THE DISCOVERER

Of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the Great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles or such hosts of grateful friends as has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhœa than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development.

Irregular, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yield to it. Womb troubles, causing pain, weight and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it invigorates the female system, and is as harmless as water.

It quickly removes that Bearing-down Feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues" and headache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures. Kidney Complaints and Backache, of either sex, the Vegetable Compound always cures

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

A Blood Purifier.

The simplest blood purifier is a sliced lemon, two tablespoonfuls of black currant preserve and ten red sage leaves to a quart of boiling water. Sweeten to taste and it is not disagreeable.

Helping Himself.

"We have quit waiting for prosperity," says an Arkansas editor, "and have bought an ax and gone to splitting rails."—Atlanta Constitution.

DID YOU

ever realize that no other business in the WORLD gives you equal credit on the amount you invest. For instance, you open an account with us with $5, this enables you to Buy or Sell stocks to the valuation of $20 to $1,000. Thus you are enabled to secure the profits to be made from investment of the above amount while in reality you only invest fifty dollars.

Accounts of larger size bring you corresponding benefit.

Write for our booklet, free.

A. C. MARTIN COMPANY,
(Incorporated.)
Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Provisions.
1040-1-2-3 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Salzer's National Oats

Greatest oat of the century. Yielded in Ohio 167, in Minn. 211, in Mo. 255, and in N. Dakota 320 bus. per acre. You can beat that record in 1905.

For 10c and this notice

we mail you free lots of farm seed samples and our big catalog, telling all about this oat wonder and thousands of other seeds.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
La Crosse, Wis.

Mapl-Flake

is a welcomed change for a tired stomach.

MEXICAN
Mustang Liniment
is a positive cure for Piles.

ALWAYS CALL FOR A CIGAR BY ITS NAME

"CREMO"

MEANS MORE THAN ANY OTHER NAME

BROWN BANDS GOOD FOR PRESENTS

"Largest Seller in the World."

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

Languages of India.

Among the 146 distinct languages spoken in British India are some possessing only a few hundred words, others rivaling English, as Dr. Grierson says, or Russian, as I would say, in their copiousness; some in which every word is a monosyllable, others in which some are elongated by agglutination till they run to ten syllables, like da-pai-i-ocho-akan-taken-taetin-a-ee—a Soutail word meaning: "He who belongs to him who belongs to me will continue letting himself be made to fight." Some of these divers tongues lack verb and noun, others are as complex and systematic as Greek and Latin.—Nineteenth Century.

15 YEARS OF TORTURE.

Itching and Painful Sores Covered Head and Body—Cured in Week By Cuticura.

"For fifteen years my scalp and forehead was one mass of scabs, and my body was covered with sores. Words cannot express how I suffered from the itching and pain. I had given up hope when a friend told me to get Cuticura. After bathing with Cuticura Soap and applying Cuticura Ointment for three days, my head was as clear as ever, and to my surprise and joy, one cake of soap and one box of ointment made a complete cure in one week. (signed) H. B. Franklin, 717 Washington St., Allegheny, Pa."

Gulls Destroy Herring Fry.

A scientist told the Belfast Natural History Society that there are two million gulls in the United Kingdom, and during the herring season each consumes 200 fry a day. If all the fry reached maturity they would be worth £24,000,000.

Interesting News.

It will interest all readers of this paper to hear that at last a genuine cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Headache and Biliousness has been found in Dr. Caldwell's (laxative) Syrup Pepsin. It is a pleasant, tonic purifying syrup, with a mild action and no bad after-effects. Sold by all druggists at 50c and $1.00. Money back if it fails.

Photography for Prisoners.

Photography lessons for prisoners, says the report of the prison commissioners for Scotland, have been attended with very successful results.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists', 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ask the average man where he got his umbrella and he will hesitate before replying.

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

If men could read each other's minds there would be a radical change in thinking.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

No human character can ripen or sweeten without the sunshine of love.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy gave me prompt relief from Dyspepsia of 30 years' standing."—R. T. Trowbridge, Rutland, N. Y.

Few men who take a better half prepare for the worst.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

With the exception of chocolate creams there is nothing so sweet to a girl as love's young dream.

LAFITTE of LOUISANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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CHAPTER XVI.

