

**Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.**  
**DR. PINK'S**  
**CREAM BAKING POWDER**  
**MOST PERFECT MADE.**  
 A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.  
**40 YEARS THE STANDARD.**

**MISS TRIUMPH POTATOES**  
 at \$1 a bushel; \$2 a bbl. of 11 big pecks; 3 bbls. for \$5. No potato is earlier; or one-half barrel of Triumphs and one-half barrel of late for \$2.25; 3 bbls for \$6. To get these low prices

Out This Out and Send the Money along to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes at above cheap prices! We will

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness

My doctor said I would die, but Pink's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Annot Keiser, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the corns. These pests are easily removed with Hindercorns. 10c at druggists.

The net reduction in the British national debt since 1875 is \$425,000,000 or at the rate of \$121,250,000 a year.

**Fair and Fruitful**  
 As the West is, it is often malarious. But it is pleasant to know that a competent safeguard in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exists, which absolutely nullifies the poison of miasma. Western-bound emigrants should bear this in mind. Not should it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, business constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

**A Test of Vanity.**  
 Lady (applying the test)—Achl what a pity! The handsomest gentleman in the company has got a splash on his waistcoat!  
 All the gentlemen present look down in consternation at their vests.—West fallsches Volksblatt.

**"Melpo."**  
 The most wonderful and only cure for Catarrh, Influenza, Colds in the Head, Hay Fever, Sore Throat and Sore Mouth. It prevents the dread disease consumption. Retards decay of the teeth and sweetens the breath.

Price 50 cents per bottle, sent to any address in America. Dr. James M. Welch, 135 East Sixth Street, St. Paul, Minn. U. S. postage stamps accepted in payment.

The strawberry crop of the United States exceeds 5,000,000 tons yearly.

**HE IS ALIVE.**  
 The Wonderful Experience of a Man Who Had Reached the Brink of Destruction—Help Came Late but Sure—Words Cannot Describe the Joy He Felt at This Wonderful Restoration.

No one who has never experienced the miseries of a dyspeptic can realize the joy that filled the heart of Mr. Andrew Talsen, who resides at 856 Maricou Street, St. Paul. His was the experience of a man terribly emaciated by continual indigestion and inability to obtain nourishment from his food, who suffered the most agonizing pains and lived a life deprived of every joy. When hope, too, had about departed, health, happiness and life were returned to him by the Kickapoo Indian Medicines. In this



Andrew Talsen.  
 Connection Mr. Talsen says, "I want to thank you for the great benefit I have derived from Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. I had been in two hospitals without obtaining any relief for my complaint, chronic dyspepsia. I spent hundreds of dollars with various doctors and last year I went to Europe and tried many of the best physicians there, but with no better results. I was entirely discouraged with life and returned to this country. I was unable to retain anything whatever on my stomach for but a few moments at a time. I was unable to sleep. Two weeks ago I purchased as a last resort a bottle of your Sagwa. A new power on my second bottle and feel like a new being. I can eat anything and retain it. I sleep sound, get up feeling refreshed and hungry, and your Kickapoo Indian Sagwa has done all this for me. I shall never be tired of speaking in its praise, hoping to be able to benefit others who suffer." "If you are dyspeptic, or you find that your food does not properly nourish you, this wonderful remedy is a trial. You will be surprised at the rapid manner in which it accomplishes its good results. Do not resort to medicines that are composed of injurious substances or mineral poisons, the temporary relief obtained from them is more than counteracted by the reaction which follows. For all disorders resulting from a deranged condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach or blood, Kickapoo Indian Sagwa is without an equal. Remember that what you may believe to be but a trivial indisposition, such as slight local pains, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, susceptibility to catch cold, a sallow complexion, restlessness, decrease in weight, are warnings of terrible afflictions that entail a life of agony and a premature death. Druggists everywhere sell the Kickapoo Indian Remedies.



**THE DOCTOR'S STORY.**

**How a Queer Accident Changed His Plans.**

"I was a full-fledged M. D. once and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

"I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate, and the first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare and took in my shingle, for from that day to this I have never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that is neither here nor there. Only if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you will change your mind.

"When I had been in business a year or two I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals, and I thought perhaps I could work out my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that is what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I had been down there once or twice to his own stables and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was: 'Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once.'

"Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature and worth a small fortune.

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go he did. When we got out of the cars Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage. 'If it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any.'

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with pain.

"Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting, and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—

"Eyes! Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She will kill you, sure!'

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"'I like your pluck, my boy,' he said, 'heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.'

"The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"'She's only curling your hair,' sang out the keeper. 'Don't mind her.'

