

If you are coughing take Dr. An...
This is a coughing...
Theodore W. Sims, a representative in...
congress from Tennessee, was working...
three years ago in a brickyard at St....

WHEN YOUR GROCER SAYS...
he does not have Defiance Starch, you...
may be sure to be afraid to keep it...
in your house. It is not only better than...

Honesty for President...
A recent issue of the Standard has been...
discussed in the French Congress for...
the disease known as the "bleeding..."

To Cure a Child in One Day...
Take Laxative Bromo Seltzer Tablets. All...
druggists recommend it if it fails to cure...

Prevents for Malaria...
The most mosquito-infested neighborhood...
in the world is the coast of Borneo. The...

You never hear any one complain...
of the "bleeding March." There is...
reason to be afraid of it in quality and...

Great Credit in Moscow...
For the first time since the arrival...
from Moscow, in 1882, the giant...
child in the tropical house at Kew...

French Cure in the West Indies...
For the cure of the throat and lungs...
of the West Indies, see "The French..."

Outlets, Not Amateurs...
The recent sensational but unfounded...
report that King George of Greece had...

Belie Care for Smallpox...
The Glades of the Bleached Virgin...
is preserved in the convent at...

Accidents in Swiss Mountains...
During the last ten years 349...
accidents have occurred in the Swiss...

Popular in Iowa...
Grand Jury, Iowa, Dec. 19th...
The most complete satisfaction is...

German Army Reserves...
The German army reserves are...
greatly increasing in number. For...

Immense Consolidation Recently...
Announced in New York...
A banking consolidation is...

Gen. Nord Has Finally Realized...
the Ambition of His Life...
Gen. Nord, who has just taken...

Shakespeare called attention to what...
an infinite piece of work is man...
The bard of Avon had in mind the...

Men become slaves to the ignis-fatuus...
of pleasure, seeking it even unto...
death; living tense lives, shadowing...

All Pleasure Will...
Ruin Delight...
They have been following a phantom...

Neither power nor gold brings happiness...
Richard, son of an innkeeper and...
a washerman, seized the helm of state...

Life is a spring of bitter sweet...
The man who disregards the bitter...
side, thrusting it to enjoy only the...

Unhappy the man or woman who has...
no Christmas dinner with those dear...
to the heart—and yet, even this...

Advertising an English Town...
The corporation of Tarnmouth, Eng...
land, has ordered 10,000 posters to...

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

HOLDS POWER IN SPAIN...
Strong Premier at Head of Affairs in...
That Country...
Senor Francisco Silveira, who has...



SENOR FRANCISCO SILVEIRA...
and other important members of the...

of Spain, and who has just formed a...
new cabinet, occupies a peculiar place...
among Spanish statesmen. He is what...

FEAR FOR MRS. CLARK'S LIFE...
Daughter-in-Law of Montana Senator...
Very Seriously Ill...
Heroic efforts have been employed...



MRS. CLARK...
The physicians believe that her...

BANKS IN GREAT COMBINE...
Immense Consolidation Recently...
Announced in New York...
A banking consolidation is...

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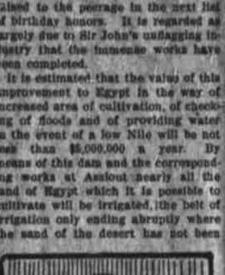
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THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

NILE ENGINEER TO BE PEER...
Sir John Ald, who built Assouan...
Dam, Complimented by King...
King Edward has publicly complimented...



SIR JOHN ALD, MR...
The Dufferin Memorial, to be...

MEMORIAL TO LORD DUFFERIN...
Imposing Design, of Bronze, to be...
Erected in Belfast...
The memorial to the late Marquis...

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Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS...
Have you considered the future state of your body as well as that of your soul? Have you planned what shall be done with the clay when you have shuffled off this mortal coil and lie an inanimate mass approaching deterioration? Will you assign your body to the burial ground where the gophers may gnaw your teeth? Will your anatomy be cremated and your ashes preserved in an urn—or, like the bodies of certain Indians, will you be hung in the tree-tops where the crows may peck at you and the buzzards pick at your remains?

The belated members of the cemetery societies tell us it is better to be incinerated, more conducive to the general health of the people we leave behind, and vastly more certain of one very desirable fact—that the person treated is dead, clear dead and no mistake. After the crematory gets through with the body there is no imminent danger of the corpse rising up in the coffin and asking for a drink. People who have a horror of being buried alive will do well to order cremation in their wills. The only real objection to cremation is that it is fearfully hard on the gophers!

