

THE LIVING ROOM.

It Should at All Times Be a "Livable" Room.

What to do with the living room is a problem that confronts every housekeeper. The living room should be in fact as well as in name a living room—a livable room. It is the room in which the most of our time at home is spent, the hours we have for leisure, the time we have for play, the place where we entertain our friends and it is absolutely essential that the walls and furnishings of the living room should be harmonious in color, suitable in texture, and durable in material.

The rich, soft, solid colored walls are the ideal walls for the living rooms. They make a better background for pictures, throw the furniture out in better relief, are less discordant with rugs and carpeting, and indicate a higher degree of taste and culture than do the colored monstrosities which we paste on when we apply wall paper.

Who ever saw roses climbing up a plastered wall growing out of a hardwood floor? Yet, that is what we suggest to the imagination when we paste paper covered with roses on our walls. They are neither artistic nor true. Roses are all very beautiful, but they were never made to climb up interior walls and they do not grow from hardwood flooring. The set figures of wall paper are also tiresome and equally disagreeable and repellent.

The alabaster wall is the only correct form of a tinted or solid colored wall. Fortunately it is the only permanent way; the only way that does not involve the endless labor in the future.

In lighting the walls some thought must be given the color. Light colors reflect 85% of the light thrown upon them. Dark colors reflect but 15%. Lighting bills can be saved by choosing a color which will reflect the largest degree of light. In north rooms use warm colors or colors which reflect light. In south and west rooms sometimes the light can be modified by the use of darker colors. Dark greens absorb the light; light yellows reflect it; browns modify it, and so on, through the scale of colors. The color scheme of a room not only is dependent upon the color of the carpetings but it is also dependent upon the light of the room.

PERHAPS A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Physician Had Reason to Think He Had Lost His Patient.

Henry Grimm, who was formerly one of the prominent members of the German-American society, tells a story about a German friend of his who was taken ill.

For many days the German was close to death, but after a time he showed improvement in condition. The doctor told the German's wife that her husband might have anything to eat that he liked.

The German expressed a desire for Limburger cheese, and the wife, being a generous woman and pleased at the improvement, and in order that her husband might have a nibble at any time he had a taste for it, put some cheese in every room in the house. It is easy to imagine the aroma.

The next morning the doctor called at the house, and as soon as he opened the door he asked: "When did he die?"—Hartford Post.

Sympathy.

"It's a serious thing, Verena," sighed Mrs. Upmore, "to be the wife of a man who holds a public office. It demands so much of his time and keeps him away from his home."

"I know just how you feel, ma'am," said the elderly domestic. "My first husband was the grand imperial outside guard of the Amalgamated and Solidified Order of Fuzzy Guzlers, and sometimes he was that busy trying to remember the signs and grips that I couldn't get a word out of him all day long."

Very True.

The Best Friend—I hear her old husband shows her a dog-like devotion.

The Casual Gossip—Yes, they say he is always growing at her.

Garfield Tea, the herb medicine, insures a healthy action of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Take it for constipation and sick-headache. Write Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for free samples.

Moore's Greatest Earnings. Thomas Moore never made more than \$5,000 a year from his work.

We Pay Top Price for Cream. Cash every day. Write for prices and tags. Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.

Not vainly does he strive who can endure.—Procter.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM. BRUISES. DIABETES. BARK. GUARANTEED.

THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY. IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD. MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS.

GREEN-EYE'S SECOND SIGHT

By LEO CRANE

(Copyright.)

In the days of her babyhood she had bestowed on him the name of Green-eye. In those days both his eyes would reflect a yellowish green at times—not the vitriolic gleam of rage, but a doubting annoyance, and this had been the nature of the animal since the firm training of her father, Krantz. Circus men referred to Krantz, of the Consolidated outfit, as the one man they had known to possess perfect assurance in the den of a full-grown tiger, and they could not understand why he did not take this wondrous power to a bigger show. There would have been money in it for him, they said.

But Krantz was getting old. He referred to this and he lacked ambition. Green-eye he owned, and between them they made a good living for the daughter.

One day the circus men were surprised to find that Milly Krantz had put on long skirts.

David, the young fellow who topped the highest hurdles on Firefly, and Milly had grown up together, show children, boy and girl. He walked around her admiringly.

