NOT YET.

I met Content upon a flowery way,
And "Sweet Content," said I, "be thou my friend:
Keep pace with me until the glad day's end.
Fresh are the skies, and all the world is May,
And the wide landscape, like a brimming cup,
Creameth its foam of lavish blossom up."

"Not yet," replied Content and strode before;
"Dost thou not know, this garish blossom-time
Is but the promise of the after-prime—
A pledge to thee for golden fruit in store?
Less fickle friends than I thy coming stay
To bear thee company upon thy way."

I cried: "Oh, sweet Content! be thou my guest;
The rose is heavy on my perfumed bowers,
The linked circle of the dancing hours
Alone awaits thy coming to be blest.
Dear friends have I, true Love and Labor sweet,
Be thou my guest to make our band complete."

"Not yet," replied Content, nor turned his head;
"The fairest rose grows perfect but to fall,
And while the sun of summer gladdens all
He brings the corn its gold, the wine its red.
Still dearer friends than Love and Toil may grace
Thy proffered board, and fill my vacant place."

I prayed: "Oh, sweet Content! stay with me now,
My fields are cumbered with the ranked sheaves,
My fruits are ruddy 'mid their bronzed leaves,
And leaves of laurel are about my brow,
For Fame has joined my band of comrades brave.
Stay with me, thou, no further boon I crave."

"Not yet," replied Content, and onward strode;
"The spacious barns are gaping for their store,
The flail hangs idle on the threshing-floor.
The fragrant musk is waiting to be trod.
Perchance the worthless wreath thou vaunt est now
May wax a golden circlet round thy brow."

"Oh, blest Content!" I sobbed, with heavy moan,
As still I followed weary-paced and slow,
"My orchard boughs are black against the snow;
My wreath of bays a thorny crown hath grown;
Of little worth my garnered treasures be
Since thou wilt still refuse to lodge with me."

"Not yet," replied Content, but turned his face
Radiant upon me from the further side
Of a dark stream a river deep and wide.
"Ne'er on thy commons is my resting-place,
But when thy feet have touched this distant shore
Thy home shall be mine own for ever more."
—S. Reid, in Good Words.

GERTRUDE'S IDEAL.

He Seemed Remarkably Well Informed For a Hired Man.

Bob Russell turned over with a yawn and threw down the paper whose sporting columns he had been studying.

He was on the green cambric-covered lounge in his Aunt Sarah Briscomb's cool, dim sitting-room. He found it very comfortable after a morning of rowing and bicycling. Each afternoon of the five days he had sojourned in Westfield had found him there, reading or sleeping.

He had concluded that Westfield was a first-class place for a summer vacation when a fellow was tired out with a long siege of city newspaper work.

Aunt Sarah was in the porch, her placid face just beginning to cool from the heat of dinner getting, and her spectacled eyes slowly closing.

Bob, looking out at her, was falling into a like drowsiness, when a phaeton pulled up briskly at the gate, and a young person stepped out of it, who, once seen, dispelled the last vestige of Bob's sleepiness.

He sat up promptly, straining his eyes for a better view.

"Well!" Aunt Sarah called out, in gratified tones, pulling herself back from the verge of her nap, and getting ready to receive her caller. "I'm very glad to see you, Miss Stone. I wasn't certain you'd come to-day. I've got my butter all ready, though, and you can have as many eggs as you want."

Miss Stone hitched her horse, and came up the path and took a wide porch chair.

Bob congratulated himself on its position. It gave him a good view of the young lady's very sweet face.

"It's so warm," she said, fanning herself with a stylish little fan.

Bob observed that her dress and her bonnet were surprisingly pretty for Westfield.

"So 'tis," Aunt Sarah agreed. "I thought likely you'd stay at your uncle's and sit out in the hammock and read or something. It's just the day for it."

Miss Stone frowned gently.

"I never sit in the hammock," she said, with a pretty seriousness; "I have no time for it."

"Well, there!" cried Aunt Sarah, beginning to laugh; "I forgot all about your notions, Miss Stone; or, there, I won't call 'em notions, I'll call 'em principles. You're just as tickled over the country as ever?"

"Just," cried Miss Stone, smiling good temperedly.

"And you get up at four o'clock every morning yet?"

"And sometimes earlier."