Naturally the mind is appalled at the thought of being burned, even in a crematory. Fire is a painful thing, and cremation hints no more of healthiness and its punishment than one hesitates before confining a loved one's body in the process. But when the life is gone, what matter? There is no suffering, no pain, no realization, no nothing. All is a dark and glaucous vacuum, a nonentity, a nihilism, a nullity. The body is only waste—the soul, the light, the being is gone. Why then not do away with the waste, the husk, the hull, the shell? It is infinitely better than to store the body away in the ground where vermin may eat it, where rodents may destroy it, where rot may degrade it, and—unhappy thought—where thieves may break the sanctity of even the last narrow house and steal it! Is there one who would prefer to have his dry bones rattled by a spectated professor before a class of damp-earred, adolescent and callow medical students, than to know his ashes sent in a beautiful urn on the mantelpiece where his widow's second husband may refer to them in times of domestic infelicity?

Will you be buried, buzzed, quick-frozen, mummified or suspended in a tree like dried fruit? There is no use in evading the question. It is ridding your door-bell! You must make a choice—or leave it to those who survive you. Perhaps it is as well to prearrange, as a corpse is easily satisfied and not given to philosophy or argument!

Now that the season for asking "How would you like to be the ice man?" is off, a more modern problem is propounded: "How would you like to be a turtle farmer?" If you are undecided, you may investigate by reading Texas papers, which are telling of a man near Orange who has a turtle farm. When the sides of the ponds begin to freeze, he rubs together, he sets out his traps and has in a few hundred pounds of turtles. The big snappers are placed in a pen and fed until they are fat and ready for market. He finds a ready sale for his product in New Orleans, where the fastidious are fond of turtle soup of aristocratic name. Every American youth has caught turtles. He recalls, with some degree of enthusiasm, strenuous battles with the old mud-shell, the snapping-turtle and the softshell turtle. Many a fish pole and line have gone the way of debris through a battle royal with a "whopper," and many "an awful bite" has been inflicted in a sanguinary straggle with a beady-eyed reptile of the water. Thus, the American who is remissly with powder on the proposition of like and dislike for the turtle raising business. No boy now grown to manhood who ever got his finger or his big toe in the mouth of a snapping turtle will look favorably upon the scheme. The tenacity with which a pup holds to a root or a bull-dog to a leg, is nothing when compared to a hardshell mud-turtle when his passions are aroused and he grips any part of the anatomy. He never lets go until his head is off and even then he is apt to take his head in his mouth and slide into the water with stubborn mien. He is a fighter from the Bad Lands and quits only when the odds against him have completely annihilated his chances. A turtle farmer must run all sorts of chances "feeding his stock." If a snapper gets a hold on the calf of his leg the joys of a turtle harvest are made to look like the proverbial thirty cents. In raising pigeons one can go into the loft, catch a dove or two and stroke their pretty heads, but the turtle farmer who goes into the head-popping business will need a crow-bar and a lever to disengage himself. The Texas papers say there is big money in the business, but one gets much satisfaction from a peaceful life bereft of riches these days. As for us we don't like turtle soup, anyhow.

Some low-browed, pessimistic statisticians has arrived at the deduction that pumpkins are growing scarcer year by year. This means, of course, that by the time the city folks get a vacation and hurry into the pastoral country, the pumpkin pie will be all gone. Some time ago the great problem was "Shall we open the minds to the free coinage of silver?" etc. Later the question of "How to be happy though married," agitated the communitarians. Now we are up against the real thing, if we may be allowed the slang of common parlance—"Is the pumpkin pie to become obsolete?" Perish the thought! How we have reveled in the luscious pumpkin pie! It recalls the halcyon days, the days of aspiration and faith, before the rude hand of experience blue-penciled a few things on the page of life. Up to the present time, we have been permitted to recall this joyous period by occasional communion with pumpkin pie. Now we are to be forever cut off—the pumpkin is growing smaller and smaller, fewer and fewer each season, and will soon be a mere curiosity for the collector. Time was when at cattle shows pumpkins were fed the bovine beasties to keep their hair sleek, and the man who raised the biggest pumpkin carried off the finest prize. Alas, one by one the things of youth are being swept away and the pumpkin rolls into the dim beyond along with other beloved things, a mourned luxury of the old-fashioned days. Somehow these statisticians are depressing. They shatter many a happy memory and create hobgoblins as children build mud-houses. Vale the pumpkin pie! But we still have plenty of material left for mud-pies. Perhaps we should be thankful for that.

