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Our enameled Ladies' watches will match any gown—Our Belt Watches are artistic and new - Gold and silver cased diminutive watches, as well as the larger styles, are illustrated in our booklets which are sent on application—A most appropriate present for Christmas—They also state the price at which they can be purchased from any Leading Jeweler.
Every Watch Guaranteed.
The New England Watch Co.,
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37 and 39 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 131 to 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago. Spreckles' Bldg. San Francisco.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARacter and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from headoffices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago

Her Letter and Her Answer.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters."

Of course she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how.

The answer to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late day to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 500, and would request that you would return all except your own by express at my expense."—N. Y. Times.

Uninsured Treasures.

It is startling to think that, while almost any tradesman's shop that might be burned down is covered by insurance, the British museum, if it were burned down to-morrow, would not cost the insurance companies one half-pennny. Neither would the houses of parliament. They stand for three millions sterling, but not one single sovereign of this vast sum is covered by insurance. Three thousand pounds a year is spent on a force of police and firemen to protect the houses of parliament by day and night, and the British museum pays the rent of a fireman's house in Coram street, but that is the full cost of the precautions against fire in these places. The British museum, believing that prevention is better than cure, has no artificial light on its innermost recesses.—St. James' Gazette.

How Elephants Are Caught.

Baldly, this is the way these men will work. The Chittagong beaters must surround the herd stealthily, each of the two parties making a wide, semicircular detour, dropping two men every 50 feet. When the divisions meet beyond the game there will be a ring, round about, of coolies posted within shouting distance of each other. It is the duty of this ring to hem the herd in for days by gunfire, and gong-beating and flames at night. Meanwhile, a great log stockade is to be built. Then the wild herd is to be driven into it, with how much craft and chance of failure only an elephant catcher knows. Once in, the game is won.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Real Biscuit China.

One stormy day a vessel was loading potatoes. A cart from the country came alongside, and the driver proceeded to empty his load.

When he had finished he was invited by the mate to warm and dry himself by the galley fire, and to eat a piece of pork and a ship's biscuit, the latter as hard as iron. The driver ate the pork without touching the biscuit. When he had finished he handed back the biscuit to the mate with the remark:

"Many thanks, sailor man; there's your plate."—Cleveland Leader.

Not According to Contract.

Station Master—I think some one will get into trouble on account of that train starting three minutes late.

Assistant—Why? Any of the passengers complaining?

"No; but the restaurant man says he'll make it hot for whoever is responsible. The passengers have had time to eat what they paid for."—Stray Stories.

Dialogues of the Day.

Relieved Taxpayer—Well, that war with Germany didn't last very long.

Naval Contractor—No; just long enough to get me some more contracts for battleships.

Taxpayer begins to think he is "relieved" in the sense in which a pickpocket "relieves" a man of his watch.—N. Y. Post.

Enough Rage for the Whole.

"I am afraid," said Maud, thoughtfully, "that Willie Wibbles will never come here again."

"Did he go away in a rage?" asked Mamie.

"Well, some of him did. Just before he started my dear little dachshund bit a piece out of him."—Stray Stories.

Caustic Comment.

Landlady—I think I'll drop in at the food exposition this afternoon.

Old Boarder—It will only be a waste of time, madam.

"Why do you think so?"

"It will be impossible to find any cheaper kinds of food than you are giving us now."—Chicago Daily News.

Less of Two Evils.

Yeast—Why does that fellow walk on the railway? The train might come along and kill him.

Crimsonbeak—Yes; but I suppose the poor fellow is afraid of the automobiles.—Stray Stories.

British Sweets in Turkey.

Colored sweets of British manufacture may now be imported into Turkey. It has taken nearly two years to persuade the Turkish authorities that such sweets contain nothing injurious.—N. Y. Sun.

After the Record.

"Kind lady, I ain't had a bite to eat fer t'ree weeks."

"Dear me! How interesting! How long do you suppose you can keep it up?"—Chicago American.

An Honest Man.

An honest man would rather be underrated than overrated.—Chicago Daily News.

No Wage Reduction Here.

