

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure That He will give them back—bright, pure and beautiful— We know He will but keep Our own and His until we fall asleep; We know He does not mean To break the strands reaching between The here and there. He does not mean—though Heaven be fair— To change spirits entering there, that they forget The eyes opened and wet, The lips too still for prayer, The mute despair. He will not take The spirits which He gave, and make The glorified so new That they are lost to me and you. I do believe They will receive Us—you and me—and be so glad To meet us that when most I would grow sad I just begin to think about the gladness, And the day When they shall tell us all about the way That they had learned to go— Heaven's pathways show. My lost, my own, and I Shall have so much to see together by and by. I do believe that, just the same sweet face, But glorified, is waiting in the place Where we shall meet, if only I Am counted worthy in that by and by. I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise To tear-stained, saddened eyes, And that His Heaven will be Most glad, most tired through with joy for you and me. As we have suffered most, God never made Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade, And placed them side by side— So wrought in one, though separate, mystified— And meant to break The quivering threads between. When we shall wake I am quite sure we shall be very glad That for a little while we were so sad. —George Klingbe, in Salem Gazette.



CHAPTER XII. A HAPPY JOURNEY.

The week passed all too soon, and when the end came I was loth, indeed, to leave the home of my new friends. But it seemed to me that to remain longer would be an imposition on their generosity, and, foregoing my own pleasure and stoutly resisting the entreaties of the mother, father and son, I prepared for my departure and again went forth into the world to meet—I knew not what.

It was twelve miles from Mr. Cornell's to the town where my cousin lived, and though I affirmed that I could easily walk that distance Mrs. Cornell stated positively that I should do nothing of the kind.

"Charles will take you down in the buggy," she said, "and be glad of the privilege. He would never forgive himself if he permitted a lady to leave this house to make such a journey as that on foot, and I never should, either."

So Charles Cornell brought his buggy, and together we rode across the prairie and along the smooth lanes toward my destination. The first two or three miles were passed over in comparative silence, neither of us seeming inclined or prepared to open a conversation. Occasionally a remark was offered by one and an answer made by the other, but there speech dropped and silence began again. I was too sad to talk, for in going out into the world from the pleasant home I had enjoyed for one brief week I seemed to have shouldered all my old burdens again. Charles, I think, must have understood something of my thoughts, for over and anon he cast upon me a look full of sympathy; then, turning his eyes away, appeared to fall into a fit of abstraction, gazing blankly out across the plain or mechanically cutting the weeds by the wayside with his whip. I imagined then that he pitied my condition and that the unpleasant prospect lying before me caused his heart to feel sad.

I realized that I was poorly requiring my companion's goodness by selfishly devoting myself to nursing my grief, and arousing my spirits by an effort, I forced a smile to my lips, and, turning to him, remarked:

"I fear you find me rather dull company, Mr. Cornell, and think me very unappreciative of your kindness in bringing me this journey. But you must pardon me, for I have been exceedingly gloomy this morning."

"I fear you are unhappy," he replied, in a tone of true compassion, his eyes meeting mine with tender solicitude.

"I am unhappy," I answered, unhesitatingly. "After all the kindness I have experienced from yourself and parents, and the happiness I have enjoyed during my stay at your home, I find it hard to go out into the world again to seek a home among strangers. I am afraid the past week has spoiled me so that I shall be disappointed because I expect too much pleasure and attentions."

"I am indeed glad," he said, "that you enjoyed your short stay with us. We should all be sorry if you had not."

"Ah, I did enjoy it," I cried, ecstatically. "How much I enjoyed it I cannot say, because words will not express my feelings. You were all so good to me, and your mother was so motherly."

"I could not think of any word that conveyed my meaning so well as the word motherly. No other word covered the full definition of my feelings, because no other word in the English language so completely embraces all the good and noble qualities of the woman heart. In that one word I had expressed all I felt, and all that Mrs. Cornell had been to me. I saw instantly that my companion was pleased at what I said, for a glow of delight overspread his face and a twinkle of satisfaction sparkled from his eyes."

"I am glad you like my mother," he said, proudly. "She is a noble woman, and a better mother no one ever had. I do not know how anyone who is acquainted with her could fail to love her. This may seem like boasting, but I'm sure there can be no harm in it, for a good, faithful mother is entitled to all the praise her children can bestow."