"And you keep on helping your Aunt Mirandy with the work? You help get breakfast, and help get dinner, and——"

"And bake—yes, I've learned to make bread," said Miss Stone, triumphantly. "And I milked last night; I milked real straight, too; only a little went out of the pail."

Aunt Sarah was laughing silently.

"And you don't want to get back home—sure you don't?" she queried.

"Oh, no!" Miss Stone's gloved hands clasped themselves impetuously. "I never want to see the city again—never! This is such a lovely life—so perfect!"

"You're just the same, sure enough," Aunt Sarah observed, wiping her dampened glasses. "I reckoned you'd get over it. Well, do you think just as much of Hank Grimes as ever?"

"Oh, our boy?" Miss Stone grimaced, laughingly. "Now you know what I meant. I said he was honest, and faithful, and industrious; that he had all the qualities of a gentleman except good breeding, and that I should prefer an energetic son of toil for a husband," said Miss Stone, getting becomingly pink in her earnestness, "to a frivolous, flippant-minded city man; they're all frivolous and flippant-minded!" Miss Stone tapped the arm of her chair decisively. "And no lack of birth, station and wealth should prevent my marrying an honest, worthy young man. I think I might prefer one with some worldly disadvantages; I could lift him up," said Miss Stone, seriously.

"Well, yes; you could support the family," Aunt Sarah assented, with a chuckling gaze on her visitor's pretty diamond brooch and ear-rings.

"Yes, I could lift him," Miss Stone repeated, gently. "But Hank Grimes—I don't quite like red hair, and crossed eyes and freckles, all together, and I believe he is devotedly attached to Mary Ann Simmons besides."

Miss Stone laughed sweetly and dimplingly as she rose to follow Aunt Sarah to the dairy.

Bob Russell sat in reflective stillness during the ten minutes which passed before Miss Stone went out at the gate with a basket of eggs and a pail of butter, and drove away.

He rushed to the window to watch her—a slender and charming figure, with a peachy face, against the dark background of the phaeton. He felt a sudden regret, which amounted to poignant anguish, that he was a frivolous, flippant-minded city man.

* * * * * *

Miss Stone was very favorably impressed with Mrs. Briscomb's new hired man. She met him the next time she drove after butter and eggs.

Mrs. Briscomb persuaded her to stay to supper, and the hired man had unexpectedly presented himself at the table.

He was very pleasant-looking—almost handsome, in spite of his rough boots and ill-fitting clothing—and he was not half as awkward and red-headed as Hank Grimes.

He did not eat with his knife, either; nor scrape his chair on the floor, and the few remarks that he made were sensible, and even grammatical.

Miss Stone almost disliked to call him "Eben," but Mrs. Briscomb had introduced him as Eben, and she had no choice.

It seemed quite natural that the hired man should politely and respectfully offer to drive her home. She had walked down, since the day was cool, and it was now growing a little dark.

It did not seem at all unconventional, either, that they should take the longest road in order to see a pretty ravine which Miss Stone had described to the hired man.

But when they had reached the ravine they had quite forgotten it. They were talking interestedly on other topics.

"You are fond of farm work and the country?" Miss Stone was saying.

"Very," Eben rejoined with much enthusiasm.

"You were brought up on a farm?" she added.

"Well, no; not entirely," the hired man responded.

"But you choose farm work because you are fond of it," said Miss Stone, warmly. "In that respect we are exactly alike; I love it! I suppose," she added, gently, "that your were obliged to choose something?"

"I—yes, I—support myself," Eben responded, with his eyes on his companion's fair face.

"It is nothing to regret—indeed it is not!" Miss Stone declared, comfortingly. "I admire any body who is independent and ambitious; they're the only people I do admire."

"Oh, that is very good of you!" the hired man murmured, tucking the robe more closely about her.

"And I suppose you haven't had many advantages?" Miss Stone pursued with sympathetic softness.

"Well, I've had—some schooling," the hired man admitted.

"It isn't so great a loss," said Miss Stone, earnestly. "Many of our best and greatest men had very few educational opportunities." It sounded somewhat trite when she had said it, but the hired man was looking at her with warm gratitude. "Nothing is to be regretted but indolence and lack of principle."

"You are very kind," Eben said, in softened tones.