The ubiquitous typographical error has long been the object of qualifying adjectives passionately expressed. The humorist, who sees fun in others' semantic disturbances, quotes with glee each startling and unexpected utterance made when the types get twined. After a time the victim smiles, too, at the thing which so incensed him. Not long ago the letter "e" on our typewriter became enamored of the letter "o." "I said man and woman, living together, get the same facial expression to a greater or lesser extent. It was even so with the 'e' which, when eloped with love and lust, made an impression as round as a silver dollar, with a tongue in the middle or a break in the circle. The result was alarming. It reminds us now of the editor who lost all his letter 'i's'—all our 'e's' were 'o's." At the time we were angry, fearing lest our constituency would read proof on us and set us down as a rude, unfinished fellow who had never been to spelling school. The result, however, has not been heralded to us, and we are comforted with the thought that perhaps nobody read the articles after all! Anyhow, ours isn't as bad as the experience of the editor who wrote of a fashionable society lady of questionable age, and over it placed this bead: "Has gone to Wabash."

When the absent-minded proofreader passed on the line, it read: "Hag Gone to Wabash."

The editor is still in the innermost recesses of the wood, waiting for the society lady to relent. There is always joy in comparison with others' woes!

Shakespeare called attention to what an infinite piece of work is man. The bard of Avon had in mind the graceful, gallant, honest, kindly man, the man who does things. He referred to the broad man who had love for his fellow men. Ingersoll said love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. No man who is self-prod, holier-than-thou, can be the best man. Men go about smiling graciously at a few in their set, and scowling at the lower strata. Occasionally they scatter gold to the needy when a word of sympathy and fellow interest would be infinitely better. What is money to the man who needs fellowship and associations that elevate? It helps for a paltry hour or two, until spent. The sincere interest, or handshake, has greater leverage to cheer. Sympathy will not feed the hungry, but it will elevate the stinking. Lowell says it is not what we give but what we share. Lowell means we should share our smiles, our hopes, our aspirations, our encouragement, and by sharing enhance our help tenfold, not only to others, but to ourselves. Be cosmopolitan and put away selfishness.

Men become slaves to the ignis-fatuus of pleasure, seeking it even unto death; living tense lives, shadowing a mirage, an imaginary apparition. For excessive pleasure men have conquered and slaughtered, died and died, forgetting God, love, honor and self. At the last reasoning saps, they realize they have been following a phantom, no more productive of satisfaction than Mahomet's hell, "a paradise of sensual delights and wondrous beauty."

Neither power nor gold brings happiness. Richard, son of an innkeeper and a washerman, seized the helm of state in Rome. He sought happiness in forgetting his simplicity, in dressing gorgeously, in living royally, in exulting according to the curriculum of extravagant pleasure. Lo! Happiness shed her promissory like the peony its petals. Richard became a wanderer; and an outcast to die by the sword. Excess weakened him even as it will weaken others who are intemperate in their pleasures.

Life is a spring of bitter sweet. The man who disregards the bitter side, thrusting it to enjoy only the distracting things, will fail. Living is far too serious a business to be disregarded in its sternest realities.

Unhappy the man or woman who has no Christmas dinner with those dear to the heart—and yet, even this individual must feel the benediction of the hour. Happiness is reflected from and through benevolence. The one who makes others happy is in turn happy. It was thus with David Harum's Aunt Polly, who did for others "just to relieve her mind," fine, quiet, motherly Aunt Polly—the world would have meant such about Christmas time to make the time especially happy for homeless ones.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

ARE NEVER WITHOUT PERUNA IN THE HOUSE FOR CATARRHAL DISEASES.



MR. AND MRS. J. O. ATKINSON, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

UNDER date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter: "My wife had been suffering from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years. Her case had baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years standing. She also was passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life. In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Mandala, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her. She firmly believes that she would have been dead had it not been for your wonderful remedies. About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At first I was almost past hope. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year, and it has completely cured me. Your remedies do all that you claim for them, and even more. Catarrh cannot exist where Peruna is taken according to directions. Success to you and your remedies." John O. Atkinson.

Such cases cannot be treated locally; nothing but an effective systemic remedy would cure them. This is exactly what Peruna is.

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. Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

The Golden State Limited

Most luxuriously equipped train in the world. Leaves Chicago daily via the El Paso-Rock Island route. Less than three days to Los Angeles. Through cars to Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

Everything to make you comfortable—electric lights, electric fans, barber shops, bath rooms, Booklovers' Library, compartment and standard sleepers; dining, buffet-smoker observation car.

