

The Williston Graphic

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WILLISTON, N. DAK.

JUST TO KEEP.

I've got a lot o' things at my house
Just to keep.
I've got a top 'at's busted.
An' a dog 'at's lost her hair.
An' a doll 'at's made o' wood—
But his head an' tail ain't there!
An' I got a o' tin snistles.
What my gramma give to me,
An' a reg'lar shootin' pistol!
Yes, sir! Big as big can be!
Think such things ain't good for somethin'!
Well, I like 'em just a heap.
If they ain't no good for nothin',
Why, I got 'em just to keep.

Th' other day, when it was rainin',
Bess an' me played hide and seek,
An' I hid up in the attic.
Where I heard some'n go "skreek!"
Bet I's scared! But 'twas n't no goblins—
Only my ma sittin' there
By a o' chest full o' fixin's!
"At I ain't seen no one wear—
Was a lot o' little dresses.
All in pink an' blue an' white.
My ma she'd been cryin' on 'em.
An' she hugged me awful tight!
When I asked her why she cryin',
What it was 'at made her weep.
She says: "Nothin', darlin', nothin';
Just some old things—just to keep."
—Charles F. McClure, in Chicago Post.

BARBARA'S DOOR-MAT.

BY JULIA K. LOTIN.



UNT DORCAS stood on the white beach, near a brightly-painted boat, tapping her foot impatiently. "What on earth can keep that girl?" she complained. "We shall be late."

Margery laughed. "She is moaning over that hideous green mat of hers. Don pulled out a great piece of it, and I stumbled over Don while he was strapping himself with the cord, and ripped out another row."

"That mat," said Aunt Dorcas, in a resigned tone, "will be the death of me. I shall steal it some day and throw it overboard. I would, indeed," she added, "only Barbara is too valuable a servant to lose."

At that moment a broad-shouldered German girl strode from the kitchen. She snatched up a pair of oars which were leaning against a tree and approached the shore, her face black with wrath. In the distance the wild howling of a small dog disturbed the serenity of a peaceful day.

"What have you done with Don?" questioned Aunt Dorcas, meekly. "I had tied him to a string," replied Barbara, grimly. "Dot tog, dot Don, dot wicked hundi! tear my fine mat. It costen me one, two, tree tollars, a ready once. This time I lick him." She tossed the oars into the boat with a great clatter, and lumbered in after them. As she settled herself on the thwart, Aunt Dorcas whispered: "Now she will sulk all the way to the landing. I wish the boat were large enough to accommodate you, dear. I only hope you won't be lonesome." Then she added, in a still more guarded tone: "Don't unfasten Don until we are out of sight, for he would be sure to follow us; he always does if he can, and Barbara would be in a towering passion. Poor fellow! How he cries; he knows we are going on the water. Once I found him waiting on Gull's Rock. He—"

Barbara threw the oars into the rowlocks with a bang, and Aunt Dorcas stepped quickly into the boat. "You will have mother with you when you come back," whispered Margery, encouragingly.

Then she stood and watched the small vessel glide swiftly from the beach, the oars flashing angrily in and out of the glistening water as the sulken German woman bent to her task. She waited until the boat slipped behind Gull's rock. The ebbing tide left



IT WAS AUNT DORCAS' LITTLE SKIFF. This mass of worn white stone standing high and dry against a background of dark water, but the incoming waves would submerge it completely.

When the boat was lost to sight, Margery awoke to the fact that Don was protesting more vigorously than ever against his imprisonment. "I am glad they left him," said the girl, "for this is the most deserted place I was ever in."

Margery was certainly right. It would have been difficult to find a more lonely situation. Not a dwelling in sight; not so much as a puff of smoke in any direction to indicate the presence of a human habitation. Though this was her first visit to Aunt Dorcas' seaside cottage, the isolation troubled Margery very little.

Don almost devoured her in his gratitude at being released. He was a beautiful white spaniel, quite as much at home in the water as on land. He accompanied Margery on her tour of inspection, and amused her greatly by chasing the awkward fiddler-crabs as they scuttled away into the sea at their approach.