It did not seem to me like boasting at all, but, on the contrary, I thought it extremely nice in this broad-shouldered, manly son to speak so warmly and unhesitatingly in praise of his mother. I thought it highly commendable in him and I respected him for it.

"Knowing the value of the love of a such a mother," he continued, after a pause, "I know how to sympathize with those who have been denied that boon. I can imagine, imperfectly, of course, what you have missed by being motherless. I can realize, to some extent, how desolate and dark your life has been."

I involuntarily shuddered at the memories his words called up, and he, noting the action, continued in a different strain.

"The past is over," he said, "and, as it cannot be changed, it is best to dwell as little as possible on its sorrows, but to fill our minds instead with thoughts of the future. You will, no doubt, find a comfortable, happy home with your cousin, and in a short time be able to gain many good, kind friends. There is a prospect of a long, useful life before you, because you are capable of doing much good in the world and are disposed to employ your talents for bettering the lot of mankind."

It is impossible to describe the effect these sober, earnest utterances had on me. They were spoken quietly, unostentatiously, and were, apparently, simply casual remarks, having no intention of instructing or advising, yet they reversed the whole train of my thoughts and put into my mind a new system of ideas. Previous to that moment I had suffered my mind to be a charnel-house of sore grievances, my thoughts being occupied entirely with recollections of the bitter sufferings I had known. I had never dreamed of looking forward to the birth of a new and brighter existence, and, above all, I had never entertained an idea of the bare possibility of being able to administer in the least degree to the betterment of humanity and its conditions.

Now everything appeared to me in a different light. The future opened before me like a glorious panorama surrounded by a halo of hope. My mind bounded up out of the darkness of grief and revelled in the light of happiness. I was a new being and I lived in a new world. I was happy, hopeful and thankful. My soul was free of its old servitude to grief, as I was free of the old servitude to those at home.

My companion's quick eyes saw the alteration in my manner, little suspecting that his words had wrought it. He eyed me curiously for some time, evidently deeply perplexed by my strange appearance, then, in a tone of marked surprise, said:

"Now you are all animation and life, while a moment ago you were listless and despondent. I never saw so great a change in one in so short a time. May I ask from whence it comes?"

"Do I appear much changed?" I asked, looking up with a smile.

"Wonderfully," he replied.

"For the better?" I continued.

"Assuredly," said he. "Your features are radiant with the pleasure of anticipation and your eyes sparkle with the light of hope. One would think you very happy."

"I am," I replied. "I never was happier in my life."

"Well, I'm glad to see it," he remarked, after a short pause, looking at me rather doubtfully, "but I am at a loss to account for so sudden an alteration in your manner."

"Then I'll tell you," said I. "You are the cause."

"I?" he questioned, in surprise. "I don't understand."

"By a remark you made a moment since," I explained, "you opened my mind the possibilities of the future, showing that I could grow out of my present condition and become not only a happy woman, but a useful one. That is something that I never thought of before, and the idea came to me like a revelation, opening dazzling prospects before me."

"I am indeed rejoiced," he said, "if I inadvertently let drop a word calculated to brighten your thoughts. It is gratifying to know I have done you a small service although I did it purely accidentally. But now that we are on that subject, let me add that the past has but little happiness in it. It is true many of us in looking back see little incidents here and there which are pleasant to recall, but they are so woven in with disappointments and sorrows that their brightness is almost completely obscured. The happiness of humanity lies in the future—in having some worthy purpose for the accomplishment of which we must work and think. That takes our minds away from the past and leaves us no opportunity for studying and grieving over what has been or what might have been. But excuse me. I did not mean to preach a sermon or deliver a lecture."

I assured Mr. Cornell that his remarks were not in the least tiresome, and they were not to me. To those who had gained a knowledge of the world they might, perhaps, have been tedious, because the ideas were old, but to me, in my ignorance and inexperience, it was all new, and I eagerly drank in every word he spoke.

"Now that you see the necessity of adapting yourself to a life work," he continued, "have you an idea of the sphere in which you would choose to labor?"

"No, at present I have not," I answered. "The thought is so fresh with me that I cannot decide that point now. I must have time to think it over."

"Certainly. There are many things to be taken into consideration, of course. Your inclinations must be consulted, and then one's circumstances and surroundings must be considered."

"Yes, and my circumstances are such," I replied, "that I may find it difficult to begin anywhere."

