

The Williston Graphic

BY COPELAND & OVERBROOK.
WILLISTON, N. DAK.

DAD'S WAY.

Just because he says: "God bless 'em, they were made to make a noise!" People say that dad's peculiar in his bringing up of boys. They don't understand boy nature. That's the trouble—dad, says he. "Reckon that they've quite forgotten all about the use-to-be."

"When my boys break loose and holler, I break loose and holler, too. Just to show they do no different from the way we used to do. When they want to go a-swimming, I find time to go along; show 'em how to swim side-stroke. What is right and what is wrong."

"Take 'em fishing and out hunting. Join 'em in a game of ball. Teach 'em how to find the muskrat and to know the plover's call. Laugh at all their trifling mishaps. Let them laugh in turn at me; take their 'dares'—from jumping fences round to shinning up a tree."

"So we're jolly boon companions. Best of chums—my boys and me. Bond between us can't be broken; 'Triple-woven'—dad, says he. "Better lead a boy than drive him; it's by far the better plan. Then you need not fear the future when he grows to be a man."

—T. W. Burgess, in Orange Judd Farmer.

A DEPLORABLE MISTAKE.

By Annie Ashmore.

"AMES," said Mrs. Garrett, while sitting at breakfast one morning. "I don't like that new girl. I have my suspicions about her."

"About Ann?" returned Mr. Garrett, in surprise. "Why, it's only a few days ago that I heard you boasting to Mrs. Bremner you had the best cook in New York."

"So she is a good cook. I don't expect to get such another for twice the wages. It's not about her work—she does all that well—but I've no trust in her."

"What has she done?" echoed the lady, somewhat sharply. "Nothing, of course, or I'd soon send her packing! But she's shy, and secret, and won't tell me anything about herself, and his ridiculous airs about sleeping alone, and won't even allow Amanda inside her bedroom door. There's something wrong, depend upon it. If there wasn't a screw loose somewhere she wouldn't be here for such long wages."

"If that's a fault against her, you can raise them," suggested Garrett. "There, James, you may as well go to your office, if that's all you have to say," cried the mistress of the house. "But mark my words, before you go, I'll find Ann Walker out before long."

Mr. Garrett sighed as he rose to depart. He well knew that remonstrance would avail nothing, for Mrs. Garrett's prejudices were as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that changeth not, so he took himself off without another word.

"Amanda!" cried the lady, when left alone, "bring Horace up."

In response to this summons a large, slatternly girl of 11 or 12 years made her appearance from the basement, with a little boy in her arms, who made a snatch at an egg stand and knocked it on the floor in passing the table.

"You awkward, careless gypsy!" cried Mrs. Garrett, with great spirit. "That's the second thing you've broken this morning. Who do you think is going to pay for all you destroy? Come here, Horace, love, and have a nice piece of toast. What's Ann doing, Amanda?"

"She's dressing the turkey, mum."

"Did she scour the front steps this morning?"

"Yes, mum; she got up at five o'clock to do it."

"Go and tell her I expect her to wash the drawing-room windows before dinner."

"Upon my word," muttered Mrs. Garrett, resentfully, as Amanda retired to carry her message, "I'll pull her pride down for her a bit. Must wash the steps at five in the morning, forsooth, lest folks see her at it. I'll take that out of her."

In a few minutes Ann came up to clear the dishes off. She was tall and well-proportioned, about 20 years of age, her face pale, refined in features, not handsome, but singularly intelligent and earnest in its expression.

She looked a little anxious and troubled as she noiselessly arranged the room, and when she was ready to go, she said, in a very soft voice: "May I ask a favor, ma'am, that the cleaning of the front windows be left off all early in the morning?"

"No," answered her mistress, curtly. "I want them done now."

"I don't wish to be seen by passers-by," she urged, almost pleadingly. "It is of importance to me not to be seen by—by some who might know me."

"You will obey my orders, girl, or leave the house," returned Mrs. Garrett, beginning to quiver with temper. "The servant courted and withdrew."

