What is Pe-ru-na.

Are we claiming too much for Peruna when we claim it to be an effective remedy for chronic catarrh? Have we a abundant proof that Peruna is in reality such a catarrh remedy? Let us see what the United States Dispensatory says of the principal ingredients of Peruna.

Take, for instance, the ingredient hydrastis canadensis, or golden seal. The United States Dispensatory says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes lining various organs of the human body.

Another ingredient of Peruna, corydalis formosa, is classed in the United States Dispensatory as a tonic.

Cedron seeds is another ingredient of Peruna. The United States Dispensatory says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a substitute for quinine.

Send to us for a free book of testimonials of what the people think of Peruna as a catarrh remedy. The best evidence is the testimony of those who have tried it.

PICNIC FOR THE PUP.

His Devotion to Duty Rewarded by Strange Luxuries.

A Boston bulldog owned by George H. Clapp was so determined to capture a woodchuck which he had chased into its den that he followed after and staid in the hole all night.

When the dog had got his jaws about the enemy he found that he could not get out owing to the small size of the animal's hole.

Rather than lose his prey the dog retained his hold on the woodchuck over night, and was helped out by his master in the morning. The dog was nearly exhausted, and revived after feeding and drinking in a curious manner.

He consumed about two quarts of unguarded ice cream, which had been set aside for a party, and capped the climax by falling into a bucket of lemonade.—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

ABSENT-MINDED.

Old Gent—Here, you boy, what are you doing out here, fishing? Don't you know you ought to be at school?

Small Boy—There now! I knew I'd forgotten something.

Appreciates Teachers' Work.

One woman says that when her children bring home their school reports at the end of the month she always finds five minutes in which to write a personal letter to the teachers. If there is something that the children have learned that surprised her she writes a note of thanks and appreciation, and if the reports are unsatisfactory she writes offering to help the teacher in any way she may suggest. Needless to say, the teachers are appreciative, as any one will know who has ever taught school.

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.

Instruments of Torture.

"You don't seem to be keeping up very well this summer," said Father's Cane to Mother's slipper."

"True," acknowledged the handy spanker, regretfully, "I've been failing astern lately."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES

"75" Guaranteed

THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY

IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PUREWHITE LEAD

MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS

BLINDFOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton promises an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is called Jim. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Shunning Chinatown through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Carson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley sends him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to save the fight. "Pricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of life guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gets the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Then the mine is yours?"

"The directors will be."

"But you were buying shares this morning."

"A mere optical illusion, Wilton. I was in fact a seller, for I had shares to spare."

"It was a very good imitation."

"I don't wonder you were taken in, my boy. Decker was fooled to the tune of about $1,000,000 this morning. I thought it was rather neat for a clean-up."

I thought so, too, and the King of the Street smiled at my exclamations over his cleverness. But my congratulations were cut short as a small dark man pressed his way to the corner where we stood, and whispered in Doddridge Knapp's ear.

"Was he sure?" asked the King of the Street.

"Those were his exact words."

"When was this?"

"Not five minutes ago."

"Run to Caswell's. Tell him to wait for me."

The messenger darted off and we followed briskly. Caswell, I found, was an attorney, and we were led at once to the inner office.

"Come in with me," said my employer. "I expect I shall need you, and it will save explanations."

The lawyer was a till, thin man, with chalky, expressionless features, but his eyes gave life to his face with their keen, almost brilliant, vision.

"Decker's playing the joker," said the King of the Street. "I've beaten him in the market, but he's going to make a last play with the directors. There's a meeting called for 12:30. They are going to give him a two years' contract for milling, and they talk of declaring 20,000 shares of my stock invalid."

"How many directors have you got?"

"Two—Barber and myself. Decker thinks he has Barber."

"Then you want an injunction?"

"Yes."

The lawyer looked at his watch.

"The meeting is at 12:30. H'm. You'll have to hold them for half an hour—maybe an hour."

"Make it half an hour," growled Doddridge Knapp. "Just remember that time is worth $1,000 a second till that injunction is served."

He went out without another word, and there was a commotion of clerks as we left.

"How's your nerve, Wilton?" inquired the King of the Street calmly. "Are you ready for some hot work?"

"Quite ready."

"Have you a revolver about you?"

"Yes."

"Very good. I don't want you to kill any one; but it may come in handy as an evidence of your good intentions."

He led the way to California street below Sansome, where we climbed a flight of stairs and went down a hall to a glass door that bore the gilt and painted letters, "Omega Mining Co., J. D. Storey, Pres't."

"There's five minutes to spare," said my employer. "He may be alone."

