Get Health AND Beauty

What pleasure is there in life for a woman without health and beauty?

Mme. Yale's Remedies

are the standard preparations of the world. Indorsed by the highest authorities. Mme. Yale's own marvelous beauty bears a witness to their scientific efficacy. They create health and beauty.

YALE BEAUTY PRICES.

Mme. Yale's Skin Food removes wrinkles, $1.50 and $3, two sizes. Our cut price, $1.25 and $2.69.

Mme. Yale's Complexion Cream makes rough skin smooth, $1 per jar. Our cut price, 79c.

Mme. Yale's Hair Tonic restores health and natural color to hair, $1 per bottle. Our cut price, 79c.

Mme. Yale's Complexion Bleach clears the complexion of all blemishes, $2 per bottle. Our cut price, $1.69.

Mme. Yale's Hand Whitener makes ugly hands soft, white and pretty, $1 per bottle. Our cut price, 79c.

Mme. Yale's Special Lotion No. 1 cures pimples and blackheads, $1 per bottle. Our cut price, 79c.

Mme. Yale's Special Ointment No. 2 cures skin diseases, $1 per bottle. Our special price, 79c.

Mme. Yale's Bust Food develops the bust, makes neck plump, $1.50 and $3, two sizes. Our cut prices, $1.25 and $2.69.

Mme. Yale's Corn Cure cures permanently soft corns, hard corns and calluses, takes soreness out of corns in half hour; 25 cents; guaranteed to cure. Our cut price, 21c.

Mme. Yale's Fruitcure, a tonic for curing women's complaints, restoring tone and vitality to the system, $1 per bottle. Our cut price, 79c.

All of Mme. Yale's other preparations at equally low prices.

Wm. Donaldson & Co.,
THE GLASS BLOCK,
Mme. Yale's Agents for Minneapolis.

HOW COLE YOUNGER CAME TO MISSOURI

AFTER TWENTY-SIX YEARS ENFORCED EXILE THE PARDONED OUTLAW RETURNS TO THE SCENES OF HIS BOYHOOD—HOW HE WON A BET BY REACHING HOME WITHOUT BEING ING RECOGNIZED—HIS ATTITUDE ON THE SHOW BUSINESS

The home-coming of Cole Younger, the former outlaw, last week, at Lee's Summit, Mo., was not unlike the arrival at his native village of some Italian brigand made glorious by illegal warfare. But the difference is important. Fra Diavolo was admired for his sin, Cole Younger was respected for his atonement.

Neither in Missouri nor in Minnesota has a word of sanction, still less of approval, been given to the outlawry of the Younger brothers. Least of all has Cole Younger sought to justify wrong doing.

"The name outlaw," he has said, "will always be for me a coal of living fire." Moreover, no murder, no act of cruelty, has ever been attributed to Younger. His offenses as an accomplice are admitted, but they were punished by imprisonment for a quarter of century, for half his lifetime. Public opinion has called this punishment adequate. People that see neither Christianity nor social welfare in legal chastisement altogether vindictive have remembered, at the same time, that the Younger boys were practically forced into outlawry.

Coleman and James Younger, prominent actors in the guerilla warfare that continued the bitterness of antebellum feuds along the Kansas border, tried in vain, after the war, to resume a peaceful life on their mother's farm near Lee's Summit, Mo. They tried in vain to take once more the social position justified by their family traditions and their former wealth. For the Youngers were descended from Light Horse Harry Lee of Virginia; their maternal grandfather had been a judge; their own father, Colonel Henry Washington Younger, had sat upon the district bench, and had been worth, before his death, more than $100,000.

Couldn't Live in Peace.

The brothers were unwilling to abandon forever all relations with their former home, their friends, their family. But any attempt at a peaceful life in Missouri meant for Cole and James assassination by the hands of the "vigilant committees" that had already executed many of the Youngers' comrades. It was then that the brothers chose the criminal alternative of an outlaw's life.