In a few minutes she was at the window, but in a close sunbonnet, to Mrs. Garrett's unspeakable disgust.

"I think I can see through my lady," was her inward comment. "She's some jailbird the detectives are after. I'll lay a trap for her, and if she's not caught in it, my penetration isn't much."

Rising from her sewing-machine, which she had been busily plying in Master Horace's behalf, while her brain as busily revolved, she unlocked her desk, took from it a \$20-note, carefully marked the number, and dropped it, as if by accident, under the edge of the table. Then she cut and basted some more work, making enough rubbish about the floor to insure the servant's having to use her dustpan before dinner. By the time this was accomplished she discovered little Horace and the machine in such a jangle of coming to grief together that, first driving that innocent to the other side of the room, and then pick-

ing up the scattered shuttle and reels, she called Ann upstairs to put the parlor to rights, and left the room, taking Horace with her.

When Mr. Garrett came home to dinner he saw by his wife's portentous face that something dreadful had occurred.

"James," said she solemnly, "I have found that girl out in a theft."

"Who? Amanda?"

"Pshaw! no. Your superior girl, Ann. She has just helped herself to \$20 of mine."

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Garrett, pausing in the act of carrying the turkey.

"Yes; it was a \$20-note which—ahem!—happened to fall out of my desk on the floor this forenoon. I was busy with Horace, and so—ahem!—forgot to pick it up before I left the room. When I came down to dinner I instantly missed it, and the abandoned creature actually said she might have swept it into the dustpan and burned it. Fortunately I had the number of it, and after dinner you must go immediately and fetch a policeman."

Bewildered, though far from convinced by the proofs of Ann's guilt, which his spouse cited, Mr. Garrett suffered himself to be sent off by the errand of justice, and soon returned in company with a detective, armed with a warrant, and Ann was imperatively rung up, while Amanda was ordered to remain, that she might take a warning from the event to take place.

"Ann," said her master, feeling very small. "Mrs. Garrett misses some money, and this man has come to—"

"Find it, my dear," subjoined the officer, who had been regarding her with undisguised interest. "So if you'll hand over the keys of your kit we'll proceed to business instanter."

"And," said Mrs. Garrett, sternly, "if the stolen property is found in your possession, you will go to prison, miss—that you shall."

Ann's white face slowly kindled with a scorching red; her large eyes dilated with a deep horror; her lips turned pale; her breath seemed to leave her in a gasp.

"You accuse me—of theft?" she faltered.

Mr. Garrett silently put her in a chair. She looked as if the shock would strike her dead.

"Do you deny?" demanded Mrs. Garrett, none the less spitefully for this attention, "that you picked up that \$20-bill that was dropped on the carpet, just on this spot, this forenoon? Haven't you got it in your pocket, or trunk, or hidden about your bedroom, or somewhere?"

"No, ma'am," she determinedly answered. "I was a National Bank bill for \$20, numbered 108,943."

"Seems to me I've seen your face before this, my gal," muttered the officer, confidentially. "You'll please fork over the key of yer kit, young woman."

With trembling hands Ann waved him off, and untied a ribbon from about her neck, on which a small key was suspended.

As she gave it to him a sort of sob shook her, and large tears rushed in a torrent down her cheeks.

"I'll show the way," said the mistress of the house, aware of the signs of sorrow that the note was about to be discovered. "James, keep your eye on the unprincipled wretch, for there's no knowing what she may do."

Arrived at Ann's miserable bedroom the officer first coolly rifled the pockets of all the dresses to be found hanging up, and not finding what he sought, dragged the single trunk out under the skylight and unlocked it.

Very neatly arranged were poor Ann Walker's simple belongings. Some dainty-frilled underclothing, smelling of lavender; her modest Sunday apparel, folded by itself in silver paper; a box of plain linen collars and cuffs; one or two books of such unexpected titles as "Longfellow's Hyperion," "The Holy Grail," by Tennyson, and some of Madam Michellet's in the original French; and a beautiful mother-of-pearl desk in the very bottom, with the initials "A. W. A." in a silver monogram on the top.