There has never been a reduction in the wages of sin.—Chicago Daily News.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"A gravel lodged on my bladder. After using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure I passed a gravel ball as large as a marble. The medicine prevented further formations. I was cured." W. T. OAKES, Orlin, Va."

Druggists, 50c., $1. Ask for Cod. Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular free. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Sold by C. O. Proud, Oregon, Mo.

Burlington Route Rates.

Annual Convention Western Retail Implement and Vehicle Dealers' Association, Kansas City, Mo. Dates of sale, January 18, 19 and 20, 1903, return limit January 25, 1903.

Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma Association of Lumber Dealers, Kansas City. Dates of sale, January 25 and 26, return limit January 29, 1903. Extension of limit to February 11, 1903, can be obtained.

To Mardi Gras Festivities at Mobile and New Orleans, February 18-24. Tickets on sale February 17 and 22, return limit February 28. By depositing ticket with joint agent at New Orleans or Mobile, tickets may be extended to March 14. One fare round trip.

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A Daisy Target Gun for the Boy

The lad who desires some fun can get a Target Gun from the Kansas City Journal as a present.

The name of this gun is "THE DAISY," and it is well named. This gun is thirty inches in length from the end of the barrel to the end of the stock. The barrel and breach are finished in nickel. The stock is made of walnut. In fact, the gun is a beaty throughout. This gun breaks in the center and will shoot a bullet or target as straight as a bee-line. Here is a gun that the boy can have fun with.

Our proposition: Any boy who will get EIGHT new subscriptions for The Kansas City Weekly Journal at 25 cents each, making a total of $2.00, and will send us a list of the names together with the money, we will ship to his address by mail or express, charges prepaid, this handsome target gun. Send money by postoffice order or draft.

Boys here is a chance to got the fun of your life. Rustle a little and get this gun as our proposition only holds for sixty days, from December 1st.

Address all communications to The Kansas City Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

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Time Was No Object.

A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, breezy young man who was selling incubators. The salesman gave Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent arguments. There was not another such incubator to be found, the prices were remarkably low, and so on.

Uncle Harvey did not respond. The young man talked himself out and made no impression. Finally he said: "You don't seem to appreciate these incubators."

"No," said Uncle Harvey.

"But just think of the time they will save!"

Uncle Harvey gave him one cold look and said: "What do you suppose I care for a hen's time?"—Green Bag.

The Ptarmigan's Black Tail.

One of the most entertaining of recent chapters in natural history is that which relates to the many curious means that birds and other animals possess of deceiving the eyes of their enemies. Mr. E. Sandys, in writing of upland game-birds, calls attention to a remarkable and beautiful instance. When the ptarmigan puts on its winter dress it has a black tail. One might suppose that this would attract attention to the bird crouching on the snow, but, in fact, it serves for concealment. Every projection on a snow field casts a dark shadow, and that is what the tail of the motionless ptarmigan looks like, the body of the bird resembling a mere hump on the white background.—Nature.

The Monument Was a Misfit.

A stately granite shaft had been erected in the cemetery of a Massachusetts town in memory of a man whose life had been anything but praiseworthy. None the less the monument was one of the sights to be shown to a stranger, and one day a former resident of the town who had been away for many years returned and was taken to see the granite obelisk. He was no stranger to the faults and failings of the man whom it eulogized with its gilded inscription, and after silent contemplation of the shaft on all sides he said: "Well, if it's for goodness it's too big, and if it's for badness it's not big enough."—New Haven Chronicle.

How Do They Let Down?

A story which will go straight to the hearts of shooting men is told of a clerical gentleman who was invited to join a shooting party. In the course of the day the host felt himself prodded in the back, and, turning round, found the amiable cleric poking at him with the muzzle of his gun, and his look of interrogation was met with the remark: "Can you tell me how to let down these beastly things?" alluding to the hammer of the gun, which was at full cock and loaded.—London Mail.

Stopped by Squirrels.

A half dozen men worked all one day in a Greenwood (Me.) mill recently trying to get it started, and two of them continued the next day. In despair they took the engine to pieces. Inside the cylinder were several parts of nuts, bits of bark and other fine stuff. A squirrel had gone in through the exhaust pipe and had discovered an excellent place for a winter storehouse.—N. Y. Sun.

