

HYPNOTIZED BRAVERY.

The younger man offered the elder a drink out of a flask he carried.

"Is it that Ohio whiskey?" inquired the elder.

"The same," smiled the young man.

"Then I am afraid of it."

"And you a veteran of three wars?" laughed the young man.

"Fear, my boy," said the old man gravely, "is permissible under some circumstances. At least you may call it fear, though it is more nearly correct to call it wise precaution."

"Then you have tackled Ohio whiskey before you ever saw this?"

"Yes, I was in Maine once for a month, and one day a man came along with a bottle of what he called Buckeye Beauty. Ordinarily I would have shed, but I was so unaccountably thirsty that I was ready for anything and tackled the Buckeye. It was a large bottle and I got a long drink. Then I took another to get the taste of that one out, and so on until I had lost all sense of taste and touch and shame and decency, and I didn't get over it for six weeks."

"Well, here," laughed the young man, "you hold still a minute and I'll hypnotize you. Then you won't know anything and can get through with a drink of this happily. That's the way we always drink Ohio liquor."

The elder man's eyes sparkled and his face flushed. Evidently his companion's words recalled something out of the past in his history that was pleasing as well as exciting.

"Do you know," he broke in almost abruptly, "that you have touched a button so to speak, in my memory?"

"Glad enough," responded the man. "Now let your tongue do the rest and I won't read this stuff to bring me forgetfulness of my woes."

"It was that hypnotized suggestion," explained the officer. "Do you know that there is such a thing as hypnotized bravery?"

"Go on with your story," insisted the young man. "When it is finished I may be better prepared to say what I know."

Thus enjoined and flattered the old officer chuckled the young fellow good naturedly in the ribs and obeyed instructions.

"It happened years ago," he said, "that on one occasion in the wilds of Arizona I went out with a scouting party of sixty men from the camp where we had a force of four hundred under command of old Col. X., who was a bad man after red skins."

I had instructions to go to a point in the mountains where Indians were reported, at a distance of seventy miles from camp, and I was to be gone not longer than a week. Well, I was rather verdant at that time on Indian fighting and at the same time very headstrong, and I proceeded to show those Indian fighters of the West that it took a man raised in the East to know how to do the thing as it should be done. Col. X. had taken me aside before I left and in a fatherly way had suggested to me in the kindest spirit that it was "mighty easy for a man to make a fool of himself that far from sunrise, but I only laughed and told him I thought I had not been in two wars for nothing, and so feeling I went forth with my little force."

On the evening of the second day we were pocketed in a canon not twenty-five miles from camp, and it seemed to me that there were a million Indians thirsting for our blood and twice that many yelling for it. Five of our horses and trappings had been left down the canon when we took to the rocks and got into the "pocket" where for a time we were safe, and we were out of provisions and short on water. In fact, we hadn't enough of both to last us twenty-four hours. If we could live on nothing until our week was up a sea ching party from camp might relieve us, provided it happened to come our way and the Indians offered no objections, but if this did not occur there was nothing left us but to get a messenger to camp and have him bring us aid, and plenty of it. As soon as I saw we were caught like rats in a trap, my better senses appeared to come to me and I soon developed into an officer fully alive to the situation, and prepared to fight the foe until we hadn't a bullet or a chance left. I saw at once that our only hope was to get word to the camp, and as the sun went down I made a speech to my men and called for volunteers. Twenty men stepped to the front on the instant, and all of the others showed that they were equally ready and willing to take the risk. Of these I chose five, and as soon as it became dark I sent them out to scatter through the canon and get to camp the best way they could. The canon was quiet as the grave all night and far above its narrow opening to the sky we could see the stars shining as if to guide our messengers to safety.

