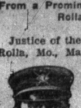
A FRANK STATEMENT.

From a Prominent Fraternal Man of Rolla, Missouri.



Justice of the Peace A. M. Light, of Rolla, Mo., Major, Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias, Third Battalion, Second Regiment, Missouri Brigade, says: "I am pleased to endorse the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, a medicine of great merit. Having had personal experience with many kidney medicines, I am in a position to know whereof I speak, and am pleased to add my endorsement and to recommend their use."

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

PROUD IN HER POVERTY.

Young Woman's Brave Answer to Insulting Landlord.

Frank P. Sargent, the United States commissioner of immigration, said one day in Washington:

"There is fine stuff in some of these poor people who come to our shores. I heard recently of a young Swedish woman. Brave, witty and honorable, she could bring splendid young Americans into the world. A short time after she arrived among us, her husband got out of work. Naturally, then, the rent fell behind. The landlord called for it one day in her husband's absence. He listened to the young woman's tale of misfortune, regarding the while her yellow hair, her clear blue eyes, her red mouth and white teeth. Suddenly, bending toward her, he said:

"'Give us a kiss!'

"She drew back, and her blue eyes, as cold as ice, dwelt on him disdainfully.

"'No,' she said, 'my husband and I may be too poor to pay our rent, but we are not so poor that we can't do our own kissing.'"

AWFUL EFFECT OF ECZEMA.

Covered with Yellow Sores—Grew Worse—Parents Discouraged—Cuticura Drove Sores Away.

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema or that was what the doctor called it. We took her to three doctors but by this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Doctor No. 3 said that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone. We were nearly discouraged, but thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me $1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eye. Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., Aug. 17, 1906.

The Goat Comes First.

Switzerland is the only country in the world where the goat is placed ahead of all other animals, and even of human beings. If a boy plagues a goat he can be fined and sent to jail. If a person meets a goat on a path, and drives him aside he can be arrested.

If a goat enters the yard of a person not his owner and is hit with club or stone the person guilty of the offence must pay 30 cents. If a railroad train sees a goat on the track the train must halt until the animal can be coaxed to remove himself. There's many a boy in America who wishes he were a goat in Switzerland.

People Tell Each Other About Good Things.

Twelve years ago few people in the world knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day after the genuine merits of Allen's Foot-Ease has been told year after year by grateful persons, it is indispensable to millions. It is cleanly, wholesome, healing and antiseptic and gives rest and comfort to tired aching feet.

It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials. Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit otherwise you would never be offered a substitute for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original foot powder. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, and see that you get it.

Generous Mr. Kraft.

"Mr. Kraft, the merchant," said the college president, "has offered to donate $5,000 for a new building to be known as 'Kraft hall.'"

"But," said the dean of the faculty, "$125,000 won't pay for the building we want."

"Oh! no. You see, Mr. Kraft's generous offer is contingent upon our securing donations of $10,000 each from ten other public-spirited citizens."—Philadelphia Press.

Unkind Advice.

Two Irishmen were eating their lunch, when one asked the other: "Pat, an' what be you thinking about?"

Pat replied: "Shure, Mike, I was a-thinking how I would be getting me clothes over me wings when I would get to heaven."

"You would better be thinking how you would be getting your hat over your horns when you get to the other place," answered Mike.—Ally Sloper.

Need Eight Hours of Sleep.

Women of a nervous temperament should have eight hours of sleep to keep in good health.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BACKACHE, DIABETES

75 "Guaranteed"

LOVE'S VICTORY

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Vivia was a mystery to the whole seashore party—the butterfly "set" who had come down to the sea to rest and recuperate after their winter's dissipation. They had been there but a few days when Vivia Marchwell appeared among them. Who she was, from whence she came, none knew.

The men loved her. Richard Howe's artist soul blossomed out suddenly in the passion flower of love after one glance from those haunting eyes. And Carl Neville, poet and dreamer, was fostering a passion too mighty for that frail frame. Neither artist nor poet were destined to stir the slumbering depths of Vivia Marchwell's heart.

"Oh!" she said over and over again, "these men love me, and they want an answering love from me. I wish I could, oh! I wish I could love some good man. But I never can, I never can. I think my heart is dead, and its ashes are over the sea."

Then Richard and Carl's friend, Herbert Bell arrived from the city.

Down the beach the three friends sauntered, asking questions and answering.

Herbert Bell paused suddenly.

"Who is that, Carl?" he whispered, glancing toward a group of girls a few feet distant.

"Which?"

"The girl with dreams in her eyes."

Carl Neville understood, indefinite as the words were.

