PERUNA PRAISED.

MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

Box 331, DeGraff, Ohio.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—

I was a *terrible sufferer* from *pelvic weakness* and had *headache continuously.* I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband.

I wrote you and described my condition as nearly as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles of it and was completely cured. I think *Peruna a wonderful medicine* and have recommended it to my friends with the very best of results.

Esther M. Milner.

Very few of the great multitude of women who have been relieved of some pelvic disease or weakness by Peruna ever consent to give a testimonial to be read by the public.

There are, however, a few courageous self-sacrificing women who will for the sake of their suffering sisters allow their cures to be published.

Mrs. Milner is one of these. In her gratitude for her restoration to health she is willing that the women of the whole world should know it. A chronic invalid brought back to health is no small matter. Words are inadequate to express complete gratitude.

A GRATEFUL LETTER TO DR. HARTMAN

Tortoise Surprised the Cook.

The tortoise is a great sleeper. One was a domestic pet in an English house, and when his time for hibernating came he selected a corner of the dim coal cellar for his winter quarters. A new cook was engaged soon after who knew nothing of tortoises. In a few months the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm. On entering that department, the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awestruck wonder, and exclaiming with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at the stone which I've broken the coal wi' a' winter!"

DOCTOR DESPAIRED

Anæmic Woman Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Recommends the Pills to All Others Who Suffer.

Anæmia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anæmia as food cures hunger. That's why Mrs. Thomas J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N. J., will says:

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anæmia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything. Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst.

"Before very long after I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headaches, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended the pills to lots of my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CURES CONSTIPATION

Relief that comes from the use of pills or other cathartics is better than suffering from the results of constipation, but relief and cure combined may be had at the same price and more promptly, for

Lane's Family Medicine

is a cure for constipation, and the headache, backache, sideache and general debility that come from constipation stop when the bowels do their proper work.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

There is no satisfaction heaner than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING BLACK OR YELLOW On sale everywhere

A TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA

SICK or Nervous Headache cured instantly. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. Free sample at druggists or by mail. Sent 2-cent stamps and address, Manager, Specialty Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

She only said: "I understand," and they went on in silence to where the horse was tethered by the wayside. The old gig, its dusty sides flapping in the wind, stretched empty shafts, like long, hungry arms, across the road. Lavender climbed into the seat to await the return of Gonzaga, who had taken the horse to drink from the hollow log at the rear of the church. Alone and unobserved, Lavender drew the slip of paper from the little black bag that hung at her waist. Through tears which dimmed the scrawling characters she read the words:

"She will be there; she needs you; come secretly—I ask this favor by my double right. Belle Price."

Unnoticed she sat apart from the crowd which was dispersing now with zest and banter.

Unnoticed—save by two men, who, starting to walk to the village, looked back, and stopped at sight of her. Winslow shaded his eyes. Even at this distance he recognized the graceful heap of muslin in the dusty gig. He stared long, but said nothing, and made no move in her direction.

"My brother will not go, then?" for Owatoga had divined his master's indecision—knew his desire to join her whom his eyes held thus in mute gaze, admiring, tender.

To his surprise, the answer was sudden, vehement. "No, Owatoga, I will not go. It would only make me feel more the fool of fortune when that Spanish bravo bluster up with his air of ownership. Some day, I shall find out why he dares."

"Owatoga knows," said the Indian, oracularly.

Winslow looked up. "You think it is because of what the preacher said? He thinks to marry her?"

Then as if the other gravely nodded: "Let his thoughts beguile him, then," and a harsh laugh grated through the shut teeth. "He shall never have her! We must prevent it, Owatoga; he must not marry her," and he turned swiftly down the road with futile anger in his heart.

He failed to note that the Indian did not follow. Intent upon his unhappy thoughts, he did not hear the significant repetition of his words: "He must not have her," with which Owatoga went back—straight to the girl in the wagon.

At the Indian's approach, she slipped the yellow envelope with its—to her—ominous revelation, again into the silk bag.

"Good morning, Owatoga. I feared you were not going to grant me as much as a nod of your feather to-day," she said, with forced lightness.