Yet, during the war Cole Younger had saved the life of more than one Union prisoner; and so he afterwards risked his own life to visit his invalid mother; so he turned his horse at Northfield and rode back into apparently certain death to pick up and carry away his wounded brother Bob; so, during twenty-five years of imprisonment, never violating a prison-rule, he devoted himself to the solace of the sick and dying in the prison hospital, and so, after being released on parole, he observed for eighteen months every promise he made of exemplary conduct.

Minnesota then said, and Missouri agreed, that Cole Younger had proved himself a man. And when, two weeks ago, after twenty-five years of imprisonment, a year of parole; after one of his brothers had died in prison; after his sole surviving brother had committed suicide—not a few persons, north and south, were gratified to hear that Cole Younger had been pardoned, had been permitted to start back to his family, to his id home.

Only those that are ignorant of the foregoing circumstances can be surprised at the unique and widespread interest displayed in Younger's departure from the North Star state; only those can wonder that he carried with him personal gifts testifying to the respect entertained for him by business men and officials of the twin cities; by members of the state legislature; by officers, close to the head of the state government. Far-off Connecticut was sufficiently interested to announce the arrival there of a spurious Cole Younger. Missouri sent word that she had arranged a public reception for her rehabilitated son at Kansas City and an old-fashioned barbecue at Independence, near Lee's Summit.

Tried to Shun Publicity.

But Younger, who is far from thinking himself a hero, realized the equivocal significance of these morbid compliments. He wished to avoid any unbecoming demonstrations and to go home quietly, "to get back to my friends and nothing more, exactly as I have said I would." He had at first proposed to leave St. Paul last Monday night, but receiving a telegram that his sister at Lee's Summit was seriously ill, and learning, besides, that some friends were indiscreetly preparing "a farewell dinner" to be given for him on Monday, he hurried away the previous Saturday night.

He bade farewell at the central police station, St. Paul, to his friend John J. O'Connor, the chief of police. He secured checks by messenger for his trunk and valise. Then, accompanied only by a St. Paul detective, he boarded at the union depot, a Pullman sleeper on the Chicago Great Western train leaving St. Paul at 11:20 o'clock p. m. A few minutes later he encountered a Journal man on the train and exacted a promise that the "Dr. Rockford of Chicago" be allowed to depart without mention. The "doctor" was not suspected by trainmen or by passengers. So dignified and portly a person, wearing gold-framed eye glasses so respectable and garments so seriously black, could be nothing else, manifestly, than a middle-aged professional man.

The doctor retired early. To the porter he explained that he "hadn't been out of the state for several years" and he feared that he wouldn't sleep well, but no sooner was he inside his snowy pajamas than he fell asleep. He awoke, however, shortly before 3 o'clock a. m. as the train was crossing the Minnesota line. "Once I could have yelled with joy to get across that line," he remarked, "but now I'm very sorry. According to the terms of my pardon I never can go back again to see the many big hearted men and women that I have met in your state. Once I used to swear by Missouri. But a man's a fool to think that all the good people are tucked away in any one corner of the world."

How He Won a Wager.

The next morning Younger, who had assumed the name of a friend in Chicago, was addressed enthusiastically by a young woman. She had heard a passenger address him as "Dr. Rockford"—"Why, doctor," she cried, "I feel that I really ought to know you; I'm so well acquainted with your dear wife and all those five precious children. You've no doubt heard Mrs. Rockford speak of Mrs. N——." "Heard of you?" (shaking hands with Missouri cordiality). "Often, madame, often. I'm delighted to meet you; and I must say I rather admire those children myself!" The doctor escaped into the smoking car.

"I don't like to stay in here," he complained, as he took a corner seat in the rear. "I want to win that $100 bet I made with Chief O'Connor that I would get back home without being recognized, and if I was in any personal danger, as I used to be once, I shouldn't step inside the smoker. Here's where detectives always hang out and train men and drummers and other folks that travel around too much and know too much. When I traveled by train I always got in some through coach where most of the ladies were. I'd take the last seat in the coach, because then nobody could see me from their seat and if they came down the aisle towards me I'd notice at once if I was recognized and I'd be ready to defend myself or make a quick rush for the door. I also used to take accommodation trains something like this and never a fast express. Men that travel a good deal and that might be dangerous usually select fast through trains, while passengers going between way stations aren't specially to be feared."

