Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

On Some Ministers.

The worst o' these here shepherds is, my boy, that they reg'larly turns the heads of all the young ladies about here. Lord bless their little hearts, they think it's all right, and don't know no better; but they're the victims o' gammon, Samivel, they're the wictims o' gammon. Nothin' else, and wot aggragates me, Samivel, is to see 'em awastin' all their time and labor in making clothes for copper-colored people as don't want 'em and taking no notice of flesh-colored Christians as do. If I'd my way, Samivel, I'd just stick some o' these here lazy shepherds behind a heavy wheel-barrow, and run 'em up and down a 14-inch plank all day. That 'ud shake the nonsense out of 'em, if anythin' would.—Mr. Weller, Quoted by Charles Dickens.

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR

Few parents realize how many estimable lives have been embittered and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings dispelled.

To this end, nothing is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as the constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free 32-page Cuticura Book, telling all about the care and treatment of the skin.

He Had No Eye for Color.

There came to the home of a Negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

"What does yo' think?" asked the parent.

"Waul"—pointing to the one in the middle—"I think I'd save that one."—Everybody's Magazine.

Mrs. Wiggin's Idea of London.

During the recent visit of Mrs. Wiggin, the American author, in London, an interviewer called on her. With pencil poised, the interviewer asked:

"And what do you think of London, Mrs. Wiggin?"

"You remind me," answered the author cheerfully, "of the young lady who sat beside Dr. Gibbon at dinner. She turned to him after the soup.

"'Do, dear Dr. Gibbon,' she said, 'tell me about the decline and fall of the Roman empire.'"

Real Modesty.

"An actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackett at a luncheon in Pittsburg. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that said:

"'Engagement wanted—small part, such as dead body or outside shouts preferred.'"

Her Rest.

"How do you expect to spend your summer vacation, Mrs. Brown?"

"Frying fish for the men as usual, I suppose."

Right food is a basis
For right living.
"There's only one disease,"
Says an eminent writer—
"Wrong living
"And but one cure—
"Right living."
Right food is supplied by

Grape-Nuts

It contains the vital
Body and brain-building
Elements of wheat and barley—
Most important of which is
The Potassium Phosphate,
Grown in the grain
For rebuilding tissues
Broken down by daily use.
Folks who use Grape-Nuts
Know this—they feel it.
"There's a Reason"
Read "The Road to Wellville,"
Found in packages.

Silas Carter's Romance

By Carl Jenkins

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press

There was nothing wrong about Silas Carter. He was a strapping young man who worked in a sawmill and ate three square meals a day. When evening came he sat down to store his mind with knowledge. He couldn't borrow Shakespeare or American history and, in consequence he borrowed romances. They were not exactly dime novels. They related mostly to knights and chevaliers and rescues of distressed damsels.

After reading for two or three years Silas got the idea that he was a chevalier, and that the distressed damsel would sooner or later heave into view. He didn't say anything about it. It might be that he wasn't a chevalier, and it might be that the distressed damsel would be detained on the road.

One night when he was calling on Miss Eunice Bebee, the daughter of a villager, he casually observed:

"Eunice, I love you and want you to be my wife."

"I will," she replied.

Eunice had known Silas for a long time, and had come to realize that she loved him, and why shouldn't she have answered that way? Why blush and stick a finger in her mouth and reply that she would see her father about it? She did just as a plain, sensible girl always does under the circumstances—she waited for Silas to say more.

He began and ended right there. If the distressed damsel appeared he would tell Eunice that he had changed his mind; if she didn't then they would get married some day. Eunice continued to be a good, plain girl, and Silas kept his eyes open for what was coming.

It came one July day. A young lady from the city, stopping at a summer hotel in the village, came down to the mill pond to fish. Silas was in the mill yard, wrestling the saw-

He Wrote That He Took His Pen in Hand.

logs about, and after a time he heard a scream. He ran for the water and was in time to pull a very wet and frightened girl out by the hair.

When she could speak she called him a hero and said he had saved her life and won her eternal gratitude. She was the distressed damsel and he the hero—the chevalier. There could be no two ways about that. He was invited to call at the hotel and receive further thanks, and the dripping damsel took her departure.