A stout, florid man, with red side-whiskers and a general air of good living, sat by an over-shadowing desk in the handsome office, and looked sourly at us as we entered. He was not alone, for a young man could be seen in a side room that was lettered "Secretary's Office."

"Ah, Mr. Knapp," he said, bowing ceremoniously to the millionaire, and rubbing his fat red hands. "Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"I reckon so, Storey. Let me introduce you to Mr. Wilton, one of our coming directors."

I had an inward start at this information, and Mr. Storey regarded me unfavorably. We professed ourselves charmed to see each other.

"I suppose it was an oversight that you didn't send me a notice of the directors' meeting," said Doddridge Knapp.

"Don't come too close, gentlemen," growled the Wolf.

Then I saw one of the men raise a six-shooter to aim at the defiant figure that faced them. I gave a spring and with one blow laid the man on the floor. There was a flash of fire as he fell, and a deafening noise was in my ears. Men all about me were striking at me. I scarcely felt their blows as I warded them off and returned them, for I was half-mad with the desperate sense of conflict against odds. But at last I felt myself seized in an iron grip, and in a moment was seated beside Doddridge Knapp on the desk.

"The time is up," he said. "There's the sheriff and Caswell with the writ."

"I congratulate you," I answered, my head still a swimming, noting that the enemy had drawn back at the coming of reinforcements.

"Good heavens, man, you're hurt!" he cried, pointing to my left sleeve where a blood stain was spreading. The wound I had received in the night

I SPRANG FORWARD AND GRAPPLED MR. STOREY.

recognized the source of Mr. Storey's discomfiture.

"I reckon he's safe for a bit," he growled. "Hulloo, what's this?"

I noted a very pale young man in the doorway of the secretary's office, apparently doubtful whether he should attempt to raise an alarm or hide.

"You go back in your room and mind your own business, Dodson," said the King of the Street. "Go!" he growled fiercely, as the young man still hesitated. "You know I can make or break you."

The young man disappeared and I closed and locked the door on him.

"There they come," said I, as steps sounded in the hall.

"Stand by the door and keep them out," whispered my employer. "I'll see that Storey doesn't get up. Keep still now. Every minute we gain is worth $10,000."

I took station by the door as the knob was tried. More steps were heard; and the knob was tried again. Then the door was shaken and picturesque comments were made on the dilatory president.

Doddridge Knapp looked grim, but serene, as he sat on the desk with his foot on the prostrate Storey. I breathed softly, and listened to the rising complaints from without.

There were thumps and kicks on the door, and at last a voice roared:

"What are you waiting for? Break it in."

A crash followed, and the ground-glass upper section of the door fell in fragments.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, as a man put his hand through the opening. "This revolver is loaded, and the first man to come through there will get a little cold lead in him."

There was a pause and then a storm of oaths.

"Get in there!" cried Decker's voice from the rear. "What are you afraid of?"

"He's got a gun."

"Well, get in, three or four of you at once. He can't shoot you all."

This spirited advice did not seem to find favor with the front-rank men, and the enemy retired for consultation. At last a messenger came forward

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to keep out."

"Who is he?" asked Decker's voice.

"There's another one there," cried another voice. "Why, it's Doddridge Knapp!"

Decker made use of some language not intended for publication, and there was whispering for a few minutes, followed by silence.

I looked at Doddridge Knapp, sitting grim and unmoved, counting the minutes till the injunction should come. Suddenly a man bounded through the broken upper section of the door, tossed by his companions, and I found myself in a grapple before I could raise my revolver.

We went down on the floor together, and I had a confused notion that the door swung open and four or five others rushed into the room.

I squirmed free from my opponent and sprang to my feet in time to see the whole pack around Doddridge Knapp.

The King of the Street sat calm and forceful with a revolver in his hand, and all had halted, fearing to go farther.

"Don't come too close, gentlemen," growled the Wolf.

Then I saw one of the men raise a six-shooter to aim at the defiant figure that faced them. I gave a spring and with one blow laid the man on the floor. There was a flash of fire as he fell, and a deafening noise was in my ears. Men all about me were striking at me. I scarcely felt their blows as I warded them off and returned them, for I was half-mad with the desperate sense of conflict against odds. But at last I felt myself seized in an iron grip, and in a moment was seated beside Doddridge Knapp on the desk.

"The time is up," he said. "There's the sheriff and Caswell with the writ."

"I congratulate you," I answered, my head still a swimming, noting that the enemy had drawn back at the coming of reinforcements.

"Good heavens, man, you're hurt!" he cried, pointing to my left sleeve where a blood stain was spreading. The wound I had received in the night of my morning's adventure, but there was something in my listener's face that called forth detail after detail, and her eyes kindled as I told the tale of the battle that won Omega in the stock Board, and the fight that rescued the fruits of victory in the office of the company.

