

A Wonderful Wonder.
Upper Chesapeake, Md., June 15th.—Never in the history of medicine in this state has anything created such a sensation as the marvelous cure of the most extreme cases as DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

This wonderful medicine seems to know no limit in its wonderful working power. Long-standing cases that have defied the most expert medical treatment seem to yield easily to this new conqueror of disease.

Hundreds have testified to the virtue of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They tell of severe cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Female Trouble, Nervous Diseases and even Dropsy, Diabetes and Bright's Disease cured by this medicine.

Among those who have been benefited may be mentioned Mrs. John Cooney of this place.

Mrs. Cooney says:
"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills the best remedy ever known for Kidney Trouble and weak back."
"They are without exception the best medicine I have ever used."
"I will always praise them highly, for I know that they are good."
Mrs. Cooney is only one of many who say of Dodd's Kidney Pills:
"The most wonderful remedy we ever heard of."

Why He Did It.
"I want you to realize, sir," said the police magistrate, as he soaked the brutal husband for 200 plunks and costs, "that wife-beating is an expensive pastime."
"But, your honor," whined the miserable wretch, "I didn't do it for pastime. I did it for duty."—Chicago Daily News.

New Creamery Cash System Successful.
R. E. Cobb, St. Paul, Minn., reports that he will pay farmers owning hand separators in Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin from 3c to 5c more per pound of butter fat in cream than they can get by making butter or hauling to small creameries. Dairy men should write for particulars at once. He is also an extensive cash buyer of butter, eggs and poultry, will small prices upon request.

Johnson—Will you lend me your lawn mower? Bjackson—"Yes, if you'll cut my grass to pay for the use of it."—Somerville Journal.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Everything without tells the individual he is nothing; everything within persuades him that he is everything.—Doudan.

Always look for this Trade Mark: "The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind." The Stoves without smoke, ashes or heat. Make comfortable cooking.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—Chicago Journal.

Do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A virtue is not a deceased vice.—Ram's Horn.

Stops the Cough
and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Indolence and stupidity are first cousins.—Rivarol.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured.
Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

The fast man makes the poorest speed.—Ram's Horn.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of *Ascutt Wood*
See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WESTERN CANADA
Attracting more attention than any other district in the world.

THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD. "The Land of Sun-Ship." The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock.

Area under crop in 1902: 1,987,330 acres.
117,227,750 bushels.

Abundance of Water. Fuel Pile, Cheap Building Material, Good Grass for Pasture and hay; a fertile soil; a suitable climate and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth.

FREE LAND. OF 160 ACRES FREE, the only charge for which is \$10 for entry. Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Railways tap all settled districts. Send for Atlas and literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. J. HOLMES, 515 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; J. O. CURRIE, Callahan Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.; T. H. DODD, 107 1/2 Waterman, St. Dakota; C. FILLIS, Grand Forks, North Dakota; J. M. MACLACHLAN, 20 Third Street, Wausau, Wis. (Authorized Canadian Government Agents, who will supply you with certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.)

AN EXQUISITE REQUISITE
For hot weather. Cools the blood and quenches the thirst.

Hires Rootbeer
A package makes five gallons. Sold every where, or sent for 25 cents. Bottles free. Bottles free.

CHARLES S. HIRTS CO.
Baltimore, Md.

HOMOEOPATHIC medicines, fresh and active, prepared to any part of the body. Price 10 cents per bottle. Free trial. Write for Medical Catalogue and Agency Wanted. **WALKER & BROS.**, 250, Grand St., New York City.

VICTIM OF MUSKIES.

Being an O'er True Tale of a Fishing Expedition.

Discomforts and Disfigurements Count for Naught When the "Strikes" Are Numbered—The Story Has a Sad Ending.

I am a sight and I know it. A week's growth of beard disfigures my face. Beneath it bears a skin of many hues.

My nose is at least four different shades of red, varying from a brilliant crimson to a pink.

My lips are parched, and cracked, and bleeding.

I know these things for several reasons.

First my friends never fail to comment upon my appearance when I meet them.

Secondly I can feel my disfigurement.

