THE SHUT DOOR.

Lord, I have shut my door—
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise:
Here in this silence they intrude no more.
Speak Thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm—
A holy psalm.

Yes, I have shut my door
Even on all the beauty of Thine earth—
To its blue ceiling from its emerald floor,
Filled with spring's bloom and mirth;
From these Thy words I turn, Thyself I seek,
To Thee I speak.

And I have shut my door
On earthly passion—all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless stove
Of human ties. Above
All these my heart aspires, O Heart divine!
Stoop Thou to mine.

Lord, I have shut my door!
Come Thou and visit me: I am alone!
Come, as when doors were shut Thou can'st of yore
And visitedst Thine own.
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love and fear;
For Thou art here.

—Mary E. Atkinson, in Boston Watchman.

MOTHER TUBBS

By J. L. Harbour.

(Copyright, 1900, the Authors' Syndicate.)

MOTHER TUBBS and I were the only passengers in the heavy, old stage coach as it slowly crept up the steep and rocky ascent of Golden pass. It was a raw cold November day or we would have ridden outside with Shorty, the driver, but as there was a fine, chilling mist in the air, we were glad to wrap ourselves up well on the back seat of the inside of the coach. Mother Tubbs was already in the coach when I entered it at Silver Gap camp. She greeted me quite as if I were an old friend, although I had never seen her until that moment. She was a large, motherly, comfortable looking woman of about 65 years, and she was loquacious to the last degree.

"My man he says that my tongue is loose at both ends," she said, merrily, soon after I had seated myself by her side in the coach. I had thought that she might prefer to have the back seat to herself, and I was about to take the front seat when she said:

"You'd better set here by me, for it's more comfortable riding forwards than backwards, and then there ain't but just this one robe in the stage, and we can both use it if you set here. Much as I've trailed 'round in stage coaches in the last 25 years, it makes me dead sick to ride backwards."

"Have you lived here in the Rockies 25 years?"

"Indeed, I have, my son. And I ain't ever been out o' sight of 'em in all that time, either. Oh, I'm an old-timer, I am. My land! the booms I've lived through, and the camps I've seen go up and down in that time! I went all through the Leadville boom, and the Gunnison county booms, and here I am on my way to another one over here in Poverty gulch, where I reckon you are bound for. Some o' the boys they say a boom wouldn't be wuth anything if Mother Tubbs wa'n't in it. That's what they call me—Mother Tubbs. And land knows I have mothered enough of 'em to have earned the title."

We had ridden about ten miles, and Mother Tubbs' tongue had run incessantly in a very entertaining way. Presently we rode down into a narrow gulch, where five or six log cabins with sunken roofs and fallen doors indicated the existence of a little mining camp in days long past. Mother Tubbs glanced out of the window in the door of the coach, and said, with a little sigh:

"Dear me! Here's all there is left of old Camp Fancy, and when them cabins was built it was thought it would be the biggest minin' camp in the country. That's what the miners think about ev'ry new minin' camp. There was as many as a thousand miners in this gulch one summer, and there were tents and cabins all up and down the gulch. Then the min'ral veins all petered out. You see that cabin up by that big bowlder?"

"Yes; I see it."

"Well, I kep' a lodgin' house there 20 years ago, and sometimes I kep' 30 people over night in the three little rooms that cabin had. I never think of them days without callin' to mind something that happened one night along the first o' the boom, when there wa'n't a great many folks in the gulch yet. I'll tell you about it if you say so."

"O please do."

"Well, it was one real cold and stormy day in November when the stage come along and dropped a single passenger at my house, and I'd never had such a passenger dropped there before. She was a yaller-haired, blue-eyed, innocent lookin' young thing of about 19, whose pa and ma had no bizness to let her be trav'lin' round alone, even if she was on her way to marry the fellow she was engaged to. But it was like this: The girl was inclined to be weak-lunged, and the doctors in her home back east had said that the thing for her to do was to git out to the mountains as soon as she could. Well, it so happened that she was engaged to be married to a young feller who had come from her home out here to seek his fortune. He had got the minin' fever, and had come to this gulch, thinkin' there was to be a big boom here. He had a little money, so when the girl writ him what the doctors had said about her, he sent word for her to come right out here, and they would be married. He was full o' hope about the future, and he knew they'd git along all right. Well, she'd got here a day or two ahead o' time, so he wa'n't here to meet her. He was back on the hills prospectin', so I just mothered her, and told her to make herself right at home there at my house, and they could be married there if they had a mind to when her beau showed up. She was such an innercent lamb that I took right to her, and she was head over heels in love with this fellow. She showed me his photograft before she had been three hours in the house, and I reconized it as the face of a young chap who had stayed a day or two at my house a few weeks before. His name was Harvey Briggs.

