

SO PRESUMING OF HIM.

With Only \$75,000 a Year He Had No Reason to Expect That He Had a Chance.

The yellow moon hung by its crescent hook against the starlit azure of the September sky, and the night was dreamy, delicious, divine, says the New York Herald.

The man and the maiden walked beneath the silent stars and listened to the purple music from the dusk. Her jeweled fingers rested lightly on his arm, and he felt there as trembling harp-strings feel the touch of angel hands that summer forth the soul's high harmonies.

His heart beat fast and the red blood ran riot in his veins, for love had placed its challenge to his lips and he had drunk his fill. He had not spoken, but he felt the spirit of the hope that makes man dare do anything and now this night of nights should see him conqueror of the maiden's heart.

"A penny for your thoughts," he whispered, bending low to look into her sweet, soft eyes.

"No more?" she murmured, looking up at him, to let those blue eyes fall again. He caught her hand in his and let his full heart flow.

"All I have in the world," he said, sublimely.

"Too little," she responded, with firmness. And then he knew that some of his hated rivals had told her he had but \$75,000 a year income and no rich relatives.

Ethel—"Father, please give me a nickel." Father—"Don't you think you're too big to beg for a nickel?" Ethel—"Spoke you, give me a quarter, then."—Detroit Free Press.

"No," said the bride-to-be, "I didn't accept Jack the first time he proposed." "How could you?" replied Miss Wryvell. "Why not?" "You weren't there."—Philadelphia Press.

WONDERFUL WORK.

Case No. 18,977.—David M. Bye, 1, O. Address Box 297, Midland, Mich. says: "Three months I was almost incapacitated from labor; could not sleep at night; had to walk the floor, owing to terrible pain in the hips, in the small of the back, in my instep and ankle of the right leg.

"I was treated for sciatic rheumatism in the hospital, but received no benefit. One month ago I returned home and was given a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. To-day residents of this city can bear witness to the fact that I am able to work, and can also walk to my work without the aid of a walking-stick or crutch.

"In speaking of the immediate effect of Doan's Kidney Pills, I did not find them to deaden the pain, but quickly and surely to eradicate the cause of it.

"I am of the opinion that Doan's Kidney Pills is the best remedy for kidney ailments that can be procured. I was especially careful in my diet, in order to give the treatment fair play.

"In conclusion, I shall be pleased, at any time, to answer any inquiries regarding my case, from anyone desirous of obtaining it."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bye will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Dr. J. C. Wood

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CALIFORNIA Reliable Information about orange culture, vegetable gardening, grain growing, poultry, climate, soil, water, lands, power markets, manufacturing facilities, wages, etc.

JANUARY BUYING

There is no time like January for satisfactory buying. The holiday rush is over and the early Spring trade has not yet begun.

FUNNY FOLKS

Had No Use for It. "Now, here is a showcase," said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar-looking specimen of his wares, "that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything put in it to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," replied the prospective customer. "What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents fully one-half."

"What is your line?" asked the dealer. "My speciality is ladies' shoes," replied the other, with a half-suppressed grin.—Tit-Bits.

His One Weakness. "I see, by the Weekly Plaindealer," said old Uncle Timrod, a trifle acidly, "that the absconding cashier of the Alleghash bank had always been a model of propriety and rectitude. He didn't drink, smoke or gamble; never used profanity, or wore a shirt waist, or played golf, or admired grass-widders, or was the least bit frisky in any way. And—Waal, in fact, he don't seem to have but one fault, and that was that he would steal."—Puck.

His Bitter Experience. "I tell you, my friend, people can't be too careful about the care of the eyes."

"You speak as if you had had some experience along that line."

"You bet I've had my experience! If my Aunt Jane had worn glasses for her nearsightedness she wouldn't have married a designing fellow who dyed his hair. And if she hadn't married him I wouldn't be knocking 'round here with nothin' to do and less to eat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Complicated Transaction. "Did Billings borrow five dollars from you?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad!"

"Don't you think he will be able to pay me?"

"Oh, yes. He'll be able to pay. I bet him ten dollars that he couldn't coax the loan out of you."—Washington Star.

A Queer Thing. Oh, trouble is a thing which many people borrow.

And the right of time gives other folks some sorrow.

And it is a fact, my dear, which to me seems very clear, That to-day will be yesterday, to-morrow.—Loftus Frizelle, in St. Nicholas.

TIP FOR HIM TO GO HOME.

Edith Hintz—You must not play with Mr. Borem's new hat, Willie.

Willie—Why not?

Edith Hintz—You might hurt it or lose it, and he'll want it in a few minutes.—Chicago Journal.