"When morning broke and we could catch our first glimpses of objects through the gray shadows our eyes fell upon our five messengers standing up in a row not three hundred yards from our 'pocket.' They had been stripped of their clothing, backed and cut and slashed all over their bodies, scalped, and then fantastically decked with splinters of wood bearing little flags of colored cloth sticking in their flesh in dozens of places. Not an Indian was in sight and the silence of the great chasm was dreadfully oppressive. As the light grew brighter with the coming of the sun and the ghastliness of the scene before us became more apparent, the effect on the men was overwhelming. The walls of the gorge seemed to be the sides of a gigantic grave in which we were dropped among grinning corpses, and the men gazed into each other's faces with a shiver and a nameless dread. There was no breakfast and not more than a drink of water as we huddled together and tried to gather courage by contact. If we could only have seen an Indian, or a hundred of them, that we might have rushed upon; but no; it was a grave, an awful grave, and death unseen, but no less sure, was lying in wait for us. Under these circumstances I hardly felt justified in asking for volunteers to follow in the bloody footsteps of those sent out the night before, but there was nothing else to do, and after a brief speech I asked if there was a man ready to sacrifice himself for the rest of us. One man only responded, and he was crazy, for before I could speak to him he bounded out into the coffin with a wild yell and set out along the narrow path by which we had come up into the 'pocket.' This was the only way out, except a narrow and dangerous path leading along the canon wall and impossible of passage except in daylight, which meant death, for the Indians com-

manded it from every point with their rifles. Five minutes after this last messenger started we saw a larist shoot out from behind a rock, and without a sound the man disappeared. Hopeless now as my task was, I called again for volunteers, and none responded. They told me they were willing to starve to death or go out in a body and die as soldiers, but they would not go out to be butchered as the others had been. What next to do now puzzled me, and I called a council of war. At that council I admitted an orderly, who was also a crank, but a man of superior intelligence and of great sagacity. After hearing various suggestions and offering a few myself, none of which seemed very potential in getting us out of the desperate hole we were in, the orderly asked if he might present a plan to me in private. I told him to present it to the council, but he insisted on making it in private, and at last I went with him to a remote corner behind a boulder and quite out of sight of our little camp. Here he came at once to business and said that our only hope of safety lay in sending a messenger to the camp, and that notwithstanding our previous experience he believed he could persuade a man, or several men for that matter, to go, provided I gave him full permission to act as he thought fit, and would take all the responsibility. In view of the fact that this was a case of life or death any way, I told him to go ahead and do what he liked.

"At the same time I told him freely that he was not going to get a man to trust himself outside of the 'pocket.' He went at me in a manner that would have called for immediate punishment if it had been offered under ordinary circumstances, and went off toward where the men were collected, entirely ignoring our council what had taken place, and in a very short time we saw the orderly going over toward the boulder with a man, and five minutes later he came with him toward us. He called me to him in place of joining the council, and told me to ask him my whatever questions I desired. I did so, and the man responded promptly, saying that he was quite willing to take the risk and go to the camp for help. He had remarkably little to say, and showed very little feeling. I thought, for a man who was undertaking so hazardous a voyage, to be perfectly satisfied with him, and I was leaving it to the orderly. He requested me to send my instructions in writing, which I thought was peculiar, and said so, but the orderly it would be all right when I knew as much as he did. All being in reading as the messenger, accompanied by the orderly to the furthest point of safety, dashed down the canon. As he dodged in and out among the rocks I ordered the men to keep all eyes open for the Indians in waiting, and we managed to plug a half dozen or more of them, and our messenger disappeared from our right sight in good shape, and we were hoping he might have escaped. But our hope was to be crushed again, for in an hour or so we saw his dead body shoved up on top of a huge boulder and dumped down upon those of his comrades who had preceded him. The orderly reported the man's death, and in half an hour he had started to the front with another one, bearing written instructions. How was possible for the orderly to persuade these men to rush into the very jaws of death none of us could understand, nor could any amount of discussion induce them not to go forth in the perilous journey. They seemed to have a dazed dazedness quite impervious to all argument and to all sense of danger. It was possible, we reasoned, that out of many sent forth one might get through, and if we could induce men to keep on trying, even if all were killed, the result was no more disastrous than if they rushed at once on a hidden enemy and were slain in a body. By the time the orderly had sent out two more messengers we felt that he was exercising some mysterious power or other upon them, for it was not possible that men of their own volition would take the risk these men did, but we were powerless to prevent their going. Indeed, it seemed to me that our force was under the influence of the orderly. Five failures and five dead messengers was the record of the orderly by the time the sun had set, and then he came to me for a brief word to the effect that the path, which could not be followed by day because of the bullets of the Indians, and was more dangerous at night by reason of its location across deep chasms and along the precipitous face of the cliff, in places being only a few inches wide and a thousand feet above the first landing, would be attempted as soon as night had fallen by Corporal Verner. It was only a chance in a million that he could make it, but he (the orderly) knew the path perfectly, and he had given him such minute directions that he (the corporal) was willing to try it. I saw the corporal, as I had seen each of the others, and had a short talk with him, but it was no more satisfactory than with the others. The corporal's mind was made up to take the risk, and that was all there was in it. Then he told me 'good-by,' and accompanied by the orderly to the starting point, he disappeared in the darkness. I waited for the orderly to return to me, as I had requested him to do, for I was determined that he should give me some explanation of his strange conduct, but he did not do so. I waited an hour, and then as he did not appear, I went out to find him. I asked the sentries, and they told me that he had gone out with Verner, but had not come back, and told them not to look for him for two hours at least. I returned to my post on this information, leaving word with them to send him to me at once when he returned. An hour and a half later I had fallen into a light sleep under the shadow of the boulder I had preempted, and just as I was in a pretty dream of mother, home, and friends, and that sort, I was suddenly awakened by a heavily falling across me. My first impulse was to turn in a alarm, for I thought it just as likely an Indian had tumbled down out of the cliffs on to me as anything else, but before I could get my wits into articulate form, a voice, thick and strange, but surely the orderly's, ejaculated with an effort: 'Saved, Cap'n; by G—, we're saved; thank—, and with the sentence unfinished the voice became still. I was up and in full possession of all my senses in a minute and hurriedly calling my officers together we examined the orderly. His face was thin and white, as if he were utterly exhausted, and it was plain that his collapse was due to some great nervous strain rather than to any of the ordinary causes of collapse,