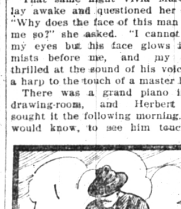
"Vivia Marchwell," he said. "You shall be presented this evening—and prepare to lose your heart. But be warned in time, for Miss Marchwell has no heart to give in return. She cannot love, she says."

"You seem to know the state of the lady's mind," laughed Herbert; "I think I understand. Oh, well, I shall not trespass."

But a nameless thrill shot through Herbert Bell's heart that evening as he met the fathomless eyes "with dreams in them."

That same night Vivia Marchwell lay awake and questioned her heart. "Why does the face of this man haunt me so?" she asked. "I cannot close my eyes but his face glows in the mists before me, and my heart thrilled at the sound of his voice like a harp to the touch of a master hand."

There was a grand piano in the drawing-room, and Herbert Bell sought it the following morning. You would know, to see him touch the



A Tall, Foreign Figure.

keys, even before the sound came forth, that he was king and master there. Heaven endowed him with great musical talent, and all that education could add had been added. You knew this when the sound rolled out beneath his masterly touch. Vivia Marchwell knew it, sitting hidden there in the bay window. It touched her soul and opened the fountains of her heart as they had not been opened in years.

She was weeping, her face upon her hands, when the music ceased. Herbert Bell sought the window and stood amazed at the sight.

"Come," he said. And Vivia Marchwell went.

"My darling," he said, and folded his arms about her.

The shrill whistle of an approaching train, a few miles distant, broke suddenly upon the silence, and Vivia shuddered as in an ague chill.

"What is it," she said, looking in her lover's eyes, "that chilled me so then? The shriek of that engine cut my heart like a knife."

Two hours afterward she knew. Standing in the bay window, through the early twilight she saw the tall figure of a man coming up the pathway—a tall, foreign figure, with a Spanish cloak thrown over the shoulders and a wide-brimmed hat slouched over the eyes.

She clutched Herbert Bell's arm with hands like ice and her face grew ghastly. As the stranger passed the bay window he lifted two fierce, black eyes—eyes that Herbert Bell saw in his dream—and touched his hat with a mocking smile.

A moment later he entered the room, and Vivia Marchwell dropped down at Herbert Bell's feet. He stooped to lift her, but the swarthy stranger was in advance.

"Oh, God pity me," she moaned, as the dark face of the stranger bent over her. "Paul! Paul Inerzo, I thought you were dead. I saw you go down—down into the sea. Must you haunt me even after you are dead?"

The stranger laughed. "I am sorry I was so selfish as to live," he said, "but that being the case, what more natural than that I should follow my wife. I am glad to find her so faithful," and the fierce eyes like coals of fire, were lifted to Herbert Bell's face.

"And now," he continued, "having found her, I shall hasten with her over the sea, where her numerous friends are anxiously waiting. We will start early in the morning, my love. The house is full, I understand, but I will accommodate myself with the sofa and my cloak during the night, and to-morrow morning, remember, we will go."

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I will go."

But in the morning, while Paul Inerzo lay in a sound sleep upon the sofa, Vivia Marchwell was many leagues distant, and under the door of Herbert Bell's room she had slipped this note:

"Dear Herbert: You dearer to me than any other man was, is, or ever will be, I am going away and you may never see me again, but I want to tell you who and what I am. My real name is Viviance Markweller. I am an Italian, and was born in Florence. In my infancy I was betrothed to Paul Inerzo, a Spanish nobleman's son. As soon as we grew older the thought of the union became more and more distasteful to me, and when at 18 my parents commanded the nuptials to be celebrated, my whole soul abhorred it. He was vicious, wild, bad, unprincipled. But they forced me to it. Herbert, they made me marry him. He was very wealthy, and one of a noble race, and I was married to him, and then when the whole terrible truth rushed over me, that I was chained for life, to this man, I fled from him—from the very altar—ere the words were scarcely said which made us one. Out into the night I sped through streets and by alleys until I reached my home. Then swiftly covering my bridal robes with a thick, dark cloak, I sped out again—on, on, I knew not whither. I was mad, I think, and I never paused until the morning light broke upon me. Then I sank exhausted at a peasant's threshold and begged for food and shelter. I drew off one of my rings and gave it to her, asking, imploring protection. For one day I rested here, and then on again, anywhere only to flee from this man; sometimes resting a few days with the peasants and buying their protection, for I had gold and jewels—oh, beautiful, priceless jewels on neck and arms and hands. At last, through one kind good man I found a berth on a ship bound for America. I had purchased clothing and all things ready for life upon the ocean and in the unknown land to which I was going. We were rocking upon the waves almost within an hour of sailing, when suddenly, as I sat upon the deck, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I met the dark, evil eyes of Paul Inerzo. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have concluded to accompany you on your trip to the new world. How pleasant it will be to spend our honeymoon thus!' And then he leaned upon the rail and looked mockingly in my face. The boat rocked suddenly just then, and I saw him reel and fall down—down. 'Man overboard,' the cry rang out, and the boats were lowered, but he was not found. A few moments later and we were out at sea. 'Free, free,' I cried, 'with a great joy in my heart. I came to America, entered an academy as teacher of Italian, living much secluded and retired. I have been in America two years and I never knew what subtle instinct led me down to the seashore for a season of rest and recuperation. I had thought, after I met you, it was of divine origin. I think now my evil genius told me to go. But for this he would not have found me, I sometimes think. But I am going to flee from him even if it is to the utmost extremity of the earth. And now, dear Herbert, farewell. V. M."