The Philosophic Crow. A crow is not a pretty bird, Yet he's all right, because He never quarrels with his fate Or fortune, without cause.—N. Y. Herald.

A Bargain at \$49.70. "When it comes to singing," exclaimed the nightingale, sneeringly, "you're of no use. You couldn't touch a high note in your life."

"In my life? No," replied the bird of paradise, "but I'll be embalmed upon a bonnet some days, and then I'll make a \$50 note look like 20 cents."—Philadelphia Press.

Why It Was All Right. "You needn't be at all afraid to speak to papa, George. I am sure it will be all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"He asked me last night what your business is, and when I said you were a retired coal dealer he smiled and said he guessed that settled it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Going at It Right. Subbub—I'm sick and tired of visiting the employment agencies in search of cooks, so I'm going to advertise; there's the ad.

Want-ad. Man (of daily newspaper)—Yes, sir; how many insertions? Subbub—Why, about twice a week for a year! What's your rock-bottom price?—Brooklyn Life.

His Case Defined. "Pa, what's a man of the hour?"

"Generally some chap who is being condemned by one-half of the population for not doing something that he knows the other half will condemn him for if he does it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Appropriate. Mrs. Winks—When is Miss Hardcash to marry the count?

The Nerve of the Borrower. "That is what I call downright humiliating," said Mrs. Bliggins.

"What has occurred?" inquired her husband.

"The neighbors who recently moved next door are going to have company, so they sent over to borrow our parlor rug. I let them take it, and in a little while they came back and said they didn't think it was handsome enough to go with their furniture, and would I lend them the money to buy a new one."—Washington Star.

Not an Admirer. She was a maiden fair to see, As on the chair she sat; But that cut no ice with me—She was sitting on my hat.—Chicago Daily News.

ACCOMMODATED IT.



"She told me what she thought of me, right to my face."

"And you took it in good part?"

"Oh, yes; I'm used to it. She's my wife."—N. Y. Times.

Lavishness. He is a modern Croesus; Cost never dawns his soul; His son is burning money, And his cook is burning coal.—Washington Star.

Reciprocity. Wife—I've been thinking, dear, ever since you gave me Hugo's works for my birthday, which you said you'd been longing to read, what present I would make you on your birthday.

Now what do you say to a pair of opera glasses, like Maud's? They are heavenly, and you know how I long for them every time I go to the theater.—Judge.

The Hog. "Mrs. Gushington, who called upon me recently," began the conceited and boorish author, "was pleased to say she thought there was no pen more artistically delightful in all the world than mine."

"She told me," replied Sinnickson, "that she had admired your house, but don't you think it was unkind of her to call it a 'pen'?"—Philadelphia Press.

The End of the World. Little Dot—I know something my teacher doesn't know.

Mamma—Indeed! What is that?

"I know when the world is coming to an end, and she doesn't. I asked her, and she said she didn't know."

"Oh, well, who told you?"

"Uncle John. He said the world would come to an end when children stopped asking questions that nobody could answer."—Tit-Bits.

The Facetious One. "I notice," remarked the facetious one to the man whose face bore evidences of a poor barber's work, "that you've had a close shave recently."

The victim glared. "Not as close as yours," he finally remarked; "you're the tenth man who's fired the same joke at me, and the rest are in the hospital."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Averse. O, may I write a verse to you, The ardent lover cried—No need; I am averse to you, The maiden proud replied.—St. Paul Dispatch.

HER RULING THOUGHT.

"Did you ever think of marriage, Miss Tiggs?"

"Lor! Wy, I never thinks of nothin' else."—Ally Slopser.

A Text by the Wayside. Don't need no wings ter fly wid w'en dey callin' er you higher—No railroad on de rocky road en rough; Don't want ter go ter glory in a cherryroot er fire—Kaze you sho' ter hit de fire soon enough—Atlanta Constitution.

Softening the Grief. Wilson—I lost that fine silk umbrella that I carried in town to-day.

Mrs. Wilson—Oh, what a pity! Wilson—Still, there is one consolation. It wasn't mine.—Somerville Journal.

He Got It.

The man with the cinnamon colored hair was observed standing at the counter and looking at the bottles on the shelves in some perplexity of mind.

"What is it?" said the druggist. "Isn't there an organization of Methodist young people," asked the man, "that's named after some place where John Wesley used to live?"

"You mean the Epworth league?" "That's it!" exclaimed the customer, his brow clearing. "Give me five cents worth of Epworth salts."—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, as a blood purifier, strength and health restorer, and a specific for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, leads all other similar medicines in its wonderful sales and marvelous confidence of the people, especially our vast German population. It is a new and untried product, but was made and sold more than sixty years ago.

