# MISS VIRGINIA GRANES

**Tells How Hospital Physicians Use and Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Twelve years continuous service at the sick bed in some of our prominent hospitals, as well as at private homes, has given me varied experiences with the diseases of women. I have nursed some

MISS VIRGINIA GRANES,
President of Nurses' Association, Watertown, N.Y.

most distressing cases of inflammation and ulceration of the ovaries and womb. I have known that doctors used **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** when everything else failed with their patients. I have advised my patients and friends to use it and have yet to hear of its first failure to cure.

"Four years ago I had falling of the womb from straining in lifting a heavy patient, and knowing of the value of your Compound I began to use it at once, and in six weeks I was well once more, and have had no trouble since. I am most pleased to have had an opportunity to say a few words in praise of your Vegetable Compound, and shall take every occasion to recommend it."—Miss Virginia Granes.—*$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has stood the test of time, and has cured thousands.**

**Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.**

### $25.00 TO CALIFORNIA.

**Every Day During March and April.**

Phenomenally low rates to the Pacific Coast and Intermediate Points. Colonist Excursions open to all. Later on at intervals during the summer special round trip excursions to the Coast at less than One Cent Per Mile going one way, returning another. An exceptional opportunity to visit any part or all parts of the Great West for pleasure, education or business. People with interests at various points will show you attention. Address a postal to G. G. Herring, General Agent, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific Rys., 126 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Write on the back "Send details low rates to California," adding your own name and address, also those of any of your friends, and you will receive in return information of fascinating interest, great practical value, of educational and business worth. Whether or not you are now thinking of taking this delightful trip or looking to better your condition in life, it will pay you, your family and friends to write a postal as above. As the colonist rates open to all are good during March and April only, send your postal today.

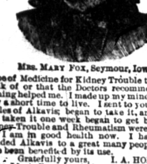

If you get into the place God wants you to have, you will have a good one.


# FREE
# KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE.

**Mailed to all Sufferers from Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc.**

The following letter from Hon. I. A. Hopkins, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, Ellsworth, Kan., tells how Alkavis cured after he made up his mind that he had but a short time to live.

*Gentlemen:*—I believe and know that I owe my life to Alkavis. I had been troubled with Kidney and Bladder Trouble for years. My limbs were swollen with Rheumatism so that I could hardly walk. I had to get up every hour of the night to urinate. I passed great quantities of blood on account of hemorrhage of the Kidneys and Bladder. I tried and had been trying everything in the



MRS. MARY FOX, Seymour, Iowa.

shape of Medicine for Kidney Trouble that I could think of or that the Doctors recommended, but nothing helped me. I made up my mind that I had only a short time to live. I sent to you for three bottles of Alkavis; began to take it, and before I had taken it one week began to get better. My Kidney-Trouble and Rheumatism were soon gone and I am in good health now. I have recommended Alkavis to a great many people and all have been benefited by its use.

Gratefully yours, I. A. HOPKINS."

Mrs. Ida A. Francis, of Mooresville, Ind., writes: "She had been bothered with Kidney and Bladder Trouble ever since she was six years old; did not get any rest day or night, and had to be up fifteen times a night at times. Was also troubled with Rheumatism, Female Complaint and Irregular Menses, also symptoms of Dropsy. Tried many physicians but received little benefit. Two years ago took Alkavis and was completely cured and states she will answer any letter that comes to hand concerning the wonderful medicine." Mrs. Mary Fox, Seymour, Iowa; Miss Viola Dearing, Petersburg, Ind.; Mrs. Jas. Young, Kent, Ohio; and many other ladies join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in various forms of Kidney and allied diseases, and in other disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and can not fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 406 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### CURES CARTARRH.

**ALMOND SNUFF** clears the head of foul mucus. Heals the ulcers of the head and throat. Sweetens the breath and restores the senses of taste, smell and hearing. Sold at all drug stores, or will be sent by mail on receipt of **25 cents.** Stamps taken.

*Henry, Johnson & Lord, Prop's, Burlington, Vt.*

**GREGORY SEEDS** Relied upon for 40 years by Market Gardeners. Catalog Free. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

**DROPSY** NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box E, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.


# At Swords' Points;
## OR, A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

Copyright, by Street & Smith, New York.