And Herbert Bell, he went back to his old home, and every Sabbath the grand organ rolled out its wonderful symphonies beneath his touch, only with a new and added beauty and volume, and the great love and grief of his soul found utterance thus, and so he lived until two years passed away.

Then one morning a note was handed him by a boy. "A lady from the White Inn, sir, sent this," he said. It was only this—

"He is dead and I am free. V.M."

But Herbert Bell understood, and with a great joy in his heart he went to her. She was alone, and without one word he took her in his arms. "I have been very patient," he said, at length, "for I felt sure God would send you to me at last, and He has."

"Yes," she whispered, "but oh, Herbert, it has been so long. I have fled from place to place, and each time Paul Inerzo tracked me, and each time, thank God, I escaped him. He was crushed between the cars and instantly killed, three days past, in trying to spring upon the moving train where I had a moment before entered. I come to you even as I left you."

"And nothing shall ever part us, my darling," he said: "nothing but death."

"Nothing but death," she echoed.

To Make Pencils of Potatoes.

Washington.—The state department in a formal document from one of the consuls has been informed that a company has been organized in Europe with a large capital to make potato leadpencils, and that the product will soon be placed upon the market. The high price of cedar and its scarcity suggested the desirability of a substitute, and the result is a composition formed principally from potatoes, which has been found satisfactory. By using the new composition the highest grade lead pencils can be manufactured at a cost of less than a cent each, while ordinary good grade pencils can be turned out at a cost of half a cent.

Fellows in Misfortune.

"Well," growled the first man at the five o'clock tea, "if it were not for my wife I wouldn't be here."

"No, hang it! and neither would I if it were not for my wife. I'm the hostess' husband."—Philadelphia Press.

The "messiah" bird of India excels all others in its imitative powers.

SCHEME THAT DIDN'T WORK.

"Coals of Fire" Had No Effect on Jack Jones.

Mrs. Fanny Crosby, the author of hymns, is still, though 87 years old, in first rate health.

"Not long ago," said a New York clergyman, "I visited Mrs. Crosby in Bridgeport, and found her exceedingly entertaining. I shan't soon forget some of the youthful memories that she recounted.

"Our talk turned to the subject of children's quaint misunderstanding of Biblical metaphors and parables, and she told an amusing story on this head.

"She said that a little boy came home one day from school in a bad humor. Another boy, Jack Jones, had given him a thrashing, and he wanted revenge.

"'Oh,' said his mother, 'don't think of revenge, Willie. Be kind to Jack. Heap coals of fire on his head. Then he will become your friend.'

"Willie thought he would try this method. He did not see Jack Jones till the next day at recess. Just as he was buying a lemon pie for luncheon Jack appeared and said:

"'Look here, I licked you yesterday, but I didn't licked you enough. Now I'm going to lick you again.'

"And he planted a hard blow on Willie's little stomach.

"Willie gasped and grunted, but instead of striking back he extended his pie to Jones.

"'Here,' he said, in a kindly voice, 'I'll give you this. I make you a present of it.'

"Jack Jones, in glad amazement, fell upon the pie greedily, and it had soon disappeared.

"'Gosh, it was good,' he said. 'What did you give it to me for?'

"'Because you struck me,' said the heaper of coals.

"Instantly Jones hauled off and struck him again.

"'Now, go and get another pie,' he said."

A Bunker Hill Gun.

