## THE COURAGE OF LIFE.

ourage to look on coming years,
Their slender hopes, their certain tears,
With a spirit still undaunted.

ourage to strive for ev'ry gain,
or Genius, even, must work amain,
And struggle for what is wanted.

ourage to see illusions fade,
hine idols fade that thou has made,
To be by their mem'ries haunted.

ourage to see thyself grow old,
he place usurped by the young and the
bold,
ir vigor before thee flaunted.

rage to face the dark, dark hours,
hen all things seem beyond the powers
Of the faith that thou hast vaunted.

## FROM THE DEPTHS.

Helen why do you waste your time
king to Paul Thyrley when Mr. Hart-
ell and Egbert Van Dorn are both dis-
gaged?" said Mrs. De Groot, in an
gry whisper, to her daughter, on the
ening of her debut, at the house of a
shionable friend.

"You know the position Paul Thyrley
lds in our home.

"Your father keeps him as his secre-
ry out of charity, on the score of their
l boyish friendship.

"I am surprised that you should dance
ice with him this evening.

"Some one is sure to make an ill-
tured remark about it."

"He is really very nice, mamma,"
d Helen, gazing after her late partner
th a suspiciously admiring expression
her hazel eyes.

"If he was only rich he would be per-
t."

"But he is not rich.

"How can you be so foolish—so mad
elen?"

"Are you sure that he is not rich,
amma?"

"Have you noticed that splendid dia-
nd ring in the shape of a star that he
wearing to-night?

"How could a poor man have a ring
e that?"

"It is paste, no doubt," said her mother
itably.

And then a really tragic expression
ssed her still handsome face.

"Helen, Mr. Van Dorn is coming this
.

"For mercy's sake, leave off staring
r that poverty-stricken Paul Thyrley,
make yourself agreeable to him if
sks you to dance—unless you wish to
ak my heart."

With a sigh Helen dropped the
ned fan from before her face and
ed to welcome the wealthy banker
a beaming smile.

gbert Van Dorn was a short, heavily
t, prosy man, five and forty.

e had been born and reared in pov-
.

oming into an immense fortune when
th was gone, he had but two ideas,
arently, in his brain—the one his
ney; the other his very uninteresting
.

uch as he was, however, the brightest
fairest of society belles were ready to
a race for his favors.

nd Helen De Groot's handsome Span-
face flushed with exultation as the
ing passed by and still found him
tant at her side.

hooled by her proud mother, and
pted by her own abmition, she
aside her momentary dream of love,
met Paul Thyrley so coldly on the
morning in her own home that his
en look of intense mortification
ved the pain he felt.

rom that day they were as strangers.
d Thyrley busied himself in the
es of his place, and turned for com-
in his leisure hours to Helen's young
n, Lucy Fair, who held a position in
great grand house that was even
r and less satisfactory than his own.

e morning, some weeks after his
night ball Lucy Fair ran hastily
the staircase from her cousin's
, her pretty face all bathed in
.

What is it Lucy?" he asked, holding
fast as she attempted to run away.

What has been grieving you?"

t is—oh, Mr. Thyrley!

Helen says that I have been so rude
forward in my behavior to you that
must despise me in your heart,"
Lucy, after a long pause.

he saw us come in from our walk
evening do you know?"

hesitated.

secretary smiled.

Well, my Lucy.

Did she see me bid you good night
a kiss?

that the cause of all these tears?"

d.

h, she has said such cruel things,

he declares that you cannot possibly
t me, because I have not respected
f.

nd aunt De Groot says that she can-
ke me to the grand party at Upton
next week.

he says that I will disgrace them by
behavior, that I have already disgrac-
em—that I—oh, Paul! have I done
?"

s it unmaidenly in me to own
oved you, and to show it as I
little Lucy!" cried Paul in-
rment you like this
—I am going
the

Mrs. De Groot held up her white and jeweled hands in horror when her husband told her what had happened.

