

TRAMP OF THE WOUNDED

All Who Could Walk Had to Drag Themselves to the Sea.

OUR MEN BORE IT LIKE HEROES.

Scenes Along the Path Where the Stricken Soldiers Plodded In the Moonlight Toward Siboney—Pure Grit and No Complaints — The Weakened Men Were Marks For Spanish Sharpshooters In the Trees.

What does it do?
It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

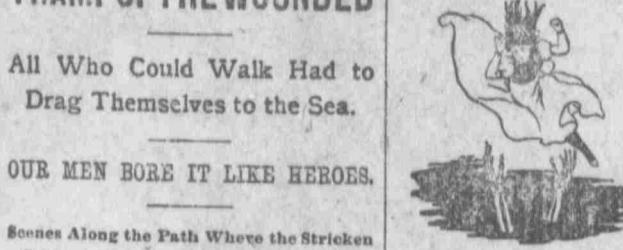
It Prevents and Cures Baldness

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.



The descent is certain from weak lungs, lingering coughs, throat troubles or bronchial affections through bleeding lungs, to consumption, if the first stages are neglected. Thousands of people who are now in their graves would be alive and well to-day if they had heeded the first warnings of those troubles which lead to consumption and death.

The hacking cough, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and all similar troubles of the organs of breathing, will surely lead to consumption, if they are not already the signs of it. Then there are the other indications of the approach of consumption, such as night-sweats, emaciation, or wasting away of flesh from bad nutrition, which, if neglected, lead to certain death.

Ninety-eight per cent. of all the cases of weak lungs, bleeding lungs, lingering and obstinate coughs, and other bronchial and throat diseases, which have been treated with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have been cured by it. Do not wait until your throat trouble becomes serious. All bronchial and throat troubles are serious. The time to take the "Golden Medical Discovery" is right at the start.

Even if your throat trouble has been neglected until it has been pronounced pulmonary disease or consumption, do not hesitate to use the "Golden Medical Discovery," for thousands of letters from the sufferers themselves, who are now well, bear evidence that the "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure, even after good physicians have pronounced the disease pulmonary consumption.

"I had been troubled with bronchitis for several years," writes Mrs. Orlin O'Hara, Box 114, Ferguson Falls, Ottertail Co., Minn. "In the first place, I had sore throat. I doctor'd with different physicians and took various medicines, but got no relief. I raised from my throat a sticky substance like the white of an egg. Could not sleep, and had made up my mind that I would not live through the winter. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' alternately, and in a few days began to see that I was better. I took eight bottles. I have not felt as well in years as since using these medicines."

Unfailingly—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for constipation and biliousness.

said a wounded volunteer to a passing regular.

"That's what we did, but they can fight some, too," was the reply.

Past the first ford the road darkens and grows muddy. The trees are higher. They stretch back in forest grandeur a half a mile, and they are death-traps. They hide the bitterest, the cruellest, the most uncivilized fighters in all Christendom, the Spanish guerrillas. They are up in the tree tops sharpshooting. Soldier or civilian, well or wounded, it matters not to them. A rifle cracks and a bullet whines by your head. You seek the cover by the roadside and make your way along as silently as possible. The wounded plod wearily on, some of them too weak to hide.

What a journey it was that night from the firing line along the hill of San Juan, where our soldiers lay on their rifles down the long, winding, muddy road to Siboney, where is the army's base! Here is the hospital to which all the wounded must come eventually if they be spared, and toward it, from the crack of the first rifle on this morning of the opening struggle until the night merged into another day, those not too badly crippled dragged their maimed and shattered selves in hope of aid. The field hospitals were overrun. The ambulances were crammed with men who could not walk. Supply and ammunition wagons had been called into service, but still they were not sufficient, and so poor luckless devils with broken arms, with bullets through their chests, their thighs, their legs, crept slowly in with a patience that was marvelous.

From San Juan hill to Siboney the circuitous road made necessary by the mud and the mountains covers a distance of about eight miles. Formerly it was scarcely more than a mountain trail, sound enough under foot, but the traffic of the great army wagons has cut it all to pieces, and made it in the lower places all but impassable, especially in the rainy season, now on. It is not a pleasant course to travel at best, but suppose circumstances had brought you to take it this battle night. The moon is up, and in the open its silvery light clearly marks out your way. You start just at the base of that hill up which the Seventy-first New York charged so gallantly in the afternoon. Never mind the dead. Siboney must be reached before midnight, and the way is long. The road is level here and mainly in the open, so you push along quite rapidly. Before and behind and around you are the wounded plodding onward. Some of them speak to you.