As she looked about her, in the tangled and shadowy forest, where the night was already coming darkly, a dew terror arose within her, and she sought to return by the way she had come, but this was only to find her steps cut off by still denser masses of forest growth. Even as she stood hesitating, there came a faint cry, like that of a child, and a rush of hopefulness thrilled her at the thought of something human being near in the gloom and oppressive stillness.

Then there fell upon her a freezing terror, as she suddenly recalled the slaves telling recently of a panther's voice having been heard at night, near the settlement; and she remembered that they had likened it to the crying of a child.

Trembling with fright, she stood, glancing about in terror, wondering which way to turn, when another sound came faintly. It was a sound she had heard before, and one no hearer could ever forget; a short, quick bark, followed by a prolonged howl—the cry of the timber wolf.

Gathering her draperies closely, she sprang forward again, all color gone from the dainty little face, now ashen with fear, against which the bushes and low branches beat unmercifully. Again and again the fiendish cry rang out, to be succeeded by another, and then another, as if the first call had summoned a multitude of wolves to the chase. But, for all her dainty femininity, she had a man's heart for courage in the face of danger; and, as she still kept on, with clenched hands and panting breath, a small cabin showed in a clearing before her.

A new strength came to her at sight of this refuge, and she rushed toward it, to find only an untenanted ruin, with its door fallen from the hinges.

But she saw upon the floor a large iron ring, which indicated the entrance to a cellar; and, seizing this, she pulled at it with all her strength.

A small section of the floor lifted, creaking on rusted hinges, and dashing wildly through dust and cobwebs that rose with it, she plunged into the shallow opening, earth-walled and floored, the dust filling her eyes and nostrils, and half-choking her, as she panted sobbingly for breath.

He stood before her, speechless.

A few moments later she grew cold with an agony of apprehension, when she heard the noise of her pursuers' feet upon the flooring over her head, and their snuffling at the cracks in the cellar door. How long it lasted she scarcely knew, cramped as she was in the darkness, aching, throbbing—half-swooning, with the dreadful creatures howling and snarling above her head; how long it was before the baying of beagles, faint at first, sounded in her ears.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, growing strong and clear; and then she heard the shouting of voices.

This brought a new fear—for might not these come from those fully as much to be feared as were the wolves? The island, as she knew, was several miles long; and she had always known that it held others besides her grandfather's household.

She listened tremblingly, a new dread encompassing her as the voices of the beagles now broke out close to the cabin. Then there was a rushing sound, followed by an uproar indicating a fierce struggle. At length the combat seemed to surge through the cabin door, and a voice which she recognized as that of black Zebo, one of her grandfather's most trusted slaves, shouted, "Dar goes de last debbil, makin' for de woods! Shoot him, boys —shoot eb'ry hide yer can see!"

Roselle called to him, but her voice sounded faint and unnatural to her own ears. Then the door was lifted, and the blinding light of a torch flashed in her face.

"Take me out; take me home!" she cried, raising her arms appealingly, while she sobbed like a terrified child.

A man's voice, one she was too bewildered to recognize, answered her. "Little Rose—my precious little Island Rose!"

A husky, shaking voice murmured these words against her ear, where she felt the pressure of warm lips.

"Ah, thank God, I have thee safe again!"

The touch and the words struck sharply through her benumbed senses; and with a cry of affright, she struggled to free herself.

"What is it?" asked Lafitte, now speaking firmly and quickly. "Are you hurt, child—are you injured in any way?"

"Do not—do not!" the girl commanded, now uncovering her face, and looking up at him with an angry light sparkling in her eyes. "How dare you?"

Drawing back a step, Lafitte stared at her in amazement, until suddenly recalling what Nato had told him a short time before, and realizing that what he had then feared was indeed true, he stood before her speechless, a new agony growing in his pale face.

For a moment she met his eyes unflinchingly. Then, dropping her own, turned from him with a shudder, as she said coldly, "I wish to be taken to the house, Captain——"

She stopped as if checked at the thought of uttering his name.

"In a moment, mademoiselle," he answered with the cool courtesy he would have shown a stranger. "Your grandpere has been alarmed on your account. He had sent for you to come and bid me adieu; and then, when your absence was discovered, it was quite late."