"Well, the girl was all played out after bein' on the stage all day, and I hustled her off to bed right after supper. The night had set in awful stormy and bad, and I was settin' by a roarin' fire hemmin' some tablecloths 'long about ten o'clock and thinking that I hoped no one was out in that storm when all of a sudden my door opened and in dashed a tall, slim young feller without any hat or overcoat and lookin' skeered out of a year's growth.

"'O Mother Tubbs!' he says, with his voice all of a tremble and his eyes stickin' out of his head with fright. 'They are after me! What shall I do?'

"'Who's after you, son?' says I. 'And what are they after you for?'

"'The men up in the gulch,' he says. 'They say I have jumped a claim, but if I have I didn't know it! I thought it was an old claim that some one had abandoned. But they can't be made to think so unless you can make 'em think it. What shall I do?'

"Well, I recognized him in a minnit as Harvey Briggs and I held up my hand for silence, fearing the girl in the other room would hear him, but she was too worn out and slept too soundly to be easily 'wakened. I told the boy—he wa'n't over 22—to set down, and he kep' beggin' me to hide him, and I was about to send him to the loft overhead when the door swung open and in come about as many men as could crowd into the room, and the young feller give a yell and run into a corner like a skeered rabbit. Well, I just jumped right in front of him, and I held up my hand and I says, says I:

"'Stand back, boys; stand back! There ain't one of you that wants to lay hands on a woman, and you'll have it to do if you try to pull him out. Stand back, I tell you!'

"I knew more than half of 'em, and, I tell you, they stood back. It'd been mighty rash for one of 'em to of laid hands on Mother Tubbs, for there were boys there that would have fit to the death for me, and one of them boys was Bill Hodge, the leader o' the gang. He says, says he:

"'Yes, stand back and hear what Mother Tubbs has to say.'

"'I got this to say, says I: 'There's a young gal in the other room who has come nearly 2,000 miles to marry this boy, and just as sure as you take his life hers will go, too, for she is just that far gone on him. You don't want her blood on your hands; no, nor you don't want any human blood on your hands. This boy says he didn't mean to jump that claim, and even if he did he is a young, inexperienced boy, and it ain't for you to jedge him. I don't believe that he meant to do wrong, and I tell you right flat that you don't take him out o' this house to his death. I'll shoot first!'

"There was a loaded rifle on the wall back o' me, and I grabbed it and held it out before me."

"'Bully for Mother Tubbs!' says Bill Hodge.

"Just at that minnit the door of the cabin's other room opened and the girl come out. She had on a long, loose, blue wrapper and all her yeller hair hangin' down her back. The young feller screams out 'Lucy!' and she was in his arms in a minnit. Then, in a minnit or two, she says:

"'What are all these men here for?'

"'La, child,' says I, 'they have come to your wedding. We'll have the ceremony performed right now. Come, parson, marry 'em right off.'

"'You see, I had a parson that had just come to the camp lodgin' with me, and he had been routed out by the noise and had just come into the room. He come forward and the girl kind o' objected to bein' married in a blue wrapper, but I told her that she couldn't look purtier in the finest white satin and that it would be a pity to send the men away without seein' a weddin' when they had come fer that purpose. So she give in, and they was married, and if Bill Hodge wa'n't the first one to shake hands with the bridegroom, and he kissed the bride! I flew around and made coffee and cut a big fruit cake I'd made for Thanksgivin', and we had a gay time. And the young fellow turned out real well. He is a prosperous man and he and his wife have four lovely children. I visited 'em last week. But I reckon that was the first and only time a lynchin' was ever turned into a weddin'.'"

SANG DESPITE MISFORTUNE.

Sims Reeves' Appearance on the Stage After He Had Lost a Fortune.