Alonzo Smith of Skowhegan has an old gun which was used in the battle of Bunker Hill, 141 years ago. Many who fought on the American side on that 17th day of June afterward came to Maine to settle, among them Biley Smith, a private in the Second New Hampshire regiment. Mr. Smith, the great grandfather of Alonzo Smith of Skowhegan settled in Corinville in 1790 and his grave is in the orchard on a farm near where his grandson, Clark E. Smith, now lives. The musket which Biley Smith carried at Bunker Hill was among his effects brought to Corinville, and on his death passed into the hands of his son, David, and was by him bequeathed to his grandson, Sylvester Smith. A few years ago, when Sylvester left for the west, he gave the famous old musket to Alonzo Smith of Skowhegan, whom he treasures it as a family heirloom. One remark made by Biley Smith, in relating his experiences at Bunker Hill, has been handed down to his descendants to the effect that he felt some reluctance at first in shooting at the redcoats as they came up that slope, but after the first few shots he could as easily take aim at a British officer as he could at a partridge. The gun itself is in working order barring the loss of the flint, and could be easily recuplipped for actual use.—Kennebec Journal.

A Misplaced Joke.

Lecturing at Haslemere the other night, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse gave a typical illustration of his fund of humor and other people's lack of it. "I once and only once, bear in mind, because it is a dangerous thing to do—I once made a joke. I was at a meeting at which they had one of those atrocious—which have almost died out of civilized society—I mean votes of thanks—and the proposer of it complimented me on my knowledge of the Cornish language.

"'Well,' I replied, 'that's easy enough to understand, because I was a minor myself until I was 21 years of age.'

"Very praiseworthy,' called out a gentleman from the audience, and nobody seemed to realize that every man was a minor until he was 21; but the worst part of it was when the local newspaper, which was sent to me at the end of the week, stated: 'In responding to a vote of thanks the reverend gentleman explained his familiarity with the Cornish dialect by the fact that he himself worked in the mines until he was 21 years of age.'"—London Tribune.

Truth-Telling.

The test of civilization is its regard for truth. Truth is nothing more than honesty. The habit of telling the truth begets accuracy of statement, and the habit among a people of hearing and expecting the truth produces the truth. Honest men who have no intent to deceive are called truthful, but if they are lax and careless, and have been habituated to loose statements, and themselves place no great value upon truth for its own sake, they are pretty sure to be inaccurate, and, therefore, mistrustworthy. For this reason, perhaps, Sir Walter Scott declared that the right education for a young man was to learn to fish and to tell the truth.

Use Cars to Sweep Streets.

The thrifty Scotch authorities of Aberdeen do not believe in letting anything go to waste. It occurred to them that the equipment of their electric tramways was necessarily idle for part of the night, and they looked round to see how it could be utilized. As a result of their cogitations two large brushes belonging to the streets department were recently fitted to one of the corporation tramcars, and were arranged so that any width of street from seven to 14 feet might be swept. The experiment is reported to have proved satisfactory.

Too Much Help.

Mrs. Yarley—What an awfully worried, anxious, despairing look Mrs. Goodsoul has.

Mrs. Chatter—Yes; I fancy she must have stopped doing her own work and taken to keeping a servant.—Exchange.

CROP CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA

Lateness of Spring Overcome by Excellent Growing Summer Season.

Once more the farmers of Western Canada rest at ease and grow rich while they slumber. Their season of anxiety is over. For a time it looked as though a backward season was for once going to prevent the western country from maintaining its preeminent position as leader of the grain growing countries of the world. The unusual lateness of the spring coupled with the rapid advance in the price of foodstuffs gave the pessimists some reason for their gloomy forebodings, and among even the optimistic Westerners inbred as they usually are with a spirit of buoyancy and hope, there commenced to glimmer a fear that perhaps this year their sanguine expectations were not to be realized. On May day when a large proportion of wheat had usually been sown there was this year very little seeding done. Figally, however, winter which had tarried so late in the lap of spring in all parts of the Continent vanished before the vertical rays of the sun, and the hurry and bustle of spring work commenced on the western prairies.

By the 20th of May 85% of the spring wheat was sown and the fall wheat in the districts devoted to its cultivation was covering the fields with a mantle of green. Wheat sowing finished on May 30 and by June 10 the coarser grains were also in the ground. The heavy snowfall during the winter left the ground in excellent shape when once seeding operations commenced and from the time weather conditions permitted the commencement of work until planting was completed, the farmers were a busy class. The area in wheat is not much larger than last year, but oats, barley and flax are much in excess of past records, the farmers deeming it wiser on account of the lateness of the season to put in a heavier proportion of the coarser grains. From the most reliable reports to hand it appears that the acreage as compared with 1906 will show an increase of 12% in oats, 19% in barley and 13% in flax.

Around Akotoks, High River, Nanton, Claresholn and other winter wheat centers, if the present weather conditions continue, the winter wheat will be in head by the middle of July.

