

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR.

PRICE'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.

Makes a Difference.

Tommy (surprised)—Why, papa, I thought that one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee?
Tommy's Papa—This is a restaurant, my son; take all the sugar you want.
—Judge.

3,000 Farms for Sale.

Only 10 per cent cash balance on half-Cropeach Year or installment plan.
J. A. Walters,
109 4th St. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

His Opinion.

Mr. Gotrox (banker and philanthropist)—Now, what would you think if you saw me staggering home drunk?
McGeachey—That yet was too dommed mean t'hoire a cab.—Puck.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, Proprietors of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Attached to Him.

"I seem to be very well liked," said the mangy little dog.
"Yes," remarked the wicked little boy, "well, the tin cans are attached to you."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE INDIANS' COUNCIL

Verdicts of Supreme and Vital Importance Arrived at in These Famous Gatherings.

Many Lessons Taught to the White Man.

Hon. Louis Nelson, Judge of Probate, Gains Knowledge From the Indians That is Invaluable.



LL sufferers, no matter the cause of their illness, are the people who appreciate the value of health, and realize that good health is the best money a man can buy. The value of perfect health is never realized until it has departed. How to regain it and how to keep it is a matter that should be of the greatest moment to every living man and woman. The Indian before he decided any matter of vital or grave importance called a council and the subject was discussed from all sides. Just so with matters pertaining to their health, the most extreme care was exercised as to their treatment, and the result is seen in the Indian's long life and perfect health. Many of his pale faced brothers have turned to him for his medicines, and have praised the day that they allowed themselves to be advised by the Indian. The Kickapoo Indian Remedies, which are identical to the same as they have been for centuries when made by the Indians from roots, barks and herbs, are the most wonderful and efficient remedies now known to the civilized world. We take pleasure in giving to the public a letter from Judge Nelson, who writes us as follows:—



Brunswick, Minnesota.
KICKAPOO INDIAN MEDICINE CO.,
New Haven, Conn.
Gentlemen:—For two years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, but I took six bottles of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa and it entirely cured me, and I can heartily endorse it to all afflicted with rheumatism. I would also say that I have tried and tested all of the Kickapoo Indian Remedies, and I find them all reliable and shall never be without these medicines as long as I live.
Yours truly,
LOUIS NELSON,
Judge of Probate, Kanabec Co.

For all derangements arising from a disordered state of the stomach, liver, kidneys and blood, nothing on earth is half so efficient as Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. Its power of curing is beyond compare. Other Kickapoo Indian Remedies are equally efficient for such as they are intended for. We want sufferers everywhere to give these famous medicines a trial and be convinced that good health and long life is within the reach of all. Anyone desiring special advice will by writing us be accommodated, as one of our corps of physicians will treat all correspondence in confidence and give such advice as is best for them. Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., New Haven, Conn. All druggists sell the Kickapoo Indian Remedies.



Doctor Albright.

A BROAD MINDED PHYSICIAN
WITH PROGRESSIVE IDEAS.

Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That He Knows Will Cure His Patients—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery—He Cites Some Marvellous Cures.

From the Examiner, Lancaster, Pa., AKRON, PA., April 24th, '95.
DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO.:

Gentlemen—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well known that medical practitioners do not as a rule, recognize much less use, preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather, he contracted what was thought to be sciatica. He first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into Hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit, and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.



He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly. He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

"Why," says he, "I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work."
Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until today, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.
Yours Respectfully,
J. D. ALBRIGHT, M. D.

G. A. R. Encampment.

The early predictions of a large attendance at the 30th National Encampment, G. A. R., in St. Paul, during the first week in September, are being verified every day, although the encampment is four months in the future.

The state departments are represented in St. Paul almost daily, obtaining department headquarters and locating the rank and file who will come to the Northwest in great numbers.

New England will send an immense turn out of veterans and tourists, Massachusetts expects to send 1,500. Their representative, H. J. Lacey, of Fitchburg, has been here and secured headquarters for this department, and returned home prepared to let loose a broadside of approval of Northwest-ern people and methods.

Special efforts are being made to secure the attendance of Grand Army posts from states adjoining Minnesota, and also of the Minnesota posts. This important work is in the hands of Gen. R. A. Becker, of St. Paul, who has addressed a preliminary letter to every post in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, inviting and urging a large turn out of uniformed men from every Grand Army post in the Northwest.

Adj. Gen. Pond, of Lansing, and Quartermaster Gen. Foote, of Kalamazoo, are here to-day representing Michigan, and have engaged headquarters for that department. They predict that Michigan will rally at St. Paul a thousand strong.

Racyle Presidential Puzzle.