The late Sims Reeves, the famous English singer, is the subject of many anecdotes in the British newspapers. During the evening preceding the day fixed for the first performance of Arthur Sullivan's sacred cantata "The Prodigal Son" at the Worcester festival of 1869, the principal part in which admirable work was to be rendered by Sims Reeves, the illustrious tenor received a dispatch informing him that he had lost £11,000 by the sudden failure of a bank in which he had invested a considerable part of his professional earnings. The following passage may without indiscretion be here textually reproduced from a letter by Mr. Reeves a few months ago:

"The news of this terrible catastrophe prostrated me completely at first. I sent for Sullivan and explained what had happened. He was very much cut up about it and so was I, for I had taken the music to my heart. Sullivan came in again the next morning, begging me to sing the part. He looked green and I looked both green and gray. After drinking some very strong coffee and having a chat over the work I determined to put on my armor and fight the fight. I did so and succeeded. It was a great effort, but it really did me good."

Skilled and trustworthy musicians who were present at the performance that ensued have since warmly testified to the super-excellence of his interpretation of the role assigned to him, that of the prodigal son, and are unanimous in asseverating that his singing of the principal solo, "I will arise and go to my father"—a veritable wail of heart-broken, remorseful agony—drew tears from a large majority of the audience.

Naturally Made Him Suspicious.

"I've given a little attention to that new clerk of yours," remarked the man who wanted to do the clerk a favor, "and I want to say that I consider him a youth who will succeed. I notice he is the kind who puts something aside for a rainy day."

"Dear me! and I've missed two umbrellas already," returned the merchant. "Much obliged for your tip. I'll watch him."—Chicago Post.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Mother, is that a windmill?" "Yes, darling." "Oh, I wondered where the the wind was made."—The King.

"Where did he kiss you, my dear little girl?" "On the mouth." "Yes, of course; but where were you when he kissed you?" "In his arms, papa!"—Sondags Nisse.

"Please I want a pennorth of—er—er—I want—er—er—" "Have you forgotten what you came for?" "Yes, that's what I want." "What?" "Camphor."—Moonshine.

Mr. Meddergrass—"Well, them New York folks has certainly gone the limit now." Mr. Crosslots—"What they doin'?" Mr. Meddergrass—"Goin' to have a horseless horse show."—Baltimore American.

Tess—"I understand Miss Krusty actually paid me a compliment the other evening." Jess—"Not quite, but she came as near it as could be expected of her." Tess—"What did she say?" Jess—"She said you were 'very charming—but—'" — Philadelphia Press.

"What did you get on your gunning trip?" "O, I got some ducks!" "Huh! I'll bet you didn't shoot them; bought 'em, most likely." "I did both. Unfortunately, just as I was putting them in my bag the farmer who owned them came along."—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Hauskeep—"My wife broke a fairy lamp, two vases and a cut glass flower stand in the drawing-room last night, but she accomplished her purpose." Mr. Ascum—"For goodness' sake, what was her purpose?" Mr. Hauskeep—"To capture a clothes moth she saw flying around."—Answers.

PUMPING OIL WITH SAND.

Process by Which Russian Oil Wells Are Relieved of Their Surplus.

The most productive oil fields in Russia are to be found in the vicinity of Baku. The field at Ali Baba is nearer to the city, but is not so large in extent nor so productive as Balakhani, which lies ten miles to the northeast. Both of these towns are one mass of derricks and engine-houses, and everything about the place appears to be saturated with petroleum, says Cassier's Magazine. Borings are constantly being made and oil is generally found at a depth of from 500 to 1,000 feet. A few years ago it was common to open up large spouting wells, but these have fallen off considerably during later years; occasionally, however, a fountain is produced, and it sometimes happens that an explosion of gas in a well that is being pumped not only blows all the apparatus out of the tube, but produces a natural flow of oil to the surface.

Well tubes are usually started from 16 to 20 inches in diameter, being much larger in this respect than in American practice. These diameters are reduced as the depth increases, the last section of tubing being hardly more than from eight to ten inches in diameter. The most successful system of working the wells in this district is by the use of the bailer, which consists of a 30 or 40-foot length of eight or ten-inch pipe with a valve at the bottom. This bailer is let down into the well, where it is filled with oil through the bottom valve, and is then raised by a hoisting engine until just above the top of the well. The operator then places a wooden cap over the top of the well, lowers the bailer gently so that the valve rests on the cap and opens, allowing the oil to flow out in all directions, being conducted by means of trenches to a receiving pool. The operator then draws the bailer up a few inches, removes the cap from the well and lets the bailer drop again to near the bottom of the well. Care is taken not to bail from the bottom on account of the sand and salt water which are apt to accumulate there.