**CHAPTER XIII (Continued.)**

The day was close at hand.

Presently a relief train would arrive and through this he might continue his journey.

As he moved about in the early dawn, too restless to remain quiet, Paul noticed that he was being followed up and down by a figure that limped badly, yet walked with the stiff air of a soldier.

It was the veteran, now in the secret service of Bismarck, determined not to lose sight of his man.

Paul was rather charmed by such pertinacity, and resolved to make it as easy for the old fellow as possible.

The relief train arrived at last, the wounded were placed aboard, and the unhurt had the privilege of finding places as best they could.

Nor was Paul at all sorry to leave the scene of the disaster, for though it had freed him of the unwelcome attentions of the two keepers, its unpleasant associations would always linger in his memory.

One who has passed through such an experience can understand how he felt.

The wounded were left at the nearest town, where they could be properly taken care of.

Paul often wondered what became of the stout pretended merchant, since he seemed to have vanished in thin air at the time of the catastrophe—he might be running yet for all the American could say.

Rhinelander was glad when the spires of Berlin appeared in view.

Once in the capital, as the day was drawing near its close, Paul determined to seek an hotel and defer his mission until the morrow.

The veteran was the old man of the sea, who clung so tenaciously to the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor—he was not to be dislodged either through cajolery or threats.

Compelled to make the most of a bad bargain, the American frankly invited his shadow to share the hackney droschky in which he intended going from the station to the hotel, which opportunity the other eagerly seized.

Berlin was unusually thronged for the season of the year, and soldiers were to be met with in squads and companies at every turn, arriving and departing—yet it might be noticed that all who quitted the capital went toward the south.

It was a wonderful sight to see these two great nations pushing their legions forward toward a common line of demarcation, the Rhine, and facing them there at several points long before the first tocsin of war had sounded.

But shrewd Bismarck knew full well what untoward influences were moving Louis Napoleon, and that there could be no other settlement of the grave questions between them save by the arbitrament of arms. Hence, every move he made was done with the full assurance that it would presently prove to be one of the stepping stones to Paris.

And Bismarck made no mistake when he played his pawns with such telling effect that Von Moltke was afterward enabled to sweep the chess board.

For more than half a century had the Germans awaited a chance to pay back the scores of Napoleon Bonaparte's time, but the hour was at hand.

Paul had much to think of that evening.

He even forgot that the veteran continued to hover near by, keeping an eye upon all his movements.

That those he had left in the university town were much in his thoughts was a foregone conclusion.

When would he see them again?

His heart went out to Karl, whom he loved almost as though he were a brother—and then there was Beatrix, his sister, and last but not least, Hildegarde.

The recollection gave him a pain, because clouds seemed to hover about their sky, and he could not see clearly what the end would be—yet it were certainly better to have known this charming girl and lost her than that they had never met—he was the better for the experience, it exalted his ideas of womanly virtues, and, though the probe brought keen pain, he expressed no wish that his steps had turned other than thither.

Thus he considered as the night drew on, seated just outside the hotel, and watching the animated scene upon the famous street known far and wide as Unter den Linden.

Unconscious of the surprise in store for him, he idly smoked and pondered upon his plans for the morrow, when he expected to seek an audience with the great man, who, many years before had been a schoolmate with his father; and all the while his eyes mechanically followed those who sauntered to and fro.

Thus, amid the press of gaily dressed women, and fierce, swaggering military heroes, he noticed a droschky drawn up at the curb from which a yellow-haired young man bounded, and Paul uttered a cry of surprise, not unmingled with consternation, as he recognized his friend and chum of the Rhine Korps, Karl Von Stettin.

**CHAPTER XIV.**

Dead to the World.

Paul hastened to give Karl a cordial welcome, asking what on earth had brought him to Berlin.

"Ah!" returned Karl, "there is news, great news, though Berlin does not seem to know it yet. Louis Napoleon has declared war on Germany."

Paul held his breath and stared hard. "Then it is war. He has had the rashness to take the fatal step which will result in his ruin."

Paul wondered how the sudden news would affect his own mission to the capital.

Could he now gain an interview with the prince? That commander would have his time fully occupied, Paul knew, still he hoped for the best.