"There is something fine in it, after all," she said when I was through. "There is something left of the spirit of the old adventurers and the knights."

I took her hand, and she let it lie a moment before she drew it away.

"I think I am more than repaid," I said.

"Oh, yes," she said, changing her tone to one of complete indifference. "Papa said he made you a director."

"Yes, I said, taking my cue from her manner. "I have the happiness to share the honor with three other dummies. Your father makes the fifth."

"How absurd!" laughed Luella. "Do you want to provoke me?"

"Don't mind me, Henry," interrupted the voice of Mrs. Knapp.

"But I must," said I, giving her greeting. "What service do you require?"

"Tell me what you have been doing?"

"I have just been telling Miss Luella."

"And what, may I ask?"

"I was explaining this morning's troubles."

"Oh, I heard a little of them from Mr. Knapp. Have you had any more of your adventures at Borton's and other dreadful places?"

I considered a moment, and then, as I could see no reason for keeping silent, I gave a somewhat abridged account of my Livermore trip, omitting reference to the strange vagaries of the Doddridge Knapp who traveled by night.

I had reason to be flattered by the attention of my audience. Both women leaned forward with wide-open eyes, and followed every word with eager interest.

"That was a dreadful danger you escaped," said Mrs. Knapp with a shudder. "I am thankful, indeed, to see you with us with no greater hurt."

Luella said nothing, but the look she gave me set my heart dancing in a way that all Mrs. Knapp's praise could not.

"I do hope this dreadful business will end soon," said Mrs. Knapp. "Do you think this might be the last of it?"

"No," said I, remembering my note I had received from the Unknown on my return, "there's much more to be done."

"I hope you are ready for it," said Mrs. Knapp, with a troubled look upon her face.

"As ready as I ever shall be, I suppose," I replied. "If the guardian angel who has pulled me through this far will hold on to his job, I'll do my part."

Mrs. Knapp raised a melancholy smile, but it disappeared at once, and she seemed to muse in silence, with no very pleasant thought on her mind. Twice or thrice I thought she wished to speak to me, but if so she changed her mind.

"I wonder at you," said Luella softly, as we stood alone for a moment.

"You have little cause."

"What you have done is much. You have conquered difficulties."

I looked in her calm eyes, and my soul came to the surface.

"I wish you might be proud of me," I said.

"I—I am proud of such a friend—except—" She hesitated.

"Always an 'except,'" I said half-bitterly.

"But you have promised to tell me—"

"Some day. As soon as I may." Under her magnetic influence I should have told then had she urged me. And not until I was once more outside the house did I recall how impossible it was that could ever tell her.

"Here's some one to see you, sir," said Owens, as I reached the walk and joined the guards I had left to wait for me.

"Yes, sir, you're wanted at Mother Borton's in a hurry," said another voice, and a man stepped forward. "There's the divil to pay!"

I recognized the one-eyed man who had done me the service that enabled me to escape from Livermore.

"Ah, Broderick, what's the matter?"

"I didn't get no orders, sor, so I don't know, but there was the divil's own shindy in the height of progression when I left. And Mother Borton says I was to come hot-foot for you and tell you to come with your men if ye valued your sowl."

"Is she in danger?"

"I reckon the thought was heavy on her mind, for her face was white with the terror of it."

One of the men was sent to bring out such of my force as had returned, and I, with the two others, hurried on to Borton's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

All a Matter of Inches.

Woman's Increased Height Makes Her Superior to Man.

I wonder if the love ideals of womanhood are changing with the sex, which is certainly in a transition state. At one time it was a rare event for a woman to marry a man much younger than herself, now it is a common one. Not so very long ago, in her secret heart, the unattached maiden rather longed for a master to whom she might play the part of admiring and adoring satellite; but in the present year of grace she prefers to be sovereign herself, and to have a prime minister who is useful and subordinate. Can this change be in any way due to the superior inches of the modern woman? A difference must inevitably exist between the day dreams of the six-foot something and the day dreams of five-foot nothing. Only the other evening, at a concert, I was much struck by the imposing manner in which a very tall woman, splendidly gowned, made her entrance into the room. She swept in as if the whole world belonged to her, while behind her followed an insignificant creature in black carrying her costly cloak, her fan and I don't know what else. Honestly, I felt sorry for him, but realized that my pity was wasted. One could see he exulted in his wife's magnificent appearance and his own subjection.—Black and White, London.

Japanese School Appliances.

South China is being covered with Japanese educational appliances specially adapted for Chinese use—school books, maps, globes, anatomical and other charts—all helping to rescue the people from their ignorance. Every school teaches physical and military drill. In every town of any size, and often in villages, there are now schools with foreign fittings for teaching western learning.