"Well," said he, thoughtfully, "you may find it so. But you have a fair education and I believe you will not have the difficulties you anticipate. How would you like teaching for a commencement?"

"I would like it splendidly," I replied, with eagerness.

"I think you could get a country school very easily, and while it would afford you a good support it would also offer you an opportunity to advance your education."

The suggestion filled me with joy, and during the remainder of our ride I think Mr. Cornell must have found me very lively company. My spirits were exuberant, and I chatted and laughed as blithely as a child, and was altogether so different from my old self that I must have seemed a puzzle. I felt strong and self-reliant, and when I left the buggy at my cousin's door the thought of not being kindly received did not affect me to any great extent. I felt that if I was not welcomed to my kinswoman's home I could go out among strangers and secure employment and live independently of anyone's charity.

In leaving me Charles Cornell assured me again that I could always remember that both he and his parents were my friends, and that they would be glad to serve me at any time. He urged me to correspond with his mother, and if at any future date I should feel the need of a friend, let her know it. I promised, little thinking then that his purpose was to thus keep himself informed regarding me and my welfare. I did not know, nor did I suspect, how deep and broad was the interest I had excited in the breast of Charles Cornell.

CHAPTER XIII. I GET EMPLOYMENT. My mother's cousin, Mrs. Laura Bernard, was a stately dame with strongly marked aristocratic tendencies. Her husband was a prosperous business man, reputed very wealthy, and his house was the costliest one in the town. Mrs. Bernard no doubt realized the advantages she possessed on account of being the wife of such a husband, and the mistress of such a home, and perhaps she was not to blame for availing herself of them and holding her head as high as they would permit. Certain it is that she assumed an air of superiority that was intended to lift her a degree or two above the rest of the world and place her entirely out of reach of the common run of humanity.

Mrs. Bernard, though aristocratic and proud, was charitable after a fashion. With her charity was a feud, and she gave to the poor not for the sake of helping them, but because it afforded her an opportunity to contrast her position with theirs and thus make more apparent the wide gulf that lay between her and them. She was careful, too, to impress her beneficiaries, by her manner of giving, with the fact that she was of a higher caste than ordinary humanity, and that she stood between Heaven and earth, receiving God's blessings, which were entrusted to her hands for distribution among the poor. She enjoyed alms-giving because it afforded her such a magnificent opportunity to make the recipient feel how small, unimportant, and generally unworthy of existence he was.

When I reached the presence of my relative I was received not altogether uncordially, but sufficiently so to cause me to feel very uncomfortable and ill at ease. She welcomed me to her home, but did it in a way to make me feel completely unwelcome; and she acknowledged our relationship, but at the same time erected a barrier between us which kept me at a chilling distance from her.

"So," she said, unconcernedly, when I made myself known to her, "you are Margaret Owens' child. Well, I'm very glad to meet you, I'm sure. I am very glad you have come."

That was all she said, and those few words were uttered without the least feeling. She did not rise nor offer her hand, but simply motioned me to a seat. I realized the necessity of informing her why I was there, so that, knowing my situation, she could act toward me as she thought proper. But her manner was so cold and unfeeling that my courage sank out of sight and for a time I had not the heart to utter a word. Finally, however, I recovered sufficient strength to begin an account of myself and in some way I stumbled through to the end. Mrs. Bernard listened respectfully to the long recital, but if my words had any effect on her she did not show it either by speech or action. I watched her as I proceeded and I saw no change in her manner, her features retaining the same cold, unruflled appearance, and her eyes the same careless, indifferent look. She showed no sympathy, no pity, no feeling whatever, but sat there as calm and collected as the veriest flint.

"Well," she said, after a long silence, addressing herself, seemingly, to the wall above my head, "you want a home in this house and of course you can have it. I never turn the poor and needy away from my door empty, even though I cannot understand wherein they have claims on me. I am very sorry for you, and I am very glad I have it in my power to give you a home. It is indeed a pleasant thing to be able to show charity to the unfortunate and needy."

As she spoke she reached forth her hand and touched a bell, and directly a servant entered the room.

"Sarah," Mrs. Bernard continued, fixing her gaze above the servant's head and addressing the wall again,

"take Miss Owens to a room and see that she has what she desires. She is to live here."