The moon was just rising, the daisies in the fields shone white under it, and the scent of the fresh crops filled the air.

Certainly the hired man was not to be blamed for driving past Miss Stone's house when they had reached it, with a glance at his companion which was the perfection of respectful deference, nor was Miss Stone to be blamed for not noticing the gate.

She wondered, when she had gone to bed that night, whether she should not have noticed it, and whether they should not have got back before half-past nine.

But she went to sleep quite sweetly and peacefully. For—in view of her staunch beliefs she felt a pleasant triumph in the fact—she had found Mrs. Briscomb's hired man remarkably agreeable and—nice. She should tell Mrs. Briscomb about it the very next time she saw her.

She did not see Mrs. Briscomb again, however. Eben came over with the butter and eggs. He brought them in small quantities, and came often consequently; and he came when he had no butter or eggs to bring. And Miss Stone, quite necessarily, saw a good deal of him. He came with Mrs. Briscomb's carriage sometimes, and Miss Stone could hardly have avoided driving with him occasionally.

She thought, at the end of four weeks, that she must certainly go to see Mrs. Briscomb and tell her how delightfully her own hired man had proved her theories.

Eben was, to say the least, extremely interesting. He was bright and appreciative; he was pleasantly humorous on occasion; and he was very well informed on a surprising variety of subjects.

Miss Stone pictured a long succession of studious night vigils. She could hardly wait to tell Mrs. Briscomb.

It needed only a distant locomotive to bring matters to a climax. Eben's horse saw it as he and Miss Stone drove over the track one evening, and reared and plunged.

Miss Stone screamed faintly, and clung to the hired man's arm, and when they were safe on the other side the hired man's arm was around her.

"Will you let me take care of you always, Miss Stone—Gertrude?" he whispered, in stereotyped phrase. "I know you will!"

Miss Stone turned a pretty, yearning, dubious face upon him.

"What will people say?" she murmured.

"I thought you didn't care," said the hired man, in tender reproach, loosening his arm.

"I don't—I don't!" cried Miss Stone, pulling it tightly again. "You are all I want. I don't care for any body. And we shall live out here on a little farm of our own?" she said presently.

"Well, perhaps — summers," said Eben.

"What shall we do winters?" said Miss Stone, wonderingly.

"Well, I thought of going into the newspaper business," the hired man rejoined, lightly.

And she laughed in fond enjoyment of the joke.

The remark occurred to her three days later. She went into the city to do a little shopping and to break the news of her engagement to her guardian.

She told herself vehemently that she did not dread the process in the least; she was certain that it would not make the slightest difference what any body said.

She felt a little odd as she walked up the street from the station. The Egberts drove past in their liveried carriage. The newly married and excessively stylish Nicolls met her smilingly. Lottie Hall and her rich young *fiance* bowed to her from a dog-cart. Well, she didn't care what they said; she would marry Eben though the whole world should rise up to oppose it.

It was the Daily Reflector building which put her in mind of Eben's joke about the newspaper business.

The affluent publisher of it stood on the steps talking to a gentleman. He was an old friend of Miss Stone, and he hurried down to speak to her.

"In for some shopping?" he said. "By the way we were just speaking of you. Mr. Russell tells me has met you. Mr. Russell, here is Miss Stone."

Mr. Russell came down the steps with his hat raised. He was immaculately arrayed in a pale summer suit, knotty, silver-mounted stick, a high hat and polished shoes.

He was in no wise different from the dozens of young men passing at the moment, but Miss Stone stared at him in speechless, motionless bewilderment, and Mr. Russell stared back at her.

It was not till the publisher had bowed himself away that they spoke.

"Eben!" Miss Stone gasped.

"Gertrude!" Mr. Russell rejoined.

He had recovered himself, and was smiling down at her.

"I didn't know you were coming to-day!"

"Who—who are you?" Miss Stone murmured, faintly.

"Well, I'm the young person you're going to marry, for one thing!" the young man re ponded, emphatically; and led her into a neighboring restaurant before saying any thing more.

"I couldn't help it," he declared, breathlessly, over their untouched cream. "I couldn't think of any other way, and I was awfully gone on you from the first minute I was in the porch that first afternoon. I heard what you said, you know—all about frivolous, flippant-minded city men; and I didn't dare to appear in my proper character—I didn't, truly."

