

A Worldly Point of View.
"That's the Rev. Dr. Bingley. He isn't considered mentally strong."
"Why not?"
"Not long ago he lost a \$200 fee by refusing to marry a couple because the woman had been divorced."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Typewriter Invention.
A statistician has proven that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement.

No Regret.
We found the war, hectic school girl partaking of her frugal luncheon of stale pencils and pickles.
"Why is it?" we asked, coming at once to the subject, "have been fiercely debating with ourselves, 'that you never skip the rope until you fall dead any more?'"
"Why should I?" demanded she, brusquely. "Scientific calisthenics are less showy as regards immediate results, perhaps, but they are far more ladylike."

If she felt any regret for the old order of things, she did not show it.—Detroit Journal.

Send for "Choice Recipes."
By Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., mailed free. Mention this paper.

Too Much for the Elephant.
A Chicago showman recently advertised a "piano-playing elephant," and drew a crowd for the first performance. After a preliminary "spiel," describing the talents of the beast and his education, the elephant was led into the ring. He stepped up to the piano, ran a scale, stopped, lifted his trunk and ran, bellowing, from the tent. The showman stepped forward. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "an unfortunate occurrence prevents the intelligent animal from continuing the performance. I am sure that you will all respect his reason. He has just recognized his dead mother's teeth in the piano keys."

For Shooters and Fishermen.
The new 1900 edition of "Shooting and Fishing Along the Line of the Great Northern Railway" is without an equal amongst books of this class. It is handsomely bound in colored covers, of new and attractive design. It is printed on fine plate paper, in two colors, is beautifully illustrated with photographs reproduced in half-tone, and is in all respects a magnificent specimen of the printer's art.

Complete information is given about all sorts and conditions of sport, from lion and grizzly bear to "root-tails," and including every fish that swims in the many lakes and rivers of the wide Northwestern states.

All the little details of lakes, boats, bait, distance, etc., have been carefully compiled by practical sportsmen and will be found a great convenience to anyone planning a trip. A new map of Minnesota in three colors is bound into each book.

The hunter or fisherman who is the fortunate possessor of this encyclopedia of sport in the Northwest needs no further guide to tell him where to go a-fishing or shooting. By mail for two cents from F. I. Whitney, general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A Better Remedy.
Customer—Have you got any of Pillman's Popular Pellets in yet?
Drug Clerk—Yes, sir. They came this morning.
Customer—Good. I've been asking for them for a week back.
Drug Clerk—Are you sure you don't want a porous plaster?—Philadelphia Press.

Fourth of July Rates.
Be patriotic and take a Holiday trip on Independence Day. Cheap rates in every direction are offered by the Chicago Great Western R'y. One fare and a third for round trips, children half rates. Tickets on sale July 3 and 4 good to return July 5th. For further information inquire of any agent of C. G. W. or address F. H. Lord, G. P. and T. A., 116 Adams St., Chicago.

Sweet Revenge.
"Nellie Meyer doesn't know anything about playing whist. Why, the other day, at our matinee club, she was my partner, and she trumped my ace."
"How horrid!"
"Yes. But I paid her back. She led an ace the next play and I trumped it."—Brooklyn Life.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Didn't Know It By That Name.
"Didn't you find the tipping nuisance particularly exasperating?" was asked of Uncle Jerry, who had just returned from a visit to a fashionable watering place.
"The tipping nuisance?" he replied. "Oh, yes, there was always some idiot who wanted to rock the boat."—Chicago Tribune.

Preserving His Dignity.
Freshie—Notice how the professor has taken to quoting slang once in a while. I don't think that dignified.
Senior—If your powers of observation were a little better cultivated you would also have noticed that he always quotes wrong.—Indianapolis Press.

Up-to-Date.
"Hist!"
Instantly the burglar at the safe shut off the rays of his bull's-eye.
"What's the matter, pal?" he whispered, as he moved cautiously to the window.
The outlaw on watch laughed guardedly, but dismally, as he answered: "Spion kop."
"Safes are not the only things that burglars crack.—Answers.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players chew White's Yucatan whist playing.
A man may remain cool when he's toasted, but he will get hot if you roast him.
When a girl fishes for a compliment she usually gets it by hook or crook.

KNOW HOW TO DIE.

A WRITER'S TRIBUTE TO THE BOERS

And a Graphic Pen Picture of Pathetic Incidents on the Battlefield—Remarkable Devotion to One Another—Description of a Fight.

The pathos and awful tragedy of the war in South Africa are admirably painted by a British writer, who at one time was a prisoner among the Boers. I was only a prisoner in their hands for about a month, he says, yet every moment of that time was so fraught with interest that I fancy I picked up more of the real nature of the Boers than I should have done under ordinary circumstances in a couple of years. I was moved from laager to laager along their fighting line; saw them at work with their rifles; saw them come in from more than one tough skirmish, bringing their dead and wounded with them; saw them when they had triumphed and saw them when they had been whipped; saw them going to their farms to be welcomed by wife and children; saw them leaving home with a wife's sobs in their ears and children's loving kisses on their lips. I saw some of these old gray heads shattered by our shells, dying grimly, with knitted brows and fiercely clenched jaws; saw some of their beardless boys sobbing their souls out as the life blood dyed the African heath. I saw some passing over the border line which divides life and death, with a ring of stern-browed comrades around them, leaning upon their rifles, while a brother or a father knelt and pressed the hand of him whose feet were on the very threshold of the land beyond the shadows. I saw others smiling up into the faces of women—the poor, pain-drawn faces of the dying looking less haggard and worn than the anguish-stricken features of their womanhood who knelt to comfort them in that last awful hour—in the hour which divides time from eternity, the sunlight of lusty life from the shadows of unsearchable death. Those things I have seen, and in the ears of English men and women let me say, as one who knows and fain would speak the plain, unglittered truth concerning friend or foe, that not alone beneath the British flag are heroes found. Not alone at the breasts of British matrons are brave men suckled; for, as my soul liveth, whether their cause be just or unjust, whether the right or the wrong of this war be with them—whether the blood of the hundreds that have fallen since the first rifle spoke defiance shall speak for or against them at the day of judgment—they at least know how to die; and when a man has given his life for the cause he believes in he is proven worthy even of his worst enemy's respect. And it seems to me that the British nation, with its long roll of heroic deeds, wrought the world over, from Africa to Iceland, can well afford to honor the splendid bravery and self-sacrifice of these rude, untutored tillers of the soil. I have seen them die. Once as I lay a prisoner in a rocky ravine, all through the hot afternoon, I heard the rifles snapping like hounds around a cornered beast. I watched the Boers as they moved from cover to cover, one here, one there, a little farther on a couple in a place of vantage, again in a natural fortress a group of eight; so they were placed as far as my eye could reach. The British force I could not see at all. They were out on the veldt, and the kopjes hid them from me; but I could hear the regular roar and ripple of their disciplined volleys, and in course of time, by watching the action of the Boers, I could anticipate the sound.

They watched our officers, and when the signal to fire was given they dropped behind cover with such speed and certainty that seldom a man was hit. Then, when the redden hail had ceased to fall upon the rocks, they sprang out again and gave our fellows lead for lead. After a while our gunners seemed to locate them, and the shells came through the air snarling savagely, as leopards snarl before they spring, and the flying shrapnel reached many of the Boers, wounding, maiming or killing them; yet they held their positions with indomitable pluck, those who were not hit leaping out, regardless of personal danger, to pick up those who were wounded. They were a strange, motley looking crowd, dressed in all kinds of common farming apparel, just such a crowd as one is apt to see in a far inland shearing shed in Australia, but no man with a man's heart in his body could help admiring their devotion to one another or their loyalty to the cause for which they were risking their lives.

One night I saw which will stay with me while memory lasts. They had placed me under a wagon, beneath a mass of overhanging rocks, for safety, and there they brought two wounded men. One was a man of 50, a hard old veteran with a complexion as dark as a New Zealand Maori. The beard that framed his rugged face was three-fourths gray; his hands were as rough and knotted by open-air toil as the hoofs of a working steer. He looked what he was—a Boer of mixed Dutch and French lineage. Later on I got into conversation with him, and he told me a good deal of his life. His father was descended from one of the old Dutch families who had emigrated to South Africa in search of religious liberty in the old days when the country was a wilderness. His mother had come in an unbroken line from one of the noble families of France who fled from home in the days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer and fighting man. He had fought against the natives and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a stripling, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells, and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving clasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boyish face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dear laddie's hand in his. The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made no further sign.

HEAT BREAKS THERMOMETER.
Arizona Has Summer Weather That Cannot Be Recorded.
The cottonwoods have shed their caterpillars, there has been a thunder-storm, mesquite wood has fallen in price, Indians are selling bows and arrows, the rose and the oleander have long been out, oranges are in bloom, the umbrella tree is putting out its leaves, last summer's suit has been cleaned and pressed, the small boy has gone swimming in the canal, the wise man stays up nights and steals irrigation water from his neighbors, alfalfa is almost ready to cut, strawberries have been shipped, mulberries are nearly ripe, summer will soon be here and the Phoenix summer bedroom will soon be necessary. Phoenix sleeps out of doors in the summer and the bedroom is born out of that necessity. It is on stilts, is built of wire screen of fine mesh, for the Phoenix mosquito is microscopic in size. It is furnished according to the taste of the occupant, with interior curtains to keep out the morning sun, the gaze of the curious and the sand storm. The bed is a cot of canvas or woven wire, covered, perhaps, with a sheet, but even a sheet feels like a featherbed on a Phoenix summer night. The bed covering is the roof of the bedroom, and careless folks who consult their comfort only don't wear nightshirts. Phoenix is proud of its climate during eight months of the year, but it doesn't talk much in public about its midsummer. It is a right warm day when the government weather bureau doesn't know what the sun temperature is and is unable to determine it, and that is how hot it gets in Phoenix. I called on Observer Burns one day last July and asked him what the "official" temperature was in the sun. He said he did not know and that the government couldn't afford to experiment to that end. He said he had attempted to catch the sun temperature during the summer of 1898 and had broken a \$3 thermometer in the attempt. To please my curiosity he hung a thermometer in the sun, watched it until it registered 136 degrees, and then took it in, fearing it would break. The dryness of the atmosphere relieves this great heat of any terrors to all living things except women and cats.—Phoenix Graphic.

Resources of Culture.
A distinguished lecturer once told a story of an engagement he had made to deliver a discourse in one of the interior towns, on the subject of "The Beacon Lights of Civilization." "I reached the place," he said, "a little behind time, and went directly to the hall. A large audience had assembled. I was introduced in due form by the president of the literary society under whose auspices I was to appear, and laying my manuscript on the desk before me I opened it and waited a moment for the applause to subside. Imagine my horror when I found I had accidentally brought along the wrong lecture—one on the 'Wonders of Modern Electrical Science!'" "What did you do?" asked one of the group to whom he was narrating the incident. "I went right ahead," he replied. "The audience didn't know the difference."—Youths' Companion.

The Only Difference.
"Did you ever see my dressmaker, John?" asked the wife, leading up to the unpleasant subject of that person's bill. "She's so awfully small; the most petite little thing I ever—"
"Come! Out with it!" exclaimed the great brute. "What are you driving at?"
"Well—er—I was going to remark on the similarity between the size of her bill and her own—"
"My dear madam," he interrupted, "the difference between her and her bill is only a question of pronunciation. She is not a tall modiste, and her bill is not at all modest."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Gorman's Power of Silence.
Judge Grubb, of Delaware, has a high opinion of ex-Senator A. P. Gorman's power of silence. "We've been spending a summer as friends for a dozen years at the same hotel," he recently said to Gorman, "and I've told you everything there is to tell about myself, whereas you never told me a thing." William Bryan is fond of books and has a good-sized general library, but he cares little for art and rarely visits a picture gallery.

Doubtful.
"These Boers are an agricultural people," said the man who wears knickerbockers and smokes a short pipe.
"Yes," answered Mr. Cornstossel. "I don't pretend to know much about international politics, but I must say I begin to feel kind of skittish about them fellows' chances as soon as I found out they were a farmers' alliance."—Washington Star.

PATENTS.
List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.
Leroy S. Buffington, Minneapolis, Minn., Automobile; Thomas Carty, Minneapolis, Minn., Hat-box; Oliver Crosby, St. Paul, Minn., Supplementary track; Carl Kartowitz, Pelan, Minn., Whiffletree attachment; Sidney L. Long, Magnolia, Minn., Type-setting stick; Silas E. Warwick, Pipestone, Minn., Band-cutter and feeder for threshing machines; Griggs, Cooper & Co., St. Paul, Minn., certain named grocer's merchandise. (Trademark.)
Berwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Bldg., St. Paul.

A Paying Claim.
"Did you ever strike a paying claim in that mining region?"
"I did," answered the promoter. "I claimed we had found a marvel of richness, and I'm selling, at \$5 apiece, all the stock certificates we can print. I don't know when I've done anything in the claiming way that paid so well."—Washington Star.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts.
The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 395 pages, with engravings, 25 cts., paper cover; cloth, full g. t. \$1, by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old. A million copies sold. Address The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Balfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cts. for postage. Write today for these books. They are the keys to health, vigor, success and happiness.

Explained.
He—I have no appetite. There is a rumbling in my stomach like a cart on a cobblestone pavement.
She—Perhaps it's the truck you ate for luncheon.—What to Eat.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Accommodating.
Landlord—Oh, you've come after the place as barman, have you? What wages do you want?
Applicant—Ten shillings a week, sir; or twenty-five if you've got a patent till.—Ally Sloper.

\$18 Per Week.
A salary of \$18 per week and expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Compound and Lice Killer among Farmers. Address with stamp, Acme Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

A Hopeless Case.
He—I don't believe Miss Howells will ever learn to sing.
She—Well, that wouldn't matter so much if she would only not attempt it.—New York Evening World.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Conservative.
"Come, Robby, tell us which you love best—your ma or me."
"No you don't, pa; I'm a middle-of-the-roader."—Chicago Journal.

You may cut the head off the devil, but the evil part of him will still remain intact.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Rochelle Salt—
Custard—
Syrup—
Glycerine—
Castor Oil—
Syrup—
Water—
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. H. H. HITCHCOCK
NEW YORK.
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Dr. H. H. Hitchcock
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Read the Advertisements.
You will enjoy this publication much better if you get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most amusing story, and will help you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable; they send what they advertise.

Best in the World.
The Blase Girl—I thought you would marry a title, dear?
The American Girl—I did.
The Blase Girl—Oh, did you? What is it?
The American Girl (with emphasis)—Mistral!—Philadelphia North American.

You can't outdo open-air amusements, but they are continually being done out.

Diseases of the Scalp
should not be neglected. **Coke Dandruff Cure** will clean the head and cure the disease.

Lily hands and rosy cheeks are appropriate to the maiden who is blossoming into womanhood.

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

It isn't money that makes the night-mare go.

Age tends to kill the hair and turn it gray. **PARKER'S HAIR BALM** renews color and life. HINDENBERG, the best cure for corns. 15c.

The bargain fiend doesn't often get left in the buy ways of life.

LOOK OUT!
For your family's comfort and your own
HIRES Rootbeer
will contribute more to it than tons of ice and a gross of fans. 6 gallons for 25 cents.
Write for list of premiums offered free for labels.
CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Malvern, Pa.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO SUDDENLY
It injures nervous system to do so. **BACOCURO** is the only cure that REALLY CURES and restores you when you stop. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. **BACOCURO** is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands. It will cure you. At all druggists or by mail prepaid by a box \$3.00. Booklet free. Write **EUWELL CHEMICAL CO.**, La Crosse, Wis.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly
Mention This Paper.
N. W. N. U. —No. 25.— 1900

BABY'S BAWLS
MAM-M-MA!!
DON'T YOU HEAR BABY CRY?
Do you forget that summer's coming with all its dangers to the little ones—all troubles bred in the bowels.
The summer's heat kills babies and little children because their little insides are not in good, clean, strong condition.
Winter has filled the system with bile. Belching, vomiting up of sour food, rash, flushed skin, colic, restlessness, diarrhoea or constipation, all testify that the bowels are out of order.
If you want the little ones to face the coming dangers without anxious fear for their lives, see that the baby's bowels are gently, soothingly, but positively cleaned out in the spring time, and made strong and healthy before hot weather sets in.
The only safe laxative for children, pleasant to take (they ask for more) is **CASCARETS**. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative for the baby by eating a **CASCARET** now and then. Mama eats a **CASCARET**, baby gets the benefit. Try it! Send for a 10c box of **CASCARETS** to-day and you will find that, as we guarantee, all irregularities of the little and big children's insides are
CURED BY
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
ALL DRUGGISTS
10c. 25c. 50c.
To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy **CASCARETS** we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.