

## A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them **Remedies of Known Composition.**

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, biliousness or biliousness, and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral acids or other poisonous or injurious elements and that they are made from native medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for women, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians. As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

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## A DOG'S EVIDENCE.

[Original.]

The country homes of the Rudds and our family adjoined, and Walter Rudd and I grew up together, bosom friends. Walter was fond of animals, I of books. Among his pets was a yellow collie, the most intelligent being of the brute creation I ever knew. They are talking nowadays about animals not having any reasoning powers. If that dog didn't reason I don't reason.

I remember especially an instance in evidence of this. One rainy day, needing exercise, I concluded to walk around the house. Dick, the dog, was with me and, seeing me getting on my hat and coat, inferred that I was going for a stroll and was rejoiced at the prospect of going with me. There were two gates to the place, and when I came to the path leading to the nearest gate, I kept on. Dick looked up, surprised, but, inferring that I was intending to go out of the other gate, immediately went to it. When I passed the path leading to that gate, too, Dick's astonishment was beyond bounds. "What does the fellow mean?" he said plainly with his attitude and expression. Then, seeing that I was not leaving the grounds, he went away disappointed.

One morning I was awakened by a scratching mingled with a dog's moans at our front door. I went downstairs and found Dick. He ran down toward the gate, indicating that I was to follow him. I was not long in understanding him and after getting on some clothes went with him to a wood several miles away. He led me to a point near a brook, but when he got there looked about him surprised and disappointed, moaning piteously. Then, putting his nose to the ground, he followed a scent to the brook, where he lost it.

All this was unintelligible to me. After waiting developments and getting none I went home.

I found there a messenger from the Rudds to ask if Walter had spent the night with us, since he had not come home. At once I began to suspect that something was wrong with him and the dog's action might be an explanation. Possibly there had been foul play at the spot where Dick had led me and some person or persons to conceal their tracks from the dog had gone away, walking in the brook. I took Dick back to the spot and led him both up and down the stream in the hope that he would pick up the scent, but notwithstanding a patient effort on the part of both of us he failed.

The case of Walter Rudd was one of those mysterious disappearances that occur every day, the bulk of them never being explained. Dick, being deprived of his master, adopted me as such, I being that master's most intimate friend. I became very fond of him and never went anywhere I could take him without doing so. The first winter that I went to the city I left him behind, but the caretaker of the house wrote me that he was pining away, and I was obliged to send for him. I inferred at the time that he had transferred his affections from his late master to me.

Walter Rudd had been teller in a bank. The cashier was Edward Griffin, a young man who a couple of years later became rich as a promoter. I knew Griffin, but had only a speaking acquaintance with him. One day while in the city walking with Dick on the street I saw Griffin approaching. Suddenly Dick gave a growl, darted forward, jumped upon Griffin, and only great effort on my part kept the dog from taking the man by the throat. I caught Dick by the collar and dragged him away, striking him with my cane at the same time. Griffin seemed very much affected by the encounter, paling and trembling like a leaf, but I was not surprised at this, as it is no light matter to have a dog suddenly spring at one's throat. I did not have an opportunity to apologize to the man, for Dick was so eager to get at him again that I was obliged to drag him away by main force, and Griffin hurried on.

Had Griffin been some rough unknown man I might have suspected that the dog's action had something to do with the mystery attending Walter Rudd's disappearance. As it was, I put it down to one of those unaccountable dislikes a dog will take to some special person. But some months after this, when Griffin's schemes turned out bursted bubbles and he no better than a common swindler, the thought came upon me that while he and Walter were in the bank together the cashier might have had some reason for getting rid of the teller.

I asked the president of the bank for information bearing on the case and was confidentially informed that during the time referred to Griffin had been carrying a large defalcation, which was discovered only after it was made good.

After consultation with the Rudd family I was authorized to employ a detective to get evidence, with a view of confirming our suspicions. It turned out that Rudd knew of Griffin's defalcation and had told Griffin that his duty required him to inform the officers of the bank. Griffin made an appointment to meet Rudd in the wood to talk the matter over. Griffin murdered the only man who knew his secret and left the body where it lay. He came back and found the dog with it. But the dog went away, and Griffin carried the body far down the stream and buried it.

Griffin, learning that a detective was working on his case, committed suicide.

Dick is still my companion, though he is very old.

ALBERT G. BENILEY.

## OBLIGING PEOPLE.

Quaint Methods of the Early Days of New England.

In the early days of the settlement of New England the custom of sending packages by neighbors who journeyed to different parts of the country was an established one. The notebook of Schoolmaster Joseph Hawley of Northampton, Mass., when he started on a trip to Boston was filled with such varied items as: "Captain Partridge, a dial and a dish kettle;" "Son Joseph, speckled red ribbon, whistles, buckles and fishhooks;" "A shilling worth of plumb and spice;" "Two psalters, a basson and a quart pot." In "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border" Katherine M. Abbott says that it was the same even as late as Judge Lyman's day. His daughter, Mrs. Lesley, writes of it in "Recollections of My Mother."