But he had no time to waste in pleasantry; the Spaniard might return at any moment. He placed one great

"HE SHALL NOT HAVE HER! WE MUST PREVENT IT, OWATOGA."

tawny hand on the dash-board, and his eyes were on a level with her own. "The white maiden come with yonder one?" and he pointed down the way the Spaniard had taken.

Lavender bowed without speaking. "The white maid will be with him—always?"

To gain time, she feigned ignorance of his meaning. "Be with him?" she echoed; inquiringly, and he repeated: "He will take the white maid for his squaw?"

Lavender winced, and her laugh was high and forced, as she replied: "We do not call it that; we say 'wife.'"

"It is the same," the other insisted. Then as she had not answered him: "You will be his wife?" he demanded, sternly.

There was a moment's hesitation, while Lavender stared into the woods opposite. Just then her hand touched the silken bag, and the paper she had crushed into it startled a reminder. This was the feather in the scale. She raised her head. "Yes," and she met his stolid gaze defiantly. To her surprise, he only said, with utmost irrelevance: "Come with me—Owatoga has something to show." Then as she hesitated. "It is a boon Owatoga craves; he would take a walk with the white maiden," and his stern mouth relaxed in a half smile. And, indeed, why not? She had often taken long walks with him as guide, and he was ever faithful, interesting. Besides, it suited her to defer mood to be absent when Gonzaga should return.

She extended her hand. Owatoga assisted her to the ground, and led the way at once into the forest—a dense cavern to the south. On he strode into the heart of the wood, nor paused until the river lay before them—a great glass imaging the sky. She gave a gasp of delight. "Oh, the view; it is indeed beautiful."

She stood on a gentle rise of ground, with the Missouri rolling its muddy torrent at her feet. Silent, secret-burdened it lay, a Sphinx, with giant pawns of sand encroaching on the world about it.

"And you brought me to see the view, Owatoga? It is so lovely, so vivid! But I am tired, I shall take time to rest a moment," and she caught up the folds of her muslin dress, looking about for a seat. This was Owatoga's opportunity. "Sit in the boat; see, Owatoga has it ready," and from a sheltering cove he dragged a light, strong canoe. Back in the shadows was another—a smaller boat. She laughed. "Why, you have a whole fleet at hand."

The shrewd eyes narrowed, and he replied, with a grunt of hidden meaning: "The other is for him." Then giving her no time for question, he pointed again to the boat he had first dragged forth. "Sit." A cushion in the stern looked most inviting; the boat was apparently secure on the beach. Into it she sprang, seating herself with a sigh of comfort. "There! the view is charming; the seat is soft. I am not in danger of being made love to—altogether, I am quite—why, Owatoga, what are you doing?" for the latter had given the light skiff a vigorous push. It grated a moment on the sand, then off on the river's turbid crest, with the Indian at the oars. The girl gave one glance at the ever-increasing passage of water between her and the shore, then sprang to her feet in a panic. But the dangerous rocking of the boat recalled her, and she sank to the cushion, calm—but with a face blanched to the whiteness of the foam that curled in their wake.

"What does this mean? Is it a trick—a jest?"

"No jest—going to the old man's; he is Owatoga's friend. He will take the white maid; he will not let her be the squaw of the yellow man."

Owatoga's friend? But no, it could not be; he would not call Winslow an "old man." His mysterious manner, his words, were—and she knew it—his rapid rowing away from shore, tended to unnerve her, but she made great effort to hide her fear. Leaning forward, she placed one hand playfully on the oar-lock, and said: "Let us go back now. Senor Gonzaga will be waiting."

"He will have long to wait," was the disheartening reply. A shiver passed over her; the hot wind was a breath of ice; a clammy hand on her brow. Then she mastered the horror, and only two helpless tears betrayed the struggle.

"You frighten me, Owatoga, yet I know you would do me no harm. Explain, then, why we are going—why you are taking me away." There was command and pleading in the voice; he responded by a less rapid rowing, and a falling inflection. "Not away with Owatoga; more safe than with that other." The dilated nostrils and contemptuous curve of the wide mouth conveyed plainly the speaker's opinion of his master's rival.