Then something in Karl's manner struck Paul as strained, and he anxiously inquired if he had brought bad news from Heidelberg.

"The truth you must know at once, no matter how it cuts. Heroic measures are best. Prepare, then, for a shock, my friend. Some one you believed dead has appeared on the scene."

"Who is it?" asked Paul, slowly.

"One who, if she be all you have believed, would have done better to have remained dead to the world at least."

Paul started as if struck a wicked blow. "My God! Do you mean—my mother?"

His companion slowly nodded his flaxen head.

"Alive—and I fondly believed the grave had forever buried her sad secret. Alive, and she has returned to Beatrix?"

Paul dropped his head into his hand wearily, and seemed to be wrapped in deep thought.

One, two, three minutes crept by, and Karl made no attempt to break in upon his sad reflections. At length Paul raised his head.

"I am ready to hear what you know, Karl, although I can perceive that it is far from pleasant news. Make it as brief as you possibly can, consistent with the facts."

"That I will, and I want you to know, dear friend and brother, that I suffer with you.

"When I had seen you off on the train I found my way to the stage of Beatrix and the lady with whom she lived. I speedily found a way to gain an entrance to the parlor, where presently Beatrix came with tears in her pretty eyes, to tell me of the strange thing that had happened—and to say farewell.

"That very evening one had come whom she had for years believed dead—come to her from Paris in the dark robes of a nun, and in whom she recognized her once dearly loved mother who had learned that you were in Europe, doubtless seeking your sister with the intention of taking her away, and this she seemed to dread. So they were making hasty preparations to go at once to Paris."

Paul ground his teeth.

"How wretchedly unfortunate—to Paris of all places, when, in a few months, the forces of King Wilhelm will be hammering at the gates. If I had but been there to have prevented it."

"I doubt whether you could, as Beatrix is not yet of legal age and still amenable to her mother's rule."

Again Paul seemed to stare into vacancy.

He was thinking of the past, thinking of that dearly beloved father who had suffered so keenly through this one fatal fault of the woman who had borne his name and been the mother of his children. That father had borne his cross in silence and never had Paul heard him curse the fate that made him an exile from his people.

What was his duty?

**CHAPTER XV.**

Since woman who sinned were forgiven in Palestine when He walked the earth, had Paul Rhinelander, merely a poor, weak, erring mortal himself, any right to refuse to forget, especially when the sinner was his own mother, and years of atonement had witnessed her repentance?

Thus he put the question to himself, and as he wrestled, his better nature assumed the upper turn, so that he came out with a firm determination to sooner or later seek this mother, and bring her the message of forgiveness he had heard his father mutter as he passed away.

He felt better when he had determined on this step, and pressed Karl for further news. Without further preliminary the latter said:

"Hildegarde is taking lessons to be a nurse."

"What?"

"A hospital nurse."

"And go with the army to war?"

"Just so. I admire her for it. God bless her brave heart," declared Karl.

Paul was visibly distressed.

"To think of a gentle girl like her being exposed to the horrors of a battlefield—it is monstrous."

"She does not think so—she is willing to go wherever brave German soldiers hew a way. It is fate, my Paul, and whether you fancy the idea or not matters very little. If, by the kindness of Providence, both of you come out of the affair safe and sound, perhaps I may be permitted to dance at your wedding."

But Paul only shook his head.

The future looked too dark and forbidding for him to think of attaining such happiness—he could not conceive that it lay in store for him.

The next day marked an era in Berlin.

The feeling of suspense was gone, and people knew the worst—they could talk openly now without getting into trouble, and discuss the problem which Bismarck had undertaken to solve with sword and bayonet after all manner of diplomacy had failed.

Paul sallied forth.

So did the old veteran, cane and all.

There were many sturdy difficulties in the way, but ingenuity, together with a well-directed supply of silver groschens and an occasional interview with successive persons in authority at length gained him what he sought. When he found himself in the presence of the Crown Prince Frederick, Paul was a trifle awed.

There were many generals in the room, men of stern mien, who seemed consulting the plans which Bismarck and Von Moltke explained.

The Crown Prince, bearded and booted, and looking every inch the soldier he was by birth and breeding, came toward the young man, holding out his hand, and with a smile of welcome on his pleasant face.