But she was too busy preparing for her own and Helen's sojourn at Upton Park to waste many thoughts upon her rebellious niece.

The party was now close at hand, and was to be a generous affair.

The owner of Upton Park, it was widely rumored had been a poor boy, a newsboy in the city streets.

Befriended by the benevolent Paulus De Groot, then but a lad himself, the newsboy had worked, striven, and risen, till, in the prime of his manhood, he had now come to reside near his early friend in a home like a palace.

It was a romantic story.

Mrs. De Groot received them, acting as hostess by the request of Mr. Upton, who had not yet arrived.

"Mamma, you told me yesterday not to accept Mr. Van Dorn till I had seen Mr. Upton," said Helen De Groot, as they stood apart from the guests watching the inner door of the library, through which the owner of the house would very soon appear.

"But they are saying now that Mr. Upton is actually married, and that he is to bring his bride home to this house this very night."

"Nonsense, Helen!" cried Mrs. De Groot sharply.

But she looked thoroughly uneasy.

"Mrs. Stone pretended that your father was in the secret, and that he was present at the wedding yesterday in the city," she began, "but I will never believe that Mr. De Groot would——"

The words died on her lips.

She grasped Helen's arm, clinging to it as if to save herself from falling.

The arched two-leaved door of the library was opened.

There stood Paul Thyrley and leaning on his arm was a lovely little dark-eyed fairy, in a bridal robe and lace veil, with with diamond ornaments that blazed like stars.

There, too, was Mr. De Groot, whose voice sounded like the "trumpet of doom" in the ears of his wife and daughter as he spoke in this wise—

"Friends and neighbors, let me present to you Paul Thyrley Upton and Mrs. Lucy Upton, my own dear neice.

"In their name and in my own I bid you welcome most heartily in their pleasant home-coming at Upton Park."

## CYCLONIC OUTBURSTS.

### Will Man Ever be Able to Conquer Storms!

Violent displays of natural force, says "The London Standard," are painfully hostile to human progress. If the valley of the Thames were frequently rocked by earthquakes, London would be an impossibility. A very slight tremor would tilt the Egyptian obelisk into the Thames and topple down St. Paul's cathedral. A volcano in Middlesex would lower the quotations for government securities and seriously diminish the rateable value of the metropolis. For prosperity there must be peace, especially with the powers of nature. America itself would not be what it is if these horrible cyclones occurred in every state and at frequent intervals. The question arises whether these atmospheric disturbances may possibly be effected for the better in course of time by that sort of indirect influence which civilization exercises on climate. It is true that man may mar a climate as well as mend one. He disturbs the rainfall byunduly cutting down the forests, thereby producing alternations of drouth and flood. But in other instances the cultivation of the soil appears to ameliorate the climate, and nature grows more kindly as man fulfills his mission to "subdue the earth." We seem on the verge of learning how to disarm the sea of fury. It is one of the strangest—we might say the oldest—discoveries of modern times that the crested wave which seems irresistable in its force, loses all its terror and much of its power when encountering a film of oil. When the storm threatens to overwhelm the ship the skipper has merely to fetch up his oil can, and, though the wind continues to howl and shriek through the rigging, the waves are powerless under the oleaginous film. It is too much to expect that the wild winds will ever be subject to human control after this fashion, except by some long-continued and occult process unconsciously carried out. It will be a strange result, and yet it seems a possibility that man will be able to meet the storm more successfully on sea than on land. More probably, as the population in these states increases, and the consequent danger of disaster is increased, men will adopt a mode of building suited to the necessities of the case, as the Swiss have done in the case of the avalanche. There is, however, a favorable element in this problem, even if matters should not improve. Cyclonic outbursts, such as those which have been displaying their energy in the United States, act in a very circumscribed area. It is saddening to read of the mischief that is done—human beings crushed by the fury of the blast, and hard-won property irretrievably destroyed. But the space thus visited is a mere scrap compared with the broad continent which spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The storm-path is but a diminutive line compared with the smiling area on every hand.