The time consumed in lowering, raising and discharging the bailer of a 1,000-foot well is only about one minute for a round trip and the whole operation is conducted by one man, who starts and stops the hoisting engine, controls the brake on the drum and empties the bailer. Many experiments have been tried with pumps on the American system and tests are now being made on a larger scale by using air lifts, but the great quantity of sand in the oil and the danger of losing the whole apparatus by an explosion of gas make the bailer system more favorable from a practical and economical point of view.

JOHN SHERMAN'S AFFABILITY

Former Intimates Repel the Assertion That He Was Cold and Repellant.

The popular conception of the late Senator John Sherman is that he was cold in disposition and lacked that geniality of temperament that contributes so largely to the popularity of many public men, says the Chicago Chronicle. A story that tends to upset this idea is told of a man who came from the far west to solicit aid and advice from Mr. Sherman in an affair of personal importance, but who, on arriving in Washington, was so discouraged by the reports of the great man's icy personality that he deferred his visit from day to day and had almost decided to give up his mission, when, riding in a street car one day on his way to the capitol, he asked a question about the city of the tall and distinguished-looking man who sat next him. The question was pleasantly answered, other points of interest were pointed out to the stranger by his obliging neighbor, and a conversation commenced.

Delighted with his new friend, who was so generous with his information, whose comments were so clever, the visitor from the west thanked him cordially upon reaching the capitol, and, introducing himself, asked his name. "John Sherman," was the prompt reply. The next morning found the western man in Mr. Sherman's office, and he then confessed the fears he had entertained as to what might be his reception from a man so widely known as being unbending and frigid. Mr. Sherman laughed heartily over the story, and it is doubtful if his guest ever spent a more agreeable half hour than that with the great Ohioan, whom he afterward described as the most tactful and agreeable man he ever met.

FARM AND GARDEN

CORN SMUT DESCRIBED.

Little Evidence Is at Hand to Prove That It Is Injurious or Dangerous to Stock.

Prof. Plumb, in his work on Corn Culture, says: Smut, as seen by the farmer, is either a distorted, greenish-white piece of vegetable tissue, or a mass of black greasy powder, which generally appears breaking out from an ear of corn or from the leaf or stalk when green or succulent. The source is a simple, tubular, minute plant, too small to be seen by the naked eye. It grows in the tissues of the

SMUT BREAKING OUT ON AN EAR OF CORN.

corn plant, and feeds upon its juice. These little plants, of which there are vast numbers, branch out in tubular form when they find a spot in the corn plant that is especially nourishing. Then, inside these tubes, minute bodies termed spores (seeds) develop, and finally the spot becomes a mass of these, and then all of the little plants except the spores wither away. The dark-colored, loose smut, is mostly the mass of spores, of which there are countless numbers.

Smut is generally thought by farmers to be injurious to stock, yet but little satisfactory evidence is at hand to prove that such is the case, as it is commonly eaten.

HIRED-HELP PROBLEM.

Its Solution Puzzles Western Farmers as Well as Housekeepers in the Large Cities.

It is the hired-help problem that I have not yet been able to solve. I have to pay good prices. Day hands have commanded $1.50 a day right along this summer, and it is mostly unreliable help at that. So if I desire to reap any profits on their labor at ordinary prices of produce I have to look after them pretty closely, and if possible work with them right along. I contracted to have my corn cut at $1.50 an acre rather than pay $1.50 a day. The corn was heavy, but the man cut five acres in about 3½ days. At day wages it would have taken him five or six days to cut that number of acres. Years ago, I remember, when we had hands cradling and binding grain or digging potatoes, the practice was to "race" it; that is, to see who could cut or bind his swath or dig his row of potatoes the quickest. It kept everyone on the move, and the work progressed at a good rate. The employer never had reason to find fault with his men for idling or shirking. Every hand was ready to give his best service, and the "racing" feature seemed to be a great stimulus; indeed, rather an enjoyment. But times seem to have changed. Many of the helpers of the present day work only for what they can get out of the job.—Farm and Fireside.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

It is easier to start right than to get right after having been wrong.

A farmer's back yard affords an index of the man's farm life and habits.

Horse manure, land plaster and road dust are good absorbents in the cow stable. They take up the liquid and also prevent escape of nitrogen.

A dose for skunks which settles them surely is made by mixing strychnine with the contents of an egg and placing it inside the shell. Take care that only the right animal gets the bait.