Lavender was beginning to understand. "Then you wish to take me away from Senor Gonzaga?" Yes; this is the only way," and he seemed to gather fresh vigor with his words, and tugged stronger at the oars.

When they came in sight of the scattered cabins of St. Charles, a new hope sprang in her heart. "You are taking me to the villager." For answer the Indian rowed harder toward midstream.

Soon all human habitation was left far behind; the two were alone on the wide river.

As calmly as possible, Lavender explained that her worst alarm was for her mother; of the anxiety she would feel. And the other said—less gruffly than he had yet spoken: "Owatoga has thought of that; he has told all to the woman at the inn; she will tell them that the maid is safe with Owatoga." Again: "It is the only way; trust Owatoga." he repeated, with monotonous insistence.

And she did trust him. She could not lose faith in the man who had been their friend for so long. And they had ever found him faithful. If, then, as he said, her mother's anxiety would be relieved, the chief had was lifted from her heart. Whatever was his reason for taking her away—freak, whim, or savage fancy, she felt sure it would not be for long, and, above all, she need have no personal fear. This security was much; it helped her to bear the suspense and fatigue. Dumb and fearless, she watched the shores glide by; the southern bank a vague blur of bluffs, tree-topped. The canoe now hugged the northern side so close it seemed she could almost wade ashore. They were rowing westward, and once Owatoga said: "We follow the sun; he, too, will rest soon."

She gave a start. "You must turn back before sunset," but the savage rowed on unheeding.

The afternoon wore away, and still he plied a tireless oar.

At length Lavender nerved herself to ask: "Does your friend—the man you call 'master'—does he know you have taken me away?" The man shook his head. "My master knows nothing." After a pause he added: "He only said: 'The yellow man must not have her.' He did not say more. What could Owatoga do? There was no other way."

"Then he knows nothing of this?" The Indian shook his head. "He can trust Owatoga." And this was the burden of his speech, and it vaguely cheered her.

Later she ventured the question: "Shall we not land soon?" "At the swamp where grow the tamaracks." She shivered at the gloomy prospect—which was not relieved when he added: "We are going to the old man of the woods."

But though she met with only frowning silence when she asked definite questions, he was considerate of her physical comfort. He had brought an extra cushion and a heavy blanket, and, arranging them in the bottom of the boat, bade her lie down. But she declined, sitting bolt upright, with a tense look of alarm that seemed to touch her companion's pity. He murmured now and then a phrase in his own tongue that gave her encouragement and cheer, though in the words themselves lay no meaning.

When at last the land was low and swampy, and the horizon serrated with tamaracks, the Indian turned the boat shoreward. A cold breeze sprang as the sun sank. The girl, crouching dependent over the boat's edge, shivered. To her the river was gloomy enough; the land worse—that gray land darkening now with twilight shadows where all nameless evils might lurk, brooded over by gaunt tamaracks and a starless sky.

At the sound of sand against the keel she gave a nervous scream. Owatoga rose, extending a hand to help her, but she sank back, overcome at last, her frame convulsed with a strong sobbing.

Her companion stood motionless—perplexity and distress on his dark face. Then he crept softly to his knees beside her, and his voice—usually gruff and harsh—was softened by pity and affection. "The white maiden must not weep; she will be safe—the Great Spirit hears Owatoga swear it. The old man is good; he will be kind to her."

These and more disjointed sentences he kept repeating in time to the soothing lap of waves that rocked the canoe. The tears seemed to relieve her overcharged heart. Owatoga's words and manner, too, had effect. With men almost tranquil, she rose and sat on the bank, while he disposed of the canoe in a near-by cove. She even laughed a little when he set about preparation for supper. He had brought in his game bag some cold cornbread and scraps of dried venison. "Eat," he commanded, and spread them before her. A flask of elderberry wine completed this unique feast, which laid on the ground, with plantain leaves for vessels, and this tawny savage for cupbearer, was unreal, fantastic. It was dark when they finished the meal to which Lavender brought the appetite which, in youth, follows fasting, in spite of grief or care.