"Now I'm blessed if this ain't a pretty kit for a servant girl," remarked the detective, taking out the desk and proceeding to pry it open with his penknife.

"A wholesale robber!" groaned Mrs. Garrett, clasping her hands. "And to think that I have harbored—"

"Hello," cried the detective, opening the lid, and taking out a silver photograph case, richly chased, and garnished with an elaborate monogram. "Who's this?"

Then the pair had a fine surprise. Opening the case, they saw two photographs—one of a majestic-looking military man, apparently about 60, the other of a young girl, clad in silk and richest lace, whose face bore the exact lineaments of Ann Walker's.

"By the book!" ejaculated the officer, a light breaking all over his face, and astonishment prevented further articulation.

Taking a greasy pocketbook out of his breast pocket, he opened it, and drew forth a photograph, which was Ann Walker's vignette.

"Them two's the same gal?" asked he eagerly.

"Yes," answered the lady, with a glance.

"I thought I had spotted that gal the minute I set eyes on her," cried the man, exultantly, "and to think of me findin' her, after all, and three of us a-huntin' for these six months. I'm a made man. Won't the general plank down the thousand dollars reward! Hooray!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Garrett.

She began to believe she had been sheltering a very great criminal indeed.

"What do I mean?" grinned the detective. "Why, that you've made the awkward mistake, missus, you ever made in your life. You've heard of General Armin as lives in the marble palace up the Hudson?"

"Of course I have—indeed, have some acquaintance with him." "Or would give the universe to scrape one," she might with truth have added.

"That's unlucky—for you," observed the officer, with an obvious absence of

sympathy; "for yer see this here cook as you've accused of stealing is his only daughter and heirress—"

"What?"

Mrs. Garrett sat down on a broken-backed chair, with a face as pale as a sheet.

To think that her penetration should have served her so ill as to permit her to insult this lady—the daughter of one of the grandest magnates in society.

"How, in Heaven's name, can I apologize for my mistake?" she gasped. "I'll die of shame outright!"

"Meantime we haven't found the banknote," observed the officer, with some malice prepense. "Shall I go on with the search?"

"No, no! For gracious sake, leave me! Let me think!" groaned our friend, in real anguish of mind.

So the officer went downstairs with a very different manner from that in which he had ascended.

Meantime the following interview had taken place between the master of the house and the accused.

"Sir," said the latter, as soon as they were alone, "I think you have the feelings of a gentleman. Further concealment is useless, and before I leave this house I owe you an explanation."

Mr. Garrett thought this was the beginning of a confession of guilt, and said:

"Yes, Ann," very sadly, but kindly. "I am not what I seem," pursued Miss Armin, in an agitated manner. "You may have heard of, six months ago, Gen. Armin's daughter, who disappeared—"

"Heaven's!" muttered Mr. Garrett. He now feared poor Ann was insane.

"My father," continued Miss Armin, "wished me to marry a gentleman who was in every way repugnant to me, I having already given my heart to another, whose want of fortune was his only fault. I would not disobey my father by following the dictates of my heart, yet how could I go through the daily sorrow of thwarting his expressed wishes? I resolved to escape from both temptations for a time, and I could think of no other way in which I could more securely hide myself than by going into service for a time. I confided my story to the good manageress of the 'Domestic Training Institution,' who was a friend of mine, and through her influence I came here with the determination of doing my duty as conscientiously as it was possible. You have seen the result, Mr. Garrett."

She burst into tears, though her eyes flashed through them with proud indignation.

By this time the earnestness of her manner and the calm refinement of her language, had carried the conviction of truth to her listener's heart. He gazed at her in amazement and distress, while a flood of shame dyed his brow.

The detective now entered, and with a deeply respectful obeisance to the woman whom he had treated so insolently ten minutes ago, said:

"Please to accept my humble service, Miss Armin, and to pardon my mistake. What can I do for you, miss?"