Silas Carter called. He was braced up by the heroic deed he had done, and he felt very important when he found himself in the presence of a young lady wearing diamonds and fine clothes, and almost smiling at the fresh grease on his boots. He didn't know exactly what to do with his hat, hands and feet, but he stowed them away somewhere and modestly said that he stood ready to rescue a damsel every day in the week.

He was thanked and thanked, and the damsel said she could never forget him. She even went so far as to give him her address in the city and say that she would be pleased to hear from her hero—occasionally. In getting off the hotel veranda Silas fell over a widow's poodle dog and rolled down the steps, but he was none the less a hero in his own eyes for this. He had read that they occasionally took a tumble and were none the worse for it. That evening when he went over to see Eunice he said:

"Euny, I asked you a few nights ago to marry me, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll hold on awhile about it, I guess."

"Very well, Silas," replied the dutiful Eunice.

She might have become angry and jumped up and down and threatened a breach of promise suit, but she didn't. She had heard about the rescue, and she had an idea it was that, but she did not lose her temper. She just moved the pitcher along and said:

"Silas, have another glass of hard cider before you go. It's good to keep off the nightmare."

Silas didn't see the damsel again before she left for home. After waiting for two weeks he wrote to her. He wrote that he took his pen in hand to hope that she was well, and that his own health was never better. He wrote that the sawmill business was good, and that he expected to have his wages raised to $22 a month. He thought of her often, he said. In fact, he had driven a stake at the spot where she had fallen in, and went there to look at it five or six times a day. Then he copied a verse of poetry and ended the letter by saying that he hoped for an answer by return mail.

He didn't receive one, however. Two weeks dragged along, and then one night as he was calling on Eunice he said:

"Euny, about our getting married."

"Yes, Silas."

"I think we'd better."

"Very well."

She waited for him to ask her to name the day, but he had nothing further to say on the subject. A bright idea had occurred to him. He had written "In haste" on the envelope of his letter, but by so doing he may have made the postmaster mad and the epistle had been torn up. He decided to write again.

He took his pen in hand with firmer grip this time, as his wages had been raised to $22 per month. He hoped for an answer within three days, but at the end of a fortnight none had come. One mail a day reached the village post office, but he inquired five times a day, so as to make sure of missing nothing. Another two weeks and no letter.

Was Chevalier Silas in love with the damsel he had rescued? He was. He didn't kick around nights and dream of her, but he loved her gallantly—chivalrously — knightly — the same as the heroes of his romances had loved. Perhaps the reason she hadn't answered was that she was coyly waiting for him to come to the city and tell of his adoration. Her mother might have tied her up in the garret or her father thrust her into a dungeon deep because she had told of her love for him. For three days Silas debated as to what the Chevalier St. Aubyn would have done under like circumstances, and then he left for the city.

Having the damsel's address, it was easy to find her father's house. He found it early in the morning, just as the father was emerging with a very strong cigar in his mouth. He gave Silas a looking over, uttered a "humph!" to himself, and then asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"Your—your daughter was up at Bellville in July," stammered the young man.

"Well, what of it?"

"She tumbled into the mill pond."

"And got wet. Well, what of that?"

"I—I work in the sawmill there."

"I thought so. Go on."

"I pulled her out of the pond."

"Oh, you did? Did it strain your back any?"

"No, sir."

"If it did, try a porous plaster."

"But I saved her life, sir," continued Silas, "and she said she'd never forget it."

"And I don't think she will. She lost her false hair and complexion, I believe."

"And she asked me to call on her if I was ever in town."

"And being as you are in town, you have come to call. Well, you can go in and interview the cook if you wish. My daughter has been married six weeks and is still away on a bridal tramp. She never mentioned anything about you, but if you really saved her life, why, have a cigar with me."

Silas reached home that night at 11 o'clock. His jaw was set and his look was determined. The villagers had long since got to bed, but that was naught to him. He walked to the house of Eunice's father and around to her window, and, in response to his calls, a head was poked out and a voice exclaimed:

"My stars, Silas, but what's happened!"