Narrow Escape.

Something went wrong with Alice the other day and she raised her hand as if to strike her mother.

"Why, Alice!" her mother exclaimed. "You weren't going to strike me, were you?"

"Well," returned Alice, "before I thought who you were, I was."—Somerville Journal.

It Depends.

Shopper—I want to get a vase that doesn't cost too—

Floorwalker — Yes, madam. Chinaware department, fourth aisle in the basement.

"Where did you say the "vawses" are to be found?"

"Art department, madam; second floor, front."—Philadelphia Press.

A New Occupation.

An enterprising draper in New York employs an assistant who is particularly expert in arranging cravats in the most fashionable shapes. The assistant attends weddings and helps the bridegroom and best man to properly adjust their ties for so auspicious an occasion.—New York Sun.

Uncle Reuben Says:

I ar' allus ready to receive good advice from my feller-men, but at de same time when a pusson comes to me an' says that Truth should be a lamp to guide my footsteps I'm goin' to be mighty careful 'bout tradin' mewls wid him.—Detroit Free Press.

Between Friends.

Miss Elderleigh—I'll let you into a secret, if you'll promise not to tell it.

Miss Youngerly—All right.

"I'm engaged."

"Oh, fudge! Suppose I do tell it, no one will believe it."—Chicago Daily News.

Knew Her Business.

Softleigh—Are you quite sure Miss Banks is not in?

The Maid—Of course I am. She gave me one of your photographs in order to make me doubly sure.—Chicago Daily News.

Another Catch.

Jolkley—Say, you know the story of the eye of a needle, don't you?

Polkley—No. What is it?

"That's the hole of it."—Philadelphia Press.

No Cause for Alarm.

Mr. Bacon—When all the fools are dead I don't want to be alive.

Mrs. Bacon—Well, don't worry; you won't be.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tutt's Pills

will save the dyspeptic from many days of misery, and enable him to eat whatever he wishes. They prevent

SICK HEADACHE,

cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give keen appetite,

DEVELOP FLESH

and solid muscle. Elegantly sugar coated.

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MRS. L. S. ADAMS,
Of Galveston, Texas.

"Wine of Cardui is indeed a blessing to tired women. Having suffered for seven years with weakness and bearing-down pains, and having tried several doctors and different remedies with no success, your Wine of Cardui was the only thing which helped me, and eventually cured me. It seemed to build up the weak parts, strengthen the system and correct irregularities."

By "tired women" Mrs. Adams means nervous women who have disordered menses, falling of the womb, ovarian troubles or any of these ailments that women have. You can cure yourself at home with this great women's remedy, Wine of Cardui. Wine of Cardui has cured thousands of cases which doctors have failed to benefit. Why not begin to get well today? All druggists have $1.00 bottles. For any stomach, liver or bowel disorder Thedford's Black-Draught should be used.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, The Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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NOW LOOK OUT!

"Take care of yourself," say our friends. "I'll try to," we answer. We do take a little care, yet in spite of warm clothes, rubbers and mackintoshes, an army of people were bowled out by pneumonia and other lung and chest diseases last winter. They caught cold, neglected it, let it fix upon them, were torn by coughs, choked by inflammations and congestions, wasted by fever, tired out by pain and then gave up the fight. The hour you realize that you have a cold on the chest, place a Benson's Porous Plaster where the pain or oppression is felt. If you think two are needed make it two. No harm if you were covered with them. They act quickly and prevent the engorgment of blood in the organs. In this way—with ordinary caution as to exposure—you will break up the cold and avoid a serious sickness. No other applications, or any other form of treatment, will accomplish this as certainly and speedily. Benson's Plasters have a distinct and positive action and are curative to the highest degree. Use them with the same confidence for coughs, muscular rheumatism, the grip (back and chest) and all similar ailments. Women, who are chief sufferers from cold weather complaints, should keep these plasters always within reach. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

Pat's Diplomacy.