The First Old Landmarks.

Reference has been made to the "peart Confederate yell" that Cole wanted to give forth when he crossed over into Missouri a week ago yesterday afternoon. "But I'm very sure," he said, "that Dr. Rockford wouldn't yell, and, besides, it might scare the baby across the aisle!" At St. Joseph he entered the field of his "active operations" during war times. But this home of Missouri's fairest maids suggested no gory anecdote. "It looks too big for St. Joe," remarked Younger. There shouldn't be so many houses along these bottoms. I wish I could see the top of that hill better. Perhaps I could make out her house yet, I mean the little girl I——But I reckon I'm crazy; she'd think I was her granfather—no, she wouldn't, after all!" he soliloquized. "But it's hard to believe," he added, turning about and shrugging his shoulders, "that that little girl may be gray-headed now!"

Still further southward he observed: "I'm not dreaming, after all. The corn really didn't look right up there a few miles back; it was too short, and all the fences were wire. But there's some tol'ble Missouri corn, and we just passed a good old rail fence. Expect to see some hedges soon. Never had but one horse that'd take those hedges; the thorns are worse'n barb wire."

"This is the first time I ever entered Kansas City without my guns for thirty-five years," exclaimed Cole as the sleeper clicked across the Kaw into the electric light of the Grand Central station.

He intended, on alighting here, to get shaved at an obscure barber shop and then drive darkly across to town to take a Missouri Pacific train at the Union station. He was to meet only one man—C. E. Lawler, an attorney, brother of Daniel W. Lawler, the St. Paul lawyer and politician, who is one of Younger's friends. But C. E. Lawler was unfortunately accompanied by "Wally" Hoffman, a brewer and showman from Chicago, and by one of Hoffman's associates.

The party, as appeared later, were to discuss a tender to Younger of the "Buckskin Bill Wild West Show." The four drove to the Midland Hotel, where Younger was asked to alight and remain over night. He refused. He wanted to get home at once and see his sister. In arguing the matter one of the Chicago men addressed Cole by name. The clue was caught by the negro hack driver, and no sooner had Younger been driven to the Union station than every one there was whispering that Cole Younger was in town.

Reporters Had Suspicions.

A few minutes afterwards and before the Lee's Summit train started at 9:15 o'clock, two reporters for morning newspapers were already asking Dr. Rockford if he were Younger. "Of course not," replied he who yearned to be a violet under he snow. "Do I look like him?"—"Well, not exactly," said one of the young men positively, "but who's that fellow over there? He's the man we want, I think." The two seekers then approached a plump faced drummer in another seat. The drummer laughed, denied his fame, and called across to Cole. "Get on to these fellows, will you? Why, I don't look any more like Younger than you do."—"Look here, Mr. Reporter," spoke up the "C. E. Lawler," who was described in a morning paper next day as "having accompanied Younger from Minnesota," "You don't mean to say you took Dr. Rockford for Cole Younger?"—"Yes they did," chimed in Cole, "and I suppose that other man over there and I must be the Younger Brothers. Well, we look safe enough!" "Beg pardon, doctor," apologized one inquirer, "all our mistake; but they say that Younger's a fine-looking man."—"Don't you believe 'em, boys," cried Dr. Rockford as the newspaper men retired, "I've seen his pictures in the papers!"

One reporter, however, who represented an alert evening publication of Kansas City, had secured information from St. Paul as to the manner in which Younger had folded his tent a l'Arabe. This man insisted on going out to Lee's Summit and was duly rewarded although he did not himself recognize the man he was seeking.

Thus Younger practically escaped recognition until after his arrival home.