"Nothing yet, but something's going to. You be ready at nine o'clock in the morning to be married! There's been fooling enough about it!"

Red Deer's Winter Home.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening, or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the near-by trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

$500 For a Scream.

"Nobody knows what risks men of wealth run but the men themselves," said one of them. "I know one thing. Nothing could pay me to admit a woman to my office when I'm in it alone. I did once. It was enough. She was selling volumes of some book or other. She told me the price. I refused very politely to buy. She sat perfectly still."

SEVERAL COMMON BIRDS OF AGRICULTURAL VALUE

Farm Lands Are Supplied With Numbers of Feathered Tribe Which Destroy Thousands of Injurious Insects and Noxious Weed Seeds.

(By T. GILBERT PEARSON.)

Many orchardists and farmers think they have trouble enough with the grass and weeds in their growing crops, but it would doubtless be a greater task to keep these subdued if it were not for the assistance of the birds.

If we are to believe what many

Yellow Hammer.

toiling scientists have revealed, what many state agricultural departments tell us, what the United States government publications declare, and what we can all see with our eyes if we stop to observe, one great incalculable value of our birds lies in the tremendous number of harmful insects which they destroy and the vast quantities of harmful weed seeds which they consume. It is no small service that a pair of robins render when they honor you by living a summer in your garden, and each day probably eat more than their weight of worms and insects. It is no little thing to have a pair of pewees nest in a tree near your house, and every day for weeks and weeks rid the air of hundreds of harmful insects that seek to destroy the foliage or to sting the fruit of young trees. I once watched a pewee capture sixteen insects during a period of ten minutes.

Many people have failed to appreciate what a tremendous force the wild birds are for doing good to the agricultural interests of the country,

Bluebird.

simply from a failure to observe them closely. Many people rarely see wild birds except when the frightened creatures are wildly endeavoring to escape from the real or imaginary enemy who has intruded upon their solitude. But hide in a quiet place, almost anywhere in the fields or woods, and soon the birds come back to their accustomed activities.

While we often fail to give birds credit for the good they do, but few men neglect to condemn them most heartily for any act which may be regarded as detrimental to man's interests, no matter how superficial the data may be upon which the charge is based.

It is not an unheard-of occurrence for men to order that all robins, catbirds and mockingbirds on their places should be shot, because these birds were seen eating cultivated

Yellow Bellied Woodpecker.

fruit. But did not the birds perform a great part in helping raise that fruit? Why not do as some men do in the land, who plant a few more trees or vines in order that there may be enough fruit for both the planter and the birds?

Whenever man interferes with the laws of nature he is liable to suffer for it. It is one of the divine and absolutely unchangeable laws of nature that birds are set apart to serve as a great natural check upon the hordes of insects which, like a scourge, are ever falling upon the plant life with unabated fury. To kill the birds is to allow these pests to increase.

Some of our government experts who have made a close study of the subject of bird destruction and the results, tell us that one-tenth of the entire agriculture products of eastern United States is annually a total loss from the ravages of insects. This percentage, too, we are told, is on the increase, owing to the decreasing numbers of birds. That many birds are far less numerous than formerly, any observant man over forty years of age will readily testify.

The early inhabitants of New England felt that they had a grievance against the blackbirds for eating corn in the fields, so laws were passed offering "a bounty of threepence a dozen for dead maize thieves." Dr. Benjamin Franklin is quoted by Peter Kahn, a Swedish naturalist, as saying that the blackbirds were thus exterminated, "but as in the summer of 1749 an immense quantity of worms appeared in the meadows, which devoured the grass and did great damage, the people abated their enmity, for they had observed that those birds lived chiefly on these worms before the maize is ripe, and consequently extirpated them."

