## Mrs. Emma Stolt, of Appleton, Wisconsin.

*"A neighbor, advised me to use Peruna. I began to improve at once."*

MRS. EMMA STOLT.

Mrs. Emma Stolt, 1069 Oneida St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"Peruna has done me a great deal of good since I began taking it and I am always glad to speak a good word for it.

"Three years ago I was in a wretched condition with *backaches, bearing down pains*, and at times was so sore and lame that I could not move about. I had inflammation and irritation, and although I used different remedies they did me no good.

"A neighbor who had been using Peruna advised me to try it, and I am glad that I did. I began to improve as soon as I took it and I felt much better.

"I thank you for your fine remedy. It is certainly a *godsend to sick women.*"

**Catarrh of the Internal Organs.**

Miss Theresa Bertles, White Church, Mo., writes:

"I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and internal organs. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I never had a passage of the bowels without taking medicine. I was so tired mornings and ached all over. I had a pain in my left side, and the least exertion or excitement made me short of breath.

"Now, after taking Peruna for six months, I am as well as I ever was. Peruna has worked wonders for me. I believe Peruna is the best medicine in the world, and I recommend it to my friends."


**How Pat Got In.**

Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the Old South church, Boston, tells how a witty Irishman stood before the gate of the other world, asking for admission. St. Peter refused him, however, telling him he was too great a sinner to enter there, and bade him go away. The man went a little distance from the gate and then crowed three times like a rooster. St. Peter at once threw open the gate and cried out: "Come in, Pat! We'll let bygones be bygones!"—Lippincott's.

**One Extreme Or the Other.**

I have been more than lucky in the women I have met; a woman is always heaven or hell to a man—mostly heaven; she don't spend much of her time on the border-lines.—Walt Whitman in the American Magazine.

There is something bad in the best of us, and something good in the worst of us, but, good or bad, the worst and best of us is not all of us.


DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES BACKACHE

75 "Guaranteed"

**Tone Up With Good Paint**

It is good business to keep property "toned up."

A coat of PureWhite Lead paint not only makes things look better and gives them a higher selling value, but it makes things wear better and gives them a higher value for long wear.

Pure White Lead gives an opaque, durable coat that protects and preserves from the ravages of time and weather.

Prospective buyers of Pure White Lead have heretofore been subject to much attempted fraud in adulteration and substitution. You are now protected by the Dutch Boy trade mark which is found on the side of kegs containing only Pure White Lead, made by the Old Dutch Process. Look for the boy.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

(In whichever of the following cities is nearest you:)

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Lewis & Dox, Co.) Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will do all we claim for it, we will send her absolutely free a large full box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials, if your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE cleanses the vagina and heals mucous membrane of inflammations, such as nasal catarrh, sore throat and inflammation caused by feminine life, a sore eyes, sore throat, mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and results are quick and sure. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. Sold by druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT IS NOT ALL OF PAXTINE TO TRY IT, THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.


# Storming the Castle

**By Eleanor H. Porter**

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"But I'm determined to win you, Kathleen."

"As if you could against my will!"

"It won't be against your will—you'll wish it."

She raised her eyebrows in unbelief.

"I'll make myself so necessary to you that you can't help wishing it," he went on confidently.

"But I don't need you for—anything," she objected.

"Oh, but you may, you know," he smiled, imperturbably. "I'll be your knight and fight for you as in the olden time."

"I'm no princess shut up in a castle, Charlie," she retorted, all the more scornfully because his words had given her a curious little thrill. "The extent of your warfare thus far has been to procure me an ice or to bring me my fan," she went on, with up-tilted chin.

"Not very dragon-like obstacles, I acknowledge," he laughed back at her; "still—there's time yet, so long as the princess remains unwed," he finished, bringing his thin, clean-cut lips together decisively, as Kathleen turned away.

When Kathleen Randal had unexpectedly fallen heir to a small fortune, she immediately announced her intention of traveling.

"All my life," she declared laughingly, "I've been like Helen's Babies and have wanted to 'see the wheels go 'round'—if only they were car-wheels and taking me somewhere!" she supplemented. "Now I'm going to go—and go—and go, and see if I can't satisfy this longing that is devouring me."