The lady, having delivered these instructions, gave me a cursory glance, and taking up a book affected to read. The servant bowed to me and started out of the room, and I arose to follow, but before I reached the door my wounded pride asserted itself, and turning to Mrs. Bernard, I exclaimed:

"I am truly grateful, madam, for your kindness in offering me a shelter, for I am well aware I have no claims on your generosity and have no right to expect charity from your hands. I shall try while I remain here to make my presence as unobtrusive as possible, and I trust you will not hesitate to point out to me ways in which I can be useful to you. It is my intention to share your charity as short a time as I can, for I hope to be able soon to bear my own way."

Mrs. Bernard removed her eyes from her book and fixed them above my head while I was speaking, then when I had finished, removed them, made me a slight bow and resumed her reading. I followed the servant to my room, and being left alone, I threw myself on the bed and burst into a fit of weeping.

I was very miserable, indeed, for the thought of being dependent on such cold, unfeeling charity rankled in my heart and stirred my proud nature to the bottom. Around me on every side was luxury, and after a fashion I had been welcomed to enjoy it, yet a bare crust, freely given, would have been a thousand times more enjoyable. To be dependent at all was cruel enough without having to feel it so keenly.

"I will not submit to such treatment," I mentally exclaimed. "I can earn my own living and I'll do it. I'll not be dependent on the charity of anyone. Somebody will give me employment, I'm sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLUMBUS NO SAINT.

The Whole Story of the Navigator's Life a Cloud of Falsehood.

Who was this famous navigator, and what were his character and aims, asks a writer in Harper's Magazine. The common legend paints him in saintlike and superhuman colors. No man was so wise, gentle, learned, studious, humane. To several of his recent biographers he is without a fault, a Numa, a Washington, with even a higher aim. With more than chivalric austerity he prepares himself for his rare achievements; Heaven guides him on his way; he works miracles; sorrows and afflictions follow him; majestic and godlike, he passes away from among men, without a blemish and without a fault. Such he is to De Lory, Belloy and the Abbe Cadoret. Irving's delightful biography admits his faults, but softens them into venial errors. His hero is clothed in the fairest drapery of his matchless style. The common legend has filled all modern histories, until the whole story of Columbus is wrapped in a cloud of falsehood. And yet there is some truth in the picture. Columbus possessed an unrivaled strength of character and will, a mind of rare power and sagacity. He was strong as Hercules in forcing his way into distant seas, but, unlike Hercules, rather committed than redressed wrongs. Never was there a more striking difference than that between the traditional Columbus of the biographers and the Columbus of true history, of his contemporaries.

CHARACTER OF THE MALAY. He is Lazy, Impassive and Does Not Express His Feelings. In character the Malay is impassive. He is certainly not demonstrative, and never openly expresses his feelings. He exhibits a reserve, diffidence and even bashfulness which is in some degree attractive and leads the observer, says the San Francisco Chronicle, to think that the ferocious and bloodthirsty character imputed to the race must be exaggerated.

He is very slow and deliberate in his speech, and especially backward in introducing the subject he has come to discuss. Though he does seem to hold the European in contempt as well as other races, yet he is always profusely polite when he meets one.

"Tahéh Tuan," is then his favorite expression, which translated into plain English means: "How are you, sir?" If, though, he meets a European who in his opinion has done a mean action and is not worthy of that salute, he will pass him with a sulky indifference manifested on every feature of his countenance.

He is lazy and not fond of work. His favorite pastime is fishing, and as long as he can catch sufficient fish he will never hire himself out for manual labor.

Sometimes he is the happy possessor of three wives, and even four, and woe betide the man who engages in a flirtation with them. The knife speedily settles such quarrels with the Malay, and in the case of the Japanese poison.

Transparent Glass Bricks.

For some time past transparent glass bricks have been let into the walls to afford light at places where a window would interfere with the architectural plan. But now it is proposed to cast glass, not necessarily transparent, into large blocks of buildings. This material is practically indestructible, perfectly non-absorbent and, therefore, damp-proof in a manner which few bricks are, and in this way course glass of this kind could be made nearly as cheap as concrete, stone, or baked clay. A plan has also been put into practice by which broken glass of various colors is mixed up, placed in molds lined with silica, talc, or some other resisting material, and fired. The result is a firmly coherent mass, which can be dressed and cut into blocks, which are, of course, irregularly colored, and may be employed in place of artificial marble. If decorative effects are desired designs in relief can be obtained by pressure while the block or slab is still plastic.

—His Point of View.—"Visitor"—"Why are you a convict, my poor fellow?" "Convict"—"Because I was convicted."—Yankee Blade.