"'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,' said I by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quailed as I jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"'Shall I cut again? I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business and picked me up and my tools; I was as limp as a rag.

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me. Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you."  
 "Nonsense," said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.  
 "There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at the introduction to her—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth!"—Our Dumb Animals.

Children in Mexico.  
 A writer in the Pall Mall Budget

describes the work and play of the Mexican children, who are apparently quite as active in spite of the tropical climate as our own little ones. They are all artists of one sort or another. They love music, and more than that, are born with clever fingers especially adapted to the sculptor's work. They are indeed marvelous modelers. The wee brown fingers of the Mexican babies mold the Mexican mud into babies darker than themselves, and very little children pinch and pat and poke moist clay or wax into statuettes to be sold in the market places.

Here in the public bazars the poorer children spend a great deal of their time. They peddle the little clay and wax figures which they tiny hands have made; which they hawk flowers and butter magnificent fruits for copper coins, and they rush after you, catch you by the skirt and lure you back to their parents' booths. As a rule they know one English sentence—"Give me a penny."

In their devotion to music they seem to emulate the birds themselves. This is the unique charm whereby they pay back the little feathered warblers for song.

When the day first breaks in at the window of a Mexican home the head of the house gallantly welcomes it by leaping out of bed. If he is very old or feeble he at least manages to lift himself from his pillow, and then he begins to sing a song of praise. If a priest happens to be staying in the house, then it is he who starts the vocal symphony. But whoever begins it, all the household catches it up, the wife, the grown children, the half-grown children, the toddling babies and even the servants join in this simple melody of praise. Out beyond the cabins, the adobe huts or the richly carved palace, the hewers of wood, the drawers of water, the tenders of grain or of flowers join in the morning chorus. But sweetest of all those Mexican notes, rings the treble pipe of the Mexican baby voice.

Mexican children used to be trained to two industries in which they no longer engage. These were running and diving for coins, but both of these daring and remunerative sports are now prohibited by law. Not long ago a goodly number of boys were trained to run almost as soon as they could toddle alone. They inherited supple hips, strong thighs, tireless legs and nimble feet from their remote and their nearest ancestry. When they grew to manhood, reaching also professional perfection, they joined a corps which formed the only reliable messenger service of Mexico. Those men often ran 300 miles in four and a half days. They made round trips of 700 miles in nine days, for which they were paid by the day \$30 in Mexican silver dollars. But the old Mexican runners are dead, killed by their mad overwork, and the authorities are wise enough to have suppressed a livelihood that invariably proved suicidal.

**What One Bright Girl Did.**  
 An agreeable field for moneymaking is one which Lillian G— has found, or rather into which Lillian walked one summer morning. On her way to school she had to pass the house of two very dear old ladies, who lived by themselves, and potted about in a very pretty old-fashioned garden. Miss Betsey and Miss Annie were fond of the bright girls who two or three times a day walked past their door on the way to and from their class rooms, and they had their favorites among them, often stopping Lily, for instance, and giving her a flower, or two to fasten into her buttonhole.

One morning Lily observed that Miss Betsey stopped a little and felt about with her stick, instead of stepping briskly around the garden as she used to do.

"My sister," confided Miss Annie to her, "is growing blind. We went to Dr. N— yesterday, and he confirmed our fears. It is a cataract, and it cannot be operated on for a long time. What poor Betsey will do I don't know, for reading has been her great occupation and her one pleasure. I cannot read to her, for it hurts my eyes to read aloud."

"Let me come every afternoon, dear Miss Annie," said Lillian. "I'll read to Miss Betsey from four to five every day, and on Saturdays I'll come twice—an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon. I can do it just as easily."

Miss Annie's face lightened. "You sweet child!" she said. "If you will come, and your mother will let you, Betsey and I will pay you \$2 a week for reading to us both."—Harper's Round Table.

**The Strange Story of a Ring.**  
 It is stated upon what appears to be good authority that in one of the parks of the Spanish capital city of Madrid a magnificent ring hangs by a silken cord about the neck of the statue of the Maid of Almodna, the patron saint of Madrid. This ring, though set with diamonds and pearls, is nevertheless entirely unguarded. The police pay no special attention to it, nor is there any provision made for watching it by special officers, because it is not believed that any thief, however daring, would venture to appropriate it to his own use, and when the history of the ring is considered, it is hardly to be wondered at that a superstitious people prefer to give it a wide berth. According to the story that is told of it the ring was made for King Alfonso XII, the father of the present boy king of Spain. Alfonso presented it to his cousin Mercedes on the day of her betrothal. How short her married life was we all know, and on her death the ring presented the ring to his grandmother, Queen Christina. Shortly afterward Queen Christina died, and the king gave the ring to his sister, the Infanta del Pilar, who died within the month following. The ring was then given to the youngest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. In less than three months she died, and Alfonso, by this time fearing that there was some unlucky omen connected with the bauble, put it away in his own treasure box. In less than a year the king himself died, and it was deemed best to put the ring away from the living. Hence it was hung about the neck of the bronze effigy of the Maid of Almodna, where it appears to be as safe as though surrounded by a cordon of police.—Harper's Round Table.