"As If You Could Against My Will!"

It was but two days now before she, and the aunt who had been a mother to her all these years, would start on their journeyings. Trunks and tickets, plans and packing, filled the house with confusion and her soul with delirious joy; there was no time for Charlie Heywood and his love-making—love-making that had become trite in its periodic repetition ever since her pinafore days. That Charlie was young, good to look upon, rich, and altogether approved by her relatives, made it only worse—as if she could grow sentimental over her next-door neighbor, with whom she had made mudpies in her babyhood!

At the very outset of her journey, Kathleen seemed doomed to disappointment, for the stagecoach—her only means of transportation from the village to the railroad station five miles away—failed to call at her door, and disappeared far down the road in a cloud of dust.

"Why, Auntie—if they haven't left us!" cried Kathleen, dropping in limp dismay onto the piazza steps.

"Never mind; we'll go to-morrow," soothed Mrs. Howells.

"But the boat—oh, Auntie, we'll lose the boat!" walled the girl, springing to her feet in sudden realization of what the delay meant.

"Not gone yet?" called Heywood cheerfully, over the fence. "Old Abe's late this morning," he continued, with an airy innocence that gave no hint of his knowledge of the shameless bribe even then in Old Abe's pocket. "I was just going down to the station to see you off."

"Oh, Charlie, he's left us—we've lost the boat!" moaned Kathleen, wringing her hands.

"Not much, you haven't!" shouted Heywood over his shoulder, as he turned with suspicious promptness and ran towards the open stable door. "Here, jump in, both of you," he commanded a minute later, bringing his huge red automobile to a standstill before them.

"Oh, lovely, lovely!" gurgled Kathleen bundling Mrs. Howells into the back seat and leaping to beside her.

"Let's see—your baggage went last night, I believe," said Heywood—as if it had not gone at his own suggestion!

It was somewhat later that Heywood said musingly, as he held her hand fast.

"Hm-m, well, I don't know—an automobile is a pretty good substitute for a rusty sword."

"Don't be ridiculous," she returned with some dignity; then her eyes danced. "I'll take the auto every time, though!" she laughed, as she skipped up the car steps after her aunt.

Heywood gave a few short orders to the man beside the machine, caught the satchel from his hand, and swung himself onto the last car after the train had started.

Kathleen and her aunt had no trouble during the short journey to New York, nor in establishing themselves comfortably in their staterooms on board the boat; but the first three days at sea were very rough and the ladies scarcely left their berths. On the fourth day a clear blue sky and a warm sun enticed Kathleen into her steamer chair on deck. She had sat there half an hour in listless endurance of an uncomfortable position, when a low voice said in her ear:

"If you'll let me put this cushion at your head, and readjust your footrest, I think you'll be easier."

"Charlie Heywood."

"At your service."

"Why, how in the world—" she began delightedly, then her whole figure stiffened. "This is never going to do at all," she finished with decision.

Heywood busied himself with the cushion and the foot-rest and did not seem to hear.

"I am traveling with my aunt," she began again, with some asperity.

"Certainly!" he responded cheerfully, picking up her magazine for her. "There, now I am sure you will be more comfortable." And he bowed himself off.

All through the rest of the voyage Kathleen did not see him once, though she watched for him every day—first furtively, then resentfully.

When once again on land, Kathleen stood guard over her trunks and traveling-bags with a frowning face.

"Why can't they have checks over here and transfer one's baggage in a good, Christian manner?" she demanded wrathfully of her aunt.

"Suppose I attend to it for you," suggested Heywood at her elbow.

"Oh, then you are on earth!" returned Kathleen, a bit ungraciously, though a relieved look came into her eyes. The look remained until Heywood had seen them safe to their hotel then it changed to one very like regret as his form was lost to sight in the crowd.

"Er—ah—what's Charlie doing over here?" inquired Mrs. Howells, with the hesitation one always showed in asking Kathleen questions regarding Heywood.

"Business, he says," she replied, with a shrug of her shoulders.

In London Kathleen saw Heywood just twice more—once when she and her aunt lost their bearings on the Strand, again when he obtained for them permission to enter a certain palace which they wanted very much to see, and a third time when in a panic in a London theater made his presence something in the nature of a godsend.