STOCK ITEMS. Ordinarily, twelve hours is as long as a will feed of any kind should stand before feeding out.

It is very important to have good health among the hogs if they are to be made profitable.

In selecting the hog, too many make the mistake of paying too much attention to the form of the hog, rather than to the blood.

To a certain extent and for certain purposes cross-bred pigs may be best, but the trouble is the crossing is usually carried too far.

The intelligent farmer can find many ways to supplement corn with profit to himself and at the same time add to the thrift and health of the hogs.

While stock cattle, if in good health, may go through the winter in fair shape without shelter, the amount of feed will be much greater than if made more comfortable.

Nothing convinces a farmer quicker of the value of good cattle than for a buyer to pick out a few of the best and say that if all were like them they would be worth so much more.

The more closely we assist nature in complying with all its wants and promote and stimulate all of its requirements, the more readily we shall succeed in the management of the stock.

Hog and chicken cholera are both much easier prevented than cured after it once gets a start. Make the conditions as unfavorable as possible for the development of the germs of the disease.

The time that the lambing season should begin will vary according to localities and the purpose for which the lamb is intended, but it is usually best to be a little early rather than a little late.

When to sell the wool so as to realize the greatest amount of profit, is an important item. Holding for better prices is always attended with some risk, so that in many cases the average farmer cannot afford to hold it.

Each one must decide for himself whether it will pay to feed grain to cows on pasture. If the milk yield shows increase enough to more than balance cost of meal, that settles the question in favor of feeding grain.

Texas leads all the states in the union in the number of sheep, aggregating 4,490,372. Ohio comes next, with 4,061,897, followed by California, with 3,712,310; New Mexico, with 3,123,663; Michigan, with 2,763,240; Oregon, 2,431,752; Montana, 2,089,337; Colorado, 1,819,569; Utah, 1,552,900; New York, 1,393,283; Pennsylvania, 1,039,502.

FARM NOTES.

When peach trees do not bear fruit look out for the yellows. Trees planted in the fall are more liable to be drawn out by frost.

Clover is one of the very best fertilizers that can be used on the farm. To get the best results from the current, liberal manuring is necessary. The farmer of to-day demands quick returns from whatever he engages in.

On many farms more grass and less grain means less labor and more profit. Keep an eye on local conditions in determining what will be used in feeding.

With many farmers the filling of the soil with weed seeds is pure carelessness. In all stock farming the manure, if properly handled, will pay the cost of care and labor.

Roasting corn until it is a dark chestnut brown is one of the best ways of supplying charcoal. When necessary to plow in the orchard, and especially in an old one, have the whiffletrees short, so as not to bark the trees.

Both for early broilers and for market fowls later on, a quick maturing fowl will nearly always be found the most desirable. All kinds of poultry are marketable during the next three months, and by watching the market very fair prices may be obtained.

A little care should be taken to see that all of the chickens and turkeys that are to be kept early taught to roost in the poultry house. There can be no fixed rule for applying manure. The soil, kind of crops to be grown and the condition of the manure must be considered.

Keep the quarters of the turkeys clean, silt makes short work of them; not only their roosting but their feeding places must be kept clean. Turpentine and sulphur given in the food is one of the best remedies for gaps. Use a good teaspoonful of each to a pint and a half of corn meal.

Be sure that the onions are thoroughly dried out before storing away. The suckers of red raspberries should be destroyed the same as weeds. In order that the work may be done properly it is very necessary that the farmer should exercise constant supervision over the farm operations.

If poultry on the farm needs to be well managed in order to be profitable, it is reasonable to suppose that it is unprofitable when improperly managed. One of the best ways of increasing the income of the farm is to raise the value of what you have to sell. Choice products always bring the best prices. The flesh of the duck is of a savory and somewhat stimulating nature and is not so gross or hard to digest as that of the goose and for this reason is a more preferable fowl.

Notes. Don't allow your team to stand in the stall with muddy legs and body after you have by fast driving on muddy roads splashed them all over with mud; wash their legs and then rub until dry. Don't allow the check of your horse's bridle to raise his head higher than he would naturally carry it; it is a cruel torture, and the fashion which demands it is a detestable folly. Don't allow your farrier to pare the heels of your horse's hoofs because they are soft and easy to cut, but make him pare the toes when they need it, even if they are hard.

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