so I advised that he be carefully stretched out and some whiskey be given to him if there were any left (which there was), and that he be rubbed gently until he revived, though it might be several hours before he regained consciousness. It was not later at this time than 10 o'clock, and I could do nothing except to report what the orderly had said when he reported. What he meant by it none of us could say, but as we had heard no firing, and firing was the only possible way of stopping a man on that path, we began hoping in a small way that the corporal might have pulled through, though how the orderly knew it was a mystery. At the first peep of dawn I was out to see if there were any signs of the corporal, but nothing was visible save the feathers of a few redskins watching for a chance to pick off some of my men, and I returned to the orderly. He was still unconscious but began to make some manifestation of revival, and I cautioned the nurses to watch him closely, and give him all the time he wanted to open his eyes in. At 6 o'clock he turned uneasily, mumbled some thing about being saved, and again relapsed. Of course, we knew nothing of the messenger he had sent out, until we had learned something from the orderly. Nothing was left us, therefore, except to wait for developments. They came about noon in the shape of firing down the canon, and presently a wild movement among the Indians immediately in front of us, which soon grew into a stampede and a panic, considerably augmented by a number of volleys we fired into the enemy when the disturbances elsewhere in the canon frightened him out of his hiding places and into view of our men. We knew that aid had come to us from some source, and late in the afternoon, when our own friends from camp came dashing into our 'pocket,' guided by Corporal Verner, we knew that the Orderly had called the turn some way, and had saved us. The corporal seemed to have his wits about him all right, but he could offer no explanation that was satisfactory, and it was not until two days after we got the orderly to camp and in the hands of the surgeon that he came out of the kinks sufficiently to make the matter clear.

"It was a case of mesmerism," as the orderly called it," concluded the officer, "inasmuch as to a great extent by the existing circumstances surrounding us all, which strained every nerve to the highest tension. In the case of the first men sent out, the orderly had simply put them under the influence and sent them out to go whether they might, bearing my written request for help. It was certain they had not known what they were doing, and the chances were that death came to them painlessly, however much they were tortured, as I doubt. In the case of the corporal, the orderly had undertaken a far more difficult task. He knew every inch of the perilous path along the canon wall, and when he sent his subject out that way, practically as a man walking in his sleep, he had followed him as far as he dared go, and had then put all the power of concentration he possessed upon the messenger and willed that he should put his feet, step by step, where the orderly would have put them, and he been making the trip by day, and as he, with all his knowledge, could not have possibly done had he been making the trip himself. It was a mesmerism and clairvoyance combined, and showed conclusively that the orderly in these later days would have made a fortune in the hypnotic show business. For more than two hours he had concentrated every power of nerve and will and psychical energy which he possessed upon the messenger, stepping blindly but surely a long path, and had brought him out at last upon the high grounds beyond and had sent him flying and tireless upon his errand of salvation to our camp twenty miles away. Once started on the trail where he could follow the suggestion given to him in the beginning, and no longer requiring the direct control of the influencing mind, the orderly collapsed as the tremendous pressure was relieved, and only power enough was left him to get to me and fall in a heap just as he had done. As for the corporal, he had brought the rescuing party to us, he had little to say further than that he knew what he was doing, and what the risk was, but had no desire to do anything except to carry out the orders of his superior officer. How he had traversed the canon path in the darkness he could not tell, unless it happened to be his luck. Even then the corporal was not sure in his mind that he had been acting under hypnotic influence, and I am not surprised, for the corporal was not the most intelligent man I ever met."