The backward weather in the early part of May allowed the newly sown grain to get a firm root in the ground, and now with an abundance of moisture and warm weather the growth is remarkable. All danger of injury from droughts is practically over as the green crop covers the ground retaining the moisture required for its growth and preventing the too rapid evaporation which might otherwise take place.

Crops in Western Canada mature in one hundred days of good weather, and as the weather conditions have been ideal since seeding, and with spring wheat now from 14 to 18 inches above the ground, a full average crop is confidently expected.

In addition to the cheering prospects of this year's yield the farmers are to be congratulated on the fact that they still have in their possession five million bushels of wheat from last year's crop which they are now disposing of at high prices.

The splendid yield of 90,000,000 bushels of wheat raised in 1906 in the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, together with the almost certain assurance that this year will see a considerable increase, is, as in the past, calling the attention of the world of the "Last Best West," and thousands from the United States and the agricultural districts of Europe are each month securing free grant lands or purchasing farms in the land which has proved itself peerless among the grain growing countries of the world.

Very Handy.

"Among the people who greeted the President upon his arrival at Oyster Bay," says an exchange, "none attracted so much attention as a woman who carried two children in her arms and led another by the hand." It strikes us that a capable woman like that would attract attention anywhere.—Washington Post.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

Health Is the First Essential Toward Making a Woman Attractive.

MISS HULDA KUGHLER — MISS ELIZABETH WYNN

There is a beauty and attractiveness in health which is far greater than mere regularity of feature.

A sickly, irritable, and complaining woman always carries a cloud of depression with her; she is not only unhappy herself but is a damper to all joy and happiness when with her family and friends.

It is the bright, healthy, vivacious woman who always charms and carries sunshine wherever she goes.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging and that everything tires her; if her feminine system fails to perform its allotted duties, there is nervousness, sleeplessness, faintness, backache, headache, bearing-down pains, and irregularities, causing constant misery and melancholia, she should remember that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** made from native roots and herbs will dispel all these troubles. By correcting the cause of the trouble it cures where other treatment may have failed.

Miss Elizabeth Wynn, of No. 205 8th Avenue, New York City, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For months I suffered with dreadful headaches, pain in the back and severe menorrhagia. I was weak and out of sorts all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me when all other medicine had failed. It seemed to be just what I needed and quickly restored my health."

Miss Hulda Kughler, of No. 25, West 15th Street, New York City, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For months I was ill with an internal trouble. I suffered terrible agony, was nervous, irritable, and sick all the time. I took different medicines without benefit. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and within six months I was completely restored to health and I want to recommend it to every suffering woman."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular functions, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacements, inflammation or ulceration, that bearing-down feeling, dizziness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Europe's Extinct Aurochs.

Professor A. Martens of Magdeburg has reviewed all the early literature and documents relating to the famous wild ox of Europe, the aurochs, or urus, and shows that it was not identy. "$5,000 won't pay for the building." animal also lived in Europe in the time of the aurochs. It is on record that a herd of thirty aurochses were living in Poland in 1564. In 1627 a few half-domesticated aurochses were still in existence, but the race has since become extinct. The typical color of the aurochs was black, but there was a gray variety in Poland and a red one in Germany.

Bobby's Viewpoint.

The theater was brilliant with colored lights and overflowing with a gay commencement throng. The stage was crowded with a class of 200 boys and their teachers. Among the graduates was John, the big brother of little Bobby, who was surveying the scene with bulging eyes. Bobby snuggled up to his father and in a stage whisper asked:

"Papa, isn't it nice that so many people came to John's commencement?"

Foreign-Born Bohemians.

The foreign-born Bohemians in the United States in 1906 are estimated to have numbered 517,300, of which 40,000 are in New York, 48,000 in Texas and the remainder scattered throughout the west and southwest. One-half are in the large cities.

Does Your Head Ache?

If so, get a box of Kraft's Headache Capsules of your Druggist. 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Lowell on Sincerity.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.—Lowell.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

Wise men miss a lot of real pleasure because they are not foolish.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dizziness, Nausea, 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 ninety 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 5, 1874, means that an additional right is due, someone and that it can be sold to use for spot cash, no matter whether patent issued or not. If widow is dead, his heirs are entitled. The right descends as follows: First, to the widow; and second, to the legal heirs, or next of kin. Talk to old 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 homestead entries in early days. It's easy money. For further information address Comrade W. E. Moses, 81 California Building, Denver, Colo.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home. It kills the entire season. Neat, clean, ornamental, cheap and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not sold by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. HAROLD SOMERS, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

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

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food & Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, Serial Number 1542.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.