"Bring me a cab, if you please," said Miss Armin. Then, turning to her former master, she said, pleadingly: "Let me ask as a particular favor, sir, that I may be permitted to go without meeting Mrs. Garrett again. I can imagine now, what innocent and friendless girls feel when they are suspected wrongfully."

Little more remains to be said. The young lady had her wish and returned to her father's house without another encounter with her amiable mistress; and so overjoyed was the general to receive back her whom he had bitterly mourned as lost by his own cruelty, that her engagement to Mr. Melville, a virtuous and accomplished young lawyer, was immediately afterwards arranged, with much rejoicing.

Little Master Horace proved, some weeks afterward, to be the real cause of that banknote's disappearance. It was found stuffed into the cavity under the shuttle of his mamma's sewing machine.—N. Y. Weekly.

Hard Way of Hardening.

Theophilus Kent is a small mortal, scant of shank and narrow of shoulder; his ambition is by far the most robust of his make-up. In spite of his spare physique, which reminds one of a thin bantam which has been plucked, Kent wandered about in summer jeans and without an overcoat in the early morn to toughen his constitution. He wandered one day, he wandered two; the third he received a chill which was so attentive that several portions of "Hunter" merely temporarily checked it. Kent consulted a physician, and while his teeth ground their edges off, chattered but not chattered of his ailment to the man of medicine.

"I wan-want," said Kent, "I wan-want-to-to-get-hardened."

The doctor eyed him. "You are like a cake of ice now, my friend. If you want good health consult a tailor. Three-fifty, please, and take these once an hour." He extended a box of licorice tablets and held out a huge hand for his fee.—Albany Journal.

Her Mind Needed a Rest.

He was only a hall-room boarder perhaps, and still he had some rights that a chambermaid at \$2 a week and found was bound to respect. He had been waiting in the debris of a night's rest for the young chamber lady to come around and straighten things up, but up to 10:30 she had not appeared, and as it was Sunday morning and he had a day in he rather felt that he would like to see things in some kind of shapeliness, so he went boldly out into the hall, where she was chatting pleasantly with the elevator man, and addressed her:

"When are you going to fix my room?" he inquired in a tone showing slight traces of irritation, but not unparadoxically rude.

"Ob, I don't know," she responded, with a haughty toss of her head, "I haven't made up my mind yet."

This was more than he could endure. "Aw, your mind be darned," he growled, "you make up my bed and let your mind rest awhile."—Williston Star.

THE BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting's Views on the Subject.

The following editorial appeared in the New York Evening Post of December 12 last, and as every household, in fact, every man, woman and child is interested in sugar, it being one of the most important articles of daily food, our readers will thank us for reproducing this highly-interesting editorial:

The Evening Post bids the heartiest welcome to every American industry that can stand on its own bottom and make its way without leaning on the poor rates. Among these self-supporting industries, we are glad to know, is the production of beet-sugar. At all events, it was such two years ago. We publish elsewhere a letter written in 1899, and signed by Mr. Oxnard and Mr. Cutting, the chief of the industry on the western side of the Rocky mountains, showing that this was the happy condition of the trade at that time. If parties masquerading as beet-sugar producers are besieging the president and congress at this moment, and pretending that they will be ruined if Cuban sugar is admitted for six months at half the present rates of duty, their false pretenses ought to be exposed.

The letter of Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting was probably written for the purpose of inducing the farmers of the Mississippi valley to go more largely into the cultivation of beets for the sugar factories. This was a laudable motive for telling the truth and showing the large profits which awaited both the beet-grower and the manufacturer if the industry were perseveringly and intelligently prosecuted. To this end it was pointed out that farmers could clear \$65 per acre by cultivating beets, and might even make \$100. But in order to assure the cultivator that he would not be exposed to reverses by possible changes in the tariff, they proceeded to show that the industry stood in no need of protection.