Gasoline engines are being used to quite an extent in Ohio. The cost of operating is much less than for steam. There is less danger than from steam and no time is wasted in getting up steam.—T. B. Terry, in Farm and Home.

Iron Paint for the Farm.

The next time you are near a freight car just take the point of your knife and try the paint. The reason the paint is used is because of its wearing and wood-preserving qualities. Every farmer should keep his farm machinery in repair and well painted. The paint to use is the best, which will prove cheapest. The paint which the experience of railroads has proven the best will also be found best for the farm. Iron paint is the best pain. This is no "boom" for any particular brand.—J. L. Irwin, in Ohio Farmer.

How to Figure Profit.

The larger the crop per acre the lower the cost and the greater the profit. It has been shown that, including labor, interest on capital, wear of implements, etc., a crop of 15 bushels of wheat per acre costs about 48 cents per bushel. With the same labor a crop of 30 bushels will cost 27 cents per bushel. There may be no profit at all on 15 bushels, while 30 bushels per acre may give a fair profit, much, however, depending on the market prices, the farm and distance from market.

When the Pig Has Worms.

The following simple remedies may safely be tried where worms prove troublesome: Fluid extract of spigelia and senna in equal parts, given in half-ounce doses every four hours until it causes purging. Turpentine in milk, from one to twenty drops, three times a day. Tobacco boiled down to a strong decoction in water, given in teaspoonful doses, three days in succession. All these doses are for full-grown animals.—The Cable.

BOTH ARE VALUABLE.

Cotton Seed and Cotton Seed Meal Worth All They Cost, Especially in the Great Southwest.

At the present prices that are prevailing for cotton seed and cotton seed meal, the latter is the cheaper and better feed. Every grower of cotton should also be something of a stockman, since he is producing one of the very best of stock foods, and should utilize it at home so as to keep up the fertility of the soil.

Just when to feed cotton seed and when to feed cotton seed meal is a question which troubles many farmers. In so far as the feeding value goes, it is true for all practical purposes that when what is received for a ton of cotton seed will pay for 750 pounds of meal it is economy to buy meal. At the present prices it will do more than that, and no cotton seed should be fed this fall.

The addition of about two pounds of cotton seed meal per day to the ration of corn or Kafir meal usually fed to steers that are being fattened is profitable, especially when corn or Kafir stover is used for roughness.

The cotton seed meal supplies the flesh and growth-making materials which corn and Kafir corn lack and produces better growth and more rapid gains. It is better for this purpose than cotton seed because the oil which is taken out at the mill is not needed in the feed of cattle that are being fed on corn or Kafir. If the stockmen and dairymen of the northern and eastern states can afford to pay high freight and still use cotton seed meal as feed for their cattle, it would certainly be profitable for Oklahoma farmers to make use of all that is grown here and keep our fertility at home.

Every ton of cotton seed meal is worth what it costs as a fertilizer, and when fed to cattle all this fertility is kept at home, where it belongs.—National Rural.

THE COST OF PORK

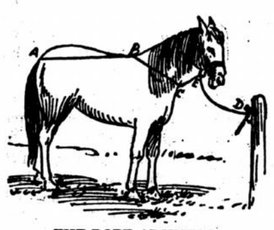
It Varies According to Locality, But Three Cents a Pound Is a Fair Average.

The cost of pork per pound largely regulates the opinions in which farmers hold swine raising. In some localities the farmers claim that they can buy even their own pork cheaper than they can raise it. Where such opinions prevail it is evident that the raisers of swine have been unfortunate in their experiences in producing pork or else do not know what it has really cost them to produce it. At some experiments carried on at the Maryland experiment station it was demonstrated that on certain foods pork can be made at a cost of 2½ cents per pound. This, of course, can be done only under favorable circumstances and where the pigs are kept in healthful conditions. If a large per cent. of the herd is to be permitted to die of cholera certainly it will not be possible to raise pork at any such figure. As to the cost of pork production, everything depends on the circumstances in which the feeder finds himself, for some have access to cheap feeds that are not in the reach of other farmers. Thus some farmers live near creameries where the skim milk is not valued as it should be and is sold by the creamery manager at one-half cent per gallon to anyone that will take it away. The milk as a producer of pork, combined with other feeds, is worth far more than this, and of course its use by the pig raiser will result in greatly reducing the cost of his product. It is also a well-established principle that pork is produced cheapest on young hogs.

CURES EVERY TIME.