There were no expressmen then, and so when it was known in the village of Northampton that Judge and Mrs. Lyman were going to Boston—and they always took pains to make it known—a throng of neighbors were coming in the whole evening before not only to take an affectionate leave, but to bring parcels of every size and shape and commissions of every variety.

One came with a dress she wanted to send to a daughter at school; one brought patterns of dry goods, with a request that Mrs. Lyman would purchase and bring home dresses for a family of five. And would she go to the orphan asylum and see if a good child of ten could be bound out to another neighbor? Would Mrs. Lyman bring the child back with her?

The neighbors walked into the library, where the packing was going on, and when all the family trunks were filled my father called out heartily, "Here, Hiram, bring down another trunk from the garret—the largest you can find—to hold all these parcels!"

A little boy came timidly in with a bundle nearly as large as himself, and "Would this be too large for Mrs. Lyman to carry to grandmother?"

"No, indeed. Tell your mother I'll carry anything short of a cooking stove."

"Another trunk, Hiram," said my father, "and ask the driver to wait five minutes."

Those were the times when people could wait five minutes for a family so well known and beloved. Our driver had only to whip up his horses a little faster.

## WORKED WHILE ASLEEP.

Curious Incident in the Career of Novelist Crockett.

S. R. Crockett, the novelist, told a rather remarkable story of an incident that befell him in his early writing days, before fame and fortune had come to him and while he struggled for a living. At that time he was obliged to write for very small sums indeed, and among the publications to which he contributed columns and half columns was the St. James' Gazette, a London penny evening newspaper. One morning the postman brought to Mr. Crockett a letter from the editor of the St. James' Gazette containing a small check as payment for a contribution. Mr. Crockett knew that nothing was due to him, that he had been paid for all his articles, and—remarkable man—he did the check up in an explanatory note and returned it to the editor.

The next day back came the check from the editor—remarkable man—with a note saying it was due. The St. James' Gazette had published an article from the pen of Mr. Crockett which had not been paid for; hence the check. Again Mr. Crockett—remarkable man—returned the check, and still the remarkable editor reforwarded it, this time with the article cut out of the columns of the St. James' Gazette.

Now comes the curious feature of the incident. When Mr. Crockett clapped eyes on the article, he was astonished to find it one of his dreams materialized. One night, going to bed extra tired, he dreamed that a good idea for a St. James' Gazette column had occurred to him; that he then and there sat down, wrote it and posted it. Next morning he remembered his dream and made up his mind some day to write the article exactly as he dreamed he had written it, when, to his astonishment, came article and check from the newspaper. Few writers earn checks while asleep.

## A Good Definition.

A foreign journal says that a small boy who had been playing nearly all day with a newly arrived acquaintance of the family, a gentleman who had nearly reached his fiftieth year, said to his father when the gentleman had gone away:

"When will that young man come again?"

"Young man?" exclaimed the father. "He's older than I am! Will you please tell me what a young man means to you?"

"Why, a young man," answered the boy—"a young man is one that has a good time!"

## Poor Papa!

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping for life."

"Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantages for observing things that I have."

## Very Little Jar.

Prospective Buyer—Heavens! It must be a terrible experience to run over a human being! Auto Demonstrator (smilingly)—Not with this make of car, my boy. It's equipped with the best shock absorber on the market—Brooklyn Life.

## Easy Money.

[Copyright, 1907.]

It was because the clothing store in the east in which he was employed made a cut in salaries that James Halpin went west. During the next six years he was cowboy, miner, prospector and teamster. As a prospector he made a miserable failure of it. In the other vocations he put in honest work for his money. Among his acquaintances he was spoken of as an honest man and was often trusted. There were men who sneered at his principles. For instance, when he discovered the \$3,000 nugget in the dump at the Golden Lion mine and turned it in to the company as its property he was sneered and laughed at on all sides. The company did not even hand him out a cigar for his probity.

Then there was the case of the train holdup. The robbers got the express all right, together with a big lot of registered mail, but in their hurry they abandoned a mail bag and dropped two or three packages. Halpin found them among the rocks and sagebrush. There was over \$20,000 in all. The express company started out to reward him, but finally ended up by notifying him that he ought to be glad that he had not been arrested as one of the suspects. Uncle Sam received his mail bag and said nothing and did nothing.

As a prospector Halpin discovered the Double Cross mine and told a friend of it in confidence. The friend hastened to the land office and located the mine in his own name and within two months had sold it for a quarter of a million dollars. He was a man without "sand," and Halpin could have gone to him with a gun and at least made him divide, but he did nothing of the kind. It thus came about that the men who knew Halpin had two saying to fit his case. One was "As honest as Jim Halpin" and the other "As big a fool as Jim Halpin."