The beet-sugar industry, these gentlemen say, "stands on as firm a basis as any business in the country." They point out the fact—a very important one—that their product comes out as a finished article, refined and granulated. It is not, like cane-sugar grown in the West India islands, a black and offensive paste, which must be carried in wagons to the seaboard and thence by ships to the United States, where, after another handling, it is put through a costly refinery, and then shipped by rail to the consumer, who may possibly be in Nebraska, alongside a beet-sugar factory which turns out the refined and granulated article at one fell swoop. Indeed, the advantages of the producer of beet-sugar for supplying the domestic consumption are very great. We have no doubt that Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting are within bounds when they say that "sugar can be produced here cheaper than it can be in Europe." The reasons for this are that—

"The sugar industry is, after all, merely an agricultural one. We can undersell Europe in all other crops, and sugar is no exception. It follows as naturally as the making of flour from wheat. If we can produce wheat cheaper than Europe, then naturally we can produce flour cheaper, as we do."

But the writers of the letter do not depend upon a priori reasoning to prove that they can make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They point to the fact that under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was 4 cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet-sugar factories under those conditions, not counting any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boast that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade, and they have a right to be proud of this result of their skill and industry. Many beet-sugar factories had been started in bygone years, back in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the projectors did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid and enduring basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of using 350,000 tons of beets per annum at a profit of \$3 per ton, and this would make a profit of \$1,050,000 as an income to be earned under absolute free trade.

It must be plain to readers of this letter, signed by the captains of the beet-sugar industry, that the people in Washington who are declaiming against the temporary measure which the president of the United States urges for the relief of the Cuban people are either grossly ignorant of the subject, or are practising gross deception. The tenable ground for them is to say: "Other people are having protection that they do not need, and therefore we ought to have more than we need." This would be consistent with the letter of Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting, but nothing else is so.

Kid gloves will not mold if packed away carefully in a dry place.

OF VARIOUS MATTERS.

The "City of New York" and the "City of Paris" were the first Atlantic liners fitted with twin-screws.

So great has become the necessity of railways for iron and steel bridges that present bridge material facilities cannot keep in sight of demand.

Great excitement has been created 30 miles from Jefferson, Mo., by the discovery of a solid body of lead ore 20x30 feet thick and so pure that no stone was found in drilling.

San Francisco is preparing to draw a daily supply of pure mountain water from the Sierra mountains. All the surveys have been finished. The estimated cost will be \$30,000,000.

The northwestern lumbermen are preparing to make this winter's log cut a recordbreaker. The contracts for lumber already placed at the mills for next year's delivery call for the largest quantity of lumber ever ordered. Along with this a big concentration of lumber interests is being arranged for and scores of little mills located where timber has all been cut out are going up.

HUMOROUS.

Base—"Willis calls his wife Birdie." Fogg—"Making game of her? I see."—Boston Transcript.

Sympathetic—"Why does she use mourning stationery?" "Oh, she's done that ever since one of her epistles went to the dead-letter office."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Somewhat Like One—"Did you notice how she jabbered away when she sat there between those two men?" "Goodness, yes! It made me think of a tongue sandwich."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Of Interest to Him—"Did you notice, Miss Sharp, that an idiot has been restored to his right mind by a clever surgeon?" "Yes, Mr. Flutshy, I noticed the item and was just going to call your attention to it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Was Boss—"All right. We'll play grand opera, and I'll be the boss." Willie—"No, you can't. It takes a man to be the manager." Elsie—"Oh, you can be the manager, but I'll be what they call the belladonna."—Philadelphia Press.

Rev. Dr. Sainly—"Bobbie, I don't see you at Sunday school any more." Bobbie—"No, sir. There isn't anything more for me to learn." Rev. Dr. Sainly—"No more to learn! What can you mean?" Bobbie (proudly)—"I've licked every boy in the class."—Town and Country.