Of recent years the study of the relationship of birds to agriculture has revealed many facts which are having a decided influence in changing public sentiment regarding many birds which were formerly regarded as largely if not wholly detrimental. The most marked example is probably in reference to the real value of some species of hawks and owls on the farm. Many people have recognized but little distinction between these, and tens of thousands of these useful creatures

Meadow Lark.

have been killed by persons who sincerely believed they were doing the country a service. We now know that a very large percent of the food of the sparrow hawk consists of grasshoppers and other insects. The red shouldered hawk feeds to a large extent on field mice, shews, young rabbits, and other injurious vermin. To kill a sparrow hawk, therefore, means an increased opportunity for the grasshoppers to eat the grass, and to kill the red-shouldered hawk means that a further invitation is extended to annoying rodents to increase and gnaw the fruit trees or eat the grain in the field.

"Of late years the acreage under cultivation in the United States has increased rapidly. With increased acreage the number of rodents has multiplied accordingly, because of the abundance of nutricious food and also because their natural enemies have been destroyed by man. The services of hawks and owls were never so much needed as now, and these faithful helpers of man are likely to be more needed in the future; yet thou-

Brown Thrasher.

sands of hawks and owls are yearly slaughtered because the part they play in nature's scheme is misunderstood or ignored. Unquestionably, individual hawks that have learned their way to the poultry yard should be summarily dealt with, but because occasional individuals of two or three species destroy chickens it is manifestly unfair to take vengeance on the whole tribe. The very name of "hen hawk" is a misnomer so far as the bird to which it is chiefly applied is concerned. Moreover, it is made the excuse by the farmer's boy and the sportsman for killing every hawk, large or small, that flies. Thousands of these useful birds are killed annually by thoughtless men for no better reason than that when sitting motionless, they offer an easy target for the small rifle or, flying, present a tempting mark for the shotgun. So far has popular misapprehension in regard to these birds gone that again and again states and counties have offered bounties for their heads, thus depleting treasuries and inviting heavy losses

Red Headed Woodpecker.

to the farmer through the increased number of insects and rodents which it is the function of these birds to hold in check."

Much may be done with a very little trouble to induce many species of wild birds to come about the house

NATURE'S SIGNALS.

The first indication of kidney disorder is often backache. Then comes pain in the hips and sides, lameness, soreness and urinary troubles. These are the warnings—nature's signals for help. Doan's Kidney Pills should be used at the first sign.

Mrs. W. R. Cody, 402 15th St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "I had a bad case of dropsy and bloated 40 lbs. in weight. My ankles swelled and I had to wear shoes two sizes larger than usual. I was nervous, restless and much run down. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I came down to natural weight and my kidneys became normal."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tuberculosis in the Prisons.

The fact that 100,000 prisoners are discharged from the jails and prisons of the country annually, and that from 10 to 15 per cent. of them have tuberculosis, makes the problem of providing special places for their treatment while they are confined a serious one. So important is the problem that the Prison association of New York in cooperation with the State Charities Aid association, is preparing to inaugurate a special campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis in the penal institutions of the state, and will seek to enlist the co-operation of all prison physicians and antituberculosis societies in this work.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Sage's Summer.

Solomon sighed.

"Think of the number of plants I have to remember to water while they are all away for the summer," he cried.

Herewith he doubted his title to wisdom.

When Rubbers Become Necessary

And your shoes pinch, shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Cures tired, aching feet and takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes and for dancing parties. Sold everywhere 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Domestic Amenities.

"Hubby, I gave your light pants to a poor tramp."

"And what am I going to wear this summer? Kilts?"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Isn't is shocking when you hear a nice man complain of anything?

Hot Sun—Dusty Roads

By the time you reach town and light you'll be hot and tired and your throat dry with dust and dirt. Hunt up a soda fountain and treat yourself to

A Glass or a Bottle of

Coca-Cola

Just as cooling as the bottom step in the spring house. You'll find it relieves fatigue too, and washes away all the dust and thirst as nothing else will. It touches the spot.