Paul proffered his request and Frederick at once assured the enthusiastic young American that places should be speedily found for both himself and Karl, if he had to attach them personally to himself as aides.

That was enough for Paul.

He renewed his protestations of allegiance to the double eagles of Prussia, and went out from his interview with the Crown Prince, his heart filled with love and loyalty toward that singularly attractive man who had once been the boy friend of his own father in the days long since passed.

Paul knew he would receive his orders in good time, and meanwhile there were several necessary things he and Karl must attend to.

Thus the day wore on.

Paul was no longer worrying about the designs of the countess. He did not imagine Berlin held any dangers for one who, like himself, carried the personal autograph of the Crown Prince, and was already in a manner identified with the army.

Still there were elements about the existence of which he knew nothing, working for his downfall.

The knowledge was brought upon him suddenly and with alarming force.

Karl and himself had dined at Sparguapani's on Unter den Linden, and separated upon leaving the famous restaurant, each having some minor business of importance to transact.

Paul was enjoying a cigar as he sauntered along, and taking considerable satisfaction from the weed, as only a man may who has dined well.

The hour had grown late, though one would never suspect it, judging from the streets, which were still thronged with a crowd consisting of citizens and soldiers, singing patriotic songs and uniting in occasional hoarse cheers, as some well known military man appeared upon the strasse hurrying to keep an appointment at some night council.

While Paul was forcing his way through one of these crowds, forming a cheveux de frise with his elbows to keep off boarders, he felt a hand pluck at his sleeve. The man made a respectful salutation.

"Pardon, is it Herr Rhinelander I address?"

Paul replied that he had certainly hit the mark.

Then he saw with satisfaction that the other moved his hand toward his inner pocket.

"Ah! I have a communication for you, Herr Rhinelander," he said solemnly.

Of course—orders to report at once and accompany the Crown Prince to the border, where the hostile armies faced each other like giants eager for the fray.

Paul's blood tingled with expectation. The rustle of the paper seemed to conjure up pictures of bivouac and battle—at least, it aroused anticipations of speedy action, and this prospect pleased his restless spirit.

(To be continued.)

### WHERE ARROWHEADS GROW.

**Professor's Argument Not Based on Sound Principles.**

When vacation comes, Dr. Branner, the head of the Stanford geological department, hies himself far away from all things pedagogical to the remote fastnesses of the mountains, and there studies the formation of the rocks and reads the life history of earth in the deposits of the ages.

Last vacation he was in the Sierras. He had as his guide a man indigenous to the soil who had never been 20 miles from the home of his childhood. He looked with much amusement and scorn upon Dr. Branner and his assistants, and saw nothing in the work that was of interest. To him the students seemed more like good men gone daft.

One day Mr. Branner located an old Indian burying ground. In digging he came upon some choice arrow heads. Thinking to test his guide's geological as well as his ethnological knowledge, the doctor said:

"Elijah, do you know how these arrow heads came here?"

"Growed thar," said the native, with great positiveness.

"Nonsense! If you were to take an arrow head and put it on your table and leave it there for a year's time, do you think it would grow."

"Tain't no nonsense, nuther," said Elijah. "If you was to take a potato and put it on your table, and leave it there fur a year, do you think it would grow?"—San Francisco Wave.

### SULTAN LOVES MUSIC.

**Grand Pianos Purchased for the Ladies of the Harem.**

It will be news to most people that the Sultan of Turkey is an enthusiastic musical amateur. The statement, however, is nevertheless true.

A well-known Anglo-German firm has just sent his majesty two more grand pianos. This firm has already supplied him with many such instruments, but the Sultan is still unsatisfied.

He does not play himself, but some of the ladies of his harem do, and, of course, many brilliant pianists perform before him. But if he does not play himself, he is at any rate fond of singing to music.

The Shah is another lover of musical instruments. The same firm has also supplied him with grand pianos. His majesty takes the greatest interest, too, in his band, and he is a keen collector of musical instruments and is said to be a connoisseur in fiddles. Strangely enough, too, those huge mechanical structures which are so commonly found in Germany and Russia, and which purport to be organ, orchestra and brass band in one, are very popular both with the Sultan and the Shah.