A Clydebank Laddie was a visitor to a Langside laddie the other day, and as laddies will they began to boast about the qualities of their respective residences. The Clydebank youngster held his own very well till the Glasgow laddie asked: "Do ye have an infirmary?" "No," reluctantly said the Clydebank boy. "Do ye have electric cars?" "Not yet," said the Clydebank boy, more brightly, "but we're getting them!" "Ah, well, when ye get the cars ye'll see get an infirmary," said the Glasgow boy, reflectively, "for ye'll need it."—Glasgow Evening Times.

GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY.

Rules and Regulations That Govern Officers and Men of That Country.

Army and navy officers in Germany are not allowed to marry unless they have a certain private income and must make a deposit of 30,000 marks cash (\$7,500) with the government before the marriage can take place, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. This is deposited to their credit in the public treasury, and they receive three per cent. interest a year. At the death of the officer the principal is refunded to his family. The purpose of this rule is to protect the government from the burden of destitute officers' families, and also to protect the officer against court-martial, for the regulations prohibit him from incurring debts. When an officer gets into debt he must resign or go before a court-martial, and if he cannot show that his misfortune was unavoidable and due to circumstances over which he had no control, he will be dismissed from the service. If the debts have been incurred for reasons which he could not prevent, they are paid out of the deposit to his credit and the amount is deducted from his pay in installments.

The privates in the German army get no pay at all. By the constitution of the empire every German capable of bearing arms is enrolled in the standing army or navy for six years from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh year of his age, although he is liable to be called upon at the completion of his seventeenth year. Of these six years, two must be spent in active service in the infantry and artillery, and three in the cavalry, and the remaining years in the army of the reserve. During this time the soldier receives allowances for food and clothing and the other necessities of life. He is also given beer and tobacco from the commissary, and if he is economical can commute his rations into cash and thus acquire a little spending money. The soldiers of the United States army, who receive \$13 a month, are the best paid in the world. Those of the British army, who receive a shilling a day, are next.

The pay of the officers of the German army is very small, and no one can obtain a commission unless he has a sufficient private fortune to yield him an income of at least 500 marks (\$125) a year. Captains receive about the same compensation as second lieutenants of infantry in the United States, and officers of the lower grades even less in proportion. A second lieutenant in the German army receives less than a commissary sergeant or a hospital steward in the United States. The Germans get marks where our officers get dollars—a mark being 25 cents. Army officers in Germany, however, have privileges that civilians do not enjoy. They are entitled to half fare for themselves and their families on all the railways, like clergymen in the United States; they are given half rates at most of the hotels and restaurants, and a discount from the regular prices at the shops, usually from 10 to 30 per cent. They have half rates at the theaters and operas, but at the royal opera no officer is allowed to appear in uniform unless he occupies a box or seat in the parquet or in the first row of the first balcony.

The regular garrison of Berlin is 20,000 troops, which, with the general staff and the various bureaus, gives the city a large military population, and nearly every third person you meet on the street wears a uniform. During an hour's walk on the principal streets the other day I met 28 generals.

How They Managed.

Grimes—"They say the Wickams lead a cat-and-dog life." Barnes—"Scrapping all the time?" "Not at all. A cat-and-dog life is not so bad, properly regulated. There never should be but one of them at home at the same time. That's the way the Wickams work it."—Boston Transcript.

A Suggestion.

Mrs. Hauske—"The dishes you have put on the table of late, Bridget, have been positively dirty. Now, something's got to be done about it." Bridget—"Yes, mum; as ye only had dark-colored wans, mum, they wouldn't show the dirt at all."—Philadelphia Press.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS USE AND ENDORSE PE-RU-NA.



C. B. Chamberlin, M. D., writes from 14th and P. Sts., Washington, D. C. "Many cases have come under my observation, where Peruna has benefited and cured. Therefore, I cheerfully recommend it for catarrh and a general tonic."—C. B. CHAMBERLIN, M. D.

Medical Examiner U. S. Treasury.

Dr. Llewellyn Jordan, Treasurer of U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College, and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna: "Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from your wonderful remedy. One short month has brought forth a vast change and I now consider myself a well man after months of suffering. Fellow sufferers, Peruna will cure you."

