A STORY OF JIM.

By Will Lisenbee.

WE had been out prospecting among the mountains for four weeks—Jim Parsons and I—and now we were returning to Blue Rock, filled with joy at our good fortune. We had discovered a rich pocket far up among the gulches, which had yielded us a small fortune in yellow nuggets.

Ill luck had followed us so long that this bit of good fortune seemed too good to be real, and more than once I fully expected to awake to find it all a dream.

We were friends and schoolmates—Jim and I—and had come West two years before to seek our fortune among the gold-bearing gulches of the great Rocky mountains.

Our first day's journey lay across a spur of the foothills that stretched, bleak and barren, toward the blue rim of the southern horizon.

Night was already coming down over mountain and valley when we stopped in a small valley, threaded by a silvery stream, which dashed merrily over its rocky beds.

As soon as we had eaten a hasty supper, we stretched ourselves on our blankets, and, weary with our day's journey, we quickly fell asleep. The gray of early dawn was just lighting the mountain tops when I awoke, and as I turned to call my partner I was amazed to find that he was gone. I glanced quickly in the direction of where our campfire had been built, fully expecting to see him rekindling the smoldering embers, but he was not there. I got up and drew on my clothes, thinking it strange that he was nowhere to be seen. At the same time my eyes wandered instinctively to the head of our bed, where the sacks containing the precious nuggets had been placed. A single glance showed me that these were also missing.

I stood staring about me, stupefied and bewildered. In that brief moment a dreadful suspicion took possession of me—a suspicion that I struggled hard to crush out, but which rapidly grew into a conviction—a suspicion that Jim Parsons was a thief.

It was a terrible shock to me. To lose the little fortune for which I had undergone so many hardships, and which had cost so much toil, was indeed hard, but I think I can truly say that the discovery of the baseness of one whom I had regarded as a true friend, sent a still greater pang to my soul.

In the midst of my gloomy reflections I tried to comfort myself with the faint hope that it was only a joke which Jim had played upon me, and that he would soon return; but after an hour had passed this hope died out in my breast, leaving only the conviction that my first suspicions were true.

I had no heart to eat breakfast, and after lingering about the place for a couple of hours, I set about for Blue Rock. After traveling some hours I sat down to rest in a deep glen. Near where I sat a small stream leaped over a wall of rocks and fell in a tiny cataract on the rough rocks below.

As I sat watching the play of the waters, I suddenly espied what seemed like an opening back of the sheet of water, and on a closer investigation I saw that it was a cavern leading back into the cliff. I had no sooner made the discovery than a resolution to explore it took possession of me.

Procuring some torches from a patch of resinous bushes that grew near by, I leaped through the falling stream to the mouth of the cavern. I found myself in a cave of considerable size, and extending back, how far I could not discern.

Lighting one of the torches, I began to make my way through the winding passage, which grew wider and more spacious as I advanced. I had traveled but a short distance when I was suddenly startled by the sound of voices, and at the same instance the gleam of a light flashed in the darkness some distance ahead. Uncertain as to who the strangers could be, I quickly extinguished my own torch and crept forward to get a view of the inmates, whoever they might be.

I moved forward, keeping in the shadow of the wall. I now had a view of a large chamber, rudely furnished. In one corner a fire was kindled, and near it sat two evil-looking men of about forty. They were conversing in a spirited manner, punctuating their sentences with frequent draughts from a large black bottle.

"I'll tell you what, Jake," said one of the men, "this is about the slickest piece of business we have done since we cracked the drug store at Aspen."

"So it is," replied the one called Jake. "How lucky it was that we got away with the swag without any suspicion of the cove asleep. I say, Mac, we ought to indulge in a regular jubilee when we get back to Blue Rock."

"We will do that, all right," said Mac. "Just take another look at these fellers. It does my eyes good jist to give them a squint."

With this he took up two heavy bags from the cavern floor and poured out the contents. I started in amazement as I saw the bags, for I instantly recognized them as the ones belonging to Jim and me, and the same that had been taken from the head of our bed the night before. Where, then, was Jim? The thought came to me like a flash. Had he been murdered and carried away by the two robbers while he slept, while I lay all unconscious of what was going on?