His voice shook with something besides feeling, and he put his handkerchief to his lips.

Miss Stone smiled, too, helplessly.

"And you—haven't been doing—farm work?" she said.

"Good gracious! I don't know a plow from a reaper," Bob responded. "I have been lying about in Aunt Sarah's front yard—when I haven't been with you."

Miss Stone mused, pink and tremulous.

"Where did you get the clothes?" she said.

"Borrowed 'em. I have bought them now, though; I am going to keep them forever!" said her lover, fervently. "See here, dear, am I frivolous and flippant-minded? Do you want to bake and milk exclusively? Aren't you rather glad I am not a hired man?"

Miss Stone looked at him with helpless fondness.

"Well, since it is you," she confessed, sweetly.—Chicago Herald.

ABOUT THE LORGNETTE.

The Girl Who Carries One Is Amply Vindicated Now.

For months past the public prints of the town have openly declared or subtly insinuated the ridiculousness of the lorgnette fad. It has been boldly asserted or noisily whispered that a goodly portion of the fair creatures, when they raised to their eyes the dainty, glittering frames, would merely peer through ordinary glass. It would seem impossible, it was said, that so many of our young women are possessed of defective eyesight as indicated by the using of the lorgnette in street and room and hall.

A visit to that Union square establishment where so many of the blue blood purchase articles of this kind proved of little avail. "We sell them," said the lorgnette man there, "without the glasses, and we have no means of knowing, except from an occasional remark dropped in the chatter of purchasing, whether there is any such deception as you say. The oculist, who puts in the glasses, is the man who should know all about it. From personal observation, though," he continued, "I believe that the ladies who buy lorgnettes actually need them."

At that little, low-ceilinged optician's shop, also on the square, semi-famous from having administered to the visual wants of James A. Garfield and Grover Cleveland and a host of public men, and which has upon its books the names of many of New York's greatest social lights, was inquiry made as the place likeliest to have done the most of this kind of work. "Well, yes," said the optician, "we do know something about lorgnettes. We were the ones (let me whisper it to you) who invented the long-handled lorgnette. The lorgnette of the short handle was an old, old implement, dating back very nearly to colonial days, and has long been out of use. When we put a long handle on the old frame it rapidly came into fashion. Now, within the past year we have fitted with glasses more than a thousand lorgnettes."

"In about what proportion were those of plain, ordinary glass?"

"Not more than 1 per cent. at the outside. In 99 out of every 100 did the women want them for actual use, and every other oculist who has ever done any thing with lorgnettes would probably tell you just the same thing. Now the lorgnette is pretty and fashionable, and a society girl very naturally prefers it to the ordinary eye-glasses, but it should not be said that she carries it solely or even principally for effect. I know from my own practical experience that this is not the case. Take a woman at the theater or in a large hall, with a lorgnette, the lenses of which have been carefully fitted to her eyes; she can see infinitely better and with very much less trouble than with the best of opera glasses. My dear sir, folks don't appreciate the immense number of people there are in the world who have some trouble or other with their eyesight. The lorgnette girl is especially to be commended for getting some social fad to minister to her visual defects."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—Chicken in Cream.—Select a plump, young chicken; clean it nicely and divide into pieces. Roll or dredge in flour and fry to a golden brown. Arrange neatly on a dish and pour over it a dressing made of a cup of cream brought to the boiling point, into which are stirred the beaten yelks of two eggs, salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon, being careful that it does not curdle or get too thick. Garnish with parsley, if liked, and serve at once.

—"Hand that feather-bed down carefully, and don't throw the pictures about so recklessly. Great heavens, man, you'll break every spring in that sofa! Here, you, you've got the stove lid right among the best dresses! Stupid! Why can't a man that knows something be sent with a moving truck?" The above is a short chapter from May-day moving experiences.—Hartford Post.

—Judge J. H. Gaston, of Merriweather, Ga., has jumped across a thirteen-foot gully every birthday of his life for many years. The other day he was seventy-five years old, and he made the jump with perfect ease.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SURE CURE.

CURES PERMANENTLY

NEURALGIA.

Intense Pain in Face.

Little Rapids, Wis., March 2, 1889.

My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face; she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured her in four hours.