Men and women, boys and girls: Readers of this paper if you neglected to send in your answer to the advertisement of the Presidential Puzzle in last week's issue of this paper, do not neglect to do so now. Do not put it off. Get your copy of last week's paper,

cut the advertisement out. It gives all the particulars which enables you to get the best \$100 Racyle; which, with the discount allowed by working the puzzle, makes it the cheapest as well as the best. We want at once a few Racyles in your locality as advertisements—now is your opportunity. Send us your solution of puzzle, your name and address, model wanted and height of frame.
Miami Cycle and Mfg. Co.,
Middletown, Ohio.



What Troubled Him.

The habit of potting has of traveling inco. frequently causes suffering where it is least expected. It is said of the emperor of Austria that once, traveling in this manner, he put up at an inn. After eating a few slices of ham and biscuit he went to bed.

In the morning he said his bill and departed. A few hours after several of his suite arrived, and hearing the rank of his guest, the landlord appeared much troubled.

"Pshaw, man!" said one, "Franz Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think nothing of it."
"But I shall," said mine host, "and never forgive myself for having an emperor in my house and letting him off for three-and-sixpence!"—Answers.



"I shall apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog, and he makes me work like a horse."

"Well, then, you should make your complaint to the Society for the Protection of Animals, and not to the courts."—L'Illustration de Poche.

He Got the Job.

The youth was an applicant for a place in a Montague street railroad magnate's office, where his principal duty would be to ward off by evasive answers the hordes who daily haunt the place.

"Where have you been employed?" queried the magnate.

"Here and there," responded the applicant dryly.

"Humph! Doing what?"

"Oh, this and that," was the guarded reply.

"You'll do," said the magnate, admiringly, and the youth now occupies a desk near the door of the outer office, and dispenses his peculiarly definite answers with great liberality to all comers.—New York Sun.

A Correct Diagnosis.

George—Eh? You got engaged last night? Gus, my old, dear friend, tell me how you did it.

Gus—Really, I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it. Just like falling down stairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push and there I was engaged.

George—Well, I haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start my knees knock together and my teeth chatter and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink and slumped every time.

Gus—And did she let you slump?
George—Yes.
Gus—You are courting the wrong girl.

A Matter of Time.



"How is your brother getting along?"
"He is having a hard time of it."

His Discovery.

"Yes," he said in a tone that had a shadow of disappointment in it, "I went to Washington. I had some business in the East, and I thought it would be a good time to get a little insight in the way the affairs of the government are conducted."

"I guess a man can pick up a good deal that is interesting and instructive there. What place in the capital impressed you most?"

"The Senate restaurant."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. It was there I discovered that a man can eat huckleberry pie with a knife and still be a leader of his fellow citizens."—Detroit Free Press.

An Excusable Skepticism.

"This weather," said the oldest inhabitant, "reminds me of my boyhood days."

"But they say it is the hottest April ever known."

"Who says so?"

"The weather officials."

"Well, mebbe 'tis; mebbe 'tis," he grumbled. "But they don't show that they know any more about the weather we used to have than they do about the weather we're going to have. I'm best if I wouldn't rather depend on my own recollection."—Washington Star.

"Swallowed His Hollar."

After the last snow storm the little fellow was out playing in the slush as only a five-year-old knows how, and came home wet to the skin. He was tucked away in bed, but in the morn-

ing was so hoarse he could hardly speak.

"You're trying to fool us, Peter," said the doctor, who had been called in; "you're not at all sick."

"Yes, I is, doctor," the little patient managed to whisper, "cause I's swallered my hollar."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It Resembles Work.

"Of course this is only amusement," she said as she checked up her engagement book and found that there was a meeting of the club that afternoon, the progressive euchre club that evening, two whist clubs the following day, and another euchre and a hearts club the day after that; "of course, it is only amusement, but sometimes it seems to have a wonderful resemblance to work."—Chicago Paper.

The Season Is On.

Guest—Give me griddle cakes with syrup, some fried chicken, baked potatoes with their coats on, and a plate of ice cream.

Waiter (calling down tube)—Batter at de plate—slide! A hot fowl tip of stuffed gloves, and one umple in the ice box.—New York Press.

Let Us Trust Not.

Jack—Didn't Links dine at your house last night?

Tom—Yes; I met him on the way home, and he came up and took pot luck with me.

Jack—Was it anything like the jack-pot luck I had the night before?—New York Sun.

The Supremacy Threatened.

"Ah—Noo Yawk is the theatrical center of this doosid country, I presume?" said the visiting foreigner.

"It used to be," said the citizen who was explaining things, "but I understand that they have a new law that does away with free lunch."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Proposition.

"Look here, Bill," said the Jaytown bartender, "addressing the village carpenter."

"I'm a-lookin'."