"Hi, Milly!" he muttered in a teasing mood. "You're dressing finer than I can ever hope to array the lady of my house. Real silk, and he picked up the skirt to examine its ruffled edge.

"Father says," she explained in pretty pride, "that I must always wear silk skirts."

David threw up his hands in comic paths. "And me draw'n thirty per!—Milly—we've got to quit bein' sweethearts. Gee! it's a tough proposition," was his comment.

Then Krantz flung to the gossips a sensation. One morning he took Milly into Green-eye's presence, into the circular cage. He told her to walk about. Then he put Green-eye through the drill. When the beast growled, Krantz spoke to him and shook the silken tuffles of the skirt until they ruffled like the cat's whiskers, and he taught Milly to give the commands.

Then Krantz announced one morning that on the next day Milly would go into the cage alone.

David hurried off to find Milly and strenuously opposed the plan. "Don't be a silly boy," she said, laughing.

"But the danger, Milly, the danger." "There is no terrible danger, dear boy. He never rushes, never springs, David," said Milly quietly. "Green-eye isn't really a green eye at all, David, boy. Green-eye is blind."

David sprang to his feet. "Blind?" "Blind as a bat," he said, "you—do you know—"

"It's true, David, no one knows but father, and you, and—I know. He is blind. And don't tell; please, David, please don't tell anybody."

In the afternoon, David saw her go into the big cage alone. He could not feel confident. But, standing by, he again saw the wavering indecision of the beast, a seeming watchfulness which was really listening. The uncertainty of its movement, save in instinctive obedience, expressed the doubt of the blind perfectly—to one who knew.

It was on the long western trip of the Consolidated Outfit that Green-eye got away. A skidding train, a crash into a heavily loaded lumber car, and accident presented freedom to the beast through the broken end of his traveling den. This happened in the southern country, where the cattle range, and in a section not without wooded districts.

Search was made; cattlemen turned out and scoured the range; Krantz remained behind the show a week seeking his lost pet. But Green-eye had completely disappeared.

"He'll die now, yes," said Krantz to his daughter, when he had finally rejoined the show. "No food, and he is without the light to hunt it. What can a man kill to eat when he is tied by the eyes? There is no more Green-eye."

And Krantz refused to be comforted. He became a sort of pensioner of the show until some new act could be put under his training. David came to him shortly after this. "I want Milly for my wife," he said. "You are a good boy, David," agreed the old man.

There was no reason why he should refuse his daughter to the younger. They were married in a little south-west town, four months after the escape of Green-eye. The show made merry at the wedding. There were presents, a check from the boss, and a feast. Some hours after their marriage came a telegram saying that the missing animal had been captured.

The great joy of Krantz, who went on an excited drunk for the first time since the death of Milly's mother, was only qualified by the intense irritation of David.

"One thing is certain, Milly," he said sternly; "you're my wife now, and you don't go back to training tigers—no, not even a near-sighted one."

David lived firm in this decision. Krantz granted disdainfully and went about moping. Milly thought she should be allowed to decide the matter, and in the light of her pride, David's position was the first unpleasant exhibition of man's vanity of ownership.

Then Green-eye arrived. He was in no agreeable mood. Gaunt, fierce from a wound which had partially crippled one of his hind legs, the brute slouched about his box, and occasionally tore at its heavy timbers.

Then the pride of Milly Krantz grew beyond restraint. Without consulting the obdurate David, she hinted to old Krantz that she was ready. There was no reason to fear Green-eye and she was not afraid.

Old Krantz prepared the properties and selected a morning. Green-eye's cage was wheeled to the larger den. The animal was sluggish and did not relish the transfer. Now Krantz stood by the door, ready to pass her up into the cage. He had cautioned her to take a heavy chair, an aid that might be required, and she carried one of those tough whips to bring back to Green-eye a lapsing memory of another master's woman whose temperament had been no like his own.

David would not have suspected this little drama—would never have understood why Milly entered the tiger's den against his wishes—had it not been for Firefly, the jumping horse. On the previous day Firefly had given evidences of being off feed, and David arose early to see that a soft mash was given the animal. Not finding a stableman close at hand, he had mixed the feed himself and was going in with it to the horse tent when the clank of a bar against the steel of the big cage caught his ear. Wondering who was in that quarter so early, David slipped into the big tent—at that very moment old Krantz swung Milly into the tiger's den.