"Do you think the orderly had a right to do what he did?" inquired the young man. "I fancy his conduct might be inquired into under ordinary circumstances," replied the officer, "but where we were it was merely a choice between being killed by a very decent though cranky white man or by a miserable, sneaking Indian, and anybody who has ever tried it would choose anything in preference to being killed by an Indian."

W. J. Lambton.

GREEN FOR AUTUMN.

Diamond Dyes Gives the Richest Colors.

The manufacturers of the justly popular Diamond Dyes constantly avail themselves of every improvement in the manufacture of dye-stuffs, thus giving to home-dyers all over the world each and every advantage possessed by the largest manufacturers on earth.

Have you tried the Diamond Dye Fast Dark Green, Diamond Dye Fast Olive Green, and Diamond Fast Bottle Green? For the dyeing of Wool and Silk goods, these greens are certainly triumphs, of science.

For the coming Autumn the above Greens with their varied shades—Hunter's Green, Myrtle Green, Bronze Green, Russian Green, and Old Green—will be all the rage for ladies' suits and dresses. Use only the 'Diamond,' and you will surely get the best results and colors.

All Mixed.

'D'd Harold call us you this morning, papa?'

'Yes; but I couldn't make much out of what he said. I understood him to say that he wanted to marry me, and that you had enough to support him, so I sent him home and told him to write it out.'



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It's the easiest quick-
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A RAILWAY WANDERER.

More Than 20,000 Miles Travelled by Foot Car 6,184.

One of the most peculiar and the most interesting wanderers over the face of the earth is a runaway freight car, and it is as difficult an act to get it back home again as to restore to its fellows any other nomad you may mention. And the runaway car has about as many interesting experiences during its queer trancy as the wanderer of any other class.

I know of one such car, says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. No. 6,184, which left its home on Feb. 22, 1893, and remained a persistent and stubborn runaway until March 3, 1895. And what a jaunt it had!

It was almost continuously wandering all these many months. It visited nearly all the principal cities of the United States; it roamed over nearly all the middle, eastern, and south Atlantic coast States; it passed through all kinds of weather and was exposed to the trying changes of all manner of climates. It carried all sorts of provisions in its big larder—wheat from the vast prairie reaches of the Northwest, corn from the rich fields of the Mississippi Valley, melons and oranges and bananas from the South, Canadian apples from the far North—these, and many a manufactured article, drawn from the mills of the mother East to her daughters in the West, did the wandering car bear safely to and fro.

Some days it took a rest and stayed on some convenient siding for twenty-four hours, waiting for a chance to unload its freight and be off again to new scenes. It did not stay long in any one place, however, but kept up a pretty lively pace, and by the time it reached its own home, bruised and scarred and maimed and weather-beaten and needing a fresh coat of paint to mend the rents made in its garb by the rain and the snow and the sun and the attrition of untoward circumstances, it had travelled over 20,000 miles. Its owners tried often and faithfully to induce it to return home, but just as they thought they had their hands on it, it gave them the slip and was off on another run, 1,000 miles perhaps from the yards it left so many months before. It had got so into the roaming habit that it apparently would not or could not check itself. I fancy some of the people who took it for their own uses were as much to blame as the car, for railroad managers say that cars are often misused and kept away from home for long periods when they should have been promptly returned to them on the completion of their journeys. Indeed, one of the most perplexing problems of modern railroad life, and one which attracts annual attention at the meeting of the National Association of Car Accountants, whose business is to keep watch and ward of the cars of their companies, is found in the persistent disposition of some railroad officers to neglect to return borrowed cars.