She said nothing, nor did he, for the space of a full minute. Then, with his face turned to the darkness outside, he resumed:

"If the day may ever come when you can think of me with less condemnation, remember always what I tell you now. I do not, nor can I ever, blame you. And, if I can ever serve you, you have but to commandment, always and forever."

Some of the slaves, who had returned from the hunt, now sent up a joyous shout at sight of their "lil' Ma'm'selle" unhurt; and, rising, she smiled upon them as they gathered around her.

Two of them, under Lafitte's direction, made a seat of their interlocked hands, and bearing her between them, set out for the house, with flaring torches lighting the way.

* * * * * * *

The proclamation of Gov. Claiborne resulted in inducing Count de Cazeneau to return to his New Orleans home earlier than usual; and Lafitte's house in the city was closed, while a trusted negro overseer was left in charge of the blacksmith shop, with orders to say that his master had gone away upon matters of business.

It was to Grande Terre that Pierre had gone, feeling that a time was near at hand for the joining of issues between his confreres and the government, and wishing, as always, to share the fortunes of his foster brother.

On the western shore of Grande Terre, with several miles of forest lying between it and De Cazeneau's house, was the so-called "fort" of the Barataria, standing upon a grassy eminence dotted with magnificent live oaks, and terminating at a bluff not many feet above the sea.

It consisted of a fair-sized building and several smaller ones, all of wood, enclosed within a stockade; and a few cannon protected the fleet—now consisting of two brigantines, some small schooners and sloops, and a large number of smaller craft—anchored in the harbor at the rear of the island.

Outside the stockade were many huts, constructed of logs, and with thatched roofs, where were always domiciled a small army of Lafitte's retainers, while he—when at Grande Terre—and a few of his sub-leaders had their quarters inside.

Shell Island, already mentioned, up one of the almost inaccessible bayous, was his most frequent abode, where he kept about him only a few devoted followers; and here, amid impenetrable forests, was conducted the building of vessels.

War between the United States and Great Britain had been waging for a year or more; but it had not yet threatened Louisiana, nor had any preparations been made at New Orleans to resist an attack from the enemy.

But, in the summer of 1812, occurred the horrible massacre at Fort Mims, in the Mississippi valley, occupied by some two hundred and seventy persons, many of them women and children, of whom all but seventeen were put to death by the Creeks, one of the tribes which the English had won over for allies.

Gov. Claiborne had foreseen this threatened peril, but was powerless to avert it, for his forces were few and scattered, while the Indians seemed innumerable, and moved with wonderful activity. But the governor did all in his power to restore confidence; and not long afterward Gen. Jackson utterly destroyed the Creeks at Talladega.

"My heart may be telling me wrongfully, Pierre," Jean said, as the two sat talking in their abode at Grande Terre—a cabin outside, but luxurious within, "but I have a feeling that if I now go to the emperor I may find the opportunity for serving him; and that this may prove to him the love that has never died."

"Perhaps," answered Pierre, hesitatingly. "But what is it that makes you think you may be of service to the emperor and France?"

"To say truth, I have no idea that is definite; but I feel an irresistible inclination to go, and see if the opportunity offers."

"If you should find service over there—then what?"

"Why," replied Jean, "then you can wind up our matters here, and come over to join me. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? That is assuredly what I would do, if—" and Pierre hesitated for an instant—"I could."

"And what can prevent?"

"In such a case," Pierre replied deliberately, "there would be a valuable cargo to come with me, and watchful enemies here to blind. Then possibly, or most probably, by summer or fall, with the English vessels patrolling the waters around us, the safe getting away might not be so easy a matter."

"Summer and fall are not now," was the peracular declaration; "and by the time they come, it may be that the English will have been made to slink home again, as once before."

"I don't feel at all sure as to that," Pierre commented, as he rose to cover the embers upon the hearth. Then, turning to Jean, he continued, as though there had been no interruption, "I tell thee, lad, that Louisiana has always possessed a great attraction for Great Britain."

"Grant it," said Jean, rising and stretching himself. "Then all the more reason why, in case they succeed in obtaining it, that we should wish to live somewhere else."

"Ah, but I am not saying that they will rule here!" exclaimed Pierre, with a showing of anger at thought of the possibility suggested by Jean's words. "God forbid!"