**Paralysis Follows Bloodlessness and Nervous Prostration.**

**A PATIENT WOMAN AFFLICTED FOR YEARS.**

**She Tells How at Last She Was Permanently Cured.**

From the Press, New York City:  
 For more than fifteen years, Mrs. A. Mather, who lives at No. 43 East One-hundred-and-twelfth street, New York, was a sufferer from anemia, which, in spite of the treatment of physicians, gradually developed into nervous prostration until finally marked symptoms of paralysis set in. Mrs. Mather gladly gave the reporter her experience.

"For many years," Mrs. Mather said, "I was a constant sufferer from nervousness. It was about fifteen years ago that my condition began to grow worse. Soon I became so affected that I was prostrated and, until about two years ago, was a part of the time unable to leave my bed. I consulted several physicians from time to time, my bills at the drug store for prescriptions, sometimes amounting to as much as \$50 a month, but all the doctors did for me did not seem to help me at all. My blood became greatly impoverished, and after years of suffering I was threatened with paralysis.

"When I walked I could scarcely drag my feet along, and at times my knees would give away so that I would almost fall down. Feeling that doctors could not help me, I had little hope of recovery, until one day I read in a newspaper how a person, afflicted almost the same as I was, had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased a box and began taking the pills. The effect of this first box pleased me so much that I bought another. Before I had taken all the pills in the first box I began to experience relief and, after the third box had been used, I was practically cured. It was really surprising what a speedy and pronounced effect the medicine had upon me.

"I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house now, and when I feel any symptoms of nervousness, find that they give me certain relief."  
 Mrs. Mather's daughter, Miss Anna, corroborated her mother's account, and told how she herself had been cured of chronic rheumatism by these pills; and how, too, her cousin had been cured of anemia.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary and sufficient to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50c a box of six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or sent direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

**A Stroke of Genius.**  
 "And by the way," said the bustling correspondent of a New York paper, "does anyone ever escape from this place?"

Satan flicked the ashes off the end of his cigarette and smiled with the air of one who is conscious of his superior cleverness.

"No," he replied; "not since we fitted out the entrance with swinging doors, such as they have in modern office buildings. They are all afraid to try."—Truth.

**Grim Humor.**  
 An undertaker in Leipzig, who eked out the profits of his trade by letting apartments, hung up a notice board over a coffin in his show window, with the inscription: "Lodgings for single gentlemen."—Lokalanzeiger.

**DR. J. G. GRANT, Specialist.**  
 Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
 Syndicate Block, Minneapolis.  
 (Spectacles fitted.)

**Curt.**  
 "Papa, what is meant by having horse-sense?"  
 "It means knowing enough to 'make hay while the sun shines.' Run away now and talk to your grandmother."

**Queer Names.**

"A Crick"—"A Stitch"  
 "Twist"—"A Jam"  
 "A Halt"—"Raw Spots"  
 "Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"  
 are all well known of flesh, bone, and muscle, and easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

**Battle Ax**

10¢ worth Battle Ax 5 1/3 oz.  
 10¢ worth Other tobaccos 3 1/3 oz.  
 You Gain 2 2/5 oz.



**Battle Ax**

**PLUG**

5 1/3 ounces for 10 cents. You may have "money to burn," but even so, you needn't throw away 2 ounces of good tobacco. For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grades for 10 cents.

**GROCERIES at PRICES FOR CASH.** If you care to buy your Groceries at prices so low that you can sell them even to your home dealer at a profit, write for our List. Last but Not Least—Remember we sell St. Louis White Lead, Brilliant Pure St. Louis White Lead, in oil, 12 1/2, 25, 50 and 100 lb. kegs, guaranteed, per lb. 5 1/2c. F. M. Robert's Special Brand, warranted to give as much satisfaction as strictly pure, 12 1/2, 25, 50 and 100 lb. kegs, per lb. 4 1/2c. DRY GOODS—You will find some excellent values in our DRY GOODS department this month. Send for FREE SAMPLES of anything in Dry Goods, but when sending for samples please state that you are a grocer, and do not simply say, "Send samples of Dry Goods." WANTED—Two names and addresses of all who wish to buy goods at retail or wholesale. We will mail our 32-page Grocery Catalogue free every two weeks, to any person who sends us the names and addresses of 17 or more reliable farmers and other consumers.