DR. LLEWELLYN JORDAN.

Geo. C. Havener, M. D., of Anacostia, D. C., writes: "The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—In my practice I have had occasion to frequently prescribe your valuable medicine, and have found it to be beneficial, especially in cases of catarrh."

GEORGE C. HAVENER, M. D.

Dr. L. S. Smith, of Williston, Fla., writes: "I have found Peruna a most valuable remedy for chronic catarrh of the head, throat, lungs and bronchial tubes, in fact, no matter where located. Few people realize that most sicknesses start from colds which develop into different affections and finally become chronic, settling often on the lungs and frequently causing serious trouble in the pelvic organs, through which it develops into diseases peculiar to the sex. From my experience with Peruna I have found it very efficacious to cure these diseases, and recommend it."—L. S. SMITH, M. D.

Dr. Mary Smith, Winfield, Ind., writes: "A weak and sick woman must not expect to bear well children. For over 31 years my efforts have been spent among sick women especially, and among all the remedies I have used, none excel Peruna, and I believe that it is the best and safest medicine to give a woman suffering from any trouble, inflammation, and profuse menstruation. I would not be doing my duty as a physician did I not advise its use. I know by experience that Peruna cures sick women, and I therefore gladly endorse it."—DR. MARY SMITH.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

FLORIDA—CUBA—BAHAMA ISLANDS

Winter Changed Into Summer—Visit New and Delightful Places.

The Daily Pioneer Press of St. Paul will this winter take out a limited party for a 30-day tour of the finest South, through the East and West Coasts of Florida, Cuba and the Bahama Islands.

Two weeks at the Famous Florida East coast Hotels—a week in Havana and the West Coast—five days at Old Nassau and the Bahamas.

484 miles by rail and steamer. 800 miles on the ocean.

Palatial special train of Pullman sleepers will be run direct from St. Paul to the Gulf of Mexico without change via the North-Western Line, Chicago and Eastern Illinois and Evansville & Terre Haute Railways.

Tickets for the trip including all expenses only \$28—Less than \$10 a day.

Representatives of the Pioneer Press and the Railroads will accompany the party to attend to all details of travel.

Above cost of the trip includes all hotels, carriage drives, meals and berths on trains, etc.

The Pioneer Press is arranging this tour for the benefit of its friends, and the cost is based on the actual expenses.

For tickets, berth reservations, itinerary of the trip, pamphlets describing places to be visited, and all other information, address:—CURTIS L. MORSE, T. W. TEASDALE, Manager of Tour, Gen. Pass. Agent, Pioneer Press, North-Western Line, St. Paul, Minn.

Advancing.

Tourist—Are the Indians around here making any progress?" Westerner—Sure! Their medicine man is a patent-medicine man.—Puck.

Florida Special via Big Four Route.

Chicago to Jacksonville and St. Augustine, effective Jan. 6, 1902, the "Big Four" will operate through Pullman sleepers from Chicago and Indianapolis to Jacksonville and St. Augustine, via Cincinnati, Queen & Crescent, Sou. Ry., Plant System and Fla. East Coast Ry., leaving Chicago at 1:00 p. m. daily except Sunday. Dining and Observation cars. For full information address J. C. Tucker, Gen. Nor. Agent, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Warren J. Lynch, G. P. & T. A., or W. P. DePpe, A. G. P. & T. A., Cincinnati, O.

The Handsomest Calendar

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use For Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 17 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR SALE—SEWER CURB, Kan.

Wheat, Corn and Alfalfa farms; best in the world; write for list. WELLINGTON LAND CO., Wellington, Kan.

PISOS CURE FOR BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

PILES ANAKESIS

Give relief in 10 to 15 days. No operation. No pain. No danger. For free sample address "ANAKESIS" Tribune building, New York.

DROPSY

Give quick relief and cure. No operation. No pain. No danger. For free sample address "ANAKESIS" Tribune building, New York.