## THE MAN WHO INTERRUPTS.

### The Awful Curse of Bill Nye Hurled at Him.

I do not, as a rule, says Bill Nye, thirst for the blood of my fellow-man. I am willing that the law should in all ordinary cases take its course, but when we begin to discuss the man who breaks into a conversation and runs it with his own irrelevant ideas, regardless of the feeling of humanity, I am not a law and order man. The spirit of the "Red Vigilanter" is roused in my breast, and I hunger for the blood of that man.

Interrupters are of two classes: First, the common plug who thinks aloud and whose conversation wanders with his so-called mind. He breaks into the saddest sweetest of sentiment and the choicest most fearful of pathos with the ignorance that marks a in a dahlia bed. He is china shop, the wormwood he kerosene in my ma- by in conversation, hts of poesy and his man is al- a remark, or a bit of beautiful name h in

reached the "nub," as it were, to chase argument home to conviction and to clinch assertion with authority and evidence.

The second class of interrupters is even worse. It consists of the man—and I am pained to state, his wife also—who see the general drift of your remarks, and finish out your story, your gem of thought of your argument. It is very seldom that they do this as you would do it yourself, but they are kind and thoughtful, and their services are always at hand. No matter how busy they may be, they will leave their own work and fly to your aid. With the light of sympathy in their eyes, they rush into the conversation, and partaking of your own zeal, they take the words from your mouth and cheerfully suck the juice out of your joke, handing back the rind and hoping for reward. That is where they get left, so far as I am concerned. I am almost always ready to repay rudeness with rudeness, and cold preserved gall with such an acrid sarcasm as I may be able to secure at the moment. No one will ever know how I yearn for the blood of the interrupter. At night I camp in his trail, and all the day I thirst for his warm life's current. In my dreams I am cutting his scalp loose with a case-knife, while my fingers are twined in his clustering hair. I walk over him and promenade across his abdomen as I slumber. I hear his ribs crack and I see his tongue hang over his shoulder as he smiles death's mirthful smile.

I do not interrupt a man no more than I would tell him he lied. I give him a chance to win applause or decomposed eggs from the audience according to what he has to say, and according to the profundity of his profund. All I want is a similar chance and room according to my strength. Common decency ought to govern conversation without its being necessary to hire an umpire, armed with a four-foot club, to announce who is at the bat and who is on deck.

It is only once in a week or two that the angel troubles the waters and stirs up the depths of my conversational powers, and then the chances are that some leprous old nasty toad, who has been hanging on the brink of decent society for two weeks, slides in with a low kerplunk, and my fair blossom of thought that has been trying for weeks to bloom withers and goes to seed, while the man with the chilled steel and copper-riveted brow and a wad of self esteem on his intellectual balcony as big as an ink-stand walks slowly away to think of some other dazzling gem, and thus be ready to bust my beautiful phantom and tear out my high-priced bulls of fancy the next time I open my mouth.

## Should the Hair be Periodically Cut?

Doctor Shoemaker.

It may be that cutting and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect either upon the hair bulb or the hair-sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair. On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair-forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut, they will usually become coarser, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming chestnut, and black changing to a dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be spilt and ragged, presenting a brush-like appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hair crop up here and there; the method of clipping off the ends of the short hairs, of plucking out the ragged, withered, and gray hair, will allow them to grow stronger, longer, and thicker. Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair at certain periods of the year (during the superstitious period of full moon), in order to increase its length and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood and manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department Professor Kaposi, of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxuriant locks from the time of girlhood never again attains its original length after having once been cut. Pincus has made the same observation by frequent experiment, and he adds that there is a general opinion that frequent cutting of the hair increases its length; but the effect is different from that generally supposed. Thus, upon one occasion, he states that he cut off circles of hair an inch in diameter on the heads of healthy men, and from week to week compared the intensity of growth of the shorn place with the rest of the hair. The result was surprising to this close and careful observer, as he found in some cases the numbers were equal, but generally the growth became slower after cutting, and he has never observed an increase in rapidity. I might also add that I believe many beardless faces and bald heads in middle and advancing age are often due to constant cutting and shaving in early life. The young girls and boys seen daily upon our streets with their closely-cropped heads and the young men with their clean-shaven faces are year by year by this fashion having their hair-forming apparatus overstrained.