He was simply trying to be a square man. It was in his blood, and it took a long time to convince him that all the rest of mankind was on the make and that he would get the worst of the deal every time. He had to be reduced to rags and hunger before he would believe it.

One day Jim Halpin woke up. He had traveled over a good part of three western states and was familiar with the better portions. He got the loan of a suit of clothes and a few dollars in cash and brought up in the town in which a certain member of congress was living. They had a talk. They consulted maps. They made a bargain. Halpin wasn't to be fooled again, and the bargain or agreement was ironclad. The congressman would have left loopholes by which he could later on swindle the man who had come to him as they had planned to swindle Uncle Sam, but he had to abandon this part of the programme. When all was ready Halpin set forth to locate lands. They were fertile valleys, timbered lands, coal lands and hills filled with iron and coal. They were entered under different names as homesteads, desert lands, soldiers' lands and other trickery, and in one year they had gobbled up more than a million dollars' worth. Then Halpin sold his share for a hundred thousand dollars rather than wait longer. He also had other plans he wanted to carry out, and he needed the money to do so.

Jim Halpin with a hundred thousand dollars to his credit in the bank was no longer sneered at. He had become a man to take off the hat to. They dropped "the honest as Jim Halpin." They knew that he had made his money by sharp practice, but they thought all the more of him for it. The man who can make a fortune and just escape the law in doing it receives more praise than an honest man who toils a lifetime to get \$25,000 together. The "Jim" now became "Judge" or "Colonel" when men addressed him.

In locating the lands Halpin had not played square with the congressman. He had left out certain coal fields. He now located them for himself. He was even generous enough to pay the government \$250 an acre for land worth perhaps a hundred thousand per acre, and thus he had nothing to hide. The coal lands were in the mountains and the towns and cities on the plains. To carry out his plans the two must be connected by railroads. Mr. Halpin went to three different legislatures. A few members could be made to see what a great thing it would be if this and that town could secure coal at the price of buffalo chips, and they were ready to grant a charter. A number of others saw it only after they had been paid from \$500 to \$1,000 apiece. Land grants were obtained with the charters. By selling half the acreage the roads were built. The price on the remainder was doubled to make even. There was a cheap coal for a year; then the price doubled. Consumers howled and went to the legislature. There was no agreement as to the price of coal, and so nothing could be done.

Mr. Halpin is a millionaire now. He is not a member of congress, but it is not his fault. He could have had the nomination and election, but he did not want them. He wanted a grand mansion on the Hudson; he wanted a steam yacht; he wanted horses, carriages, servants and statuary and pictures; he wanted trips to Florida in the winter and to Europe in the summer, and he got them—got everything—and is today referred to in the papers as "that eminent and liberal Mr. James Halpin, the self made man."

M. QUAD.

## CROSSING THE LINE.

Old Neptune and the Ancient Order of the Deep.

The ceremony of "crossing the line" is a very much more elaborate affair nowadays than it ever has been despite the fact that Neptune day is so old a celebration that its origin is lost to history.

When old Neptune, impersonated by a sailor, makes his appearance on an American battleship nowadays when the vessel reaches latitude 0 degree, 0 minute, 0 second, to initiate the jackies who have never crossed the line before into the mysteries and membership of the Ancient Order of the Deep he is accompanied by his wife, Amphitrite, another sailor. They are both dressed fantastically in clothes which have been designed and worked upon ever since the vessel sailed. How they get on board is unknown, at least to the captain, who meets them and gives them permission to go ahead. An immense tank made of canvas is rigged up, and here the initiation of all the candidates takes place. Devices for getting the candidate into the tank vary on different ships and on different occasions. Often he is simply picked up and thrown in. Frequently he is made to sit down in a "barber's" chair close to the edge of the tank, and when as much soap as possible has been put into his mouth and eyes he is tipped over backward. Generally the soap has been mixed with tar, coal oil and many other ingredients and is impartially applied from the waist up, so that the bath is needed.

In the tank the candidate is attended, sometimes by "bears" with shaggy coats made of unraveled rope and sometimes by "cops" who act as the king's assistants and see that the candidate is held under water long enough to know it.

It is a great frolic, prepared for days in advance, and when it is over the certificate is issued and the candidates are free to get themselves as clean as they can before the next roll call.—Philadelphia Record.

## IF SNOW NEVER FELL.

The Effect Upon the World's Crops Would Be Disastrous.