"Them are beauties, and no mistake," said Jake, taking up one of the largest nuggets and holding it in the light of the fire. "I'll tell you, Mac, we are in luck. You are a genius, and no mistake. That plan of yours was a daisy. How much better it was to knock one of the coves in the head while he was asleep and tumble his body down in the ravine, and get away with the swag without bothering the other, than it would have been to knock 'em both over. The cove that's left, as soon as he wakes, will miss the gold and his partner, and it won't take him long to come to the notion that the other has skipped out with the stuff. That will throw all suspicion off from us and save us the trouble of committing what the newspapers call a 'double murder.'"

As I listened to the words a full realization of the dreadful business came to me. Poor Jim had been murdered then while I slept, and the gold taken, and his body thrown in some deep ravine, to become the food of the mountain vultures. And the thought that I had suspected him of dishonesty gave me a keen pang of remorse.

I clutched my heavy forty-five revolver in my hand, feeling that I would be more than justified in sending bullets through the brains of the remorseless villains.

"I say, Mac," went on the one called Jake, "suppose we hide this stuff and take a turn down the gulch and knock over a deer. I am as hungry as a wolf, and our larder is about empty."

"That will suit me to a T," responded the other, and, secreting the bags of gold in a corner of the cavern, they came in the direction of where I stood. It was plain that my presence would be discovered, and knowing full well what that would mean to me, I stepped back into a niche in the rocks, clutching my revolver for instant use.

I had no plan in view, so sudden had been the turn of affairs, but as they came near I leaped quickly from my place of concealment, and with a quick, heavy blow, sent one of the villains to the floor of the cavern as if he had been a log of wood. Then before the other could realize what was taking place, I leaped upon him, dealing him a blow with my pistol that sent him a senseless heap on the rocky floor.

It was the work of but a few moments to securely bind the two. Then, as I disarmed them, I heard a step in the passage, and turning, I stood face to face with Jim Parsons. In a moment I was at his side, and throwing my arms about him, told him of all that had passed since his departure, and begging his forgiveness for the unjust suspicions that had at first assailed me when I discovered his absence.

"What else could you have thought under the circumstances?" he said with his old-time smile, pressing my hand warmly. "But fortune is still on our side, old boy," he added, glancing at the two robbers on the floor of the cavern. And then he went on to relate how he had been aroused in the night by some one bending over him, and, before he could move, was knocked senseless. When he recovered his consciousness he was lying in a deep ravine, covered with blood. He managed to crawl to a stream of water close by, and, after drinking and bathing his wounds, felt much stronger. He then returned to the camp, to find me gone. Not knowing whether I was dead or alive, he set out at once for Blue Rock, with the intention of returning with a posse of men, but as he was descending the slope of the hills he saw me entering the valley, and, arriving at the spot, tracked me into the cavern where we met.

As you may well suppose, we were overjoyed at the happy ending of our adventures, and an hour later, the robbers being sufficiently recovered from the blows given them to start on the journey, we set out, taking them along, as well as the precious nuggets that had come so near costing us our lives.

On reaching Blue Rock we turned over the robbers to the proper authorities, and a few days later started to our homes in the East, feeling that we had had enough of the wild life of the prospector; yet, as we thought of the precious nuggets in our possession, we had no cause to complain.

I LEAPED UPON HIM.

A bird which builds a hanging nest never selects a dead or insecure twig.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

REFRESHING JOKES FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

"Mary Had a Little Wheel"—Left Alone—Over the Counter—And Now They Do Not Speak—The Girl of 1925—An Important Item

MARY had a little wheel,
She used it as a breather;
And everywhere that Mary went
The wheel was underneath her.

She took the wheel to church one day—
The priest fell off his perch.
It made the congregation squirm
To see a wheel at church.

But mark the consequences grave
Of Mary's innovation;
The priest and congration too
Now bike like thunderation!

And Now They Don't Speak.

They were seated at the table, she one of the belles of her set, though just a trifle back-numbered, as it were, but still vivacious, charming and winsome as if she were yet in her teens; he one of the gallants of the old school, a Colonel, rich and a great "catch."

"My dear Colonel," she began, as the servant poured a gurgling stream of the nectar of the gods into his fragile glass, "allow me to call the attention of a real connoisseur in wines to the Burgundy before you. I can guarantee that it is not only one of the finest vintages but also not less than forty years of age."