CARL SCHMIDT.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

RHEUMATISM CURED!

Hunnicutt's Rheumatic Cure

Has stood the tests of thousands, and has proved itself a never-failing and infallible specific for the cure of BLOOD, SKIN AND KIDNEY DISEASES. It is a

SUPERLATIVE TONIC,

builds up the shattered system, and cures disease by removing the cause. Send stamp for book, full of certificates of remarkable cures.

HUNNICUTT MEDICINE CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Mfrs. of Hunnicutt's Throat and Lung Cure, for the cure of Bronchitis, Coughs, Asthma, Colds and Consumption.

SMITH'S BILE BEANS

Act on the liver and bile; clear the complexion; cure biliousness, sick headache, costiveness, malaria and all liver and stomach disorders.

We are now making small size Bile Beans, especially adapted for children and women—very small and easy to take. Price of either size 25c per bottle.

A panel size PHOTO-GRAVURE of the above picture, "Kissing at 7-17-70," mailed on receipt of 2c stamp. Address the makers of the great Anti-Bile Remedy—"Bile Beans."

J. F. SMITH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ELY'S

Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages allays pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores, restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Try the Cure.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren Street, New York.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Rod Gallie and Ella Gallie, his wife, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 8th day of November, 1880, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, Missouri, in trust deed and mortgaged record book 17, page 309, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all their right, title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Pettis and state of Missouri, viz: Lot six (6) of block forty-four (44) in the city of Sedalia, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the pay of a certain promissory note, and the interest thereon in said deed fully described; and whereas, it is provided in said deed of trust that if default be made in the payment of the interest as the same becomes due and payable, or if the taxes be not paid on said real estate when the same becomes due and ought to be paid, then the said note shall become due and payable, and whereas default has been made in the payment of the interest, and the taxes are now passed due and unpaid on said real estate, and by reason of which said note has become due and payable and is now due and unpaid, now, therefore in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the west front door of the court house, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction on

FRIDAY, THE 20th DAY OF DECEMBER 1889,

Between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day to satisfy said note together with the cost and expense of executing this trust, J. C. THOMPSON, TRUSTEE.

J. T. Montgomery, Atty.

11-1 9 w 5 t

TRUSTEES'S SALE.

Whereas, Mortimer Garton and Lizzie Garton, his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated the 14th day of October, 1885 and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at trust deed book 47, pages 50 and 51, conveyed to the undersigned Henry Lamm, trustee, all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: The south half of the southeast quarter, and the south half of the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter, and the east half of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter, all in section thirty-three (33) in township forty-six (46) of range twenty-three (23), which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of certain promissory notes in said deed described, and, whereas, one of said notes, to-wit, the principal note has become due and is unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door (the west door thereof) in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, on

SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1890,

between the hours of 9 in the forenoon and 5 in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

HENRY LAMM, Trustee.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1889.

12 3w5t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Eunice Stair, by her certain deed of truste dated the 1st day of March 1886, and recorded in the Recorders office Pettis County, Missouri. in trust, deed and mortgage, record book 50, on pages 105, 106, 107, 108 109, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all her right title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Pettis and state of Missouri viz: The southeast quarter of section thirteen, (13), township forty-four, (44), range twenty-three, (23), which said conveyance was made to secure the payment of a certain promisory note fully described in said deed and, whereas, said deed provides among other things, that if default be made in the payment of the interest on said note when the same becomes due and payable then said note shall become due and payable and, whereas, default has been made in the payment of said interest and the same is now passed due and unpaid, and by reason of which said note has become due and is now unpaid. Now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above discribed real estate at the west front door of the court house in the city of Sedalia, county and state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash at public auction on

TUESDAY THE 17TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1889.

between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust. JAMES C. THOMPSON, Trustee.

Dated Monday, Nov 25, 1889.

J. T. Montgomery, Atty. 11-26w4t

JOSEPH PATT.

VETERINARY SURGEON,

—TREATS ALL KINDS OF—

DISEASED AND CRIPPLED STOCK.

Dental work, the treatment of diseased eyes, and correcting natural and Ridgeling horses a specialty.

I also carry a large assortment of specific remedies, such as salves, liniments, and colic cures. I prepare these remedies myself and have used them for years with the best success.