Delicious - Refreshing - Wholesome

5c Everywhere

Our Free Booklet

"The Truth About Coca-Cola" tells all about Coca-Cola—what it is and why it is so delicious, wholesome and beneficial. It gives analyses made by scientists and chemists from coast to coast, proving its purity and wholesomeness. Your name and address on a postal will bring you this interesting booklet.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga. J-F

Wherever you see an arrow think of Coca-Cola

School Days Are Near

The children must have new shoes. Get them

Pla-Mate Shoes

See the shape—plenty of toe room allows feet to develop naturally and so easy. Soles are clear oak, genuine Goodyear welts, and full extension heels protecting uppers. Outlast two pairs of ordinary shoes. It's false economy to buy cheap shoes for children. Get

Pla-Mate Shoes

and your little ones will walk easy and have dry feet.

Sizes 4 to 12. Button and lace, in all leathers. If not on sale at your dealers, send us his name with size and style of shoe desired and we will see that you are quickly supplied.

$1.75 & $2.00 WILLIAMS, HOYT & CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

James McGune, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 919

Northwestern Conservatory 40 Instructors 600 Students (29th Year, Opens Sept. 5, '10)

All branches of Music Art and Dramatic Art, Orchestral and Band Instruments. Normal Courses in Public School Music, Art, Piano, Physical Training, Domestic Science. Terms Reasonable. Catalog free.

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W. N. U., FARGO, NO. 35-1910.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

WESTERN CANADA'S 1910 CROPS

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Wheat Yield in Many Districts Will Be From 25 to 35 Bushels Per Acre

Land sales and homestead entries increasing. No cessation in numbers going from United States. Wonderful opportunities remain for those who intend making Canada their home. New districts being opened up for settlement. Many farmers will net, this year, $10 to $15 per acre from their wheat crop. All the advantages of old settled countries are there. Good schools, churches, splendid markets, excellent railway facilities. See the grain [illegible] at the different State and some of the County fairs.

Letters similar to the following are received every day, testifying to satisfactory conditions; other districts are as favorably spoken of:

THEY SENT FOR THEIR SON.

Maidstone, Sask., Canada, Aug. 8th, 1910.

"My parents came here from Cedar Falls, Iowa, four years ago, and were so well pleased with this country they sent to Coeur d'Alene for me. I have taken up a homestead near them, and am perfectly satisfied to stop here." Leonard Douglas.

WANTS SETTLER'S RATE FOR HIS STOCK.

Stettler, Alberta, July 21st, 1910.

"Well I got up here from Forest City, Iowa, last Spring in good shape with the stock and everything. Now, I have got two boys back in Iowa yet, and I am going back there now soon to get them and another car up here this fall. What I would like to know is, if there is any chance to get a cheap rate back again, and when we return to Canada I will call at your office for our certificates."

Yours truly, H. A. Wix.

WILL MAKE HIS HOME IN CANADA.

Brainerd, Minn., Aug. 1st, 1910.

"I am going to Canada a week from today and intend to make my home there. My husband has been there six weeks and is well pleased with the country; so he wants me to come as soon as possible. He filed on a claim near Landis, Sask., and by his description of it it must be a pretty place.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Frank J. Zimmer, lives there and it was through him that we decided to locate in Canada."

Yours truly, Mrs. Richard Henry Ebinger.

TAKES HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S WORD FOR IT.

Taylors Falls, Minn., Aug. 7, 1910.

"I shall go to Canada this Fall with my stock and household goods. I got a poor crop here this year and my brother-in-law, Axel Nordstrom in Cardston, wants me to come there. He formerly lived in Wilton, North Dakota. I am going to buy or take homestead when I get there, but I do not want to travel two times there, for I take my brother-in-law's word about the country, and want to get your low rate."

Yours truly, Peter L. Nelson.

WANTS TO RETURN TO CANADA.

Vesta, Minn., July 20th, 1910.

"I went to Canada nine years ago and took up a quarter section of railroad land and a homestead, but my boys have never taken up any land yet. I still hold the railroad land. I had to come back to the states on account of my health. Please let me know at once if I can get the cheap rates to Pincher, Alberta."

Yours truly, Geo. Puckhorn, Vesta, Minn.

Send for literature and ask the local Canadian Government Agents for Excursion Rates, best districts in which to locate, and when to go.

CHAS. PILLING, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, North Dakota

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Continental Oil Co. (Incorporated)