With the darkness came a creepy feeling. "It is night, Owatoga," she said, simply, but there was a world of dismay and reproach in her tone.

The reply came promptly. "We will soon be with the old man. See," and he led her to a little opening in the grove. She followed the direction of his finger, but at first could see nothing. Before them lay a few yards of muddy, weed-grown soil; at its farther edge a rise of ground covered with thick growth of scrub oaks and sumach. Finally in the semi-darkness, she discerned a dark blue reek of smoke curling at the base of the hill; then a faint light, and the outlines of a cabin or rude shack. She gave a gasp of pleasure; here was light and fire—here was a hearth—a home!

Owatoga gave a grunt of triumph. "There is the hut of the old man of the woods—let us go." From the leeward they approached. "The old man has a nose like the deer," Owatoga whispered, as they slipped quietly over the boggy ground to the hut—a half-faced cabin of the rudest construction.

The roof, which sloped from front to back, was of skins stretched on stakes, and fastened to a large log at the base of the hill. The front was uninclosed, and before it smouldered a low fire. Upon this a man, rising from the background, threw an armful of fagots, which, as they blazed, revealed the interior. Picturesque, primeval it looked in the fitful light, the moss depending from cracks in the sides; the skins scattered about; the bed of leaves in the corner.

And for the man himself, this was a fit setting. He stood, both hands behind him, gazing at the fire. Of athletic proportions, a giant in stature, only the seamed brow and snow-white hair told of the storm and stress of years. He was dressed in the shirt, leggings and moccasins of the hunter. A cap of skins was pushed far back from his massive head, though giving free range to the wary eyes.

Instinct seemed to warn him of the presence of strangers, for he listened intently for a moment, looking askance into the thicket near; then backed slowly to where his rifle rested against a tree, evidently forgot and watching him started as the Indian, who was close at her side, gave a cry, shrill and sharp, like the hoot of an owl. The man by the fire brought the gun to his shoulder, and the gleaming barrel was aimed directly at the spot where they stood in the darkness.

"Wait—stay here" her guide commanded, and alone he stalked boldly forward, repeating the owl's cry—this time with a peculiar intonation. The hunter at once relaxed his alarmed attitude, and, resting easily on his rifle, returned the signal, and stood, apparently awaiting Owatoga's approach.

By the glow of the campfire Lavender could see the meeting of the two men. Both were tall, both seeming of age, save for the Indian's raven hair and the other's white as the heron's wing. Both dark—one with the blood of an alien race, the other with more than half a century of forest sun and snow.

For a few moments they talked, then Owatoga returned. "The old man waits for you," he said, and, signing her to follow, led the way to the fire. From out its circle the hunter stepped and extended his hand, as the girl went timidly up to him. His voice and manner were full of hospitable intent, and with the simple words: "You are welcome, girl," he brought a low stool near the fire, yet out of its light.

Though Lavender had dreaded meeting this stranger, she found it in the calm strength of his presence—easy to talk, and in a few words told her story. "Now, sir, you know why upon you is thrust the shelter of a helpless woman." The old man laughed low. "Owatoga tells me he would not have you the 'squaw of the yellow man.' And tell me, will you, who is this 'yellow man?'"

Even in this dim light he could see that his guest flushed as she replied: "A Spaniard, sir—one Senor Gonzaga, to whom I am betrothed," she concluded, with sudden inability to parry truth with this man upon whose brow sat a fearless honesty.

"And Owatoga will not have you marry him?. I see, instead, he brought you for safe-keeping to the old man of the woods." Owatoga and I have been friends for many weeks; you see, we both love the forest, and in our ramblings have often met."

Then he turned to the Indian, who sat by, grim and satisfied: "And what is the 'old man' to do with her?"

(To Be Continued.)

A Delicate Undertaking.

"Do you admire frankness?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but I dislike unskilled attempts at it. It takes far more than the ordinary command of language for a person to say precisely what he means."—Evening Star.