"Charlie Heywood has a remarkable faculty of making his advent delightfully opportune!" observed Mrs. Howells, with a shrewd glance at Kathleen's face.

"Humph! it strikes me he's a little bit officious," retorted Kathleen, again trying to banish with scornfulness that curious thrill.

Kathleen had friends in Paris, and she danced and flirted and drove and shopped in an endless whirl of gayety.

Days passed. Save with the eye of her fancy, Kathleen had not once seen Heywood, though she looked for him at every turn. One afternoon, ignoring the fact that Paris is not New York, she slipped out alone for a short walk. She was strangely restless, and her feet flew faster and faster; even then, they seemed to her to be but crawling over the pavements. An hour passed and she turned to go back, but after another 60-minute walk, she awoke to a realization that she had lost her way.

"How stupid of me!" she murmured, biting her lips with annoyance.

She stopped to rest at a table in an open-air restaurant, but when a bejringed, bestudded man slipped into the seat at her left, she fled again to the sidewalk.

"You are looking for some one?" a voice at her side suggested.

A sudden throb of joy tingled to Kathleen's finger-tips.

"Go—go away!" she cried feebly, gloriying in the absolute certainty that the man wouldn't obey her.

"Right away—now?" he asked.

She nodded—but drew nearer to him.

"I—I'm tired of being rescued, Charlie," she laughed, hysterically.

He gave a keen glance at her flushed cheeks and hailed a carriage. He helped her in without speaking, gave an order to the driver, and seated himself at her side.

"How stupid of me—I never thought of a carriage," she quavered, brushing back the loose hair from her eyes. She stole a glance at the man's gloomy face, and a rose-pink flushed to her forehead. "Let me see," she went on softly, "an automobile, a cushion, a—a—"

"Don't!" he interrupted harshly.

"But, really," she continued, a queer little tremor in her voice, "I was only naming them over—the things we have been so very—effective—that—"

Heywood looked up quickly.

"Kathleen, you don't mean that—" "The castle has been stormed and the princess is—" She raised shy eyes to his face.

"Mine at last!" he breathed, the light of a long-deferred joy in his eyes.

**How the Village Progressed.**

"Well, well!" exclaimed the man who had wandered back to the village. "So the Eagle house is still the Eagle house? No change after 20 years." "There have been a few changes," asserted the oldest inhabitant with some acerbity. "Since you've been gone the hotel has been respectively the Grand Union, the Grand Central, the Grand Junction, the Great Northern, the Great Southern, the Imperial, the Regal, the Empire, the Monarch, the Prince of Wales, the Regent, an' a few other royalties which I disrecollect, the Mansion house six times an' the Eagle house seven, the latter happenin' to be its proud patronymic at present writin'. Plinkville, my friend, hain't so all-fired behind the times ez you seem to imagine."

**Permanent Affliction.**

He—That handsome girl over there made a fool of me two years ago.

She—I felt sure that something happened in your past life that you had never got over.

The less religion in some men the more theology they can hold.


**BREAKING UP A WASP'S NEST.**

Insects Will All Go to Their Death in a Jug of Hot Water.

"Most people think of hornets and yellow jackets as strictly country products, but as a fact the big vegetable gardens in the southwestern part of the city are very well supplied with both," says a St. Louis truck farmer.

"Of course at this season of the year they give very little trouble, but in the autumn, when fall plowing is in progress, it is a very common thing to turn up a nest of ground wasps, and then there is generally a runaway in two directions, for the wasps are ill-tempered when disturbed and attack both the farmer and his horse; the latter takes one direction and the farmer tracks in another.

"It is a very easy matter to exterminate the wasps before beginning to plow, so when a gardener notices there is a nest of them anywhere on his land he prepares for them before he plows. He takes a common earthenware jug half full of very hot water, sets it down close to the mouth of the wasps' nest, puts on a pair of gloves, covers his head and neck with a handkerchief under his hat, gives the nest a poke with a long pole, and runs. The angry wasps come out by hundreds, and, seeing nothing unusual but the jug, they attack it with might and main, diving down through the narrow neck, apparently under the impression that their enemy is hidden inside.