Thirdly a mirror hangs on the wall before me as I write.

It will be at least a week before even "store clothes" will make me presentable in good society.

My family shun me. My wife refuses to appear upon the streets in my company, and finds excuses for eating her meals alone. My children evince a decided preference for their mother's society, and I am not called upon to entertain my friends.

But I cast the thoughts of all these things from me, and permit my mind to ponder only on the past pleasures.

"Muskie" were the cause of my disfigurement. Those wolves of the waters that entice many a disciple of Walton from the city and make of him a dime museum attraction for his friends.

I am but one of thousands in this class who brave ridicule and the elements for the sake of the sport these prizes furnish. But one of thousands who listen impatiently to the clicking of the clock until Father Time says to the authorities whose duty it is to protect the fish during the close season: "Take down the bars and let the anglers in. Their day of sport has come."

My "muskie" are, or were, denizens of the waters of Tomahawk lake. (For



A VICTIM OF MUSKIES.

the unknown ones I will explain that this bit of water, like many others of its kind, lies in northern Wisconsin, close beside the tracks of the Northwestern railway.

The wind blew at Tomahawk. It tumbled its waters into choppy seas that made navigation difficult for Tom, our guide. It blew from the north directly from the ice fields that Perry and others have buffeted unsuccessfully. It came down upon us with a frigidly that congealed the waters the dashing waves cast into our boat.

The sun shone at Tomahawk, but its rays, though intensely bright, had none of the congenial warmth belonging to late May.

I have but a dim recollection of shielding my eyes from the blinding reflection from the water, and my face from the cutting blasts of the wind.

That which I do remember with a vividness which cannot be effaced is the rush of the "muskie" through the water.

The strike!
The leap of the finny prize into the air!
The plunge into the depths of cold water!
The whirl of the reel as he took out line!

The bending, quivering rod!
The tug and pull on the line!
The turning of the little crank that reeled in the line as the "muskie" darted for the boat!

The final landing of the prize as Tom's arm shot out with the gaff and brought him into the boat!

All of these things I remember distinctly. There needs no joggling of the memory to bring them back again, and remembering these what care I for the disfigurement of face; what care I for the jeers of friends; what care I for uncomplimentary comments.

Ah, but I remember one thing more. It was not a pleasant incident. It is with curses that I recall it.

I remember all too distinctly the doom pronounced upon me by the game warden.

"Confiscated!"

My "muskie" gone to feed the maddening crowd that fish not, neither do they brave the discomforts heaped upon us by the weather man.

"Confiscated!"

And all because the law was stronger than my will or "pull."

Disfigurements count for naught, but this is a sad ending to a pleasing tale. The next time the label will be right. Tom shall be my witness that it is, and I and mine shall eat the next "muskie" that falls a prey to my process.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Intercollegiate track and field meets among the larger colleges are about over for the present season, and the new captains for '04 have been selected.



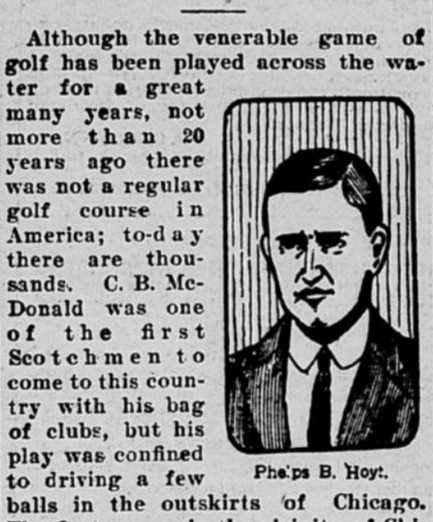
Clyde Blair.