MENTAL TELEGRAPH

BY ITS USE LOST PARTS OF MACHINERY WERE FOUND.

Civil Engineer Has Remarkable Experience While Building Road in India—Developed to a Wonderful Degree.

"Many persons deride the idea of mental telegraphy, but if they would spend a year or two in India, as I did, and work shoulder to shoulder with the educated East Indians they would cease their scoffing," said G. R. Scrugham, organization manager for the international policyholders' committee and one of the most prominent electric railway men in Ohio. "It is wonderful to what a degree of perfection those people over there have developed the faculty of wireless communication without the aid of any instrument other than their sensitive brains. They were using the wireless system over there centuries before Marconi and De Forest were born.

"Let me give you an instance in point, and it is only one of many which changed me from a skeptic to a convert. Several years ago, when I was in active work as a civil engineer with railroad construction as my specialty, I went to India to assist in building a line into the interior. We came to a heading where the use of rock drills, of the tripod style you see in use here in New York in making excavations was absolutely necessary. This had been foreseen in the surveys made in advance of the construction work, and we had ordered a battery of those steam drills. Finally we worked right up to the place where we needed them, and we could not do much more effective work until we got them.

"I was in the office one day, fuming and fretting about those drills and wondering whether the steamship upon which they should have arrived had reached Calcutta and whether the drills were in her cargo, I asked one of my assistants if he had heard anything from Calcutta, which was many miles away. He replied in the negative. He had not even received advices that the steamship had arrived. I was turning away in disconsolate when one of the East Indians who had been assigned by the government to assist us, stepped forward. He was educated highly and spoke English fluently.

"Excuse me," he said, 'were you asking if the steamship had arrived?'

"'Yes—we are expecting several steam drills on her and cannot do much more work until we get them,' I replied.

"'She arrived this morning and the drills have been unloaded from her,' said the East Indian. 'They are on the pier now, but something seems to be missing from them. Are they funny looking things that stand on three legs?'

"I told him they were and showed to him a picture of one of the drills. He looked at it carefully and then replied:

"'Yes; they're what are in those long packages on the pier, but that part is missing from each of them.'

"He indicated an essential part in the body of the drill on the chart which was missing from each. At first I was inclined to regard what he said as a joke, but his seriousness impressed me. I instructed the operator to wire to Calcutta and ascertain what the condition was. In a little while he received a reply which corroborated everything the East Indian had told me, and, worst of all, that when the cases were opened it was discovered the parts were missing. That meant long delay, because the drills were worthless without the missing parts. In my dilemma I called the East Indian to me and said:

"'Can you tell me whether those missing parts were shipped with the drills?'

"Without hesitation he replied:

"'Yes; but they have not been taken from the ship.'

"'Where are they?' I inquired.

"'They are away down in the hold, beneath a lot of heavy bales which are going to be taken to another port,' he said, with perfect serenity of face.

"I summoned the telegraph operator and instructed him to wire our representative in Calcutta what the East Indian had told me. With that information I gave instructions that the bales in the hold should be removed and the missing drill parts got from beneath them. Within three hours I received a return message that my orders had been carried out and that the missing parts had been found exactly where the East Indian said they were concealed. In a few days thereafter the drills reached us and were put at work cutting into the rock in the heading. After that experience, and others like it, do you wonder that I believe in mental telegraphy as it is practiced in India by the educated East Indians?"

Consumption of Coffee.

According to the department of commerce and labor, during 1904 1,053,000,000 pounds of coffee were consumed in the United States, valued at $81,000,000.

ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Tommy—I like old Dr. Dosem.

Maggie—Why?

Tommy—Oh, he let's me stick out my tongue at him.

Tired, Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.

Mrs. Chester Curry

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition, and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the female organism.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the abdominal region, and between the shoulders; bearing-down pains, or dyspepsia and almost continually cross and snappy?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it comes to this fact.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Mrs. Chester Curry, Leader of the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, 42 Saratoga Street, East Boston, Mass., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For eight years I was troubled with extreme nervousness and hysteria, brought on by irregularities. I could neither enjoy life nor sleep nights. I was very irritable, nervous and despondent.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and proved to be the only remedy that helped me. I have daily improved in health until I am now strong and well, and all nervousness has disappeared."