Our runaway car, which is like many another in the extent of its wanderings, got away from its owners in a wholly decorous and unsuspecting manner on Feb. 22, 1893. Its duty was to haul a load of flour from Minneapolis to Boston. When it should be through with this duty its business was to go home again by the straightest possible route, but here it made a mistake, and then began a long period of trancy. It belonged to the "Soo" railroad, one of the large Western roads, and when it reached the end of its company's line at Sault Ste. Marie, at the foot of Lake Superior, where the water of this mighty inland sea spills over its bounds and pours down the swift St. Mary's on its way to the sea, it wheeled on to the tracks of the Canadian Pacific road, and from the Soo it went on through Canada to Montreal, where it crossed the St. Lawrence and passed on down the State of New York and so on to Boston.

It would have been better for the car if it had turned about and had come home by the same route on which it started, but the owners of the car, not wishing to be insistent and yielding to the generally accepted custom, were willing it should be used by some other road, providing it were safely returned without undue delay. Out of such willingness as this has grown up an enormous and in some ways unwieldy and unsatisfactory traffic, the railroads in one section of the country permitting the use of their cars by lines in all other sections of the country; and so you may see, wherever you may be between the oceans, cars whose conspicuous trademarks or whose

clear lettering shows that that they are hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles from headquarters. Any road which uses another's cars, however, pays for the use. The payment is wholly a matter of honor, however, and if one road should want to evade full and honest payment, it could easily do so, for the lending road must depend upon the borrowing line for figures as to how far the car has travelled. The fact that some roads are not so punctilious in this matter as they might be adds another element to the perplexing problem.

The roads charge one another six-tenths of a cent per mile of distance travelled as a rental for the cars. This is for the common freight business; for refrigerator cars for carrying perishable wares, three-quarters of a cent is charged. This seems such a small amount to pay, one that really isn't worth taking into consideration, but when one remembers that there are considerably over a million freight cars in the United States, that they travel a billion miles a month—twelve billion miles a year, a distance far beyond human comprehension—and that they earn over \$67,000,000 annually by just this insignificant part of a cent per mile, then, indeed, it gives one a new idea of the magnitude of this department of a wonderful business, a fresh view of the immense possibilities of what might be called progressive minutiae.

When our runaway car got into Boston it was taken in hand by a representative of the New York Central Railroad, who, as is the custom all over the United States, sent back at once to the office of the company in Minneapolis—after heading the car for New York city—what is known as a junction card, a card of about the size of an ordinary postal card, used in railway business to notify the road owning a straying car who has appropriated it. These junction cards are important factors in this department of railway business. There is probably no more intricate department in all the vast complex railway system than this one having for its duties the tracing and the care of cars. The junction card enables the company owning the car to tell every day in the year on what line the car is running, and it also serves as a guide in charging up to the company which has taken the car the amount of mileage which that company should pay for the use of the car.

If a road had 10,000 cars off its line at once the car accountant would be able to tell you at any time on what particular line any particular car was. Indeed, he could go still further than this, he could tell you at any hour of the day or night between what two tiny railroad stations any car of the whole 10,000 was rumbling along, or where it was standing if it had gone into a siding.

When a car is added to a great railroad system it receives a number, which it keeps as long as it lives. This number is entered in a historical record book, where the main events in the life of the car during its history are recorded, together with its size, capacity, cost and so on, with the name of the builder. A wide column is left for remarks as to the more eventful episodes in the life of the car. Should it become wrecked or injured in any way, the details of the accident are set down. If it be badly wrecked, the flames are set to work about it and all the woodwork is destroyed in order that the iron of the car may be saved. So in the case of an old and worn-out car, it dies from overwork and is then cremated.

As soon as the car is sent out for work, whether on regular business of the road or in the service of another company, the number is entered in another large volume, called a record book. This book has many long and narrow spaces for notations, for in keeping the daily wanderings of the car it may travel in many regions and over many different lines, and all these movements from day to day must be noted in this book. In some offices the outward-bound movements of the car are loaded in red, entered in black, the empty movements in red. This large book is a daily history of the car, and by turning to it at any time, so minute and particular is the record, the car accountant can at a glance locate any one of his thousand cars. The names of the companies in whose custody the car may be at any time are represented by arbitrary numbers, which stand for the companies all through the transactions of this part of the railroad business. These numbers are entered daily with the record of the moving car to show who has taken it.