Chicago has picked a sprinter for the place, Northwestern a pole vaulter and high jumper, Wisconsin a Michigan two-miler, Yale a hurdler and Princeton a half-miler. Clyde Blair, who was elected at Chicago, is one of the greatest runners in the country, and at a recent meet established a new western record of 0:09 4-5 with unfavorable weather conditions. He succeeds Jerome Magee, the pole vaulter. Arthur Baird was the unanimous choice of Northwestern he is the star center of the football team of the Evanston institution, and is a weight man as well as a jumper. At Michigan N. S. Kellogg succeeds former Capt. Robinson. He is the best two-miler in the west, and has won the event three years in succession at the conference meets. Wisconsin has also selected a two-miler in Edgar J. McEachron to succeed Capt. Keachie. Edwin J. Clapp, who has been elected to the position of honor at the head of the Yale track team, holds the intercollegiate championships for both the 120 and the 220-yard hurdles. At Princeton the Tigers have selected Lynn M. Adsit as track captain for the coming year.

Yale has declined Cambridge's challenge for an athletic meet between the two universities. Yale decided that inasmuch as the original plan for a joint meet has proved impossible, and as it would be rather late in the season, they would have to decline the challenge of the Cambridge university.

Alfred Shrubbs, of England, recently broke all records for two miles for both grass and cinder tracks by going the distance in nine minutes, 11 seconds, on a grass track.

Although the venerable game of golf has been played across the water for a great many years, not more than 20 years ago there was not a regular golf course in America; to-day there are thousands. C. B. McDonald was one of the first Scotchmen to come to this country with his bag of clubs, but his play was confined to driving a few balls in the outskirts of Chicago.



Phelps B. Hoy.

The first course in the vicinity of Chicago was laid out at Lake Forest in 1901, but it was only a small affair. About the first club actually organized in the country was the Old Apple Tree brigade at Yonkers, N. Y. The St. Andrew's Golf club was formed in 1888, and after the game became more generally known championship tournaments were started. The Newport Golf club ran off the first one, and W. Lawrence took the honor. In 1895 the United States Golf association was formed and the first championship event was won by McDonald; since then H. J. Whigham has captured the honor twice, winning in both 1896 and 1897; Findlay Douglas won in 1898, while the fifth championship went to Herbert Harriman. Travis won the year following, and the present champion is Louis James, who won his title last year at Glenview. The progress of the game in this country has been remarkable since its inception, and it is impossible to give with any degree of accuracy the number of followers of the game to-day or the number of clubs in existence. Phelps B. Hoy is the popular captain of the Glenview club. He has done much to further the game in the west, and has figured prominently in championship events in recent years.

Barney Oldfield, of Toledo, O., recently broke the world's record for a mile on an automobile. During a five-mile match race at Yonkers, N. Y., he reeled off the second mile in 1:01 3-5 and won the race in 5:31. The world's record for a mile for steam automobiles was also recently broken when F. E. Stanley went the distance at Readville, Mass., in 1:02 4-5.

Jack Root, light heavy-weight champion of the world, and George Gardner, a claimant for the honor, have been matched to fight for the honor before the International Athletic club of Fort Erie, Canada, on the afternoon of July 4.

Among the entries for the famous Henley regatta, which is held yearly on the Thames river, London, appear the names of two Americans and one Canadian: Titus, of the Atlantic Boat club, of New York; Juvenal, of the Vesper Boat club, of Philadelphia, and Scholes, of the Don Rowing club, of Toronto. The Argonauts, of Toronto, are also entered in the regatta.

There is a lively fight on for Sunday ball in Ohio. The ministers of Tiffin, Fostoria and Findlay held a meeting recently and decided to do their best to abolish the evil, but have thus far failed in their efforts.

HARRY MARTIN.

WARN THEIR FELLOWS.

Italians Who Come to America Send Back Discouraging and Gloomy Reports.

While newly arrived Italians are crowding into New York by tens of thousands, some of the earlier immigrants are doing what they can to discourage further immigration, reports the New York Times. Their methods of discouragement are many. Some of those who are able to write send home gloomy accounts of the country. Others write like accounts for Neapolitan and Sicilian newspapers. There are poets in Mott and Mulberry streets who sing of the hardships awaiting the newcomer in America. The broadside in doggerel is a favorite mode of reaching public opinion at home and in the colony. Somebody can be found to read aloud to those who cannot read for themselves, and even a crude form of verse has great attractions for the Italian.