Mrs. Charles F. Brown, Vice-President of the Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and nervousness, until it seemed as though I should fly. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was, and the wonderful results she derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I decided to try it. I did so, and at the end of three months I was a different woman. My nervousness was all gone, I was no longer irritable, and my husband fell in love with me all over again."

Women should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine that holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of female ills, and take no substitute.

Free Advice to Women.

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write to her for advice. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with female troubles enables her to advise you wisely, and her advice will change you nothing for her advice.

Plumage of the Bluebird.

Of the male bluebird Thoreau said: "He carries the sky on his back." To this John Burroughs added, "and the earth on his breast." The bird's back, wings and tail, chin and throat are a vivid blue, while his breast and flanks are a chestnut brown and his abdomen a dirty white. The female is very much duller in coloring, often having a reddish tone that extends from the middle of the back over the shoulder. The Seminole Indians say that the male bluebird once flew so high that his back rubbed against the sky, which imparted to him its own azure tint. Returning to earth, his wife so admired his new coat that she determined to have a like one for herself and the next morning flew away to get it, but the day proving somewhat cloudy, the color given to her dress was not so brilliant as was that received by her mate.

New Mercury Deposit.

A new mercury deposit is said to have been discovered at Wiedenschwine, in Carinthia, Austria, a little to the north of the district of Carniola, where similar deposits extend from Idria to Neumarkt. The deposit is thought to be extensive.

The New State of Oklahoma

Bigger than Missouri; as big as Ohio and Indiana combined, with a soil teeming with all the crops that any State raises, OKLAHOMA—the new State—is destined to occupy first rank in a few short years. Here at the present time over a million people are displacing the life which is going on in Illinois and Indiana. Their houses, their towns and their schools are newer but in nothing else do their surroundings differ from those in our States. Their cities and towns are growing and expanding with the impetus of a fertile soil, and a pushing, wide-awake citizenship. Her settlers, mainly from the older States, see the virtue of encouraging enterprises of every kind and the needfulness of getting more and better facilities; of getting more hands to develop the country.

In brief, conditions to-day are simply these: OKLAHOMA is in need of nothing save people. More men are needed in the cities and towns; more farmers for the great areas of unimproved land not now yielding crops of which it is capable. There are openings of all sorts, for farmers and artisans, for mills and manufacturing plants, for small stores of all kinds.

Your Opportunity Now

The opportune time is now while the land is cheap. The country is fast settling up. If you purchase land now you will soon see it row up around you a community of prosperous, energetic neighbors, like yourself, have seen the better possibilities of OKLAHOMA and have taken advantage of them.

On the First and Third Tuesdays

of each month you can make a trip to OKLAHOMA exceptionally cheap. Round trip tickets good thirty days will be sold at one fare plus $2 from all points in the M., K. & T. Ry. at very low rates. From Chicago to Oklahoma City and Guthrie, $18.65; from St. Paul, $26.35; from St. Louis, $15.30; from Kansas City, $12.35. The tickets permit of a diversion in both directions via M., K. & T. Ry. If your nearest railroad agent cannot give you the rates, write me for particulars.

W. S. ST. GEORGE
General Passenger Agent
M., K. & T. R'y
Wainwright Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

GEO. W. SMITH, 356 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM & ACHE
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents. Pamphlet free. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, Detroit, Mich.

90,000,000 BUSHELS

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

THAT'S THE WHEAT CROP IN WESTERN CANADA THIS YEAR

This with nearly 80,000,000 bushels of oats and 17,000,000 bushels of barley means a continuation of good times for the farmers of Western Canada.

Free farms, big crops, low taxes, healthy climate, good churches and schools, splendid railway service.

The Canadian Government offers 160 acres of land free to every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations.

Advice and information may be obtained free from W. D. Scott superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or from authorized Canadian Government agents—M. V. McInnies, 8 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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