The august Colonel raised his glass, watched its radiant flush against the sunlight, pledged her good health with a fitting toast, smacked his lips, took a gentle whiff of the wine as a teaser to his palate, then drank it off with a dream-like expression on his face as if he wished his neck was as long as a giraffe's and he could taste three running yards of it going down at once. "Ahem!" he said grandly, "it is indeed glorious—so mellow and rich. And forty years of age, too, eh?"

"I guarantee it, Colonel."

"Sublime! I have drank many so-called old wines; but rarely is it my privilege to drink a Burgundy which carries with it the personal guarantee of one who has grown up with the wine, as it were, and perhaps imported it herself"—

"Sir!"

"Oh—ah, that is—ahem! Waiter, fill my glass again, please!" and thus he drowned his sorrow as the tall Labrador iceberg settled down between them then and there.

Warning: Never discuss old maids and old wines in the same breath.

An Important Item.

Dingle—I hear you are going to get married next month?

Wingle—Yes; I hope to.

Dingle—Well, I suppose you are pretty busy. Have you selected a place to live in yet?

Wingle—Not yet.

Dingle—Haven't got around to it, I suppose. What are you going to give your bride for a wedding present?

Wingle—I don't know.

Dingle—That so? Decided on the ushers' presents yet?

Wingle—Not yet.

Dingle—Well, well! Going to keep house or board?

Wingle—Can't tell.

Dingle—You are a strange fellow. On the eve of your wedding and nothing done. What are you waiting for, anyway?

Wingle—I am waiting, old man, to learn the size of her father's check.

Left Alone.

"I guess father's forgot all about me; it's because I'm a woman, I suppose; he was just the same with mother when she was alive!"—Truth.

A Pair of Moars.

They sat together by the sea,
A brave young groom and bride
And listened long and lovingly
To the moaning of the tide.

Just six months later, when they sat
At home and sadly sighed,
The neighbors in the next-door flat
Heard the moaning of the tied.

Prepared.

Mrs. Hobb—"My husband came home last night and told me he was ruined. Do you know, I think I must have had a premonition of it?"

Mrs. Nobb—"Why?"

Mrs. Hobb—"It was only last week that I ordered a complete new wardrobe."

Made No Difference.

Mrs. Runnitt—I don't see any particular advantage in our sex wearing bloomers.

Mrs. Findesiecle—Why not?

Mrs. Runnitt—Because men continue to wear the pants notwithstanding.

A Way of Accounting For It.

"How do you account for the rapid changes of the weather?" said Kilduff to Skidmore.

"I attribute them to the presence of quicksilver in the thermometers."

The Pace That Kills.

Fast Work and Fast Eating Make Three Score Years and Ten a Ripe Old Age in These Days.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The American people live too fast, eat too fast and drink too fast. This has brought upon many of us a train of nervous and stomach disorders that are very difficult to manage. Investigation and chemical analysis to discover such compounds as will help those suffering from such ills has resulted in the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has taken very high rank as a specific remedy.

H. P. Owens, a traveling man thirty years of age, who is well known in this community and generally liked because he is a bright, energetic young fellow, resides with his mother at 335 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been a victim of dyspepsia which took the form of continuous constipation, and, strangely enough, his mother suffered from the same trouble. Mr. Owens testified to the merits of Pink Pills in a most enthusiastic way, and said to the Enquirer reporter:

"I am glad to say anything I can for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me great good, and other people ought to know of their virtues as a medicine in stomach troubles. It was some time ago when I felt a heavy feeling in my stomach, and I grew very constipated. I did not consult a doctor, but having heard of the Pink Pills I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared and my bowels were regular. I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have only occasionally been troubled with constipation, and I never get worried, because I know just what to do. Mother was also troubled with indigestion and the Pink Pills did the same for her they did for me—cured her, didn't they, mother."

When appealed to Mrs. Owens answered: "That is right. I found it was a great medicine, so easy to take and so quick and lasting in its results."

Mr. Owens continued: "I believe that these pills are also good for nervousness. When I had my stomach trouble I was also quite nervous and that disappeared with the dyspepsia. The Pink Pills were all that is claimed for them. You can make any use of this testimonial you see fit."