Proper Adjustment of a Rope is Sufficient to Break Even the Worst of Halter Pullers.

Put a half-inch rope eight feet long under horse's tail as at a, pass across back behind shoulders (b) to prevent falling down; draw tight and tie in front of chest as at c. Use a long, strong halter rope, pass it through a post or stall ring, but do not tie it. Then pass the rope back



THE ROPE ADJUSTED.

through the halter ring (e) and tie in front of chest (c) to the rope that has been passed under the tail and around the body. Allow the horse the usual length of rope so that when he attempts to pull at the halter he will get a jerk under the tail at the same time. This is sure to cure the worst halter puller.—Lewis Olsen, in Farm and Home.

Points of Ideal Sheep.

To make our sheep as ideal as possible, it is necessary that, in conjunction with the close study of breed quality, we must adhere to our meaning of breed type. It is not only necessary to select a certain breed because it has a reputation for some desirable characteristic, but we must see to it that the breed type is clearly shown. When the sheep shows the type of the breed which it represents, then it is the best guarantee for prepotency in breeding. This is a characteristic of our ideal sheep.—Farmers' Review.

Eggs Always Bring Cash.

Anything that brings cash returns every day in the year assists the farmer in passing over the long period from harvest to harvest. A crop of wheat brings returns at a certain period of the year. The principal source of cash on many farms in the winter season is the poultry. The basket of eggs that goes to market always brings cash, and the fowls supply their product every day in the year, and often with neglect on the part of their owners. Feed them well in winter and they will respond to good treatment.

Our Nation's Wealth.

Gold and silver are poured abundantly into the lap of the nation, but our material wealth and strength is rather in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in a useful stomach. If you have overworked yours until it is disabled, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged bowels, improve the appetite and cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney disease.

A Stolen March.

The famous composer sat in the orchestra chair and listened to the comic opera of his rival. As the chorus roared out a swinging, familiar air, the tears started to the great musician's eyes. "Ah," he said, sadly, "I would not have believed it, but he has stolen a march on me." To those familiar with his works, the truth of this remark would have been apparent.—Princeton Tiger.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by all druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Vice Versa.

Tigg—There's one good thing about these college yells.

Wigg—What is it?

"They can't sing those glee songs while they are yelling."—Baltimore American.

Information for Homeseekers.

Valuable information concerning Lands, Locations and Climate of Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia may be found in "Information for Homeseekers" recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. It gives detailed information regarding prices paid for farm products, varieties of soil, climate, elevation, rainfall, etc. Homeseeker's Excursion tickets to this territory at very low rates. For maps, printed matter and other information call on nearest ticket agent or address Briard F. Hill, N. P. A., 328 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill., J. B. Killibrew, Immigration Agent, or W. L. Danley, G. P. A., Nashville, Tenn.

Explained.

Piper—Say, Muggsy, wat's a statu quo, anyhow?

Muggsy—Why, dat's when you've got de jay down an' are sittin' on him.—Philadelphia North American.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Very Cordial.

The Guest—There is something very cordial in your husband.

The Hostess—Yes, several pousse cafes, I guess. He came home with a pocketful of cloves.—Chicago Daily News.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

A great bar to education is the habit that ignorant people have of getting angry when they cannot understand.—Town Topics.

EBWHI makes clothing Water and Fire-Proof, don't harm the finest fabric, indispensable to every family. One package sufficient for small family sent upon receipt of price, $1. Particulars for 2c stamp. Kemoo Mfg. Co., Box 498, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Genuine charity is after all not so very particular as to where it begins.—Detroit Journal.

The frown of a true friend is better than the smile of a cunning enemy.—Chicago Journal.

Don't drink too much water when cycling. Adams' Tutti Frutti is an excellent substitute.

It is a great mistake for a married man to give way to a love of pastry, as it puts him so much in the power of his wife.—Ally Sloper.

It is always a safe rule, when a dog's bark is worse than his bite, to fight shy of his bark.—Chicago Journal.

The stamp of a gentleman isn't on sale at the post office.—Chicago Daily News.

He who would make a fool of himself will find many to help him.—Danish Proverb.

Worry is a greater enemy to the face than smallpox.—Chicago Daily News.

He that lies down with dogs will get up with fleas.—Danish Proverb.

Friendship is a welcome ship in any port.—Chicago Daily News.

All worthless people are not lazy.—Atchison Globe.