Sometimes, for some reason or other, the junction cards referred to above may not arrive regularly, and the car is lost from sight. A tracer is then sent out. It is a printed circular enclosed in an envelope addressed to the person last known to have had jurisdiction over the car. He is informed that car No. 26,220, for instance, was delivered to him on Sept. 15, bound for Baltimore. The immediate return of the car is requested on the tracer, or, if it has passed out of his yard, to some other line, he is requested to send on another tracer to the next person known to him to have had the car. This supplemental tracer bears a description of the car also, and there is printed upon it in bright red ink: "Please let tracer follow car until home."

The tracer is forwarded from one car service department to another until the car is located, when a junction card is at once issued, or, in emergency cases, a telegram, and the car will be ordered home at once or allowed to proceed to do revenue duty on other lines.

In some instances railroads find it to their advantage to employ a man as a car tracer, or perhaps he might have added to the title of the words car chaser, for he is sent on many a wildgoose chase. It is the duty of this man to run down and locate runaway cars, and to see that they are safely returned home. Very often he may travel hundreds of miles in pursuit of a single car before he overhauls it.

An ingenious device has also been invented by which, with a series of pigeon holes and numbered pieces of wood, accurate daily movements of cars can be noted, each piece of wood, something like a schoolboy's ruler, representing a car, and being moved from pigeonhole to pigeonhole as the car changes its position in the country.

If all the railroads tracks of the systems of the United States were placed end to end and some scientific engineer could give us the proper trade work, we should have, counting in the work done in the year 1895, a straightaway line to the moon, 230,000 miles long, 7,000 miles left over for appropriate switches at the lunar end of this great route. There are 1,310,000 freight cars to do the heavy carrying of this great system, worth in round numbers \$780,000,000. During a year the freight cars carry, on an average, 1,400,000,000,000 pounds of freight.

A strong effort has been made by some of the railroad companies to introduce a system throughout the whole United States providing for the payment of rental cars by the day instead of charging for the number of miles travelled. Many thousands of dollars are earned by the straying cars of every large company every month, but as other companies use the cars of competitors indiscriminately there is usually not so very large a balance to pay when the day of reckoning comes. No doubt many of the large companies lose a good deal of money every year by the failure of other companies to return for all the mileage due. An average freight car costs about \$600. It will weigh about 28,000 pounds, and will carry about 60,000 pounds of freight.

When our car reached New York city after it had been emptied of its load of merchandise to New York, it went on the Delaware and Lackawanna road, and then began a series of the most bewildering wanderings. Sometimes it took a long jaunt of a thousand miles at a stretch, and again it went on short errands from one part of a great city to another part. Sometimes it was sent back and forth on parallel lines of the same system, or on parallel systems of different roads, like some big shuttle weaving the rich cloth of commerce. Sometimes it left the cold North and roamed far into the sunny South in search of oranges, watermelons, and bananas. Then it would suddenly be switched off North again, and by the time it had fairly had time to catch its breath, back it came to the South again. Once or twice it made its way far into Iowa, almost to its own home, and yet back again to the seaboard it was sent, to wander up and down the coast at the beck and call of many men. It was transferred from one road to another no fewer than fifty-five times, passing over the tracks of many of the important Eastern, Southern, and Western lines.

On March 11, 1895, over two years from the time it left home, the Duluth, South Shore captured the wanderer and "home empty," was the entry which was made on the books of the car accountant when the last mile of the long journey was completed. In its 20,000 miles of wandering it had not been so idle and shiftless as you might think, for it had managed to earn over a thousand dollars for its company. It had spent about one-eighth of its life away from home and was quite the worse for wear. A freight car dies, as a rule, at the age of fifteen years.

Our runaway car saw some of the most interesting and picturesque scenery in eastern America, it carried safely many thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise; it escaped fire and wreck in all its journeying. It was a successful instance of playing-hokey.—W. S. Harwood.

KEEP THE KIDNEY'S HEALTHY.

The Avenue Through Which Much of The Disease of the Day Travels.

When the sanitary conditions of a town are in first-class working order there is little doubt but that such a community will be a healthy one in which to live. The kidneys constitute the sanitary machinery of the system. Keep these clean, pure, and in healthful working condition, and 90 per cent. of the serious diseases of the day would be banished. In South American Kidney Cure is found a remedy that removes quickly and effectively the obstructions that constantly arise in the kidneys, and that puts them in proper working shape immediately. It relieves in six hours.

Good Value.

She (on the honeymoon)—I suppose, George, it must cost a lot of money to build a railway like this?

He—Oh, yes. The tunnels alone cost a million or so—but they're worth every penny of it.

Suddenly Attacked.

Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.