nearly all the way through solid rock, rising at some points for 269 feet above the canal. It is like a canyon, and ships do not take kindly to it, the entrance being bad, a strong wind blowing through it as through a great air shaft, and there is at times a strong reverse current. It is an interesting trip through the canal, and it saves 123 miles of very rough water and 20 hours of time; but so far skippers prefer to go around the peninsula rather than through the canal, though with some changes which will be made it is believed the canal will become of general use as soon as a few ships begin to use it and remove the prejudice now existing against it."—Comfort.

SOME QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

Bad Luck Sure to Follow if You Are Broke on Thursday.

"However smart a man may be, however deep a brain, there is yet a tract of superstition in his makeup," said a thoughtful man to a writer on the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and often it exists and controls him in various ways without his knowing anything about it. If you should tell him that he was superstitious he would resent it and in no uncertain way. But all men are superstitious in some way just the same. There are little things about which men are a bit cranky and they develop into well-rounded superstitions. There is Opie Read, who has a queer little notion that if he gets up Thursday morning without money in his pocket it is bad luck and he believes in it so firmly that he will not venture out of the house and will not turn his hand to a piece of work if it happens to him.

"He is generally very careful to see that he has something left over Wednesday night, a nest egg, as the saying goes, for Thursday morning. But sometimes he forgets and suddenly discovers that he is dead broke. That settles it. Not a step will he take from the house on that morning. Now, how is that for superstition? Yet, call him superstitious—well, you had better do it at long range. I know another man in Chicago who has a queer little notion that it is bad luck to forget anything when you are leaving home in the morning. One morning we had walked to the car together. He suddenly turned on me with the statement: 'I'll not go to the city to-day.' When I asked him why he said he had forgotten something. 'It's bad luck,' he said, and he was unceremoniously making tracks for the house when he said it. I suppose we all have those little notions and beliefs, but we are not conscious of them and so we are apt to believe, quite honestly, too, that we are not the least bit superstitious. But we are, just the same."

A self-made man seldom mixes modesty with the material used in his construction.

If a friend pulls his watch on your funny story cut it short.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. Boozan, Rockingham, N. C.

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Special Inducement.

Prospective Purchaser—I see you advertise a special inducement in engagement rings. What is it?

Jeweler—Well, we guarantee to repurchase any ring we sell within six months.

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Fine Finish.

They had bought an upright piano on the pay-weekly plan. "John," she said one day, "I want you to stand off and take note of the exterior of this piano. Can you see its finish?"

"I should say so," sighed John. "When the installment man comes."

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Quite a Pretentious Structure.

Maria—What did Martha's new hat look like?

John—Goodness, I can't tell! It looked more like a basket phaeton full of flowers than anything else.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

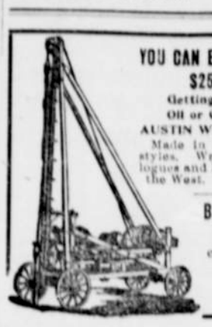
False Hopes.

Flannigan—Say, Moike, this won't do. People say you are shwate on Mrs. Flaherty—and she a married woman.

Mike—P'twist! Not a wurrd. Thot's only so Oi can go on borrylin' terbacky av old Flaherty. He's in hopes Oi'll elope wid 'er.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

The bloodiest battle ever fought with gunpowder was that at Borodino, in which 52,000 Russians and 32,000 Frenchmen were killed.



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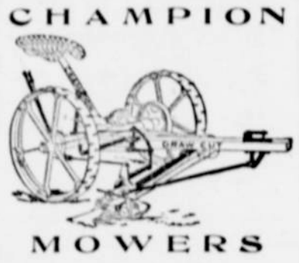

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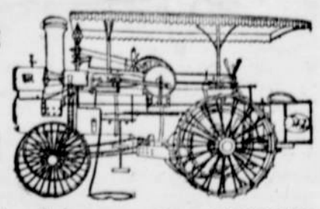

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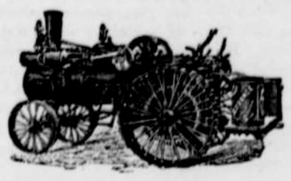

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