H. P. Owens has occupied several positions of trust in this city. He was for a time an employe of the Commercial-Gazette. He will go on the road in a few days for a prominent business house here. Mrs. Owens is quite as enthusiastic as her son about the Pink Pills and her host of lady friends can verify her good opinion of this wonderful remedy if they feel disposed to do so at any time. Where the testimony is so general and unanimous as to the excellencies of Pink Pills as the Enquirer has found it to be there is certainly good reason to believe all the good things said—about the safe and simple remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Oil in Kentucky.

Preparations are making for extensive prospecting for oil in ten counties of eastern Kentucky next spring. The indications of the existence of valuable oil fields in that region are said to be very promising.

Earliest Vegetables Always Pay.

That's so, the editor hears Mr. Market Gardener say. Well why don't you have them? Simply because you don't plant Salzer's northern grown seeds. His vegetables are bred to earliness and they never disappoint you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

If you will cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c postage. W.N.

Becque and Zola.

Henri Becque and the inevitable Zola are the two candidates most frequently mentioned in Paris as aspiring to the academy chair left vacant by the death of Dumas.

Has Created a Sensation.

J. W. Shuckers, formerly private secretary to Salmon P. Chase, has written a book entitled "The Great Conspiracy," which is creating a sensation in the East. It deals with the financial question and seeks to expose the methods of a few men who seek to control the national banks of this country, and the United States treasury as well. Mr. Shuckers is not an advocate of free silver; he writes as a friend of the great majority of American bankers as against a clique in Wall Street. The story of the great conspiracy is told in a series of letters to E. Cary Baird, of Philadelphia. The book is published by Hon. E. B. Light, secretary of the American Bimetallic Union, 134 Monroe st., Chicago. Such a book should be read by every American citizen, from the national banker to the day laborer.

Railway traveling in Norway is cheaper than in any other European country.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The National Printer-Journalist.

This is a standard publication on newspaper making. It covers every department of business management, news, editorial, advertising, circulating, printing and publishing. It is the official paper of the National Editorial Association and contains all the papers and discussions before that body of practical newspaper men, representing each year as delegates a constitutency of nearly ten thousand newspaper publishers and owners of printing offices. It also contains reports of the meetings of State and District Press Associations as well as of the United Typothetae of America and of other employing printers' organizations. Thirteenth volume commences January, 1896. B. B. Herbert, editor. Published at $2.00 per year, $1.00 for six months, 20 cents per copy—none free, always send 20 cents for sample copy. National Printer-Journalist Co., 327 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

The February issue will contain the proceedings of the eleventh convention of the National Editorial Association and will have over sixty pages by live newspaper men on topics of great value to every publisher and will be worth $2.00 itself to say nothing of the other twelve numbers offered.

Size of the paper, 9x12 inches, with from 48 to 108 pages each issue.

The December issue contains a complete list of delegates to the St. Augustine convention, with official notices of officers, lists of topics to be presented and other contents shown on the reduced front cover page, forming the first page of this circular. This number will be sent as a premium for one year's subscription at $2.00.

A series of twelve articles on advertising, for which we have arranged, by the celebrated advertisement writer, Charles Austin Bates, of New York City, will be worth $12 of every subscriber's money whether he be publisher or printer. That is only 600 per cent, but the articles in the December issue on advertising are worth $8, and that makes 1000 per cent.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

Grover Cleveland Hobbs.

Grover Cleveland Hobbs, the 12-year old son of the farm manager of Senator Gorman, has been appointed a page in the senate at Washington.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

No one has ever been able to cash a compliment.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that Hindercorns takes out the corns, and a very pleasing relief it is. 15c. at druggists

An energetic woman must be terribly trying to live with.

"I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

Italy has the highest murder rate of any country in the world.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Mistook His Occupation.

Baron Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer brought out his rare old pictures, dusted them and set them in the best light. "Look at this Rembrandt, quite authentic, M. le baron." "Authentic, you say? You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic." "Oh! oh!" said the dealer, "why, you are a connoisseur, M. le baron." "I?" observed Rothschild, with a sigh; "if I had gone into the old curiosity business I should have a fortune."

Our Afro-American Friends.