The snow was deep at the little station twenty-four miles south of Kansas City, the temperature was ten degrees below zero—the deepest snow, the most severe cold of all the winter. Very natural that a Kansas City paper should observe next morning, in red-ink capitals, "Some People May Think That Cole Younger Brought This Weather Down From Minnesota."

The Old Home Reunion.

Younger had planned to spend one night at the Hotel Summit, kept by his own nephew, A. F. Donahue, before announcing that "Dr. Rockford" had fled in the darkness. But this nephew at this old-fashioned frame inn opposite the station had been answering excited questions all the evening from Kansas City telephones. At once he inquired of the big man in black, "Aren't you Cole Younger? They said you were coming." "No, I'm Dr. Rockford." Then, seizing the landlord's hand, "Yes, I'm Cole Younger, and you're my nephew."

Cole hurried away at once with his nephew into the arms of nieces and grand nieces. Only once again did Cole leave his relatives until he retired at 3 o'clock Monday morning. This was when his old schoolmate and army chum, Jeff Boggs, the village constable, "came down a'sallin'" in response to a telephone call.

Next morning Kansas City was not certain that Cole Younger had reached Missouri. One newspaper declared that he had, the other thought it possible. The Associated Press, however, was not convinced, so that the Minneapolis Journal was first told that afternoon, in the northwest, how easy it still is to travel unknown by rail in these days of universal publicity.

Despite the dep snow, which kept farmers at home last Monday throughout Jackson county and even prevented the rural free delivery carriers from venturing forth upon their routes, old friends of the Youngers gathered thick at Hotel Summit. The "office" was filled with wartime comrades, all of Virginia or Kentucky descent—a pure American type, with keen blue eyes, resolute faces and manners so gentle as to be almost feminine. There was Captain George Wiggington, a former leader of guerrillas, who is now a prosperous farmer; Captain Will Gregg, Quantrell's first lieutenant, reformed into a republican office-holder; Uncle Billy Jones, who was shot twice through the body at White Oak and whose "left lung still leaks"; and Major Tom Nolan, who "doesn't do nothin' now—leads kind of a private life."

To See "Massa Cole."

The kitchen, in turn, was crowded, with old negro men and women, all excited at once more meeting "Massa Cole." Several had been slaves on the Younger farm. These included an aged woman, Aunt Susan Handy, for whom Younger had inquired at once on his arrivel. "Ole Aunt Suze," his former nurse or "mammy," had been brought in a carriage through the snow as fast as the horses could struggle four miles along the snow-blocked roads. Both her arms encompassed Cole's neck. When her kisses ceased, her "honey boy," weight 215 pounds, was blushing. But Aunt Suze, as well as her sister Aunt Ann Coldwell had both saved Cole's life when, on several occasions, the old home had been surrounded by revengeful Jayhawkers.

Monday morning Cole began refusing and continued to refuse, all public receptions, barbacues and other proposals of old-timed hospitality.

It was Tuesday evening that Younger met Frank James at Independence to discuss the Wild West show. This project was disguised at first until it was made known at Kansas City by the same Chicago men that revealed Younger's arrival on the Kaw.

James, a modest, slender and rather feeble man, who complains of ill-health, said, after his interview with Curiosity, as Cole was styled by the confederates, that "ninety per cent of the American people were probably pleased to hear of Younger's pardon. I went all through Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and several other eastern states last year," added James, "and everywhere they asked if there was any prospect for Younger's pardon. Everyone thought that he had been so generously treated in your state that a pardon would be the only proper close to his experience there. And most of the people I talked with were republicans, too. I sincerely believe that Younger will keep his word now as he always did, and that he will make an honorable citizen. No don't he relaizes what he owes to his good friends in Minnesota. He must understand, as I do, the truth of what the master said, 'The greatest of these is charity.' I feel that the man who does not forgive his fellowmen in this world simply burns the bridge that takes him to the next world."

A Statement on the Show.