One of these broadsides, for circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, tells of Italian pastimes in America. At the head of the sheet is a crude picture of an immigrant being robbed of his very shoes as he lies on the ground and yells for the police. The poet begs a hearing in his first stanza, and vows that if God grants him a safe passage from this country, he will cheerfully die in battle. Columbus, he declares, was the original cause of Italian ruin. Here in this new land men work all day long for hard taskmasters, and are robbed by those with whom they lodge and feed, whether in city or country.

When the Italian immigrant lands, half dead with seasickness, he is caressed, and the padrone promises him safe and profitable employment, but takes care to make him pay five dollars for the privilege of working. The English-speaking boss is worse still, for when his orders are not understood by the stranger, he becomes as angry as a thunderbolt, until at length the poor Italian, treated worse than a dog, begins to think death preferable to life in America.

Even Italians themselves, who on an alien soil should be brothers all, maltreat the newcomer. There are American who go about clad in American clothes, and proud as dogs, though they have not a penny in their pockets.

Even employment on the hard terms of this country is uncertain, for the poet at the end of six months had had only ten days' work. Meanwhile the winter is found almost unbearable, and the summer, with its insects, that riddle a man like a sieve, and make sleep impossible, not much better. If this exodus to America continues, Italy will be left with only women, children, old men, and priests, a sad company. The poet begs those at home to pray to the saints and the Virgin for Italy and for her expatriated sons.

Coming back to the ills of life in America, he recalls the luck of the Italian who falls sick in New York. He must pay the doctor two dollars a visit. The Italians have come to America to make money, and if they must spend all in luxuries of this sort, they can never return to Italy. The new land is a humbug at best, where professors and laborers alike must dig, pick in hand. The poet closes his lament by urging his countrymen, especially the young, to remember what he has said.

IMAGINARY ECONOMY.

Men of Wealth Try to Impress Others with Their Simplicity of Living.

"Rich men have their affectations and delusions, and they often try to make other men believe that they live simply," remarked a bookkeeper of varied experience in the ways of human kind, says an exchange.

"Notwithstanding the length and breadth of the English language, little tricks of conversation cling to all of us, and if you watch yourself you'll be surprised to notice how often you say the same thing. I've kept books for several very rich men, and from each of them, at the luncheon-hour, I used to hear the same old everyday humbug remark. One wealthy man's pet phrase, as he put on his hat and overcoat was sure to be: 'Well, I must go out now, and get some doughnuts and coffee.' Then, of course, off he would post and get an expensive luncheon. 'It's time for me to go out for my bread and bologna,' the second man used to say; and the third man, the richest one of them all, would state gravely to me: 'I'll be back in 20 minutes; I'm just going around the corner to get some butter-cakes and molasses.' 'No, indeed, they weren't being funny—they were in dead earnest. As soon as a certain kind of man gets really rich he thinks he has plain tastes, and also he thinks that he must talk poor to keep people from expecting too much from him. You rarely hear a poor man talk about a butter-cake luncheon. If he likes it, and eats it, he keeps it to himself."

Out of the Ordinary.
Flimm—What's wrong with Blank?
Flamm—Nothing that I know of; why?
"I told him I was suffering from a terrible cold the other day, and he didn't suggest a remedy for it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Valid Reason.
It was in a history recitation in a country school, and to the question why some of the Hessians at the close of the war did not return to their native land, one small boy gave the reply: "Cause some of them died."—Cleveland Leader.

GRATEFUL, HAPPY WOMEN



Miss Muriel Armitage.

Thank Pe-ru-na for Their Recovery After Years of Suffering.

Miss Muriel Armitage, 86 Greenwood Ave., Detroit, Mich., District Organizer of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in a recent letter, says:
"I think that a woman naturally shrinks from making her troubles public, but restored health has meant so much to me that I feel for the sake of other suffering women it is my duty to tell what Pe-ru-na has done for me."