If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain and none of it was snow hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well watered lowlands.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the mountains and packing itself firmly in the ravines. Thus in nature's great icehouse a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snow banks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and in the subarid regions of the west generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions that have no snow are exceedingly fertile—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a great loss.—Chicago Tribune

## The Power of Advertising.

The power of advertising is told by a manager of the toilet department of a large New York department store. "We have six different makes of one toilet article," he said, "and they are so near alike in quality that even experts can't tell the difference between them, yet we sell as much of one as we do of all the others together, just because the manufacturer is everlastingly advertising it. The other five sell in proportion to the amount of advertising given to them. If there is any difference in quality it is in favor of the poorest seller."—New York Herald.

## No Deadheads.

Mandy was a young colored girl fresh from the cotton fields of the south. One afternoon she came to her northern mistress and handed her a visiting card. "De lady wha' gib me dis is in de pal'or," she explained. "Deys' anoder lady on de do'step'." "Gracious, Mandy," exclaimed the mistress, "why didn't you ask both of them to come in?" "Kase, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do'step' done forgit her ticket!"—Argonaut.

## Not Exclusive.

Nellie (aged five)—Our family is awfully exclusive. Is yours? Bessie (aged four)—No, indeed! We haven't anything to be ashamed of.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Those who know the road best sometimes lose their way.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF BROWN. In Probate Court. [Special Term, April 4, 1908.] In the matter of the estate of John Huhn deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of John Huhn, deceased, late of the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, being granted to William Huhn. It is ordered, That six months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of this order in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased are required to file the same in the Probate Court of said County, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is further ordered, That the first Monday in November A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M., at a General Term of said Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in the Court House in the City of New Ulm in said County, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and place when and where the said Probate Court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And it is further ordered, That notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said estate by forthwith publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., the 4th day of April, A. D. 1908.

By the Court, GEO. ROSS, Judge of Probate.

## Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution, issued out of and under the Seal of the District Court, in and for the County of Brown, State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in said Court, on the 12th day of March 1908, in an action wherein L. A. Fritzsche is Plaintiff, and Caroline Schleussner, formerly Caroline Windland is Defendant, in favor of said plaintiff and against said defendant, for the sum of Three Hundred eight & 15/100 (\$388.15) Dollars, all of which is still unpaid (\$388.15) Dollars, and due thereon, which execution was directed and delivered to me as Sheriff in and for the said County of Brown, I have this 13th day of March A. D. 1908, levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said defendant in and to the following described Real Estate property to-wit: Part of the South East quarter of the South West Quarter and of the South West quarter of the South East quarter, No. One Hundred nine (109) North, Range No. Thirty-three (33) West, more particularly described as follows: Commencing at the South West corner of said Section, thence at a variation 10 degrees East running North 1 degree East, 20 chains; thence South 88 degrees East, 20 chains; and 12 links; thence South 1 degree West, 2 chains and 50 links; thence South 89 degrees East, 15 chains; thence South 1 degree West, 15 chains; thence North 89 degrees West, 35 chains to the point of beginning, containing 60 Acres more or less, in Brown County, Minnesota.

Notice is hereby given, That I, the undersigned, as Sheriff as aforesaid, will sell the above described real property to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the front door of the Court-house in the City of New Ulm in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, on Friday the 1st day of May A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M., of that day to satisfy the said execution together with the interests and costs thereof.

Dated March 13th 1908. W. J. JULIUS, Sheriff Brown County, Minnesota. Albert Pfander, Attorney for Plaintiff.

New Ulm, Minn. 13-17

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, District Court.

Ninth Judicial District. Security Trust Company, a corporation, Plaintiff.

vs. Charles Eidam, J. H. Carleton, W. A. Dennis, Defendants.

Bank of Grimes, Iowa, and George Lane, Defendants.

The State of Minnesota to the above named Defendants:

You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Court, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned, at his office Rooms 409, 410 and 411 in the National German American Bank Building, in the city of St. Paul, Ramsey County, Minnesota, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service and if you fail so to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, together with its costs and disbursements in this action.

14-19 ANBROSE FIGURE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by Eugene A. Pfefferle.

## He Got What He Needed.

"Nine years ago it looked as if my time had come," says Mr. C. Farthing, of Mill Creek, Ind. "I was so run down, that life hung on a very slender thread. It was then my druggist recommended Electric Bitters. I bought a bottle and I got what I needed—strength. I had one foot in the grave, but Electric Bitters put it back on the turf again, and I've been well ever since." Sold under guarantee at O. M. Olsen's drug store.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea never fails to tone the stomach, purify the blood, regulate the kidneys, liver and bowels. The greatest serving tonic, makes and keeps you well. 35c, Tea or Tablets. Pioneer Drug Co.

## Too Wide.

Kind Lady—My poor man, your coat is full of rents. Here is a needle and thread.

Gritty George—No use, mum. Dem rents are too big to be collected.

## Health—Economy

**Calumet Baking Powder**

Best by Test