NOTES AND COMMENT.

The long droughts so common to Southern Russia are said to be due chiefly to the absence of woods and the Government has for some years been considering the advisability of afforesting the treeless plains. Crown lands are being systematically wooded, and seedlings have been given out at low rates to land owners, but little has yet been done. Irrigation has, however, been successfully carried out in riverless regions, the plan adopted being to construct dams across valleys and gullies, forming reservoirs in which rain and melted snow is collected and stored.

An Egg Harbor couple found marriage a failure, and got divorced. Then they found divorce a failure and were remarried. Some people are never satisfied.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The busy man who never has any time might eat a few dates. So. 10.

Wanted—At Once!

Traveling salesmen with or without experience $60.00 and expenses. For particulars write Pocahontas Tobacco Works, Bedford City, Va.

The girl with high ideals seldom marries an aeronaut.

The great public schools of the large cities use Carter's Ink exclusively. It is the best and costs no more than the poorest. Get it.

It's funny that the bank wrecker should be so reckless.

If you want "good digestion to wait upon your appetite" you should always chew a bar of Adams' Pepsin Tutti Frutti.

Lots of people have more dollars than sense.

Dyspepsia

In its most aggravated form has been effectually cured with small doses of Crab Orchard Water.

Lawyers have made brief acquaintances.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's a cold day when the Ice Trust gets left.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The new woman wants to brace up and be a man.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials, address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HELP FOR WOMEN

WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED.

"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time. I do not know what is the matter with me."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time.

Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings, all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by

MRS. ELLA RICE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women. No other medicine has made the cures that it has, and no other woman has helped so many women by direct advice as has Mrs. Pinkham; her experience is greater than that of any living person. If you are sick, write and get her advice; her address is Lynn, Mass.

GREEN RAPE costs 25 cents per TON! Greatest, Cheapest Feed on Earth for Sheep, Swine, Cattle, Poultry, etc. Will be worth $100 to you to read what Salzer's catalog says about rape. Billion Dollar Grass will positively make you rich; 22 tons of hay and lots of pasture per acre, so also Brome, Panic, Spelts (605 bu. oats, 160 bu. oats per a.), etc. For this Notice and 10c. we mail big catalog and 10 Farm Seed Novelties, fully worth $10 to get a start. For 14c. 7 splendid vegetable and 3 brilliant flower seed packages and catalog. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

GOOD PAY TO AGENTS To Advertise ALLIGATOR LINIMENT 25c. Dr. Hall's Cough Balsam 25c. Hall's Corn Cure 15c. Hat Dye 15c. Send 25c (4) Samples and Terms. Secure territory at once. Address The Alligator Liniment Co., Box 243, CHARLESTON, S. C.

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

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Is it to worship earthy, groveling Gold,
And, dollar-blinded, to look only down,
To rake the muck-heap and forget the crown,
Until Youth's bounding blood creeps strangely cold;
To dwell with Envy, Arrogance and Dread,
To barter all Benevolence for dross,
To lose Companionship—nor feel it loss,
Because the flower of Sympathy is dead—
Is that Success?

To labor for the rainbow bubble, Fame—
Afloat so fairly in the morning air—
A perfect jewel for a prince to wear—
Is it a recompense for all its claim?
Thro' careful night and crowded, strenuous day,
Thro' iron rebuff or flattery—like snow
That leaves one thirsty—it is grasped, and, lo!
It vanishes in Nothingness away!—
Is that Success?

With comrade Duty, in the dark or day,
To follow Truth—wherever it may lead;
To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed;
To look for Beauty under common clay;
Our brothers' burden sharing, when they weep,
But, if we fall, to bear defeat alone;
To live in hearts that loved us, when we're gone
Beyond the twilight (till the morning break!) to sleep.
That is Success!

—Ernest Neal Lyon, in Success.

LITTLE JIM.

THERE were five men of us and a boy in the Far Western stage coach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days. We called the boy Jim because his father did. We knew his father to be Colonel Weston, banker, cattleman and mine owner. The Colonel wasn't a man to whom a stranger would take at first glance, and even after four days of his company none of us could say we liked him. When you came to study him closely you saw that he was revengeful and relentless. The boy was frank, chipper and good-natured, and you took a liking to him as soon as you looked into his big blue eyes. His age was about ten, and he had wit and knowledge beyond his years. We had yet twenty miles to go to reach the terminus, and the hour was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the coach came to a sudden halt as it toiled up hill. Next moment the driver called to us:

"All you folks what don't want your heads blown off had better get down and line up. We've been stopped by a road agent."