WHAT THE TRADE MARK MEANS TO THE BUYER

Few people realize the importance of the words "Trade Mark" stamped on the goods they buy. If they did it would save them many a dollar spent for worthless goods and put a lot of unscrupulous manufacturers out of the business.

When a manufacturer adopts a trade mark he assumes the entire responsibility for the merit of his product. He takes his business reputation in his hands—out in the limelight—"on the square" with the buyer of his goods, with the dealer, and with himself.

The other manufacturer—the one who holds out "inducements," offering to brand all goods purchased with each local dealer's brand—sidesteps responsibility, and when these inferior goods "come back" it's the local dealer that must pay the penalty.

A good example of the kind of protection afforded the public by a trade mark is that offered in connection with National Lead Company's advertising of pure White Lead as the best paint material.

That the Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is an absolute guaranty of purity in White Lead is proved to the most skeptical by the offer National Lead Company has made: send free to any address a blow-pipe and instructions how to test the white lead for themselves. The testing outfit is being sent out from the New York office of the company, Woodbridge Building.

FULLY FILLED THE BILL.

Aunt Mandy Was Thoroughly Satisfied with New Husband.

Aunt Mandy is an old colored woman who for years has done washing for several families. She has had several matrimonial experiences, and when her last husband died one of her customers attempted to condole with her.

"I was very sorry to hear of your husband's death, Aunt Mandy," she said.

"Ya'as, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He was a pow'ful good man."

"What did he die of?"

"Ah really don't know, ma'am."

"You don't know. Gracious! Couldn't the doctor tell you?"

"Ah didn't have no doctah, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He jes done died a natch'ral death."

It wasn't long, however, before Aunt Mandy had another husband.

"I hear you are married again," remarked her patron one day.

"Ya'as, ma'am," giggled Aunt Mandy. "I was done married las' Sunday."

"And is your new husband equal to the last?"

"Ya'as, indeedy, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He's jes as equal, if not equaller."

A Few Funny Facts.

The Georgia legislature has had under consideration a bill which would make null and void a matrimonial compact into which a woman has wheedled a man by means of paint, powder, perfume, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, corsets, hoops, high-heeled shoes, low-cut waists, lace or rainbow hosiery, or by any other artificial means or practices. Why not limit the woman's "wheedling" privileges to the method of absent treatment? It is plain the poor men need at least a ten-mile start.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Special Test of Timber.

An example of the progress of the science of forestry in this country is furnished by the co-operation just arranged between the University of Idaho and the United States forest service for testing the timber growing in the State of Idaho. The tests will be specially directed to determine the fitness of these timbers for use as bridge stringers, railroad ties and paving blocks.

Progress Reported.

"Did you have any luck fishing?"

"Yes."

"How many did you catch?"

"I didn't catch any. But I thought up some mighty good stories to tell the folks at home."

Foot Ache—Use Allen's Foot-Ease Over 30,000 testimonials. Refuse imitations. Relief for Free trial package. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

What a lot of trouble some children seem to have keeping their parents in the way they should go!

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

Pride and prejudice make an unsatisfactory pair to draw to.

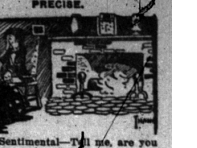
Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

PRECISE.



Miss Sentimental—Tell me, are you sure, Milton, that I'm the first you've asked to marry you?"

Mr. Manyack—Do you mean this present month or do you include last as well?

Whistling in English Streets.

In England whistling is very common among all classes, and, indeed, it is rare in London to see a butcher or a grocer boy on his daily errands whose lips are not pursed up for the purpose of emitting the whistling notes of the comic song of the hour. So prevalent is the habit that in hotels, and even in clubs, notices are posted up to "refrain from whistling."

An Observation.

One of the most annoying things in life is to fall in a coal hole, or stumble over an uneven bit of pavement, and get badly enough hurt to make you ill all day, but not badly enough to be able to recover damages from the city.

This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed for many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

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.

Out They Go

To Eastern Colorado. We have the best and last crop of good, cheap prairie lands suitable for raising all kinds of crops in abundance. Write or call on us if you want a good farm or an investment that will make you some money.

BOWE-HEIDE INVESTMENT COMPANY
15 North 4th Street 1715 Stout Street
Minneapolis, Minn. Denver, Colorado

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE

PLANTEN'S (TRADE MARK) C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES. EN DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c. H. PLANTEN & SON 53 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses the scalp and hair. Prevents dandruff. Promotes luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures all scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. E. ELLIS & ENGRAVING CO., 73 W. Lake St., Chicago.

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

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.