In one of the large manufacturing establishments in this city an Irishman was employed to watch one of the entrances.

One day the superintendent saw the Irishman was neglecting his duty, and told him to go to the office and get his money, as his services were no longer needed.

The superintendent went away on business that day, and was gone about a week or ten days.

On his return he happened to be passing this same place, and was surprised to find the Irishman he had discharged still acting as watchman.

He said: "I thought I discharged you a couple of weeks ago."

"Sure," says the Irishman.

"Well, why didn't you get out when you were told?"

"Oh, I know when I got a good boss, if you don't know when you have a good man."

Needless to say, he is still there.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Doctors and Physical Culture.

A wise man, when ill, does not try to cure himself—though he may dearly love to prescribe for the dyspepsias, the colds or the neuralgias of his friends—but seeks the aid of a trusted physician. He feels there is something mysterious in the way medicines act, and fears that in his ignorance he may blunderingly do himself harm rather than good by self-prescribing. But exercise, dieting, bathing—these, he thinks, are so simple that anyone can use them without the trouble of consulting a doctor. And here his wisdom forsakes him. The action of these physical remedies is just as complex, just as productive of good when properly directed, and just as certain to do harm when wrongly applied as is the working of drugs in the system.—Dr. Thomas Stedman, in Everybody's Magazine.

American Inventions in Syria.

Last summer, for the first time, the whirr of reaping machines was heard in the grain fields of the ancient land of Syria. The machines came from Chicago, and when, a little later, a steam thrashing machine, made in Indiana, was set to work in Coele-Syria, there was some excitement among the native farmers. Before the reapers appeared on the plain of Esdraelon American windmills had been introduced, and later in the year a flour mill, with machinery and an oil motor engine from Indianapolis, began grinding wheat in Lebanon. So the year 1902 is a notable one in the advance of practical science over the old Bible lands.—Youth's Companion.

Nature's "Dried Garden."

A collection of plants, pressed, mounted on paper, and arranged systematically, is most commonly spoken of as a herbarium. This term is from the Latin herba, which means a green stalk or blade (a grass-like plant), and suggests fields and pasturage. As the ture's "dried garden" is in the fields and meadows, down in the ravines, on the hillsides, and by the roadsides. It is this real outdoor nature's "dried garden" that we should especially notice this February, as we near the end of winter.—St. Nicholas.

Willing to Try It.

"And you asked her father for her hand?"

"Yes."

"Was he violent?"

"Very. He said I must be an idiot to think of such a thing."

"What did you reply?"

"I told him that, of course, he knew his own family beter than I did, but that I was willing to take my chance."—Stray Stories.

A Queer Bequest.

The following paragraph appears in a will recently lodged for probate in Melbourne, Australia: "I bequeath unto my dear son John the feather bed, bedstead and wire mattress used by him, for his own use absolutely, and he is to divide with his brother the oil painting of their mother's father."—London News.

Death and Worse.

Woolly Wiggins—Gee, but I'd hate to be in a shipwreck.

Tattered Tucker—Oh, dere's worse t'ings.

"I don't know. Didn't you never hear about de bodies bein' 'washed ashore?' Tink of dat."—Kansas City Journal.

A Marvel.

"What do you think is the most extraordinary invention of the age?"

"The phonograph," answered Mrs. Meekton, promptly; "the way that machine stands and talks back to Henrietta positively takes my breath away."—Washington Star.

Unpleasant Either Way.

Husband—I don't think we would better accept the Pinktons' invitation to dinner, because if we go we are not in a position to return it.

Wife—But if we don't they'll know that is the reason.—Stray Stories.

The Banner Corn State.

Missouri is now credited with the greatest corn yield, estimated last year at 315,000,000 bushels. Iowa is a close second, with 300,000,000 bushels, and Kansas and Nebraska follow.—Success.

The Humble Consumer.

She—Have you ordered the coal?

He—My dear, I have begged, entreated and supplicated the dealer to send some. In times like these I wouldn't think of ordering it.—Puck.

His Engaging Remark.

Mr. Dumhead—Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening—

Miss Olemade (rapturously)—O, William!—Princeton Tiger.