"Tell you what I'll do; I'll shingle your hair, and your two boys, and your brother John's, an' your Uncle Ezra's, if you'll shingle my kitchen roof."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Catherine's Explanation.



"Catherine, you are a brunette, I believe?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Are you engaged to the coachman, next door?"

"Why, no, madam—I never saw him."

"But there was red hair in your soup last evening?"

"Ah, madam, you forget that monsieur, your husband, has auburn hair."—Le Monde Comique.

He Didn't Know.

Mrs. Henpeck—I called on young Mr. and Mrs. Newed-to-day. Now, I think it nice to see a couple happily married and settled down.

Henpeck (glaring)—Yes, I should think it would be.—Philadelphia North American.

Even.

Blossom—Say, Bloomer, that a rank cigar you just gave me.

Bloomer—I was kind of leary of it myself; but it's the same cigar you gave me yesterday.

Blossom—Say, Bloomer, that's a rank it's the same cigar, it's the one you gave me the day before.—San Francisco Wave.

Just Like a Fakir.

I met my friend, the fakir, yesterday, and asked him if he did anything for a living Sunday.

"Yes," he replied, "I do the same as a great many people."

"What do the people do?"

"Pedal (peddle) bicycles."—Boston Post.

A Question of the Times.

"I bought a pair of handsome embroidered suspenders to-day, John," she said as she smoothed out her bloomers.

"For me or for you?" he asked.—Chicago Post.



"Oh, the deuce! I stuck the lighted end of the cigar in my mouth!"

"It's fortunate for you that you noticed it in time."—Hingham Blatter.

Very Singular.

"What building is that, John?" she asked, as she pointed to a handsome club house bearing traces of the architect's art.

"That," said John, "is the Bachelors' Club."

"How singular," she replied.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Undoubtedly.

She (as he finishes an instrumental piece)—Don't you sing, Mr. String-broke?

He—No, I never sing.

She—I would much rather hear you sing than play.—San Francisco Wave.

Patents Issued.
List of patents issued last week to Northwestern Inventors: Arthur L. Adams, Astoria, Ore., automatic gate governor; Herbert M. Carpenter, Minneapolis, Minn., safety coal hole cover; Henry M. Grover, Anoka, Minn., car seat; Samuel E. Hoopes, Minneapolis, Minn., stage race track; James J. McDermott, St. Paul, Minn., power transmitter for windmills; Edwin H. Montgomery, of St. Paul, Minn., combined switch and fuse block; Hans E. Olstad, Sioux Falls, S. D., tire upsetting machine; Henry Stenz, Faribault, Minn., electrical light shade; Frank M. Warren, Portland, Ore., (trade-mark) canned fish, including salmon; T. D. Merwin, patent lawyer, 910, 911 and 912 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Patrick Henry was known all over the American colonies as an orator long before he was thirty.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WISLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A Polite Exchange.
First Lady—I was surprised to see you at the sacred concert last evening. I knew it wasn't your Sunday out.

Second Lady—Yes; well, you see Mary Ann wanted next Sunday for a wedding.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1853.

Maybe He Was 64.
Proprietor (to editor)—Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like.

"What?"

"Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"—Tit-Bits.

There are Dictionaries and Dictionaries, but the noblest Roman of them all seems to be Webster. It is still easily in the lead in the great race for popularity.

The Season Begun.
"Have you begun making garden yet, Mr. Outsiders?"

"Yes; we've flung all our old tin cans over into the next neighbor's lot."—Chicago Record.

A Trinity of Evils.
Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

A Receipt in Full.
Maud—The dressmaker's boy is here again with his bill.

Prominent Actress—Dear me! This is a dreadful nuisance, but bring me my writing materials; I suppose I must give him another testimonial.—Truth.

FITZ—All FITZ stopped free by Dr. Kline's Green Nervine Restorer. No FITZ after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treat the and \$2.00 bottle free & FITZ cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Solid Food.
The St. Louis Hostess—I am afraid you will find our dear Missouri water rather unpleasant to your taste.

Guest—Not at all, madame. It's the best I ever ate.—Life.

ST. JACOB'S OIL

Is a prize fighter and champion in every contest with

RHEUMATIC PAINS

It knocks out in every round, and on its belt is written "I CURE."

Write for what you want to THE MEDICAL INVESTMENT CO., 120 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

CRIPPLE CREEK

You only get of other good tobaccos 3 1/2 ozs. for 10 cents.

You get of "Battle Ax" same quality, 5 1/2 OZS. for 10 cents.

Battle Ax

PLUG

You get over 2 ounces more of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents than any other tobacco of the same grade. These two ounces really cost you nothing, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents.

5 1/2 OZS. for 10 cents.