"How far is it to Siboney?" asks one young fellow, with his left arm in a sling.

"Eight miles," you tell him.

"Thank God I have two good legs," he answers and keeps on.

But he has lost blood, and is weak. You pass him. Others are around. One big soldier is doubled over, making his way painfully.

"How far is it to Siboney?" he asks, and you answer.

"I'll never get there tonight, but I'll try," he says, and on he limps.

Still you are in the open. The trees along the roadside are short. The sun has had a chance at the roadbed, and it is fairly dry. The walking is easy. By and by you reach a ford over a little stream. Here is the "bloody angle." The dead are all about. The wounded are clustered by the water. They are feverish. They lap it up gratefully, talking meanwhile of the day.

"We gave them h—l. didn't we?"

as though war did not exist. The land crabs flee in their fiendish way from before your feet and with half an hour of steady marching you stand on the rough riders' hill. To the right, just on the crown overlooking the valley to the south, are seven wooden slabs stuck into the earth side by side to mark where fell the first heroes in the campaign against Santiago. A wounded man is lying near the graves. He lifts his head at the approaching sounds.

"Played out," he says laconically.

"Shot in the shoulder. Finish the trip tomorrow."

No complaint, no regret, just grit.

From this hill the road leads down into a thicket through which the sun never shines. The moon is drowned. It is as black as a cavern. Rocks, loose and jagged, fill the roadway and render the footing unsafe. Branches reach out from the brush and whip your face. It is uncanny. Strange insects are singing here and there, and far off you hear the call of the cuckoo which so often betokens the presence of Spaniards lying in wait for the invaders. Then there comes the answering cry still farther on, and you wonder what is going to happen to you. Your imagination grows vivid. Dark figures appear down the road. They look like men crouching. A dash of moonlight through a rift in the overhanging clouds of tropical foliage falls on the dewy blade of a palm and changes it into the gleaming bayonet of a Spanish soldier. The scenes of the bloody day just done have been such as unstring nerves, and while you chide yourself for your foolish fancies you hurry along, hurry along, hoping for the end.

And by and by it comes. You have reached the level sandy stretch behind the ridge on which sits Siboney, and rounding the end through the ravine which cuts down to the sea you have before you the tents and campfires of the soldiers at the base and the cottages of the Cubans. It has not been a pleasant journey, but you have seen one of the phases of warfare, and that is much.

Our New Heroes.

They've half inch thick of tan upon their faces, And some of them have freckles on their toes.

They've scars and bandages in sundry places As proof of the attentions of their foes.

There are some who really ought to see the barber—

And tailors surely never earned their pay. But we'd know them anywhere as our new heroes—

The men the nation honors. Hip, hooray!

The hacking cough, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and all similar troubles of the organs of breathing, will surely lead to consumption, if they are not already the signs of it. Then there are the other indications of the approach of consumption, such as night-sweats, emaciation, or wasting away of flesh from bad nutrition, which, if neglected, lead to certain death.

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These are symptoms of anemia or poor blood. They are just as frequent in the summer as in the winter. And you can be cured at one time just as well as another.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypo-

phosphites will certainly

help you. Almost everyone

can take it, and it will not

disturb the weakest stom-

ach.

It changes the light color of

your blood to a healthy and rich

red. It nourishes the brain; gives

power to the nerves. It brings

back your old weight and strength.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

SCOTT & BOWNS, Chemists, New York.

Are You Pale?

Are your cheeks hollow and your lips white?

Is your appetite poor and your digestion weak? Is your flesh soft and have you lost in weight?

These are symptoms of anemia or poor blood. They are just as frequent in the summer as in the winter. And you can be cured at one time just as well as another.

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All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

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against by the bicycle rider carrying a flask of our high grade I. W. Harper whiskey.

It is the finest and purest

whiskey on the market for medicinal purposes, and as an appetizer and tonic

is unexcelled. Our stock of wines and liquors are all high grade and reasonably

in price, and every one knows the purity in the city. "MURPHY."

Baby Mine!

Every mother feels an indescribable dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and

danger of the ordeal make its anticipation one of misery.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the remedy which relieves women of the great pain and suffering incident to maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is removed by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are avoided, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of Mother's Friend. It is a blessing to woman.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by express on receipt of price.

BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent FREE to any address, upon application, by

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or

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