Another curious fact is that a grand piano has just been bought by an Arab sheik at Khartoum. It is to be played by his chief wife.

**Fault in the Home.**

It is one of the manifestations of the careless, superficial way in which many people consider an important matter that the minute a word is said about overstudy and sitting up until 2 o'clock with a cup of black coffee and a history lesson the tendency is at once to shove all the blame upon the public school system. Part of this is thoughtlessness and part is cowardice—the exhibition of an indisposition to face the difficulty exactly where it is. In every case like that which Mr. Griggs cites, or any case that is approximate, the trouble is so much in the home that all other contributory elements are of no account whatever.

### A NEW LINCOLN MONUMENT.

**Beautiful and Appropriate Emblem Has Been Planned.**

Senator Cullom's project for a great monument to Abraham Lincoln in Washington is receiving gratifying encouragement in consignment of the plans of the Burnham, Olmsted and McKim commission for the improvement of the national capital. In the development of these plans fine sites for great monuments results, and it was agreed that the chief of these sites—of the axis of the Capitol and the Washington monument—should be assigned to Lincoln.

The memorial which the expert commission proposes was presented simply as a suggestion; but the Washington Star reports that it seems to have met with universal acceptance. A number of the leading architects of the country have seen the drawing of it, and have expressed their satisfaction with the conception. In form it is a paristyle of Doric columns, 250 feet long by 220 feet broad, supporting a high tablet inscribed with the words of the immortal Gettysburg speech. The Doric is regarded, with justice, as the appropriate order to represent the character of Lincoln. The drawing shows that the monument fronts a vast terrace, or esplanade, adjoining a large basin with fountains, and at right and left it is inclosed by plantations of trees. The dignified, noble and classical simplicity of the conception appears to indicate that the idea might well have originated in the mind of Mr. McKim. Such a monument would be a superb ornament in any city. It would most certainly be a fit symbol of the great American whose life it is intended to commemorate.

### SKIPPERS OF THE LAKES.

**Dangers of the Calling Never Daunt Their Stout Hearts.**

It was the fog alone that bothered them. Swift currents and narrow, crooked, channels have few terrors for a lake skipper, as long as he can see. Give him the use of his eyes and he will make good time "wherever the ground is a little damp" and carry several thousand tons of iron ore along in his trousers' pockets. The seemingly reckless way in which he pushes his 500-foot ship around sharp corners and over shoals where there is not a foot of water between its keel and the rocky bottom, finally bringing it up to its own wharf without power, without thinking of calling in a tug to help him, is enough to make a sea captain's hair turn gray. Not that he likes it, exactly; not that he wouldn't much rather have open water and clear sailing all the way from Duluth to Buffalo, if that were possible. But it isn't possible, so he takes things as they come and does the best he can with his tough proposition. And a remarkably good best it is. His business is to hustle, and he does it with all his might. Even when the fog shuts him in, or a blinding snow squall comes howling down the great lakes, it is to be feared that he does not always slow down as he should. The season of navigation is short, the ice will soon be making, and the owners will be jumping on him if he doesn't make his trips in time. "Can't stop for a trifle of fog. Let 'er go!"—W. D. Hulbert, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

**The Origin of "Buck-Board."**

"There are few persons," says a soldier who, long since returned to civic ranks, "who know how the name of buck-board came to be applied to a vehicle. It was way back in the 20s, when the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise was principally all by wagons. Dr. Buck, who for long years after was the military storekeeper here, was then in charge of stores en route to army posts in the southwest. In east Tennessee difficulty was experienced by reason of the rough roads, and there were frequent mishaps, mostly from the wagons overturning. Dr. Buck overhauled the outfit, and abandoning the wagon bodies, long boards were set directly on the axles or hung below, and the stores were reloaded in such a manner that there was no further delays from breakdowns, and the stores safely reached their destination. The idea doubtless was not new, but Dr. Buck's example was followed, especially when roads were rough, and soon much hauling was done by the use of wheel, axle and boards only. Now the fashionable buck-board recalls the old gentlemen to some of us."

**She Knew Him.**

There is a certain young man in the old city hall who never nowadays allows his temper to get ruffled while at the telephone.

A few weeks ago he could not get the number he desired.

"See, here, central, I'll report you," he shouted.