We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from out fire. It seems cowardly when you read of it, but to get down and submit to be robbed was the wisest thing to do under the circumstances.

Little Jim was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the Colonel. I saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down.

The robber had a double-barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was, and then advanced upon us. He glanced carelessly into each face until his eyes rested on the Colonel. Then he gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The Colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble. The boy had no sooner looked into the road agent's face than he cried out:

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton—Mr. Pelton! Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to see you. Where have you been this long time?"

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the robber, as he held out his hand for a shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight."

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr. Pelton?"

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back into line, and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your promptness in climbing down and lining up, and I think I'll let you off this time. The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The Colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back.

"W-what do you want of me?" asked the Colonel, in a voice which quavered.

"I'll tell you later," was the reply.

As the coach started on we looked out to see the three standing in the road. Little Jim still had hold of his father's hand, but had reached out the other and caught the robber's sleeve.

When we had gone 200 feet the road turned and shut them from our view.

At the disappearance of the stage the man turned on Colonel Weston and pointed to the hillside on the right and said:

"Move on that way, Jimmy, give me your hand and I'll help you along."

The white-faced Colonel entered the pines and held a straight course up the hill. Behind him came the robber and his son. The boy had been full of curiosity at first, but presently he was awed and frightened by the looks cast upon his father.

Two or three years before he and Mr. Pelton had been great friends. Mr. Pelton had been manager for his father. One day there had been a bitter quarrel—pistols had been drawn—the Sheriff had rushed in and Mr. Pelton had fled to escape arrest. He remembered his father calling the fugitive a thief, and of men being sent out to hunt him down. All this came back to him as they followed the father up the rough way, and though he knew nothing of man's vengeance there was a feeling of dread in his soul. Now and then the robber ordered the Colonel to the right or left, but these were the only words spoken until they finally reached a rude camp high up among the bowlders. By and by the robber half turned to look the Colonel in the face and said:

"I've waited for this for two years. I could neither die nor go away until I had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold blooded murder," replied the Colonel as he folded his arms.

"If it was murder a hundred times over I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'd kill you if a thousand men surrounded me."

The Colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but past him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after awhile to look at the robber.

There was another look strange to him. It was a set determination to kill—the look of a man who had hated and thirsted and waited.

"Take the boy away first," said the Colonel, with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes, that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would-be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there? Well, go up there and see what is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go."

The boy crossed over to his father in a puzzled way, and the father lifted him up and kissed him. When he put him down he said to him:

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"O, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I am awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him way off here? I was saying only a week ago that I wish he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

Little Jim started off for the rock, but he hadn't taken ten steps before he was back again to say to the robber:

"And I want you to make me a new waterwheel and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't come back I don't know what I shall do."

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton, as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man, and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way toward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees, and then turned to the robber and quietly said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes, before he comes back," replied Pelton, as he drew his revolver. "It won't be murder, Colonel Weston. It'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The Colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart, and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from Little Jim. Half way to the rock he had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The Colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes back take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a moment. When Little Jim returned he found his father sitting as he had left him and gazing into the woods.

"What is it, father?" he asked. "What's the matter with you, and where is Mr. Pelton?"

The man rose up slowly, took his boy's hand in his, and, without a word in answer, he led the way down to the stage road and safety.—Butte Miner.

Sources of the Silk Supply.

The world's product of silk is 38,328,828 pounds annually. Of this enormous output Western Europe produces 8,829,075 pounds, the Levant and Central Asia 3,933,007 pounds, and the Far East, which includes China, Japan and most of India, 25,566,828 pounds. China is still, as it always has been, the chief producer of silk, yielding nearly one-third of the entire product. The leading countries in this industry are: China, with 12,026,093 pounds; Japan, with 7,960,530 pounds, and Italy, with 6,814,070 pounds. Since 1897 the increase in the silk product has been nearly one-third, the yield for that year having been 14,769,000 pounds, as against 38,328,828 pounds in 1899.

Chicago's Penny Lunch Room.

A penny lunch room was recently opened in Chicago. The average amount received for each check was 3¾ cents. Every article on the bill of fare is one cent, and for three cents a man gets a good, wholesome breakfast. The projectors intend to operate twenty rooms, and expect to feed from 25,000 to 30,000 persons a day. The experimental lunch room has proved to be a great success.