"Amen to that," said Jean, laughing at the quick change in his foster-brother's manner and look; and they soon parted for the night.

It was a bright morning in May that the "Black Petrel," with Jean Lafitte and a picked crew, and bearing a cargo of rich merchandise, sailed from Barataria; and Pierre, his heart filled with lonelimess and misgivings, sat on the bluff, watching her sails until they melted away on the horizon.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT THE AGE OF A CROW.

A Tag Would Indicate That One Lived More Than Twenty Years.

A farmer living near Orrville, Ohio, says a correspondent of the Toronto Globe, has just received a much-prized little aluminum plate marked as follows: "Return to George McCarren, Orrville, O," with which an interesting story is connected.

George McCarren, Sr., father of the man whose name is on the billet of aluminum, was an eccentric naturalist and spent much time in the study of birds and insects. During McCarren's youth, about twenty years ago, he says he remembers being told by his father, the elder McCarren, of a dispute the latter had with a fellow naturalist at Akron, Ohio, as to the age to be attained by a common crow, and finally, to settle the matter, McCarren attached an aluminum tag to the crow captured in the fields and sent the bird forth with the plate securely fastened to its neck by wires. The legend on the plate requested the finder to return it to McCarren in case anything should happen to the bird.

As McCarren, Jr., remembers it, the two men made a bet as to whether the plate would be returned within twenty years. If the crow were killed or died they counted on the little billet being found and returned to the address on the plate. If this were not returned they believed it would be sufficient evidence that the bird would be still alive. McCarren bet that the plate would not be returned within that time; hence he won the bet. The crow was killed by a farmer boy named Angers in Holmes county last week, and the billet returned to the son of the better, the elder McCarren having died before he could realize the proceeds and the satisfaction of winning his wager. The little billet is highly prized by the McCarrens as a memento of the father's eccentricity.

IS AN INTELLIGENT PLANT.

How Wild Fig Tree in Mexico Spreads Its Kind.

Among all the forms of vegetable life in the Mexican tropics the wild fig trees are the most remarkable, says the Geographic Magazine. Some of them show such apparent intelligence in their readiness to meet emergencies that it is difficult not to credit them with powers of volition.

In tropics, where the wild figs flourish, there is a constant struggle for life among numberless species of plants. Certain of the wild figs appear to have learned this and provide a fruit which is a favorite food for many birds; then an occasional seed is dropped by a bird where it finds lodgement in the axil of a palm frond high in the air.

There the seed takes root and is nourished by the little accumulation of dust and vegetable matter. It sends forth an aerial root, which creeps down the palm, sometimes coiling about the trunk on its way. When this slender, cordlike rootlet reaches the ground it secures a foothold and becomes the future trunk of the fig tree.

Egg of Captive Rattlesnake.

One of a boxful of four rattlesnakes sent to Fred Kempel from California three or four days ago laid an egg, which is said to be almost without precedent, as snakes in captivity never breed.

The egg is only a little smaller than a hen's egg, and the small rattler can be plainly seen curled up inside of the opaque membrane. It is expected to hatch within a day or two. Few naturalists have ever been able to locate the eggs of the rattlesnake, owing to the fact that the snake is exceedingly torpid at the time, and seeks the bottom of its hole, so as not to be prey for the birds, which attack it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Gotham's Child Labor Evils.

Robert Hunter, the wealthy head worker of the university settlement in New York city, declares that despite the child labor law, and undetected by the labor inspectors, there is one factory in which are at work 200 children under 14 years of age. In another factory, he adds, one boy 9 years of age was employed; his sister, at the age of 7, and a younger brother, 4 years old, earning 19 cents a day. In another place a girl of 3 was at work.

CAUGHT BY THE GRIP—RELEASED BY PE-RU-NA.

"The World of Medicine Recognizes Grip as Epidemic Catarrh."—Medical Talk.

La Grippe Is Epidemic Catarrh.

It spares no class or nationality. The cultured and the ignorant, the aristocrat and the pauper, the masses and the classes are alike subject to la grippe. None are exempt—all are liable.

Grip is well named. The original French term, la grippe, has been shortened by the busy American to read "grip."