David stood completely paralyzed with a fearful dread in those first few moments. Silent, unable to cry out, he stood with the bucket of bran in his hand, staring at the slip of a woman, his wife, in that great cage. Green-eye did not at once move from his position on the floor, and as he entered had been without noise, it was the first rustle of her silken skirt that told the beast of her presence.

David moved nearer, now afraid to speak for fear of disconcerting her. She must act for herself. At the first hiss of the whip, swiftly Green-eye lifted his feet in a movement of sluggish grace. Then, slowly, he turned his head, and the big green eyes stared in all that intensity which is cruel, bestial. David saw there was menace in the beast's pose, and his face went white; Krantz saw, too; worst of all, Milly saw. Her eyes were lined with the tiger's. She seemed unable to move or to speak. Her face was drawn and set and pale. Her eyes stared fixedly into those gleaming orbs.

Green-eye uttered a snarl—this broke the spell. His bound across the den's center was not quicker than her pitiful cry. She threw forward the chair, lost her grip of it, and staggered aside to the door, screaming: "He can see—He can see!"

There had been no waver, no hesitation in the spring. The limping leg handicapped him, and he fell entangled by the four protruding legs of the chair. Then instantly he was blind again with Firefly's bucket of mash in his eyes. David's toss was accurate and vicious. The brute rolled frantically over the floor of the den, wrecking the chair with frenzied strokes, biting, snarling, wiping at his eyes. Then he sprang at the bars, a hideous, glaring thing. There was a wick of hatred burning in each of the green eyes.

Milly, white and quivering, fung herself into David's arms. "Oh, David! David!" she cried, clutching him, "he can see!" It was old Krantz who grunted, and puffed, and snorted in German frascibility at the wild idea of her fear. "Life in the open will do it, Krantz," said David. "See! ach Gott! what could make him see when he ain't no eyes? You kept still about this seeing, Milly! You loose the nerve, yes. See! could he see these last two, three years? No—Haaa! Well blind is blind, ain't it?"

And Krantz, stolid, unreasoning, pattered about the stake wagon until he found an ash club. He tested it, earnestly grunting.

They found Krantz at the bottom of Green-eye's cage several mornings later. It had been a good club; but—there was no bandage.

Song of the Heart. I singeth love in every heart. We hear it each and all. A song of those who answer not. However we may call. They throng the silence of the breast. We see them as of yore—The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up. When these have laid it down; They brightened all the joys of life, They softened every frown; But, oh, 'tis good to think of them When we are troubled sore. Thanks be to God that such have been, Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown Since they have entered there; To follow them was not so hard, Wherever they may fare; They cannot be where God is not, On any sea or shore; What'er betides, Thy love abides, Our God for evermore.—John White Chadwick.

British Machinery for Japan. Large quantities of machinery are being ordered by Japan from Great Britain. Among the latest orders is an immense heating plant, for a group of manufacturing, and a complete outfit for a new sugar-making industry.

THE PAINTING SEASON.

Good results in painting at the least cost depend largely upon the material chosen. Paint is a simple compound and the ingredients can be easily tested. The solid part or pigment should be White Lead. The liquid part should be Linseed Oil. Those best informed on painting always buy these ingredients separately and have their painter mix them fresh for each job. Before the mixing the test is made.

Place a pea-sized bit of White Lead on a piece of charcoal or piece of wood. Blow the flame against it and see what it will do. If it is pure White Lead, little drops of bright, pure metallic lead will appear, and with a completely reduced to one globe of metallic lead. This is because pure White Lead is made from metallic lead.

You may test dozens of other so-called White Leads and not be able to reduce one of them to lead. If they will not change wholly to lead but leave a residue, it is clear that some adulterant is present.

If you should have your painting done with such materials, no matter how cheap they might seem, it would be costly in the end.

National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City, are sending on request a blowpipe free to any one about to have painting done, so that the White Lead may be tested with it will be sent a handsomely printed booklet having as its frontispiece the "Dutch Boy Painter," reproduced from the original painting. This little painter has become noted as the guaranty of pure White Lead.

Losing a Tenant. A landlord in the Highlands of Scotland had a "crofter" tenant, who paid him ten shillings a year as rent for the little farm. At the end of the second year the tenant came to the landlord and said that he was not able to pay more than five shillings a year, as crops had been poor. The landlord agreed to this.