T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY CO., 208-210, 717-721 NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**Deafness Can Not Be Cured**

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
 Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

**The Inverted Tower.**  
 "Did you not say that there was a tower on your estate?" we once asked a simple-minded person.  
 "Here it is."  
 "Why, that is a very deep well."  
 "And, pray, what is a well but a tower wrong end up?"—La Ilustracion Espanola y Americana.

**CUT PRICES ON PLANET, JR., GOODS.**  
 We are not in the senseless combine to charge two prices for Planet, Jr., tools. It is all nonsense in these hard times to ask for fancy prices for garden cultivators and drills when iron and wages are so cheap. Show our prices to every hardware merchant. Show them our drills, our seedmen's price \$9.00, our price \$6.75; Planet, Jr., double-wheel hoe \$8.00, our price \$4.50, and so on! Potatoes, \$1.50 a barrel. All prices for seeds low.

**Cut This Out and Send Money**  
 Cut this out and send money along with order to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., to insure getting above low prices. Mammoth catalogue, 5c postage. W.N.

**A Model Husband.**  
 Newwed—These biscuits don't taste much like those my mother used to make.  
 Mrs. Newwed—I try so hard to please you, Fred.  
 Newwed—Who said you didn't please me, darling? If my mother had the knack of making such biscuits as these, my father might have lived twenty years longer than he did.

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**The Palace**  
 CLOTHING HOUSE.  
 MINNEAPOLIS.  
 5,000 New and Elegant DRESS and BUSINESS SUITS, worth \$14, \$16 and \$18, for \$10.  
 Samples and Self-Measurements mailed free.

**WALL PAPER FREE.**  
 Would be dearer than ALABASTINE, which does not require to be taken off to renew, does not harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush it on. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Send Your Name and Address,**

Mention where you saw this ad. and receive FREE our NEW BICYCLE AND BICYCLE SUNDRY CATALOGUE. The largest, most complete Bicycle Catalogue ever issued, 64 pages, over 300 illustrations.

**A. D. SMITH CYCLE HOUSE.**  
 Leading Bicycle Dealers,  
 194 East Fifth St., ST. PAUL, MINN.,  
 Opp. Hotel Ryan.

**A Farm for Every Man.**

Choice lands, suitable for stock raising, dairying, or grain producing. Farms and mineral resources surveyed. Within easy reach of railroads, schools and churches in NORTHERN WISCONSIN along the line of the Northern Central Railway. We will gladly furnish general information and promptly answer all inquiries concerning them. Address for free pamphlet FREE-ERICK ABBOT, Land Commissioner, Wisconsin Central R. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Seeds-- FLOWER --Seeds**

And now Mendenhall comes to the front with the finest and freshest collection of Flower Seeds ever offered to the flower-loving public of the Northwest, such as Sweet Peas, Nasturtium, Pansies, Balsams, Asters, Phlox, Verbenas, Common and California Poppies, Algonettes, Candytuft, Alyssum, Corn Flowers (Bachelor Buttons), Petunias, Marigold, Stocks and all other favorite flower seeds. Also the finest and cleanest Lawn Grass Seed. Mail orders promptly filled by

**MENDENHALL,**  
 412 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.  
 Catalogue sent free on application.

**DROPSY**

TREATED FREE.  
 Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure causes pronounced by best physicians. From first symptoms disappear in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book containing details of miraculous cures. Ten day's treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
 Cleanses and loosens the hair, promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls or Rests Gray Hair to the Youthful Color. Cures Itch, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**GRIPPLE CREEK**  
 Write for what you want to FREE MICHIEB, 115 WEST BENTLEY CO., 121 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

**OPIMUM** and WHISKY habits cured. Best and FREE. Dr. R. W. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

When Corresponding with Advertisers Please Mention this Paper.

**The Hit of the Season...**

is made by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Just at this season when Spring and its debilitating days are with us, there is nothing like Ayer's Sarsaparilla to put new life into the sluggish system. Itsweeps away the dullness, lack of appetite, languidness, and pain, as a broom sweeps away cobwebs. It does not brace up. It builds up. Its benefit is lasting. Do you feel run down? Take

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**  
 Send for "Curebook," 100 pages.  
 Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Invincible.**  
 The girl confronted him without faltering. In her defiance she was magnificent.

"Do you worst!" she cried. "I am not a new woman. I am neither married nor engaged. I do nothing to conceal my age. I never bathe in the surf. I do not shop. I haven't the remotest idea if I can cook or not."

With a snort of baffled rage the humorist fled.—Detroit Tribune.

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