From Lee's Summit last Wednesday Younger himself sent to his North Star friends, through The Journal, his first acknowledgment that he was to own a Wild West show. With this statement he coupled his reasons for believing that such an undertaking would not violate either the language or the spirit of his pardon. He explained with manifest sincerity:

"It was understood that I should, above all, do nothing that might mislead any persons into a liking for crime or an outlaw's life. Good God, I wouldn't deceive anybody about that! I wouldn't even suggest that there is profit or happiness in lawbreaking or outlawry. I know too well there isn't. I was going to dwell on that point in the lecture I had prepared to deliver, but which I can't use under the terms of my pardon. So I was glad to promise that I would not pretend to be a hero; that I would not put myself forward in any play or other performance as if I was trying to revive the past or glory in it. I should never have gone into any play, even if the pardon hadn't interfered. I shall not appear anywhere in my circus before the public, nor in the ring or the parade. I shall not allow any features in the show that represent outlawry of any sort.

"But I think I'm certainly entitled to use my own name either as the owner of a show or as the author of a book. A man's name need not stand for his mistakes alone; it shouldn't if he can help it. I want to make the name of Younger as respected hereafter, if possible, as it used to be when my good old father was alive."

—H. B. Curry.

GRAVES OF THE YOUNGERS AT LEE'S SUMMIT, MO.

That of James Younger, who committed suicide in St. Paul last October, is marked, at the left, by a headboard on which his name is painted. Upon the center headboard is roughly cut "Bob Younger." He died of consumption at the Stillwater prison in 1889. The unmarked grave at the right is that of the Youngers' mother, Mrs. Busheda Fristoe Younger, who died in 1870. The lot will soon be distinguished by a handsome marble monument to be removed from Harrisonville, Mo., where the father, Colonel Henry Washington Younger, was buried in 1861. His remains and those of two other sons, Richard and John Younger, will be reinterred at Lee's Summit.

SUSAN HANDY AND ANN COLDWELL.

Former slaves in the Younger household, each of whom, at different times, saved the life of Cole Younger. "Old Aunt Suze," at the left, was Cole's nurse or "mammy." One night, when admittance was demanded by Kansas jayhawkers, who had surrounded the Younger home, Aunt Suze came to the door draped modestly in a bedquilt, beneath which, at her back, crouched her "honey boy Massa Cole." They walked out unsuspected. Old Aunt Ann, on another occasion, parleyed with the Kansans at the door, until Cole Younger and several comrades escaped through a second story window. "De jayhawkers beat me frightful," relates Aunt Ann, "but I 'joiced in ma heart: I done saved young Massa Cole!"

THE NEW STORE

Debut of the New Spring Tailor Made Suits; Closing Out Long Coats.

Never before at this time of the year have we been able to offer such a complete assortment of Spring Tailor Made Suits, and what is more, we have never sold so many. We are doing a March business in February.

The wonderful increase in our Spring Suit Sales is a forerunner of the coming popularity of Tailor Made Suits.

Tailor-Made Suits

Tailor-Made Suits, made of French Cheviot and Zibeline Cloths, plain or trimmed, lined or unlined, gored skirt. The best part of the news is that we are going to sell these $22.50 garments for... **$12.50**

New Silk-Lined Suits

The New Silk-Lined Suits are a little more on the fancy order. They are made of voil, zibeline, cheviots and half a dozen light weight materials with silk lined drop skirt, are worth easily $35.00 **$25.00**

Laces

Some more of those fine Plat Valenciennes Laces and Insertions, 2 to 5 inches wide, only, yard **7c**

Ribbons

Sale continues and the values are the best ever. High class Satin Taffeta and Liberty Satin and Taffeta, splendid line of colors, values 35c, 45c and 50c. Sale, yard **19c**

Handkerchiefs

Men's genuine Irish linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, straight 25c quality. For once, **17c**

Sale Kid Gloves

Several surplus lines of Fine French Kid Gloves, bunched in one big bargain lot, for a quick sale, Dent's F. M. Quality and Helen Pique, both $1.50 gloves. Sale, pair, **$1.00**

Hosiery

Ladies' imported fast black and fancy lisle Hose, worth to 75c at only **19c**

Men's Underwear

Odds and ends Men's Wool Underwear, worth to $1.25, **25c**

Oriental Rugs

Kazaks—Sale small size Kazaks, good quality, values to $10.00 each—

$5.98 $4.98 $3.98

Wilton Velvet Rugs

Made from high grade Wilton velvet Carpets and borders. Come early.