Time passed rapidly and pleasantly,

and when the hour drew near for the boat's arrival, it occurred to Margery to prepare tea for the returning party. Entering the precincts sacred to Barbara, she pulled the shining copper kettle forward on the spotless stove—everything was in the highest state of polish and threw out little glints and sparks of light. Upon the snowy floor lay the immense twine mat which had cost Barbara untold hours of toil to knit, and was the apple of her eye, but Don's pet detestation. For some reason, deeply hidden in his canine mind, he had determined that Barbara's mat should not remain on Barbara's kitchen floor. The small ball of raveled-out twine, which the German woman had as yet not found time to reknit, lay tucked under the mat. Don sneaked slyly in at the open door, seized the ball between his sharp teeth, and dashed off toward the beach, with Margery in hot pursuit, while stitch by stitch the wonderful mat melted away, like mist before the morning sun.

Margery caught the dog at last, and, pulling the twine from him, had begun to administer a severe lecture, when suddenly the words died on her lips, for her eye caught sight of an empty boat, riding lightly upon the water not many yards distant from the shore. It was Aunt Dorcas' little skiff, and the girl's heart almost ceased beating as she watched it swing idly to and fro, and asked herself what horrible thing must have happened.

Don raised his head and uttered a quick, sharp bark. Margery's troubled eye traveled over the smooth expanse of water toward Gull's rock. Then she gave a great cry, for the sinking sun fell upon three female figures huddled together on the very summit. She understood all. There was a grand view in the surrounding country from this spot, and Aunt Dorcas was in the habit of landing every newcomer there, when the tide served, and pointing out the various beauties. This time the boat must have been carelessly secured, for it had evidently floated away unobserved until it was too late to recapture it.

Gull's rock was not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and Margery could easily discern each separate figure. Her mother and her aunt stood together, their arms entwined; and behind them towered Barbara, with the oars over her shoulders. Now and then she put the oars down and waved both arms wildly in the air; and then Margery could hear that she was shouting for help. At first the girl tried to recall in which direction their nearest neighbor lived. There was not another pair of oars on the place, and she certainly must send some one to take the boat back to the stranded party. She was wandering up and down rather vaguely, when she noticed that the waves were running in rapidly, and that each one, as it curled over and receded, encroached a little farther upon the sand than its predecessor.

Margery will never forget that moment; for all at once she remembered that Gull's rock was deep under water at high tide, and that the tide was running in now. Why had she wasted so much time? She must run for help; but where? The nearest house was half a mile away. Each time she turned toward the rock she saw that the water was creeping slowly and surely toward the summit, and the girl clasped her hands in despair and sobbed aloud as she realized her helplessness.

Don's bright eyes were fixed upon the spot, too, and every now and again he would run out into the water and utter a sharp little bark of perplexity, and then return to gaze up into Margery's face. The girl paid no attention to the small creature, but in her misery she wandered backward and forward, wringing her hands and moaning. Presently her foot became entangled in the twine of Barbara's mat. As she bent to free herself a thought darted through her mind.

"Yes," she said aloud, "it is our only hope, our only chance."

The next moment Margery was in the shining kitchen, and had seized the remains of the mat and was dragging it down to the beach; while Don, quite wild with joy, gyrated and gambled around her, snapping and tugging at her burden.

With trembling fingers the girl pulled at the cord; it was stout and strong, and raveled out smoothly and swiftly. Then she tried to calculate the distance from the beach to Gull's rock, but her agitation and fright were too great. The women stood in the same place, and the water seemed now to lap to their feet. Margery waved her hand and called. She heard an answering cry, but it sounded so faint and despairing that she did not trust herself to look again; so, calling Don to her, she stroked his pretty head gently and said:

"You must go, Don. You must try to reach them."

The dog gazed up into her eyes with absolutely human intelligence, as though he understood the workings of her mind, while she fastened an end of the twine through his collar. Then she bent and kissed the silky, white head.

At that moment, owing to some change of the wind, Barbara's voice sounded shrill across the water: "Help, Help!"

"Go! go! Don, go!" exclaimed Margery, wildly. The dog without a moment's hesitation seized a portion of the twine in his mouth, and dashed into the surf. He breasted the waves boldly, while Margery, stilling her trembling hands, bent all her mind and skill to the raveling of the great twine mat. Fortunately it still ran smoothly. Row after row melted away, and still little Don's head appeared and disappeared over summits of the small frothy waves.