"You don't know who I am," was the composed reply.

"Well, I'll find out, and that blamed quick, too."

"I know you, though," came in soft, easy tones. "I've seen your picture. You're at the old city hall."

The young man plunged headlong into the trap.

"You have?" he exclaimed delightedly, "where, in the newspapers?"

"No," was the merry reply, "on a lobster can."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Drilling Chinese Soldiers.**

Yuan Shi Kai, the new viceroy of Chili, has brought over from Japan skilled officers to organize a military force. These Japanese, who dress in Chinese costume, are throwing themselves into the work with great vigor, and the next outbreak in China will find the troops of any foreign nation confronted with different material from that which was dispersed by the allied troops in the recent operations.

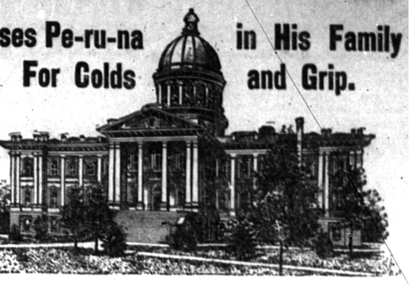
**Cathedral for Uganda.**

Uganda is to build a cathedral. For a foundation stone the gravestone of the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, who was killed by the Baganda some years ago, has been used. He was a graduate of Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as an athlete.

A woman's influence for good or evil is proverbial—for that reason a man usually blames her for his offences—


# GOVERNOR OF OREGON

## Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family For Colds and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

### A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

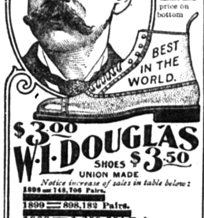
State of Oregon,
Executive Department,
Salem, May 9, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.




**$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50** UNION MADE

*Notice increase of sales in table below:*

1898 = 748,706 Pairs.
1899 = 898,182 Pairs.
1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.
1901 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

*Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.*

**THE REASONS:**

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world.

W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes placed side by side with $5.00 and $6.00 shoes of other makes, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary $3.00 and $3.50 shoes.

*Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo.* Fast Color Eyelets and Always Black Hooks Used.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled at any price.

Shoes by mail 25c. extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

### "YOUR MONEY IS NO GOOD"

and will be refunded to you if after using half a bottle of

THE FAMOUS

# MATT. J. JOHNSON'S 6088

## RHEUMATISM and BLOOD CURE

you are not satisfied with results.

This is our guarantee, which goes with every bottle.

For sale by first-class druggists or direct from manufacturers, Matt J. Johnson Co., 151 E. 6th St., St. Paul, Minn.

# PATENTS GUARANTEED

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Patent Lawyers Washington, D.C. Established 1861. Guide Book Free

**$20** A WEEK Straight salary and expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Mixture in country; year's contract; weekly pay. Address, with stamp, Monarch Mfg. Co., Box 1646 Springfield, Ill.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

When answering Ads. kindly mention this paper

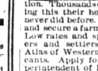
## CAPSICUM VASELINE

(PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all of your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

## WESTERN CANADA'S

Wonderful wheat crop for 1901 now the talk of the Commercial World is by no means phenomenal. The Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta are the most wonderful grain producing countries in the world. In stock raising they also hold the highest position. Thousands of Americans are annually making this their home, and they succeed as they never did before. Move Westward with the tide and secure a farm and home in Western Canada. Low rates and special privileges to homeseekers and settlers. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply for rates, &c., to F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Grieve, Sault Ste Marie, Mich., M. V. McInnes, No. 2, Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich., H. M. Williams, 227 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, or Joseph Young, 51½ State St., East, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.




## Burlington Route

Every day during March and April we shall sell

# Cheap Tickets To The Northwest

**Montana, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and N. W. Wyoming**

Our fast train service from Chicago to St. Paul, Billings, Mont., and Denver, and our system of Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) and Tourist Sleeping Cars—only $6 for a double berth Chicago to Pacific Coast—in addition to the regular Pullman cars, makes the Burlington Route the most comfortable and convenient way to the Northwest. Ask you nearest ticket agent about it or write me for a folder giving particulars.

P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent C. B. & Q. Ry. Chicago.

116


W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 9.—1902