"The hot water kills them, but those that are not immediately drowned keep up a tremendous buzzing, which seems to exasperate still further all the wasps within hearing, and it looks as though they can't get into the jug fast enough. I have several times taken more than a thousand drowned wasps out of the jug after a raid, for so long as a wasp lives he is maker for the mouth of the jug, and the whole nest can be exterminated in this way. It is a queer illustration of stupidity on the part of an otherwise intelligent insect, but the trick never fails."

**A Chinese Dinner.**

"E. T. Snuggs, of Shiu Hing, missionary of Southern convention, and I dined with P. P. Wong, a wealthy business man of Shanghai," said the Rev. Dr. N. R. Dittman, one of the two Missouri representatives to the great centenary missionary conference in China and the only representative from Kansas City.

"He invited us to dine with us four Chinese gentlemen of learning and wealth. They spoke English with accuracy. The dinner was a feast. The course consumed two hours. When we had been dining almost an hour I asked Sinsing Wong how many more courses. He said 'Sixteen.' Every 15 minutes a servant brought to each one of us a hot cloth with which he wiped our hands and faces. We surely had a hundred different dishes. We had birds' nest soup. We had things from the air and earth and sea and brook. That dinner must have cost Sinsing Wong $100 in gold."

**Facetious Testators.**

Will making often affords a man an unrivaled opportunity of paying off old scores and speaking his mind without any fear of unpleasant consequences to himself.

The great duke of Marlborough evidently could not resist the temptation of a farewell "slap" at his duchess when he left her £10,000 wherewith to spoil Blenheim in her own way and £15,000 to keep clean and to go to law with."

There is also a distinct note of spitefulness in the extract from the testament of a Mr. Kerr, who, after declaring that he would probably have left his widow £10,000 if she had allowed him to read his evening paper in peace, adds: "But you must remember, my dear, that whenever I commenced reading you started playing and singing. You must therefore take the consequences. I leave you £1,000."—Grand Magazine.

**Slept on the Snakes.**

"Yes, I think I'll go on a vacation this summer, but I hope I fare better than I did last year," said the clerk.

"What happened last year, Bill?"

"Well, the first night I struck the lake the hotel was crowded, but the proprietor insisted he could fix me up a nice bed on the veranda and draw curtains around it to shut it off. It was a hot night, so I submitted. My bed was rather hard and I didn't sleep very well. The next day I got acquainted with a man at my table who said he was a showman and that he had his snakes along with him. I become interested and asked to see them. He led me to my improvised bedroom and proceeded the life out of me by lifting up the lid of the box that they had called my bed. It was full of snakes, and I had slept on them. That day I moved."

**Edison's Courtship.**

Mr. T. A. Edison's courtship was characteristic of the great inventor. The first Mrs. Edison was, previous to her marriage, a telegraph operator in his employ. One day, while standing behind her, watching her at work, Edison, who had long admired the young lady, was surprised when she turned around and said: "Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are near me." "How do you account for that?" returned Edison. "I don't know," responded the young lady, "but it is a fact, and said: I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you." A month later they were married, the union proving a very happy one.

**Crafty John.**

Genial John, the oil king of ancient times, was observed to be plotting old Diogenes among the biggest thieves and grafters of the age.

"Why don't you steer him among good people," asked the astonished friend. "Why, he will never find an honest man among that rabble."

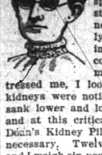
Genial John laughed craftily.

"Ah, my friends," he whispered, "you are not wise. If Diogenes should find an honest man he would naturally extinguish his lantern and stop using oil. Therefore it is to my advantage that he should continue the search."

And Genial John started for Egypt to have another wig made.

**COULD HARDLY TOTTER ABOUT.**

A Vivid Description of the Most Insidious of Diseases.



Miss Emma Shirley, Killbuck, N. Y., writes: "Kidney disease mysteriously afflicted me for two years ago and brought awful headaches and dizzy spells. I was all unstrung, weak and nervous, could scarcely totter about. Pains in the side and back completely unnerved me. My food distressed me, I looked badly and the kidneys were noticeably deranged. I sank lower and lower until given up and at this critical time began with Doan's Kidney Pills. Details are unnecessary. Twelve boxes cured me and I weigh six pounds more than ever before. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**MAN AND HIS WAYS.**

Fertile Brain Has Evolved a New Style of Cradle.