10-6 x 12 feet, value $30.00, **$14.98**
8-3 x 10-6, value $20.00, **$9.98**
6 x 9 feet, value $12.00, **$4.98**

Dressing Sacques

50 dozen fine wool Eiderdown and Flannelettes, plain and fancy colors, worth to $1.25. Choice **69c**

Undermuslins

100 dozen Gowns, Skirts, Chemise, Drawers and Corset Covers, worth to $1.00. Choice **49c, 39c**

Wash Goods

Melrose Dimity, Grass Cloth Batiste, splendid sheer, 30-inch fabrics, choice line, new styles, every day 12½c quality—special for Tuesday, yard..... **5c**

Shoe Special

800 pairs of Women's shoes. These are all well made, good style, kid and patent tip, heavy extention and light-weight soles; every size, C, D and E widths. They are made to retail at $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Special Tuesday..... **98c**

EVANS, MUNZER, PICKERING & CO.

White Goods

Fancy White Goods—Very desirable fabrics carried over from 1902, worth to 50c yard. To close out quickly, your choice **9c**

Furniture

Golden Oak or Mahogany finished hand polished wood or cobbler seat Rocker, worth $6.00—only **$3.95**

Flannels

Fine Outings, pretty plaids, stripes and plain colors, extra soft and fleecy, usual 10c yard kind, (none to dealers) **6c**

Men's Furnishings

Men's 25c Suspenders, French elastic web, **10c**

Lace Curtains

Single pairs, worth $1 pair, full sizes. Tuesday, pair **50c**

Underwear

Ladies' silk Vests, low neck and no sleeves, all colors, worth 75c, at only **25c**

NEW SET OF TEETH AT 80

How Nature Is Taking Care of Mrs. Abram Van Howe of Sodus, New York.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 23.—Mrs. Abram Van Howe of Sodus, 80 years of age, is cutting her third set of teeth. Two weeks ago she experienced a peculiar soreness in her gums where her teeth had once been, although she lost them all many years ago. A physician was called in and found that a feull new set of teeth was struggling to get through the gums on both jaws. Mrs. Van Howe has never worn false teeth.

THAWING DYNAMITE

Four of the Parties Concerned Are Dead.

Pittsburg, Feb. 23.—A dynamite explosion this morning at Rockwood, Pa., 100 miles south of this city, killed four people and injured a number of others.

A gang of men working on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad were thawing out dynamite when the explosion occurred. Three of the victims were blown into the Castleman river. They were horribly mutilated. The names have not yet been learned.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

SCROFULA

Is an hereditary disease, and one for which a tainted ancestry or blood poisoned parentage is responsible. It is transmitted through the blood and shows itself in swelling and ulceration of the glands of the neck, catarrh of the head, weak eyes, sores, abscesses and skin eruptions, with a gradual wasting away of strength and vitality. It also attacks the bones and joints, resulting in white swelling, hip disease and deformities of every kind. We see the effects of this awful blood taint every day, but it exists in so many forms that often it passes for something else and is treated as another disease.

Scrofula robs the blood of its nutritive qualities, and it becomes too poor to produce healthy growth and development, and thin, emaciated bodies and pallid, waxy complexions are the result.

THE GIFT OF A TAINTED ANCESTRY.

Only a constitutional remedy, one that works through the blood, can reach a disease that has been transmitted through generations or been lurking in the blood since birth.

S. S. S. cleanses the blood of all scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, and when rich, pure, health-sustaining blood is again flowing in the veins there is a gradual disappearance of all the dangerous symptoms of Scrofula; strength returns, and a complete cure is effected.