I have been employed in the government service of Germany and guarantee entire satisfaction.

Office at my Grocery Store 109 East Main street, and Residence S. W. Corner Pettis and Kentucky streets

Dr. Joseph Patt,

EUTSCHER THIERARZT. V S.

DOCTOR WHITTIER

617 St. Charles Street, St. Louis, Mo.

ESTABLISHED 1857. (REGISTERED).

A REGULAR GRADUATE of two Medical Colleges, SPECIALIST in CHRONIC, NERVOUS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES for 30 years. Daily Papers prove and old residents know. KNOW WHAT TO DO, NO EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE. Consultation at Office or by mail, free and invited, strictly confidential. Medicines sent by mail, boxed or express everywhere, secure from observation. Beware of cheap "Cure-alls."

Judicious Medication and Skill will Cure

NERVOUS DEBILITY ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FAILING MEMORY, LACK OF ENERGY, PHYSICAL DECAY.

Arising from Indiscretion, Excess or Indulgence producing Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Self Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Lost Manhood, Pains in Back, Night Losses, etc. Relief at once, all exhausting drains stopped, weak parts strengthened and enlarged. My method of Treatment is Scientific, Safe, Sure, lasting for life; it builds up nerves, strengthens the System, Restores Vigor. My Success is based on 6 Lifelong Experience, Special Study of each case; pure Medicines especially prepared therefor, insure a Real Cure.

Send for Question List No. 1, free.

BLOOD & SKIN DISEASES, ALL FORMS

Affecting the Body, Nose, Throat, Skin and Bones, Blotches, Mucous patches in mouth, Eruptions, Rheumatism, Falling Hair, Acne, Eczema, Old Sores, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, from whatever cause, positively and forever driven from the system by Safe, Time-Tested Remedies.

I cure SYPHILIS, recent or old cases, for life, safely and surely. No poisons used. My treatment is the result of 30 Years' Experience and the best Springs methods. Cure guaranteed, Never to return. Such cases demand special study, experience and treatment. Avoid inexperienced hands.

Send for Question List No. 2, free.

KIDNEY AND URINARY

Complaints, Painful, Difficult, too frequent or Bloody Urine, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES promptly cured. GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURE cured without instruments or pain. All BLADDER and KIDNEY DISEASES. MILKY URINE, WEAK BACK, PAINFUL SWELLINGS, VARICOCELE, quickly relieved and radically cured.

Send for Question List No. 3, free.

CATARRH, THROAT, NOSE, LUNG DISEASES

Cause: Some taint in organism. Cure based on scientific principles. Constitutional treatment and medicated air will cure. Successfully treated at home or at office. CONSTITUTIONAL or ACQUIRED WEAKNESSES OF BOTH SEXES treated successfully; also PILES.

A Friendly talk costs nothing. Call on or address

DR. WHITTIER,

617 St. Charles Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT.

IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE

DR. HAINES GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. It operates so quietly and with such certainty that the patient undergoes no inconvenience, and ere he is aware, his complete reformation is effected. 48 page book of particulars free.

W. S. Hall, Druggist, Sedalia, Mo.

50 CENTS

SOMETHING NEW.

No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. No such bargain ever offered. This is a genuine Gold plated Watch, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal and warranted to wear for years. It has solid bow, cap-crown and thumb piece beautifully engraved, decorated and finished by hand. The movement is a fine Waltham style, full jeweled, quick train, expansion balance, patent pinion, accurately regulated and adjusted and warranted for 10 years. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for $25—we have been getting $13.20—but for the next 60 days to introduce them we will sell them for $6.60. Send 50 cents in stamps as a guarantee of good faith and we will send you the watch by express C. O. D. subject to examination, if perfectly satisfactory you pay the agent the balance, $6.10, otherwise nothing. GRAND OFFER.—Order immediately, sending $6.60 in full with order, and if yours is the first order from that town we will give you the exclusive agency of your county and send you FREE in addition to the watch a valuable sample outfit of fine solid jewelry, consisting of rings, chains, pins, charms, etc., etc. THE CHICAGO WATCH CO., (Capital $150,000.) 242 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted Men to travel. Newest and Choicest Specialties. Best terms. Best pay. Best outfit free. NO. NURSERY CO., Louisiana, Mo.