## An Innovation.

Wall Street News.

"My daughter is to be married next week," he said as he sat down and removed his hat.

"And you will present her with a check for $50,000, of course?" replied the broker.

"Well, no, that's what I called to see you about. I believe in innovation."

"You'll give her $25,000 in cash eh?"

"No, sir. I was thinking that you might take about $500 and buy about $75,000 worth of some sort of bonds."

"Is an investment for an income?"

"No—for a show. Get $1,000 bonds, if possible. Get some that are printed in red and blue ink, if you can. If they have big red or blue seals on so much the better. If they begin 'In the name of God, amen,' they will look the more important. See that the paper is good, the printing clear, the signature in a bold, heroic hand, and send your bill to me. The time has gone by when the public can be fooled by a check."

## If He had the Meal.

General John C. Lee tells of a captain in his command who seems to have been a sort of regimental Mark Tapley—always saying something cheery when everybody was down in the mouth. One night when the men came into camp weary, miserable, and starving—cracker left—the captain bustled cheerfully and got a bright fire then rubbing his hands in the over the fire, he said. had some milk I'd have if I had some meal."

us to a man as we are will- of a good

## A MALARIAL VICTIM.

### The Trying Experience of a Prominent Minister in the Tropics and at the North.

TO THE EDITOR:

The following circumstances, drawn from my personal experience, are so important and really remarkable that I have felt called upon to make them public. Their truth can be amply verified:

In 1875 I moved from Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., to Florida, which state I intended to make my future residence. I purchased a home on the banks of the St. John's river and settled down, as I thought, for life. The summer following the first winter I was conscious of most peculiar sensations which seemed to be the accompaniment of a change of climate. I felt a sinking at the pit of the stomach accompanied by occasional dizziness and nausea. My head ached. My limbs pained me and I had an oppressive sense of weariness. I had a thirst for acids and my appetite was weak and uncertain. My digestion was impared and my food did not assimilate. At first I imagined it was the effect of nature to become acclimated and so I thought little of it. But my troubles increased until I became restless and feverish and the physicians informed me I was suffering from malarial fever. This continued in spite of all the best physicians could do and I kept growing steadily worse. In the year 1880 my physicians informed me a change of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another summer in the south. I determined to return north, but not to the extreme portion, and so I took up my residence at Upper Sandusky in Central Ohio. The change did not work the desired cure and I again consulted physicians. I found they were unable to effect a permanent cure, and when the extreme warm weather of summer came on I grew so much worse that I gave up all hope. At that time I was suffering terrbly. How badly, only those can appreciate who have contracted malarial disease in tropical regions. It seemed as if death would be a relief greater than any other blessing. But notwithstanding all this, I am happy to state that I am to day a perfectly well and healthy man. How I came to recover so remarkably can be understood from the following card voluntarily published by me in the Sandusky, O. "Republican," entitled:

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: During my recent visit to Upper Sandusky, so many inquiries were made relative to what medicine, or course of treatment had brought such a marked change in my system, I feel it to be due to the proprietors, and to the public to state that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure accomplished for me what other medicines and physicians had failed to do. The malarial poison which had worked its way so thoroughly through my system during my five years residence in Florida had brought me to the verge of the grave, and physicians had pronounced my case incurable; but that is not to be wondered at, as it was undoubtedly one of the worst on record. Hough Brothers of your city, called my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced me to try a few bottles. So marked was the change after four week's trial that I continued its use, and now, after three months the cure is complete. This is not written for the benefit of Warner & Co., but for the public, and especially for any person troubled with malarial or billious attacks."

Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand by at the present moment. I am convinced that Warner's Safe Cure is all it is claimed to be; and as such deserves the great favor it has received. A remedy which can cure the severest case of tropical malaria of five years' standing certainly cannot fail to cure those minor malarial troubles which are so prevalent and yet so serious. ALFRED DAY, Pastor Universalist Church.

WOODSTOCK, O., MAY 10, 1883.

### "Promptly and Fairly."

Such is the testimony as to the manner in which the Hawkeye Insurance Co., of Des Moines, pays its losses, as shown by the following letter to one of its agents:

ORO, May 25, 1883.

Mr. R. H. LOCKS.—Sir, please accept my thanks and return the same to the Hawkeye Insurance Co., for the draft you sent me to-day in payment for the loss of my barn, sheds and machinery destroyed by fire April 30, and which has been so promptly and fairly adjusted. And for the fair and proper treatment I have received from yourself and the company, I feel like recommending the Hawkeye Insurance Company to my friends and all parties who desire insurance, on account of their fair dealing and prompt adjustment, and commend them to yourself and others who are acting as their agents. No man insured with this company, meeting with a loss, will have any just reason to complain.

Yours Truly, J. S. HORTON.

Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.

The only natural hair renewer is Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, prepared without distillation or rectification with acids or alkalies, containing no mineral or other poisons.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

People who desire to preserve their health should be exceedingly careful about their diet at this season, and at no time should they be without a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is used externally and internally.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

*FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION*, Depression of Spirits, General Debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, has no equal.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

FOR A COUGH OR SORE THROAT the best medicine by far is HALE'S famous HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one minute.

It is easier to take care of a peck of fleas than one woman.

### Purify the Blood

By taking Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters," the great blood purifier, appetizer and general system rejuvenator. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

Wealth is not his who makes it, but his who injoys it.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—DR. J. C. Riddle says: "Persons who use Brown's Iron Bitters always speak well of it. It is a good medicine."

When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God of Satan's leavings.


AGENTS WANTED
By the Northwestern Mutual Relief Association; entirely new plan; universal endowment; everybody eligible for membership; $10 to $50 made daily by active agents. Address W. R. TOYE, Secretary, Decorah, Ioa.


Punctuality is one of the characteristics of politeness.


FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on rats." 15c.


It is a delightful help merely not to be hindered.


"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15 c.


Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.


"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1.


Men are women's playthings; women are the devil's.


"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless, 25c.


In this wicked world it is usually safe to be suspicious.


WALKING made easy with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they keep your boots & shoes straight.

Sprains, bruises, stiff joints, burns, scalds, and rheumatism are relieved by Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment. Sold by Druggists.


Worms cause peevishness fevers, convulsions and frequently death. A pleasant, safe and certain remedy is DR. JAQUE'S GERMAN WORM CAKES. Sold by all Druggists.


Headache, constipation, liver complaint, biliousness are cured by that mild cleansing remedy which never produces pain EILERT'S DAYLIGHT LIVER PILLS, only 25cts. Sold by Druggists.


An economical man will keep the leather of his harness soft and pliable, which preserves it from cracking or ripping. He always uses UNCLE SAM'S HARNESS OIL. Sold by all Harness Makers.

One-third of all who die in active middle life are carried off by consumption. The most frequent cause is a neglected cold, cough, hoarseness, bronchial trouble or asthma, all of which may be permanently cured by EILERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY. Sold by Druggists.

A farmer's wealth depends on the condition of his stock. When scraggy and feeble they are especially liable to distemper, fevers, colds, and all diseases which destroy animals. Thousands of dollars are saved annually by that valuable old standby UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER.

Restless, fretful crying children are suffering and need for their relief DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP which is useful, not only for all the disorders of teething infants but cures coughs, colds croup, sore throat, colic and cramps of older children, and should always be kept in every house for emergencies. Only 25cts. Sold by all druggists.


HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.


## Reward of $5,000.

Growing in the estimation of the people every day.

What are?

Burdock Blood Bitters.