A new cradle has been invented—and by a man. While latter statement is a redundancy—for no up-to-date woman would really ever think of inventing anything so pernicious to her infant's welfare. Has she not become enlightened to the dreadful ills of that time-honored institution of our ancestors? Dare she imperil the intellect that is to sway the twentieth century by unitedly "juggling" in its embryo stage? Poor modern babe! When colic's gripes assail, it may not know the luxury of a steady tramp swung across father's shoulder—strange to say, men do not jeer at this dictum of the new motherhood—much less will it experience the bliss of being lulled to rest in a wooden-slatted cradle or fluffy bassinet, swayed by the foot of a wondrous being who swings and croons, swings and croons, till baby woes are merged in blessed sleep. Its maker claims that sideways rocking is, indeed, injurious to babykins, but to his eyes, not his brain. Therefore has he constructed a cradle that swings lengthwise, and is shaped like a boat!

**SCALY ERUPTION ON BODY.**

Doctors and Remedies Fruitless—Suffered 10 Years—Completely Cured by Cuticura.

"Small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs and shortly afterwards they became so sore that I could scarcely walk. The sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared. The itching was so severe that I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. After I suffered thus about ten years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctor in my native county and many remedies gave no relief. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored, after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least $50 or $60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. B. Hiram Martingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 18, 1906."

**Judges at Their Best.**

In the course of a recent case before Mr. Justice Darling the judge declined to make a requested ruling, saying that if he did so the court of appeals would say he was wrong. Counsel having expressed disagreement with this view, the judge said: "Well, you know the court of appeals as well as I do, perhaps better, for you see them at work, while I only meet them at luncheon." To which the barrister dryly replied: "Your lordship sees them at their best."—Law Notes.

**A Famous Pitcher.**

Elmer Stricklett, the "spit ball" pitcher, had been listening a long while in a New York club to the boasting of a rival.

"Well," he said, exhausted at last, "you are pretty good, Mike; but out in Mountain View there is a young fellow who can beat you. You'll hear from him next season. His specialty is the slow ball. This young fellow has such a slow ball that when he pitches it and sees that it is going to be hit, he can run after it and fetch it back again."

**Quite Desirable.**

The Hold-up Man (as he takes large watch from victim's pocket)—I suppose you're thinkin' I'm a real undesirable citizen, eh?

The Victim—Nothing of the sort, old man! That watch you've just relieved me of was in my wife's family for 75 years and she forced me to lug it around.—Puck.

**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.

**ENTICED BY THE BAR.**

Strenuous Actions Mildly Explained by the Minister.

Many stories are told of the eccentric doings and sayings of an old clergyman who lived in Maine some years ago. At one time there had been a fight among some men, one of whom was seriously hurt. A trial took place, and the old minister who had seen the affray was summoned as a witness.

"What was Salson doing?" was the first question.

"Oh, he was slashing around."

"Well, sir, just what do you mean by that?"

"Why, he was knocking about him here and there."

"Now, sir, kindly tell us plainly what Salson did to this man."

"Why, he—he enticed him," said the old minister slowly. "He enticed him with a crowbar. He used the crowbar to persuade the man—to entice him; and by a series of pokes and blows he succeeded in doing it," said the minister, mildly.

**THE STORY OF A WISCONSIN MAN IN WESTERN CANADA.**

Three Years Ago Worth Only $2,000; To-Day Is Worth $13,000.

The following is a copy of a letter, of which the Agents of the Canadian Government throughout the United States receive similar ones many times during the year:

Cayley, Alta., Dec. 7, 1906.

Agent Canadian Government,

Watertown, S. D.

Dear Sir:

Your letter dated Nov. 27th at hand and was very glad to hear from you. I see that you are still at work persuading people to move into the Canadian Northwest. I must tell you that I owe you many thanks for persuading me to come out here, am only sorry that I wasn't persuaded sooner, and there is still plenty of good chances for many more right at the present time. I hope that you will be able to induce more to make a start out to this part of the country.