Without intending to do so, a new word has been coined that exactly describes the case. As if some hideous giant with awful grip had clutched us in its fatal clasp.

Men, women, children, whole towns and cities are caught in the baneful grip of a terrible monster.

Have you the grip? Or, rather, has the grip got you? If so, read the following letters.

These testimonials speak for themselves as to the efficacy of Peruna in cases of la grippe or its after-effects:

A Southern Judge Cured.

Judge Horatio J. Goss, Hartwell, Ga., writes:

"Some five or six years ago I had a very severe spell of grip which left me with systemic catarrh.

"A friend advised me to try your Peruna, which I did and was immediately benefited and cured. The third bottle completed the cure."—H. J. Goss.

Cured in a Few Weeks.

Miss Jean Cowgill, Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., is the leading lady with the Aubrey Stock Co. She writes the following:

"During the past winter of 1901, I suffered for several weeks from a severe attack of grip, which left a serious catarrhal condition of the throat and head.

"Some one suggested Peruna. As a last resort, after wasting much time and money on physicians, I tried the remedy faithfully, and in a few weeks was as well as ever."—Jean Cowgill.

Saved by Pe-ru-na.

Hon. James R. Guill is one of the oldest and most esteemed men of Omaha, Neb. He has done much to make it what it is, serving on public boards a number of times. He endorses Peruna in the following words:

"I am 68 years old, am hale and hearty and Peruna has helped me attain it. Two years ago I had la grippe—my life was disparied of. Peruna saved me."—J. R. Guill.

Behind the Age.

New clerk (anxious to show his shrewdness)—Mr. Selfcast, I have an idea. Put a little more lead into your weights. Then your customers will get overweight, and when they deal elsewhere they'll think other grocers are cheats. You can make up by adulterating the goods a little. Grocer—The goods are adulterated to the utmost limit already. Now skip down cellar and bring up another lot of Maine herring for sardines, and a gross or two of cottonseed oil for olive.—New York Weekly.

10,000 Plants for 10c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes.

Salzer Seeds have a national reputation as the earliest, finest, choicest the earth produces. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
1,000 splendid Onions,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 10c POSTAGE,

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of the earliest Sweet Corn on earth—Salzer's Fourth of July—fully 10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, etc., etc. [W. N. U.]

Taking No Chances.

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," she exclaimed, "but I am going to be on the safe side and shoot." As he lay on his convalescent bed he no longer claimed that women do not use judgment.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

And poor Eve died without being able to join the Daughters of anything!

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. *Ask to-day.*

When a man doesn't feel well he always says he has been working too hard.

The fool thinks he's awfully wise, and the wise fears he's an awful fool.

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. Wells & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

Afflicted with sore eyes, use | **Thompson's Eye Water**

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE **KEMP'S BALSAM** THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

Are You Deaf?

"THE WAY" EAR DRUMS will make you hear. The most perfect device for the relief of deafness ever known. Geo. P. Way, the inventor of these drums, now hears perfectly after 25 years of deafness. I will gladly tell my own experience for the benefit of those who are deaf. Write me to-day.
GEO. P. WAY, 226 Valpey Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

CELERY KING NATURE'S CURE

Eat Good Food

Don't take to eating invalids' food and going without the good things of life because constipation has disordered your stomach. Celery King, the tonic-laxative, regulates the bowels and keeps them right. It costs 25c.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

THE FARMERS of the Free Homestead Lands of Western Canada Carry the banner for yields of wheat and other grains for 1904.

100,000 FARMERS
receive 255,000,000 as a result of their Wheat Crop alone.

The returns from Oats, Barley and other grains, as well as cattle and horses, add considerably to this.

Secure a Free Homestead or buy Railway Lands from some suitable dealer while lands are selling at present low prices.

Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—W. H. Rogers, Box B, Bijou Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste Marie, Michigan.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

THE KATY FLYER FROM KANSAS CITY

The M. K. & T. Ry has inaugurated a new fast train from Kansas City to Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas points. This train leaves Kansas City at 3:30 a. m., daily, arriving at all the principal Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas points the same day. There are now three daily trains from Kansas City Southwest via "The Katy"—3:30 a. m., 12:35 noon, and 7:00 p. m. Ask the agent or write

MK&T **"KATY"** ST. LOUIS, MO.