There have been scores of preparations sold under the name of bitters that were not worth the corks in the bottles. But Burdock Blood Bitters do not belong to that class; they

Were never sold on the
Doubtful strength of deceit.
Quacks
And
Humbugs,
Hate the name Burdock, and
Burdock Blood Bitters they especially abhor.

Graduates of medicine (intelligent and conscientious men) advise the taking of Burdock Blood Bitters by their patients.

Any one troubled with
Dyspepsia,
Sick headache,
Poor appetite,
Sluggish liver or Kidneys,
Sleeplessness,
Or Nervousness,
Will find in Burdock Blood Bitters an agreeable, safe and certain remedy.

## OBSERVE:

To any one who will show us a case of dyspepsia or sick headache that Burdock Blood Bitters cannot cure when thoroughly and properly administered, we will present

## $5,000 in Gold.

And hold this offer open without any qualifications whatsoever.

If you are afflicted, try them.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

## SOMETHING EVERY LADY OUGHT TO KNOW.

**There exists a means of securing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless article, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vulgar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not suspected by anybody.**

**No lady has the right to present a disfigured face in society when the Magnolia Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents.**


Personal—Men Only.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Fraser Axle Grease is best in the world.
Fraser Axle Grease is best in the world.
Fraser Axle Grease is best in the world.

Watch!

The human body is like a watch—in order to give satisfaction it must keep perfect time. The mainspring, the stomach, must be looked after carefully. Broken stomach's must be mended and weak ones strengthened. Burnock Blood Bitters used freely and perseveringly will give you a very satisfactory timepiece. Sold everywhere.

SAMARITAN NERVINE
NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

A Specific for EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES and all IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 PER BOTTLE AT DRUGGISTS.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Prop., St. Joseph, Mo.
Correspondence freely answered by Physicians. (55)

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What Farmers & Threshermen say about the Agitator. Manufactured by J. I. CASE T. M. CO. RACINE, WIS

"Don't Change it." "Perfect as it is."

IN GRAIN, FLAX, TIMOTHY, CLOVER, AND PEAS.

PORTABLE (8, 10, 12 and 16 Horse)
TRACTION (8, 10, and 12 Horse)
STRAW-BURNING (Portable only, 8, 10, 12, 16 Horse)
And 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 25 and 30 Horse

SKID ENGINES!

We make the most Practical Straw-Burning Engine in the World.

The Popular Double Pinion 4-Wheel Woodbury Horse-Power Reversible Ball Wheel. Runs either way. Low or High Speed. The BEST Power made. Ours Exclusively.

Do you live near Timber? If so, buy our

PORTABLE SAW MILL

Take it to the timber. SAVE HAULING Logs to the Mill. 5,000 TO 10,000 FEET PER DAY.

ALL MACHINERY WARRANTED.

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MINNESOTA CHIEF

Wonderfully simple and perfect in its threshing and separating qualities. Saves ALL the Grain and cleans it ready for Market. Runs easily, constructed durably, finished beautifully, least expensive, and most economical and SATISFACTORY MACHINE NOW MADE. It will handle wet grain BEST as well as dry. It has no THRESHER equal in threshing flax and timothy; cleans IN USE both as well as wheat; requires no chaffer except the sieve. Has more square feet of separating and cleaning surface than any other machine; can not be overloaded. It is both over and under blast. Our CLOVER HULLING ATTACHMENT (new and very desirable). SEPARATORS of the various sizes fitted for Steam or Horse-Power. The PITTS and WOODBURY Horse-Powers, as made by us, are unexcelled.

STILLWATER No. 10 ENGINE

Cylinder 7x13 For WOOD or COAL
SAVES FUEL
NEVER-FAIL BOILER

We also make the STILLWATER No. 12 and MINNESOTA GIANT FARM ENGINES, each having return-flue, and fitted for burning straw, wood or coal. These Engines are made and finished in the most perfect manner, and are built as Tractions when so ordered. We also manufacture

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