"I suffered for five years with uterine irregularities, which brought on hysteria and made me a physical wreck. I tried doctors from the different schools of medicine, but without any perceptible change in my condition. In my despair I called on an old nurse, who advised me to try Pe-ru-na, and promised good results if I would persist and take it regularly. I thought this was the least I could do and procured a bottle. I knew as soon as I began taking it that it was affecting me differently from anything I had used before, and so I kept on taking it. I kept this up for six months, and steadily gained strength and health, and when I had used fifteen bottles I considered myself entirely cured. I am a grateful, happy woman to-day."
—Miss Muriel Armitage.

Female Weakness is Pelvic Catarrh.

Always Half Sick are the Women Who Have Pelvic Catarrh.

Catarrh of any organ, if allowed to progress, will affect the whole body. Catarrh without nervousness is very rare, but pelvic catarrh and nervousness go hand in hand.

What is so distressing a sight as a poor half-sick, nervous woman, suffering from the many almost unbearable symptoms of pelvic catarrh? She does not consider herself ill enough to go to bed, but she is far from being able to do her work without the greatest exhaustion.

A Good Thing.
Every issue of The Four-Track News makes it easier for ticket agents and ticket sellers to secure passengers for distant parts of the country, for the reason that every article and every illustration in The Four-Track News is an inducement for readers to travel and see what a marvelous variety of scenery and climate our own country possesses. The more these facts are impressed upon the average person, the more certain he or she is to have a desire to travel. There fore, The Four-Track News is not only in the interest of all the transportation lines and hotels, it also bears out the legend of its title page of "An Illustrated Magazine of Travel and Education."—From the Buffalo Commercial.

Neighborly Calls.
Mrs. O'Rafferty—An 'yez on 'callin' terms with Mrs. McNulty?
Mrs. Mulligan—That's what O' am. She called me no loidy an O' called her a loir.—Chicago Daily News.

The Santa Fe passenger department has about ready for distribution two pamphlets descriptive of a part of our country which twenty years ago was supposed to be fit only for cattle grazing. One is entitled "The Panhandle of Texas," the other "Fruit Growing in Pecos Valley of New Mexico." The first shows that the Panhandle region is the ideal place for the man who wishes to combine small farming with stock-raising. The second presents facts to prove that the Pecos Valley is one of the finest fruit sections in the United States.

Her View of It.
Seedsman—You know, ma'am, you don't have to plant your potatoes whole; you can cut them up in small pieces.
Mrs. Newmarket—Yes, I know; that might do very well if we always wanted to raise potatoes for Lyonnais or for mashing; but we should probably desire to have potatoes served whole, now and then.—Boston Transcript.

The Earth and the Man
have close relations and "Farming in the Great Southwest" is a true exponent. Write for copy of this and other publications bearing on prospects for money-making on the line of the M., K. & T. Ry. Address "KATY," 511 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Conscientious Effort.—"You say Big-gins has gone in for writing verse!" "Yes. Heard that poets all have long hair, and scared to death because he's getting bald."—Washington Star.

Bings.—"Sparks is quite a sprinter, I hear." "Bangs—Yes, he can't be beaten for running into debt."—Chelsea Gazette.

Behold the difference! For consolation the widow has her weeds, the widower his weeds!—Town Topics.

DOAN'S GET BACK REST.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and joint pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

Their correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel.

DEARFIELD, IND.—"It was called rheumatism. I could get no relief from the doctors. I began to improve on taking Doan's sample and got two boxes at our drug store, and although 66 years of age, I am almost a new man. I was troubled a good deal with my water—I had to get up four and five times a night. That trouble is over with and once more I can rest the night through. My backache is all gone, and I thank you ever so much for the wonderful medicine, Doan's Kidney Pills."
Jno. H. HUBBARD,
President Ridgeville, Ind., Indiana, State Bank.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.—"I received the free sample of Doan's Kidney Pills. For five years I have had much pain in my back, which physicians said arose from my kidneys. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have entirely cured me. I think I owe my life to these Pills, and I want others to know it." RALPH DAVIS,
Baxter Springs, Kansas.

FALMOUTH, VA.—"I suffered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plasters gave only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me." F. S. BROWN,
Falmouth, Va.

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Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 60 cents large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass., Columbus Ave.