The sun had set, and the three figures upon the rock stood as silent and dark as bronze statues against the primrose-colored sky. Suddenly Don disappeared. Margery looked right and left, but could not see him. Then her courage gave way, and she sank upon the sand and buried her face in

her hands. She was aroused into activity again by a shrill bark, and a scream in a woman's voice. Don had reached the rock in safety. Only a yard or two of the twine remained in the girl's hand. This she fastened securely to the painter of the boat, which had meanwhile drifted in, and lay almost at her feet, throbbing and trembling, as the waves broke against its side.

Running out waist-deep into the water, Margery shoved the boat before her; then, warned by a wave breaking over her shoulder and drenching her to the skin, she hastened back to the beach. For some minutes, which seemed like hours to Margery, the boat remained stationary, and the girl's heart sank lower and lower. She called herself a wretched fool for not starting to run along the shore—where, she knew not, only she could not stand idly by while the water closed over those she loved best on earth. It was more than she could endure. Her feet felt like lead, and she staggered as she ran. She had gone but a little way, however, when, glancing over her shoulder, she perceived that the boat was moving from the shore. Don must have accomplished his errand of mercy, and have been understood. She knelt down on the sand and, with clasped hands, prayed softly, while she followed the course of the frail vessel.

It moved merrily on, now glancing along with a light, jerky movement, now sailing straight ahead; but presently the darkness of coming night shut everything from her sight, and Margery again covered her eyes with her hands.

Hours, dreadful, hopeless hours, seemed to have passed, when her ear was gladdened by the thud of an oar against the rowlock! She dared not believe it, but at last she ventured to raise her eyes and saw the flash of the dripping blades, and with frightened gaze counted the dim forms in the approaching boat. One, two, three; an impatient whimper announced the presence of Don, the rescuer, the fourth in the boat. Then the girl's strained nerves gave way, and she flung herself upon the sand and wept as she had never wept before.

A cold, wet nose was thrust against her cheek, and she sprang to her feet to find Don frisking about her, his



MARGERY SHOVED THE BOAT BEFORE HER.

silky coat dripping wet with water. The keel of the boat grated upon the sand. In another moment Margery was in her mother's arms.

"Oh, how you must have suffered, my poor little girl!" she murmured. "You are a treasure!" exclaimed Aunt Dorcas. "We had given ourselves up for lost. We are wet through to the knees, but that doesn't matter. How did you ever think of it? And that darling Don! Come here, both of you, and be kissed!"

Barbara came next, her broad face wreathed in smiles, and an immense coil of twine over her arm. "And see!" she said: "I have saved the good fish-line cord. I make another mat. May I keep it, please?"

"Oh, that," faltered Margery, "is I hope you won't be offended, but that twine was your mat."

"My mat!" screamed Barbara, "my mat, that it take me the whole winter to make! Oh, you are a wicked girl! I leave this place to-morrow. And stalling into the kitchen she slammed the door behind her.

"The ungrateful, stupid woman!" whispered Aunt Dorcas. "Let her go. It is too disgusting."

For many days the most absorbing topic of conversation in the seaside cottage was the rescue from Gull's rock.

Barbara, though she consented to be bribed to remain, never forgave either Margery or Don for destroying her beloved mat; much to Aunt Dorcas' dismay she immediately began another, and in her leisure moments sat mending over the stitches like some substantial German Fate. But those who watch the fabric increase beneath their fingers are quite convinced that it will never serve so useful a purpose as the former one.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Natural Curiosity. "Charley, dear," said Mrs. Hummune, "I don't think that I take enough interest in things that men care for. Won't you tell me something about baseball?"

"Of course. Anything that I can." "I've noticed that sometimes when a club gets beat it's because the umpire doesn't do right." "Yes." "And sometimes the weather isn't right." "Yes." "And sometimes because the audience doesn't do right." "Yes." "Well, Charley, dear, what I want to know is what have the players to do with the game?"—Washington Star.

A Lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

—His Business.—"You ought to see that fellow strike a balance." "I suppose he's a bookkeeper?" "No, he's a professional juggler."—Detroit Free Press.

PITH AND POINT.

—He—"You reject me because I am poor." Heiress—"Say, rather, that you are poor because I reject you."—Boston Transcript.

—Miss Amateur—"Are you musical, Prof. Bisten?" Prof. Bisten—"Yes; but if you were going to play anything, don't mind my feelings."—Sing Sing Courier.

