



**Cheap Trip California**

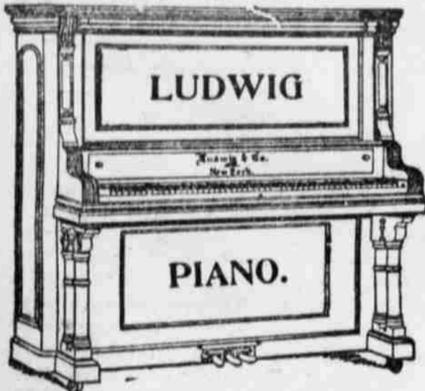
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Greensboro, N. C.



**Whether Common or Not**  
By Will N. Maupin.

**The Singer and the Song.**

The singer sang, his heart aflame  
With Freedom's holy light.  
He sang for love and not for fame,  
His highest hope and dearest aim  
To hold aloft the Right.

Stilled was his pen! His work complete  
The singer sang no more.  
He thought his song with rhythm sweet,  
With love for humankind replete,  
Lost in the mad world's roar.

A song of hope and joy and cheer  
Set hearts to beating light.  
It banished sorrow's falling tear;  
Dispelled the clouds of doubt and fear;  
And all the world grew bright.

Forgot the singer! But the song  
Still stirs the hearts of men.  
When bowed beneath a tyrant's wrong  
They sing it in a chorus strong  
And stand free men again.

**Taking no Chances.**

"You must have had a swell party at your house last night."

"What makes you think so?"  
"Well, I saw the house all lighted up, heard music and saw Professor St. Ledger de Mayne, the famous parlor entertainer, drive up to your door in a coupe."

"Yes, but it was not a social function. We were merely entertaining our cooklady. She has been with us three weeks now and for the last five or six days she has shown signs of discontent. We arranged that little affair last night for her benefit. I think she'll stay another fortnight now."

**Danger.**

Dodge N. Taske—"We's got t' be mighty careful erbout our eatin' after this, pal."

Hitte D'Rhodes—"What's de matter now?"

Dodge N. Taske—"I see by dis paper dat some medical guy has discovered dat laziness is caused by a microbe an' also de cure f'r de microbe. We's got ter be on our guard, pal, or some o' dese philanthropic ol' wimmin will be dopin' our free lunches without askin' our permission."

**Uncle Ponder.**

"This is a queer world, gentlemen," remarked Uncle Ponder, apropos of nothing, as he removed a handful of prunes from the barrel and took his seat in the circle about the grocery store stove. "This is a queer world. Now I know some men of mighty bad character who have made good reputations an' th' world persists in accepting their reputations. On the other hand, some men of good character have bad reputations, an' this same ol' world insists on measurin' 'em by reputation again."

**Bill the Guide.**

"Look hyar, Bill; you an' me has been guidin' sports fr'm th' city f'r a good many year now. I ain't complainin' none, I ain't, but what I want t' know is this, why'n thunder is it you air always called for by th' sports, an' I don't git nuthin' t' do until you air engaged for a week 'r two ahead?"

"Well, Pete, I don't min' tellin' you, seein' as how we're ol' pards. It's this way. When I take one o' them

city sports out I jus' make him think he knows it all. If he shoots at a deer an' misses he's sure t' explain it at th' hotel by sayin' it was a mighty long shot with too much brush between 'em. 'It war about 1,300 yard, wan't it, Bill?' he'll say. An' instead o' sayin' "Yes, about that fur," jus' as you'd do, Pete, I wrinkle up my face like I wuz thinkin' an' then say, 'I cakilate it wur furdur than that; must have been 1,500 yard if a inch.' That catches 'em, Pete. If one o' 'em lets a fish git away he's sure to tell it somethin' like this: 'Th' fish wur so big he broke my leader, which must a got worn some. He wur a beauty an' must a weighed all o' six pounds, eh Bill?' Now you'd say, 'Jus' about six pound, I reckon.' That's what you'd say, Pete. But I'd say: 'Better nor that; he must a weighed all of seven poun' two ounces.'

"It's diperlometry, Pete; diperlometry. If th' feller you air guidin' rows th' boat a mile he'll tell 'em at th' hotel he rowed it most o' th' time, and ask you if he ain't tellin' it straight. Then you ought'er speak right up an' say, 'More'n that, sir; more'n that. I ain't see no better hand at pullin' a boat f'r many a year, sir.' That fetches 'em, Pete. I owe all o' my success in my chosen purfession, Pete, t' my diperlometry. I ain't no better guide nor you be, Pete, but I'm a better diperlomat."

**Brain Leaks.**

Fear and Faith cannot live in the same heart.

The man who achieves his ideal is to be pitied.

There is no door of doubt in the temple of Faith.

Misery loves company and never has any trouble in finding it.

People who think only of their blessings are never unhappy.

There are thousands of moral cowards who are physically brave.

Attending to other people's business is neither profitable nor pleasant.

It is easy for those who have never suffered to say, "Their grief is all put on."

If prayer alone saved the world would have more lazy Christians than it already has.

We don't get good pure buckwheat any more. Genuine buckwheat can be told by the scratch.

If there were more curfew laws for parents there would be little need of curfew laws for children.

The prettier the child is the more emphatic the mother is saying that the child "looks like my people."

There are too many people in this world who tell us what to do, and not enough who can show us how to do it.

Did you ever notice that the husband who so easily forgets his wife's errands seldom forgets his own little pleasures.

We haven't much confidence in the good intentions of the man who says he is going to quit a bad habit by "tapering off."

**You Must Get The Book**

You who are sick and are waiting—you must get my book.

Must, if you hope to get well; for I know that these diseases, when chronic, are seldom cured in common ways.

Must is a strong word, but it's true. You will know soon or late that a permanent cure demands my help.

I will mail you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

No other physician ever made such an offer. No other remedy could stand such a test. For your own sake, don't neglect it, when you risk not a penny, and success means health.

I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen weak inside nerves. My Restorative brings back that power which alone operates the vital organs. I treat a weak organ as I would a weak engine, by giving it the power to act. My way always succeeds, save when a cause like cancer makes a cure impossible. And most of these chronic diseases cannot be cured without it.

You'll know this when you read my book.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 515 Racine, Wis.

BOOK NO. 1 ON DYSPEPSIA  
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BOOK NO. 3 ON THE KIDNEYS.  
BOOK NO. 4 FOR WOMEN.  
BOOK NO. 5 FOR MEN. (sealed)  
BOOK NO. 6 ON ANEURISM

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

**She Answered Back.**

Major Pratt, the United States army officer who is in charge of the Carlisle Indian school, admits that many of his graduates who return to tribal life fall into Indian ways again. Therefore he is doing all he can to prevent the educated Indians from going back to the reservations.

He tells of an incident he saw at a western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed at a straw hat, and asked: "How muchee?"

"Fifty cents," said the merchant. "How muchee?" she asked again, pointing at another article. The price was quoted, and was followed by another query of "How muchee?"

Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and asked, mildly:

"Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such palpably and unmistakably inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your pecuniary profits, as well as be ethically proper? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school.—Exchange.

**Cheer Up!**

If your rundown condition, constant headaches or backaches, loss of sleep, appetite and flesh; lack of vitality and general nervousness make you worried and anxious and irritable it is time to look after your nerves.

**Dr. Miles' Nervine**

acts directly upon the nerves, restoring and strengthening them. It will make you healthier and happier. Sold on guarantee. Write today for free book on the nerves mentioning The Commoner. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.