Now I must tell you what I have accomplished since I came out here and it won't be three years till the 1st of July. I shall shortly receive my patent for my homestead, the homestead cost me $10.00 in all, to-day it is worth $20.00 per acre, but it is not for sale. Then a year ago last May I bought 320 acres at $7.00 per acre and sold this fall for $20.00 per acre and cleared a profit of $4,160.00. How is that for the Northwest? I now have 320 acres of land and all paid for, 15 head of horses, 30 head of cattle, 22 pigs, 2 sheep and about 150 chickens and other poultry, and all new machinery and everything is paid for. We also bought 8 lots in Calgary and 7 in High River. We gave $470 for the 15 lots and they are paid for. At present I consider myself worth $13,000.00, and when I left Wisconsin less than three years ago I had about $2,000.00. This year I threshed a little over 4,000 bushels of grain, have about one thousand bushels of fine potatoes and about five hundred bushels of turnips. Mrs. Beisiegel sold about $200 worth of garden truck and poultry this fall. Now there are lots of others in this community who did as well as I did in the same length of time.

The family and myself are all well at this writing and hope this letter will find you the same.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) PHILIP BEISIEGEL,

Cayley, Alta., Canada.

**A Square Deal.**

A certain peasant supplied a baker with three pounds of butter daily, and after some time the baker noticed that the butter never weighed three pounds. At last he summoned him. "Have you no scales at this home?" the judge asked. "Yes," said the peasant. "Have you weights?" "Yes, but I never weigh butter with them." "Why?" "Because, since the baker buys my butter, I buy his bread, and as I always buy three pounds at a time, I weigh the butter with the bread." He was acquitted.—Slarcz.

**Vacation.**

The secret of rest is to get rid of detail for a time. Why is it that a sea voyage is regarded as the best of tonics? Simply because the entire change of surroundings wipes out the mass of complications attendant upon the daily routine of the ordinary worker. We all need occasional freedom from the bondage of the tiny strings that bind us to wearing tasks. The man who realizes this and plans his vacation accordingly makes no mistake.

**How Long Would $400 Last?**

Patience—Has she played bridge long?

Patrice—Not very, only about $400 long!—Yonkers Statesman.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

If you want a woman to do a certain thing get her to say she won't.

**Ladies Can Wear Shoes**

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is better to walk ten miles in safety than ride a thousand miles in an auto and be killed at the end of the route.

**No Headache in the Morning.**

Krause's Headache Capsules for over-indulgence in food or drink. Druggists, 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

When a man's business affairs begin to go wrong his wife thinks it is because he doesn't follow her advice

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS

Mica Axle Grease

lengthens the life of the wagon—saves horse-power, time and temper. Best lubricant in the world—contains powdered mica which forms a smooth, hard coating on axle, and reduces friction.

If you want your outfit to last and earn money while it lasts—grease the axles with Mica Axle Grease.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY Incorporated

PAY WHEN CURED

PILES

POSITIVELY NO MONEY ACCEPTED UNTIL CURED

WRITE us a full description of your case and we will send you PAID ABSOLUTELY FREE AND IF NOT CANCER we will guarantee to cure you or charge nothing. You do not pay one cent until satisfied you are cured and you are to be the sole judge. Write to-day and we will send you a book that explaining our new treatment and containing testimonials showing what we have done for thousands of people from all parts of the country.

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103 Monroe Street

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS' HOMESTEAD RIGHTS

All soldiers who served eleven days or more in the federal army or navy between 1861-1865, and who made homestead entries for less than 160 acres on or before June 22, 1874, means that an additional right is due someone and that it can be sold to our profit. Make no matter whether patent issued or not. If soldier is dead, his heirs are entitled. The right descends as follows: First, to the widow; and second, to the legal heirs; or, and third, to the soldiers, their widows, children, or next of kin, about this class of additional rights. Get busy right now and find some of your relatives who made home-stead entries in early days. It's easy money. For further information address Comrade W. E. Moses, 81 California Building, Denver, Colo.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

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A.N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.

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