—"It seems to me," observed Criticus, "that Scribber's book reads as though he were addicted to the bottle." "Yes," assented Warg. "To the mullage-bottle."—Harper's Bazar.

—The Recipe.—"How did Woodby White get his reputation for being bright?" "Why, by promptness. He's always the first to say 'chestnut' when somebody essays a clever observation."—Washington Star.

—Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?" Mrs. Black—"Always; except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pigheaded, or something of that sort."—Boston Transcript.

—Mean, Even Then.—Mr. Flushley—"Do you know that Jazbin beats his wife almost every night in the week?" Mrs. Flushley—"No, does he?" "O, the monster!" Mr. Flushley—"O, I don't know about that; you see he plays a much better game than she does."—Roxbury (Mass.) Gazette.

—"Proverbs was largely the ruin of me," said Mr. Everett West. "How?" asked the sympathetic citizen. "Take, for instance, that one about the race not being to the swift. I guess that there has made me lose more money on 4-to-1 shots than would burn a wet dog."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Wife—"Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?" Husband—"I have been reading them, my dear, and it occurred to me that after I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane."—Harlem Life.

—"Uncle George," said the little boy from the country, "are these the buildings they call sky-scrapers?" "They are, Tommy," answered the city uncle. Tommy took a comprehensive look overhead. "The sky does need scrapin' here pretty bad, don't it, Uncle George?" he rejoined.—Chicago Tribune.

—This original paragraph from Editor Ham's recent New York letter is going the rounds of the country: "I would not give one good, wholesome, hearty, rosy-cheeked Georgia girl who can swing a pot, whistle a tune and kick a dog all at the same time for all of these military mummies between Battery park and Harlem suburbs."—Atlanta Constitution.

—First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—"About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel." Second Gentleman (sternly)—"I did, sir." First Gentleman—"And I told you that I had just been married, and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard." Second Gentleman (haughtily)—"I remember, sir." First Gentleman (bitterly)—"Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight let me know."—Household Words.

—"Helen," said Mr. Whykins, who somehow never gets hold of an idea until it is old, "I have a good one for you. I think you'll appreciate it, only you must not let it make you angry." "What is it, Henry?" "What's the difference between a woman and an umbrella?" "The difference," she answered serenely, "is that a man isn't afraid to take an umbrella with him wherever he goes, and that he doesn't try to conceal the fact that it's above him when a real emergency arrives. That's the principal difference, Henry."—Washington Star.

DOES HEREDITY EXPLAIN THIS?

May Be Psychological Phenomena or Only Coincidences.

What is the occult influence of heredity? An English girl not long ago visited a loan collection of old portraits. She was an orphan, and despite her condition of worldly affluence, often complained of the loneliness of her position.

As she passed through the gallery one especial portrait attracted her attention, and she returned to it more than once, although her companion saw in it nothing but a commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century.

"It is such a nice, kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I think my father might have looked like that if he had lived!"

"As most of the famous pictures were ticketed, they had bought no catalogue, but before going away Miss X. purchased one at the entrance and made a last visit to the picture for which she had felt so strong an attraction.

To her surprise she found opposite to its number her own name, and found on inquiry that the original was indeed one of her direct ancestors.

Another odd coincidence or psychological phenomenon, whichever it may be, happened a few years ago to a southern politician and capitalist, whose family is one of the oldest in the state.

He was examining the ancient archives and letters which had been stored away in musty trunks for years, with a view to collect and publish whatever might be historically valuable and interesting.

To his amazement he came across a letter, yellow with age, which was written in his own, rather peculiar, handwriting and signed with his own name, with his own characteristic signature exactly, but which had been actually penned by one of his forebears a hundred years ago.—N. Y. Tribune.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Rice-Crispies: Take a pint of soft-boiled rice, a teaspoonful of fresh milk, three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, and as much wheat flour as will make a thick batter. Bake in muffin rings in the oven or on a griddle.—Prairie Farmer.

—Gems: Fill half a cup of molasses with boiling water. Put one teaspoonful of soda into half a cup of hot water, mix and add one and a half cups of Graham flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in gem tins fifteen minutes.—Western Rural.

—Rhubarb Jelly: Stew about one pound of rhubarb till tender, with enough sugar to taste. Pass it through a sieve, and add one ounce of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water. Color with a little cochineal, and pour into a mold. This is a very pretty sweet when garnished with strips of angelica and whipped cream.—Leeds Mercury.