At the end of the third year the tenant appeared before the landlord again and complained that things were going so poorly with him that he was not able to pay any rent. The landlord agreed to let him remain free. At the end of the fourth year the tenant once more appeared before the landlord, and said:

"Colonel, if you don't build me a barn I'll have to move."

The Thunder Cloud. Rt. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D., bishop of Connecticut, told an interesting story not long ago of a colored clergyman, who was far from being a brilliant preacher, and had the habit, when exhorting his brethren, of shouting in a very loud tone of voice. The bishop thought he reproved him, so suggested kindly that perhaps his sermons would have as good an effect if delivered more softly.

But the colored minister replied: "Well, you see, it's this way, bishop, I have to make up in thunder what I lack in lightning."—Harpers Weekly.

The Farmer's Retort. "What do you call your red automobile?" drawled the old farmer at the drawbridge. "In 'goggles," "The fool killer," bantered the man in gloves. "I call it that because it kills all the fools who happen to cross in front of it."

The old farmer cleaned his pipe with a straw and then replied, evenly: "That so, mister? Well, is there any chance of it blowing up and killing the fool inside?"

A Boy on Clergymen. Bishop Potter, at an ecclesiastical dinner in New York, read a Coopers-ton schoolboy's essay on "Clergymen." The essay, which created much amusement, was as follows:

"There are 3 kinds of clergymen: bishops, rectors and curates. The bishops tell the rectors to work and the curates have to do it, a curate is a thin married man, but when he is a rector he gets fatter and can preach longer sermons and becomes a good man."

Explicit. "This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker. "Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman, courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."

COFFEE EYES. It Acts Slowly But Frequently Produces Blindness. The curious effect of slow daily poisoning and the gradual building in of disease as a result, is shown in numbers of cases where the eyes are affected by coffee.

A case in point will illustrate: A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eyes in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

She says: "This gradual failure of sight alarmed me and I naturally began a very earnest quest for the cause. About this time I was told that coffee poisoning sometimes took that form, and while I didn't believe that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I concluded to try it and see."

"I took up Postum Food Coffee in spite of the jokes of Husband whose experience with one cup at a neighbor's was unsatisfactory. Well, I made Postum strictly according to directions, boiling it a little longer, because of our high altitude. The result was charming. I have now used Postum in place of coffee for about 3 months and my eyes are well, never pain me or show any weakness. I know to a certainty that the cause of the trouble was coffee and the cure was in quitting it and building up the nervous system on Postum, for that was absolutely the only change I made in diet and I took no medicine."

"My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum."

"Dr. —, a friend, discarded coffee and took on Postum to see if he could rid of his dyspepsia and frequent headaches. The change produced a most remarkable improvement quickly."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

FROM SUNNY ORANGE GROVES.

The Twice-Told Experience of a San Bernardino, Calif., Man.

From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel M. Heath, of 158 Eighth Street; "For fifteen years I suffered with pains in my back, frequent calls to pass the secretions, dropsy, rheumatic aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I could get no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said: 'The cure was thorough.'"

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

TOOK TIME. A Scotsman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set before him that he might help himself. After some time, the master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast."

"In truth, master," said Sandy; "a cheese of this size is nae sae soon eaten as you may think."

CURE AT CITY MISSION. Awful Case of Scabies—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching—Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scabies (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked hard over her for seven weeks but we could see little improvement. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

A Gardening Nation. In Sweden a gift is made once a year to each school pupil of trees or shrubs to be planted about the home. By law each parish must grant a certain amount of land to be devoted to the purpose of school gardens. There are scores of horticultural societies which employ gardeners to give the public free instruction and advice on fruit and vegetable culture. The natural resources of the country are being increased in this way to a wonderful extent.

Might Be Sure of That. Bobby is the son of a minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of his eight years' life. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father and the course of the conversation turned to Heaven and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blessed. "Yes," said the youngster, with a sigh of deep weariness, "I know. It's the last place we're going to move to."

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Wm. A. Rorer, President, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Sells, Cashier, National Bk. of Commerce, Toledo, O. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Machine-Made Proposal. Annabel—How queer! Here's a story about a man who made a fortune out of an attachment for a sewing machine.

Arthur (softly)—That's nothing. I've formed an attachment for the sweetest little sewing machine in the world, and would consider my fortune made if she'd have me. (No cards.)

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.