To produce the best results in **fruit, vegetable** or **grain,** the fertilizer used must contain enough **Potash.** For particulars see our pamphlets. We send them free.

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Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

A Strange Will.

After disposing of all his other property in his will Verdi directed that "two large wooden boxes of great anitquity," which would be found in the dining room of his villa, St. Agata, should be burned (without having been opened) immediately after his obsequies. It is supposed that the two mysterious boxes contained manuscripts of unpublished operas which Verdi did not wish to see the light.

"What women need," said the Social Reformer, "is more husbands." "One is quite enough for me," murmured the sharp-featured female.

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CRAB ORCHARD WATER

A natural medicinal water—concentrated. A potent, laxative, tonic. A specific for all liver, kidney, stomach and bowel disorders. It cures—Torpid Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Chronic Diseases of the Kidneys, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Dysentery, Constipation, Piles.

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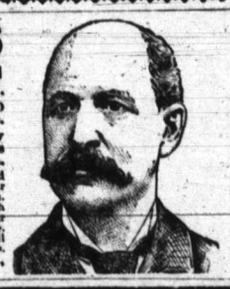

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Our $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. We make and sell more $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the United States.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY ARE THE BEST. Your dealer should keep them; we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town.

Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. *Write for catalogue showing new Spring styles.*

We use Fast Color Eyelets in all our shoes. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

Stray Shots.

Miss Ellen Leek, 65 years of age, died at Babylon, Long Island, the other day, of old age. Her case had attracted much attention in medical circles. She never heard a sound, never spoke a word, never walked a step, and the doctors believe she hardly knew any sensation of pain of pleasure. They do not think she ever realized anything. The heart and other organs of the trunk always seemed normal, but there appeared to be a total absence of brain activity beyond what was absolutely essential to life. She was never able to feed herself and throughout her life had to be fed like an infant. The nearest approach of anything normal she is said to have attained was that when a child she learned to creep and for years moved about as does an ordinary infant of 8 to 12 months. For years she had not been out of bed except when lifted out. While cases of such an affliction as hers are not rare in children, the sufferers seldom live more than a very few years.

Pickled railroad ties are now being used to a great extent all over the country. A number of railroads including the Burlington, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, have plants of their own in which the ties are pickled. How to preserve the ties and add to their life and durability has been a serious problem for railroad operatives ever since the early days of transportation by rail. The constant wear and tear of ties has necessitated their replacement as soon as they were perceptibly worn. A solution of chloride of zinc is applied by a specially arranged process. The ties are put in large air-tight cylinders, the air pumped out and the ties heated hot by steam. The chemicals are then pumped in and the ties are kept in the solution under high pressure until they are saturated.

Sir Francis Jeune has modified his recent order for the use of paper in the engrossment of wills and probate decrees. Parchment may still be employed where the nature of the property or some other reason renders it desirable to have a material more durable than paper.

ITCHING Burning Scaly HUMORS

Complete External and Internal Treatment

Cuticura

THE SET $1.25

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood, and expel humor germs. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fail.

WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

As a sufferer for thirty years from the worst form of Psoriasis, finally cured by Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I wish to tell you my experience, that others may benefit by it. I was so grievously afflicted that the matter that exuded from my pores after the scales had peeled off, would cause my underclothing to actually gum to my body. After remaining in one position, sitting or lying down, for an hour or two, the flesh on my elbows and knees would split, so thick and hard would the crusty scales become. The humiliation I experienced, to say nothing of physical agony, was something frightful. The detached scales would fairly rain from my coat sleeves. I have read none of your testimonials that appear to represent a case so bad as mine. But as to the cure. I commenced bathing in hot Cuticura Soap suds night and morning, applied the Cuticura Ointment, and then wrapped myself in a sheet. In two weeks my skin was almost blood red in color, but smooth and without scales. Patches of natural colored skin began to appear, and in less than a month I was cured. I am now passed forty years of age and have skin as soft and smooth as a baby's. Hoping that others may benefit by my experience, and regretting that sensitiveness forbids me from disclosing my name, I am yours gratefully,

J. H. M., Boston, Mass., Sept. 30, 1900.

Millions of People Use Cuticura Soap

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic *toilet* soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world. Sold by all druggists.

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