S. S. S. contains no strong minerals to further break down and derange the system, but can be taken by the very old, as well as the middle aged and young, without any harmful after effects, or the least injury to the most delicate constitution.

SSS

If you have any signs of Scrofula, or your children are stunted or slow of growth, pale and sickly, write us, and our physicians will advise you free of charge.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Bits of Scrapbook Wisdom on Various Household Topics.

It is possible to secure a number of excellent metal polishes, but oxalic acid is also one of the best agents for cleaning brass and irons, candlesticks and like pieces of metal which are very much tarnished. It should be applied with a flannel cloth and polished briskly with chamois skin. If brass is only slightly tarnished it can be cleansed with a paste made of rottenstone and turpentine. Bronzes should be dusted with a soft cloth and then rubbed with a cloth moistened with sweet oil and subsequently polished with the chamois. Copper cooking utensils, spigots and the zinc bath tub can be cleaned with hot vinegar in which salt has been dissolved.

A unique screen is made of leather, the edges of the skins irregular and fastened to the frame of the screen by lacings of leather. The design on each panel is different, and all are Indian in type. The middle panel shows a sunset in the hill country, with the figure of an Indian in the foreground. The two side panels have each a scene presenting Indian home life, one of a camp fire with a figure of Minnehaha bending over it, and the other a circle of Indians smoking the peace pipe. The screen frame is carved in relief with Indian figures and hieroglyphics.

A simple treatment for sore throat and colds that is highly indorsed by a Long Island woman who has tested its efficacy is the following: Put an ounce of sweet oil in a bottle and thoroughly incorporate with it twelve drops of turpentine. Rub the chest and throat with this mixture at the first indication of cold. Have some powdered sulphur on hand and blow a small quantity of it into the throat night and morning. Give a mild laxative and put a teaspoonful of turpentine in boiling water and inhale frequently.

A new device that is warranted to thoroughly clean bottles, those that have contained wine or beer included, consists of a rod which, by means of a hinge, is divided into three parts of unequal length. The longest part corresponds to the length of an ordinary bottle and the two other parts corespond respectively to the diameter of the bottle at the bottom and to the length of the neck. The three parts are covered with rubber and as they are hinged they can be moved in any direction. The method of cleansing is to partly fill the bottle with water and thrust the rod into it. As soon as the device reaches the bottom of the bottle the lower part spreads out and thus reaches any sediment or other dirt that may have gathered there. The middle part of the rod also spreads out so as to cover the rest of the bottle, and a few turns of the apparatus serves to cleanse the bottle and the dirt is poured off with the water.

Cold baked beans may be made into a delicious soup. They make a nice sandwich when mixed with horse radish, parsley, celery, onion juice and mustard. Baked bean salad is a dish not to be despised, and there are mortals with remarkable digestive apparatus who can eat baked beans covered with Welsh rarebit.

THE
North American Telegraph Company
(ORGANIZED IN 1886)
Continues to furnish the same efficient service that has made the venture a GREAT SUCCESS.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., Feb. 14, 1903.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 19th day of March, 1903, and then opened, for the enlargement, including plumbing, heating apparatus and electric conduits and wiring, of the United States postoffice, etc., at Minneapolis, Minnesota, in strict accordance with drawings and specifications, copies of which may be had at this office or at the office of the custodian at Minneapolis, Minnesota, at the discretion of the supervising architect. James Knox Taylor, Supervising Architect.

R·I·P·A·N·S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

SUBSTITUTION
The FRAUD of the Day.
See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
CARTER'S Little Liver Pills.
The only perfect Liver Pill.
Take no other,
Even if
Solicited to do so.
Beware of imitations of Same Color Wrappers,
RED.

CURES RHEUMATISM sure as nothing else will.
Sloan's Liniment
25 cents
ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cures Colds in the Head—

HOFF'S GERMAN LINIMENT
THE QUICK CLEAN CURE
For Cold in the Head or on the Lungs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat or Quinsy.
At druggists, 25c and 50c.
Goodrich & Jennings, Anoka, Minn.