Rock Island System

Joe. Sebastian, T.P.M., Chicago, Ill.

Take off your hat to an OLD FRIEND. Sixty years of faithful service spent in successfully fighting the ailments of MAN and BEAST justly entitled.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

to a GRAND DIAMOND JUBILEE. It was the STANDARD LINIMENT two generations ago. It is the STANDARD LINIMENT of the present generation.

It grows on one as an Old Friend ought to grow. Beautiful Indian Territory. The last large tract of fine unutilized land to be thrown open for settlement.

A copy of an attractive book about present day conditions in this wonderful country will be sent on request. James Barker, Gen'l Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 501 Waterfront Bldg., St. Louis.

Some Folks Don't Sleep. If very seldom occurs to persons who sleep badly that their sleeplessness is due to hunger. Many persons take their dinner or supper at 7 or 8 o'clock, and their breakfast at 9 or even 9 o'clock next morning; this gives an interval of at least twelve hours in which no food is taken, and it is this interval without food that is the cause of many a sleepless night. The want of nutriment renders the body weak, causing headache and a general feeling of lassitude.

A Chip of the Old Block. Richard Elkins, son of Senator Stephen B. Elkins, is described as a chip of the old block. On Jan. 1 he sold his father a tract of coal land in West Virginia and cleaned up \$12,000 on the deal. A friend secured the options for young Elkins and engineered the deal with his father.

"Candy Grass" in England. A London paper says the "candy grass" is the latest fashionable importation from America. "No theater party," it is announced, "worthy of the name can exist for half an hour without the comfort of the appearance of chocolate and sugared almonds."

A striking contrast between Defiance Starch and any other brand will be found by comparison. Defiance Starch stiffens, whitens, beautifies without rotting. It gives clothes back their newness. It is absolutely pure. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics. For fine things and all things use the best there is. Defiance Starch is 10 cents for 10 ounces. A striking contrast.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Featuche, All Bodily Aches AND CONQUERS PAIN.

WESTERN CANADA

is the "Candy of the World." The Land of Opportunity. The Western People's Choice. Area under pop in 1901... 1,171,000 square miles. Population... 117,000. The Government of Canada has set aside 1,171,000 square miles of land for settlement. This land is now being offered for sale at 10 cents per acre. The Government of Canada has set aside 1,171,000 square miles of land for settlement. This land is now being offered for sale at 10 cents per acre. The Government of Canada has set aside 1,171,000 square miles of land for settlement. This land is now being offered for sale at 10 cents per acre.

Will Undermine Your Health.

Constipation

Mull's Grape Tonic Cures Constipation. When the sewer of a city becomes stopped up, the refuse backs into the streets where it decays and rots, spreading disease-creating germs throughout the entire city. An epidemic of sickness follows. It is the same way when the bowels fail to work. The undigested food backs into the system and there it rots and decays. From this festering mass the blood saps up all the disease germs, and at every least exertion, then to every tissue, just as the water works of a city forces impure water into every house. The only way to cure a condition like this is to cure the constipation. Fill the bowels with the ordinary cathartics will do no good. It will quickly restore lost flesh and make strength and health. As a laxative its action is immediate and positive, gentle and natural. Mull's Grape Tonic is guaranteed or money back.

Send for a free sample bottle. Address: Mull's Grape Tonic, 112-114 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

RE YOU SATISFIED?

Are you entirely satisfied with the goods you buy and with the price you pay? If not, you are not getting the goods you want at the lowest price. You are not getting the goods you want at the lowest price. You are not getting the goods you want at the lowest price.

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED 85 PAGE CATALOGUES OF FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES

MAILED FREE

GOLDMAN BROTHERS

112-114 OLIVE ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Valentine P. Snyder

into harmony the large insurance and financial interests of the Mutual Life Assurance Company, the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Morton Trust company. The united resources of the concerns interested foot up \$1,000,000.00. The consolidation was brought about at meetings of the directors of the National Bank of the United States, which was acquired some months ago by the interests which control the Morton Trust company and of the Western National Bank.

Germany Wants New Trees.

A representative of the German government has been sent to Canada to ascertain what trees can be profitably transplanted into Germany. He has already decided that white pine and cherry spruce and black walnut would flourish on German soil and experiments are to be made with those trees.

Table Cricket's Latest.

A rival to ping pong has been launched in England in "table cricket." The bowling is done by means of a spring arrangement in the first public game Dr. W. G. Grace played.

Advertising an English Town.

The corporation of Tarnmouth, England, has ordered 10,000 posters to be used in advertising the town.