—Cranberry Tarts: Stew the cranberries in a very little water until they are well done. Rub them through a sieve. Season them with plenty of sugar while hot, add a little spice if the taste is liked, and let it get quite cool. Line small plates with puff paste, and put on a rim of the same; fill the plates, and bake until the crust is done.—Boston Budget.

—Foamy Omelet: Yolks of five eggs beaten stiff, add five tablespoonfuls of milk, season. Take a spider the size of an ordinary tea plate, put in a bit of butter; when it is hot and bubbling pour in two tablespoonfuls of the egg, or enough to cover the bottom of it. Cook two minutes. Place in the oven to dry about a minute. Put back on the stove, spread one-half with two tablespoonfuls of the whites beaten stiff, fold over and serve.—Chicago Record.

—Fried Salt Pork: Cut in rather thin slices, and freshen by letting lie an hour or two in cold water, or milk and water, roll in flour and fry till crisp (if in a hurry, pour boiling water on the slices, let stand a few minutes, drain, roll in flour and fry as before); drain off most of the grease from frying pan, stir in while hot one or two tablespoons of flour, about half a pint of new milk, a little pepper, and salt if not salt enough already from the meat; let boil and pour into the gravy dish. This makes a nice white gravy when properly made.—Farmers' Voice.

—Birds-nest Pudding: Pare and core as many apples as will set in the dish, fill the holes in the apples with white sugar and grated lemon-peel. Mix as much custard as will fill the dish, allowing seven eggs to a quart of milk, and season it with sugar and lemon or peach water. Fill the dish quite full, set it into a pan with a little water, and bake it one hour. Serve with cold or wine sauce. It is very nice without any sauce, but in that case it should be made rather sweeter, or the apples should be scalded in a little sugar and water before it is baked.—Boston Budget.

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STYLISH BLACK GOWNS.

New Designs for Seasonable Dress Costumes.

When a fashionable dressmaker is asked for stylish black gown suitable for morning wear, both in town and country, during the summer, she suggests one that is not only extremely chic, but is serviceable and practical as well—a gown of black mohair with a large collar of grass-linen and a belt of cream-white kid with a gold buckle. It is also further impressed upon the purchaser that the mohair must be very lustrous, and of the heavy yet smooth weave, the thick threads almost forming basket squares, instead of the fine, closely-woven surface familiar in alpaca. The collar of grass-linen may be embroidered all over, or it may be made of many fine tucks with yellow lace insertions, but it must be very large, and of the natural ecru or unbleached dark-linen color.

Among new designs for these gowns women who are supplied with still shorter jacket suits choose Paquin's late model, a round waist with hollow box-plaits on an open blouse front, and a seamless back with slightly-lapped fold extending from each shoulder to the belt. The plaits on the front are merely reversed box-plaits, the box part turned in next the lining, leaving the two edges meeting outside. One such plait extends from each shoulder, to droop on the belt directly in the middle, and is prettily decorated on the bust with twelve small, smooth, dull gilt buttons, six in a row down each edge, quite near together. The open V space from throat to belt is filled in with a plastron or chemisette of grass-linen in finely-tucked bands alternating with half-inch insertions of yellow Valenciennes, and finished around the neck with a collar-band made of similar tucks and insertion edged top and bottom with narrow scalloped lace to match. This collar is gathered in two little frills in the back, and is hooked there. A very large collarette flaring out on the sleeves and square across the back, also of grass-linen, insertion, and edging, continues as revers down the open mohair front, showing the plastron between, and coming to a point near the belt. To decorate the front further a flat bow of open loops in Louis Quinze fashion is made of the yellow insertion neatly applied on the mohair at the end of the revers, two loops and an end being on one side, with the same on the other, making a complete tied bow when the front is hooked. With this goes a white kid belt, unless the wearer prefers black satin ribbon folded on the edge of the waist to make a belt an inch wide hooked in the back under a very small simply-tied bow of two ends. The large-topped sleeves have six gilt buttons at the wrist on the seam disclosed by tucked batiste cuffs basted inside and turned back. The gored skirt five and a half yards wide is lined and interlined, the side breadths folding forward in a narrow lap on the front, and held at the top by rows of buttons.—Harper's Bazar.

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