The persons of African descent in the United States are classified according to degrees of colored blood into 6,337,980 blacks, 956,989 mulattoes, 105,135 quadroons and 69,936 octoroons.

Loss of opportunity is Life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with
NEURALGIA
5 Years 10 Years 15 Years
when the opportunity lies in a bottle of
ST. JACOBS OIL.
IT CURES.

BATTLE AX PLUG
THE LARGEST PIECE OF GOOD TOBACCO EVER SOLD FOR 10 CENTS

Great Prize Contest.

1st Prize, KNABE PIANO, style "P"	$800
2d Prize, Cash,	100
3d Prize, Cash,	50
10 Cash Prizes, each $20,	200
15 Cash Prizes, each $10,	150
28 Prizes,	$1300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will go in regular order to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

CONDITIONS.

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1896, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 116 letters in length will receive Wilkie Collins' works in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take any part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD, of which the distinguished ex-congressman,

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, is Editor,

and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD is issued in semi-weekly sections, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. It is the western champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska. Address,

Weekly World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE.
26, 33, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information.
UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Sixty thousand elephants are annually slaughtered in Africa for the sake of the ivory.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

As a rule a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

THE Provident Benefit Sick Fund Association of 259 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., pays weekly benefits from five to twenty dollars in cases of disability through Sickness or Accident. Wanted a live representative in this County. Good remuneration.

How people love foolishness!

Hundreds of ladies write us that they "can't find good bindings in our town."

It's easy enough if you insist on having

S·H·&M·

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

Look for "S. H. & M." on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

THE EARLIEST POTATO IN THE WORLD FOR 5 CTS.

DO YOU KNOW . . .
That the finest vegetables in the world are grown from Salzer's seeds? Why? Because they are Northern-grown, bred to earliness, and sprout quickly, grow rapidly and produce enormously!
35 Packages Earliest Vegetable Seeds, $1.

POTATOES IN 28 DAYS!
Just think of that! You can have them by planting Salzer's seed. Try it this year!

LOOK AT THESE YIELDS IN IOWA.

Silver Mine Oats,	197 bu. per acre.
Silver King Barley,	95 bu. per acre.
Prolific Spring Rye,	60 bu. per acre.
Marvel Spring Wheat,	40 bu. per acre.
Giant Spurry,	8 tons per acre.
Giant Incarnat Clover,	4 tons hay per acre.
Potatoes,	500 to 1,100 bu. per acre.

Now, above yields Iowa farmers have had. A full list of farmers from your and adjoining states, doing equally well, is published in our catalogue.

CLOVER SEED.
Enormous stocks of clover, timothy and grass seeds, grown especially for seed. Ah, it's fine! Highest quality, lowest prices!

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT
With 12c. in stamps, you will get our big catalogue and a sample of Pumpkin Yellow Watermelon sensation. Catalogue alone, 5c., tells how to get that potato.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.,
LA CROSSE, WIS. W.N.

The Columbia Bicycle Pad Calendar For 1896

YOU NEED IT.
A Desk Calendar is a necessity—most convenient kind of storehouse for memoranda. The Columbia Desk Calendar is brightest and handsomest of all—full of dainty pen sketches and entertaining thoughts on outdoor exercise and sport. Occasionally reminds you of the superb quality of Columbia Bicycles and of your need of one. You won't object to that, of course. The Calendar will be mailed for five 2-cent stamps.
Address Calendar Department,
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buss Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

BEST OATS

"White German Oats" most productive in the world. Weigh 36 pounds per bushel. Yield over 80 bushels per acre. We forfeit $1,000 if these oats fail to fill above specifications. Best bank references in our Circulars. Send 10 cents in silver for sample package of oats, descriptive circulars, price list, terms to agents, etc., to W. H. GILMORE, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATHI. K O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY CORN?
PRODUCERS, sell your products and write to us for information how to make big money on the proceeds in the purchase of corn on margins. Information and book on speculation FREE. C. F. VAN WINKLE & CO., 231 Lasalle St., Chicago.

CRIPPLE CREEK HAS THE CALL.—Ten stocks show a profit of 674 per cent in the last year. If you have $5.50 or $5,000 to invest, send for our bulletins.—Pattinat, Davenny & Co., No. 215 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI. NO. 3

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

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