Immaterial. Politician—Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? "What difference does that make?"—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Is Called a Martyr. Teacher—Jamie, can you tell me why Lincoln is called the martyred president? Jamie—Cause he has to stand for all the Lincoln stories.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

As to His Hair.—Tess—"She declares her beau's hair is natural. Is that straight?" Jess—"Straight as a dye."—Philadelphia Press.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind. Feb. 15, 1900.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

MARKET REPORT.

Table with columns for location (Cincinnati, Nov. 29) and various commodities (CATTLE, CALVES, HOGS, SHEEP, LAMBS, FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, LARD, BUTTER, Choice creamery, POTATOES, TOBACCO) with their respective prices.

Table for Chicago market prices for WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD.

Table for New York market prices for FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD.

Table for Louisville market prices for WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD.

Table for Indianapolis market prices for WHEAT, CORN, OATS.

DIFFERENCE OF A COMMA.

When the Sentence Was Written the Inspector Concluded That Something Was Wrong.

Recently a school inspector arrived at a small town in Germany and requested the mayor to accompany him on a tour of inspection round the schools, relates London Spare Moments.

The mayor, as he put on his hat, muttered to himself: "I should like to know why that ass has some so soon again," a remark which the inspector overheard, but affected to ignore.

Arrived at the first school, he began to examine the pupils in punctuation, but was told by the mayor: "We don't trouble about commas and such like."

The inspector merely told one of the boys to write on the blackboard: "The mayor of Ritzelbattel says the inspector is an ass."

"Now," he added, "put a comma after 'Ritzelbattel' and another after 'inspector.'"

The boy did so. The mayor is believed to have changed his opinion as to the value of commas.

California. The Passenger Department of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway has just issued a beautiful book of 60 pages, relating to California and the best route to the Pacific Coast.

This publication is of special value to those interested in California or contemplating a trip to that State, and may be obtained on receipt of four cents in stamps, to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.

A Kansas Editor Ruminates. It is said that when a hungry Indian goes hunting he kills the first thing he sees, if it is only a crow. If he kills a duck, he drops the crow and if he gets a deer, he throws away the duck. Some girls are regular Indians, aren't they?—Lane New Leaf.

Seeking a New Home? Why not try the Great Southwest? Interesting information about conditions and business chances in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas will be cheerfully furnished by James Barker, Gen'l. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry., 518 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

More people might wake up to find themselves famous if they wouldn't sit up so late at night.—Indianapolis News.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill bred.—Buxton.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use June Tint Butter Color.

It is easy to find fault, because there is so much of it.—Chicago Daily News.

CATARRH OF LUNGS.

A Prominent Chicago Lady Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Miss Maggie Welch, secretary of the Betsy Ross Educational and Benevolent Society, writes from 328 North State street, Chicago, Ill., the following glowing words concerning Peruna:

"Last fall I caught the most severe cold I ever had in my life. I coughed night and day, and my lungs and throat became so sore that I was in great distress. All cough remedies



naused me, and nothing afforded me relief until my doctor said rather in a joke, 'I guess Peruna is the only medicine that will cure you.'

"I told him that I would certainly try it and immediately sent for a bottle. I found that relief came the first day, and as I kept taking it faithfully the cough gradually diminished, and the soreness left me. It is fine."—Maggie Welch.

Address the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free literature on catarrh.

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The best holiday gifts are the useful gifts. Every home should have a good Dictionary. This year why not give some one a Webster's International Dictionary of English, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.

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Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

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PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal deodorant, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box, satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTINE CO., 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

I PAY SPOT CASH FOR MILITARY LAND WARRANTS

Send to soldiers of any war. Also Soldiers' Additional Home Year to 1915. Write me at once. FRANK H. REGER, P. O. Box 188, Denver, Colo. A. N. K.—E 1948

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For Infants and Children. Bears The Signature Of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hamlin's WIZARD OIL

CURES ALL PAIN, SORENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMMATION FROM ANY CAUSE WHATSOEVER. 50 CENTS ALL DRUGGISTS.



SORE THROAT—One Bottle Relieved. Wm. P. Hayes of Augusta, Ga., writes that he arrived home one night about 10 o'clock and found his wife dangerously ill from sore throat, and that she almost choked to death on being awakened. He requested his daughter to rub her mother's neck and chest with Wizard Oil, while he hastened for the doctor. "On my return," says Mr. Hayes, "I found my wife sitting up and as well as ever. She has never had any trouble of this kind since and I really believe Wizard Oil saved her life. I would advise everyone to keep it in his home."