Contentment comes neither by culture nor by wishing; it is reconciliation with one's lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.—McLean.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Paste is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and scalding feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

All effective work is the result of concentrated thought and perseverance.—Marden.

Spot Cash for Your Cream. Top market prices always. MILTON DAIRY CO., St. Paul.

Power, be it ever so great, has not half the might of gentleness.—Hunt.

We Want Your Cream. Write to-day for tags and prices. North Star Creamery Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

It is love and justice wrought out in life that makes its beauty.—Brooke.

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

Let him who would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.

Patent endurance attaineth to all things.—St. Teresa.

Stack Covers, Awnings, Tents. Flags etc. For information and prices, write American Tent & Awning Co., Minneapolis.

Hope, without action, is a sad undoer.—Feiltham.

THE CALL OF THE SOIL.

DAYS OF FINANCIAL STRESS MAKE FARM LANDS LOOK RICH.

A staff contributor of a southern newspaper has taken up the question of the return to the farm of many who had forsaken it for the glitter of the city. He says: "It is a well known fact that the history of this Government shows that those men who have been most successful in life and who have left their impress upon its people and its institutions as statesmen, soldiers, financiers—have as a rule been those whose youth was spent on the farm, and it is to such as these that there comes with overmastering power THE CALL OF THE SOIL. More especially does it come with redoubled persuasiveness, greater power and sweeter pleading to the man of affairs when the clouds of financial unrest begin to darken the sky; when the cry of panic causes people to lose their wits and act like stampeded cattle; when with reason or without reason there arises before him the specter of ruin, grinning in his face and waving its ghastly arms in threatening gesticulation.

The pitiable state into which some men were brought by the recent financial flurry, which happily is now passed, suggests these reflections. Some were ruined and a very few became insane because of their losses. Two or three took their own lives.

It is when such times come that the statesman, the great financier, and the man of affairs becomes tired of the struggle. He lays down his pen, turns from his desk and listens to the CALL OF THE SOIL.

There are hundreds of cases throughout the United States of those who have money in the banks and are looking for investment in land. No investment is better or safer. Take, for instance, the lands in Western Canada that can be bought at from \$10 to \$15 per acre which yield a revenue equal to and often greater than their original cost. Those lands make a certain investment. During the past two months large investments in these lands have been made, some intending to use the lands for farming purposes of their own. Others to resell to farmer friends. The agents of the Government of Canada located at different points throughout the United States have in their possession particulars of districts in which there are free homestead grants of 160 acres each accessible to railroads, markets, schools, churches, etc. These are valuable lands. These agents will be pleased to give information to any desirous of securing, and will tell all about the railway rates, etc.

Discipline Above All. Near Serrat, in Morocco, during a fierce engagement, a soldier of the French foreign legion was struck by a Moorish bullet and fell flat on his face. "He is dead," said his corporal, leaning over him. Lifting a battered face, the legionary groaned: "No, corporal; not dead, but badly hurt." "Where is your pocket of lint?" demanded the corporal. "I have forgotten it," said the soldier, trying to wipe away the blood. "Two days' arrest," shouted the corporal, and lifting the wounded man onto his back he staggered to the nearest doctor amid a hail of bullets.

U. S. Dip, Wash and Disinfectant. The best and cheapest. 1 gallon makes 100 gals. Dip, wash or spray. 1 gal. 75c. 3 gal. \$2.25. 5 gals. \$3. Write for 32 page booklet. Ship us your Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool, etc. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Each one does best who does his best for one day at a time, and then refreshes himself with the knowledge that he can do it better on the next.—Seuption.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN

What Does This Sign Mean? It means the public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs? Come and See.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told? Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write? Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential? Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents? Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women? Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS. ELECTROTYPES. In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. N. K. & Co., 123 W. Adams St., Chicago.

DEFIANCE STARCH—10 ounces to the package. Refuse substitutes. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

A. N. K. & Co. (1908-17) 2227.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coalited Tongue, Pain in the Side, RHEUMATISM, LIVER COMPLAINT.

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Each one does best who does his best for one day at a time, and then refreshes himself with the knowledge that he can do it better on the next.—Seuption.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. \$3.00 to \$3.50. SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

"OUCH, OH MY BACK" NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

ST. JACOBS OIL

PRICE 25c AND 50c

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. \$3.00 to \$3.50. SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere