

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.

You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.
Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost.

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CHARGE AT SAN JUAN.

How General Worth Led the Desperate Charge.

IMPOSSIBLE TO RESTRAIN THE MEN

His Orderly, Corporal Keller, Who Was Hit While Bending Over Him and Was Carried Off the Field With Him, Tells the Story—General Worth Has Two Bullet Holes in His Chest, and His Right Arm Is Fractured—Fine Work by Our Enlisted Men.

Lieutenant Colonel William S. Worth, Thirteenth United States infantry, with four bullet holes in his body, proofs of the efficiency of Spanish riflemen and sufficient enough recommendation for his promotion to be a brigadier general of volunteers, which he recently received from the president, arrived at his home on Governors island the other afternoon. Although wounded four times at the charge up San Juan hill, Colonel Worth reached Governors island in fairly good condition, and his doctor says that, with ordinary prudence, he will be up and about in a month.

Colonel Worth, accompanied by his orderly, Corporal John Keller, Thirteenth infantry, left Siboney on the City of Washington last Tuesday, July 12, was landed at Fort Monroe, taken to Baltimore by boat and came to New York by the Baltimore and Ohio. On the arrival of the train he was met by his wife, his sister and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Coffin, the wife of Captain William H. Coffin, Fifth artillery, whose battery is now at Tampa, awaiting orders to go to Porto Rico.

Colonel Worth is not above 5 feet 6, and, weighing in good health not more than 150 pounds, looked very much thinner and weaker than when he marched away from Governors island at the head of three companies of his regiment one morning in the latter part of April. His right arm was in a sling and he walked with some difficulty. The soldiers at the island saluted him with the left hand, that the colonel might return the salute in kind.

When he got home, his nephew and family physician, Dr. Sprague of New York city, made a careful examination of his wounds and general condition, and then ordered his patient to bed, directing him to see no one but the members of his family for a week at least. Colonel Worth objected, but obeyed. From members of the family a reporter learned something about Colonel Worth's wounds and how he got them.

Shortly after 4 o'clock on the afternoon of July 1, El Caney having been taken in the morning, the Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth infantry and the Third and Sixth cavalry (dismounted), with the rough riders and the Seventh, Ninth and Tenth infantry held in reserve, were ordered to attack San Juan hill and capture the blockhouse on the summit. Colonel Worth, when the attack was ordered, commanded a brigade. Soon after the battle began Colonel Charles A. Wikoff, Twenty-second infantry, came on the field. He ranked Colonel Worth and took command, and Colonel Worth resumed command of his regiment, Colonel Smith, commanding the Thirteenth, not being present.

In less than ten minutes after Colonel Wikoff had come on the field he was killed. Then Colonel Worth resumed command of the brigade, only to be wounded himself and succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel Emerson L. Kiscum, who was also wounded. The command of the Thirteenth was taken by Major Philip H. Ellis. He was wounded and was succeeded by Captain James Fornance, who was killed in a few minutes after taking command. Captain Harry G. Cavanaugh then commanded the regiment. Cavanaugh was wounded in the groin in the assault.

Colonel Worth was wounded twice in the right arm early in the engagement. One bullet pierced the arm just above the elbow and the other just below the shoulder. He clutched his sword in his left hand and led his men to the fresh attack. Shortly after this Mauser bullets struck Colonel Worth in the right and left breast. The bullets went clean through the body, leaving the colonel all in a heap and unconscious on the field. Keller saw him fall and ran to his assistance. Colonel Worth didn't know what had happened until Keller brought him around and told him. While the orderly was bending over his chief a piece of shell struck the orderly in the back, right on top of the cartridge belt, and gouged out a handful of flesh. Keller stuck by his colonel, and after awhile the two were carried off the field together.

"The best thing that can be said about the fight," said Keller to the reporter, "is that it was a hot time. I've seen some soldiering, but I never knew the bullets to come from all directions at once and come so fast as they did going up that hill. If you've ever been out in a hailstorm when it didn't do a thing but hail, you can get some notion of how the bullets came at San Juan. There were Spaniards in front of us, be-



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This great book contains the names, addresses, photographs and experiences of hundreds of women who were once hopeless invalids, but who have been restored to robust womanly health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This marvelous medicine acts directly on the delicate organs distinctly feminine. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the usual suffering of the expectant months, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It robs motherhood of its perils. It insures the robust health of the little new-comer and a bountiful supply of nature's nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. For a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For elegant French cloth binding, 31 stamps.

Miss Edith Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "After two years of suffering, I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and am now entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome drain on the system, but now I am happy and well."

In cases of constipation and torpid liver, no remedy is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. They never fail. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

hind us, on all sides of us and in the tree tops above us. And it's an awful mistake to imagine they can't shoot. I don't know how they are afloat, but they can shoot like the devil on land or up a tree.

"But, say, you just ought to have seen my little colonel! About all you could see of him was his little goatee, sticking right out straight, a little gray hair under his campaign hat and the flash of his sword. He headed the procession as long as he could, and I tell you, it was amazingly pleasant to hear him say every now and then: 'Just keep steady now, boys! Shoot when you see something to shoot at, and shoot quick! We'll teach those fellows a thing or two about this game they don't know, and we'll be up in that blockhouse in a minute.'

"That kind of talk makes a fellow feel full of ginger and up to fighting for a week. And the colonel was right. We did show 'em a few things they didn't know anything about. When we started up that hill, the first thing we struck was a barbed wire fence. But it wasn't built as a white man builds a fence. The strands were so close together that we had to pry 'em apart with our fingers before we could use the wire cutters. While we cut wires, the Spaniards pumped lead into us.

"After getting through the first fence we suggested to the Cubans that, since it was largely their funeral anyway, they might as well dance on ahead and cut wires. They evidently preferred to be mourners, though, for we could always see 'em when we had time to look back. When we found they wouldn't go ahead, we did our own wire cutting. It seemed to me as if there was one of those darned fences about every ten feet. We got through 'em somehow, and we advanced steadily in open order, firing as we went. It was fire and advance; fire and advance. And we did it just like pieces of machinery, only the wires of the rifles of our boys snapped was a caution.

"When we once got into the swing of being soldiers and thinkers at the same time we sailed ahead. The Thirteenth, being in the center, seemed to get the worst dose, but it was bad enough for everybody. It was mighty exasperating to have to stop and cut fences while the trees shook off bullets on us, but that was the game we were up against, and there was nothing to do but take our medicine. After what seemed about a lifetime we clambered over the top of the hill and rallied round the blockhouse, cheered the flag that somebody was waving, and that job was done.

"When we caught our breath and had time to shake all around, some of the boys looked for comrades they couldn't find. San Juan was their last fight, and they're laid away now on the slope of the hill, under the trees that shot them full of holes. The Spaniards that couldn't get down the other side of the hill fast enough staid with us, and I guess they were glad they did. They got something to eat and were treated kindly, at which they seemed to be amazed. About all they could say was, 'You didn't stop coming on at all, so of course we had to get out,' at least that's what the Cubans said they said. The colonel got it in the right arm a couple of times early in the fight. At the first shot he dropped his sword, but he never even stopped running. He just picked it up with his left hand, stuck

it up and told us to come on. Finally, about half way up the hill, he got two Mausers in his chest. That knocked him clean out. I saw him fall and went over to him. He didn't know me at first, but finally he came to. He looked dazed for a minute, then he said: 'Keller, just keep me on my feet. I'm behind the line.'

"Of course, he couldn't fight any more. He had lost so much blood already from the wounds in his arm that he was very weak. We just staid there, and by and by the colonel was carried to the rear. Then we were both put in a wagon and carted over a rough road to Siboney. We got the best attention they could give us, but we had to lie in water a couple of days. Finally we were told a steamer was waiting to take us home, and here we are.

"What about me? Oh, I'm all right—a little uncomfortable in my back, but that's nothing. The piece of shell that struck me bit my cartridge belt and drove the cartridges against my backbone. It felt as if I'd had an electric shock. It stung me for a minute and when I came to I thought needles were pricking me all over. But I'm all right."

Notwithstanding Keller's statement of his own condition, Dr. Sprague, who examined him after attending to Colonel Worth, ordered him to the hospital. He obeyed orders, but he did it under the most vigorous protest. Colonel Worth told his sister, Miss Worth, during the afternoon, that the conduct of the troops at San Juan was magnificent. He said that it was utterly impossible to restrain them. "Why!" said he, "Talk about leading them! An officer had to be a sprinter to keep up with them."

He added that in all his experience during the civil war, when he was an officer in the Eighth infantry, and in all his service in Indian fighting, he never saw such magnificent bravery as the enlisted men displayed at San Juan hill.—New York Sun.

A Resolution of the American People.
The American people have resolved that henceforth Spanish oppression shall be confined to Spaniards, and nothing in the wide world will swerve them one hairbreadth from that most just and necessary conclusion.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Call For Music.
Possibly there may be a concert of European powers after the Spanish-American war is over, but hardly before. There is no call for music as yet.—New York Mail and Express.

Cuban Hammock Song.

See us softly swaying
'Neath the shady trees,
Leaves above us playing
In the gentle breeze.
Cuba, Cuba libre!

That's the song we sing
While the shadows come and go
And the breezes softly blow.
Cuba, Cuba libre!
Singing as we swing.

Bless us, this is pleasant,
Neither thought nor care
Let's enjoy the present
In the drowsy air.
Yanks can do the scrapping
(Hear 'em bang away!)
We prefer our napping
Through the drowsy day.
Cuba, Cuba libre!

That's the song we sing,
Eating while we swing in line
Yankee rations—they are fine!
Cuba, Cuba libre!
Singing as we swing.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOTHER! There is no word so full of meaning and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as that of "MOTHER"—she who watched over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step. Yet the life of every Expectant Mother is beset with danger and all effort should be made to avoid it.

Mother's Friend so assists nature in the change taking place that the Expectant Mother is enabled to look forward without dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood. Its use insures safety to the lives of both Mother and Child, and she is found stronger after than before confinement—in short, it "makes Childbirth natural and easy," as so many have said. Don't be persuaded to use anything but

MOTHER'S FRIEND

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HENDERSON DALE, Carmi, Illinois.

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The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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If your baby is delicate and sickly and its food does not nourish it, put fifteen or twenty drops of Scott's Emulsion in its bottle three or four times a day and you will see a marked change.

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Engineer F. W. McCoy, formerly of 1223 Broadway, Council Bluffs, but now residing at 3111 Humboldt St., Denver, writes that he "suffered for years from constipation, causing sick, nervous and bilious headaches and was fully restored to health by Dr. Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills. I heartily recommend Dr. Miles' Remedies."

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