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman who has Done a Great Deal to put Down this Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 17, 1900 (Special).—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer, they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith, of 1217 West 33rd Street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far reaching.

About two years ago, however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment, however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says:

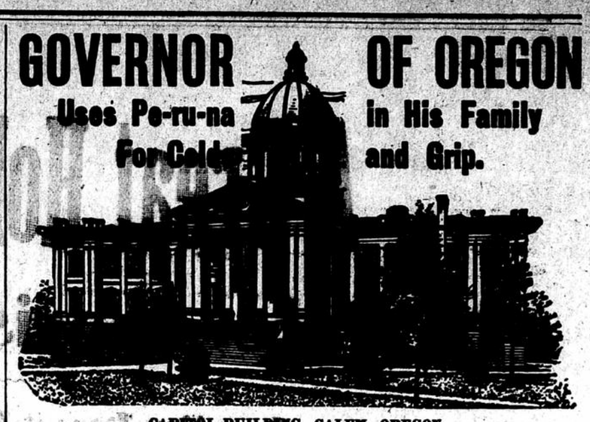
"Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box.

They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple and sure Remedy is at hand.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na For Colds in His Family and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALEM, May 9, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Dear Sirs:—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds, and so forth.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Excursion Sleepers Via M., K. & T. Ry.

Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave St. Louis via Katy Flyer (M. K. & T. Ry.) every Tuesday at 8:16 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave Kansas City via the M. K. & T. Ry. every Saturday at 9:05 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

An Unjust Charge.

"Penelope is so abominably mannish."

"Mannish! I wish you could see her carve."—Denver Times.

When one woman out of a hundred has nothing to say the other 99 are asking what is the matter with her.—Chicago Daily News.

"No, Geraldine, the partition of China is not the same thing as the Chinese wall.—Indianapolis News.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

GRAIN-O

THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

Coffee injures growing children even when it is weakened. Grain-O gives them brighter eyes, firmer flesh, quicker intelligence and happier dispositions. They can drink all they want of Grain-O—the more the better—and it tastes like coffee.

All grocers; 15c. and 25c.

$100 DINE — CLOVERLAND! — $100 DINE

Cheap Farm Lands!

On the Soo Railway in Wisconsin and Michigan.

These lands are located near good markets, and on direct line of railway to the big markets of the east—with low freight rates. Excellent hardwood lands with rich soil and a clay subsoil, near good stations, at $4 to $6 per acre, on easy terms. These lands will yield as large crops of grain and vegetables as lands in Iowa and Illinois costing $40 to $75 per acre.

A Natural Stock and Dairy Country

For CLOVER, TIMOTHY and BLUE GRASS this region cannot be excelled anywhere. An abundance of pure, soft water and a healthful climate.

Low rates to Landseekers on "Soo" Ry. For free descriptive maps write to

D. W. CASSEDAY, Land Agt. "Soo" Ry., Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENTS without fee unless successful. Send description; FREE opinion. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Estab. 1864. Div. 3, 817—14th Street, WASHINGTON, D. C. Branch offices: Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swellings, Milk Leg, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure, no matter how long standing. By mail, 50c. J. P. ALLEN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

25 CTS. FISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

A. N. K.—G 1844

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

DR. BULL'S FAMILY MEDICINES SAMUEL LEE'S TRADE MARK

Cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Lungs, Grippe, Pneumonia and Bronchitis in a few days. Why then risk Consumption? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism and all Pain. Price, 15 and 25 cents.

WALTHAM WATCHES

The real value of a watch depends upon the accuracy of the movement and not upon the price of the case. The "Riverside" Waltham Watch Movement is an accurate watch in any case.

"The Perfected American Watch", an illustrated book of interesting information about watches, will be sent free upon request.

American Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL"

FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

No black powder shells on the market compare with the "NEW RIVAL" in uniformity and strong shooting qualities. Sure fire and waterproof. Get the genuine.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. New Haven, Conn.

DRINK HABIT A treatment taken at home by the patient which renders Whiskey, Beer, Etc., Obnoxious. Cures relapses from other treatments, endorsed by business firms of National Reputation. Write for convincing evidence. THE PAQUIN IMPURE CO., Dept. 28, St. Louis, Mo.

Minneapolis. { ESTABLISHED 1878. WOODWARD & CO., GRAIN COMMISSION. Orders for Future Delivery Executed in All Markets. } DULUTH.