

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON

Has Faith That Pe-ru-na Will Eradicate Cataracts.



HON. DAVID MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

It is to Congress that our nation must look for all power. Every action of the government must originate in this body of representatives. The President simply executes the will of Congress. Congress is supposed to carry out the will of the people. The people are the blood of the nation. Good blood makes good brains. Good brains make good men. Good men make good laws. Good laws make good government. Good government makes good citizens. Good citizens make good a nation or of an individual. A man with poor blood cannot succeed. His nerves are weak, his brain fogged and his will paralyzed. Good blood is simply well digested food. A stomach with the slightest catarrhal impairment cannot properly digest food. Pe-ru-na quickly procures perfect digestion. Pe-ru-na cures cataracts whether of the head, stomach, throat, lungs or kidneys. A man perfectly free from cataracts is nearly always a well man.

Washington, D. C., April, 1898.
The Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg. Company, Columbus, Ohio.
Gentlemen—I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel greatly benefited thereby from my cataract of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that the continued use will finally eradicate a disease of thirty years standing. Yours respectfully,
D. MEEKISON.

Address The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free cataract book.

Motive.—It is not the motive, properly speaking, that determines the working of the will; but it is the will that imparts strength to the motive. As Coleridge says: "It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man."—James McCosh.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good, that never could have been done before, and never can be again.—W. H. Burleigh.

A man marries a lovely creature in white satin, and then lives with a woman who wears Mother Hubbards and dressing sacks.—Aitchison Globe.

Very few girls who look coyly out of the corner of their eyes at the men are good housekeepers.—Aitchison Globe.

The pulling of a sound tooth tries the acoustics of the dental chamber.—Chicago News.

The baby in the cradle evidently thinks this is a pretty rocky old world.—Chicago News.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

Celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage. Has our well-known

YELLOW LABEL

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark

"La Belle Chocolatiere" on the back.
NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Made only by
WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1780.

JIM TRENBAR'S LUCK

In the strong, clear light of the August morning the sheriff of Bandera county and his deputy rode out from the timberland that skirted the river bottom and drew rein. Before them lay the prairie burned brown by the sun stretching away to meet the faint gray lines of the horizon.

The sheriff's face was lean and dark with the sharpened, watchful look of a timber wolf on the trail of its prey. His eyes glanced keenly from underneath the hand which he had raised to shade them, as he scanned the prairie long and attentively.

The deputy shifted to an easier position in the saddle and pushed the sombrero back from his heated forehead. He was a young man with a heavy, stolid cast of features. The curling ends of his red-brown hair reached almost to his shoulders. His long, muscular throat rose like a column from the loose collar of his coarse wool shirt.

The stout little broncho upon which he sat pulled nervously at the bridle and blew the foam from its nostrils. They had traveled far and fast since sunrise and there was still the prospect of a long, hard gallop before them. The deputy felt that his strength needed reinforcement. This fact was the more vigorously impressed upon him since the means of reinforcement was at hand. He drew a flat, black bottle from his hip pocket and held it up to the light. It showed a little more than half-full. He put it to his mouth and drank with evident zest of the contents. The sheriff took his hand from his eyes and eyed him thirstily.

"Have some, Bill?" the deputy said, speaking with his soft, lazy drawl and extending the bottle toward the sheriff, who received it without comment and drank deeply in his turn. The deputy wiped his mouth on his wrist and gave a hitch to his cartridge belt.

"Well, what's the next move?" he asked, when the bottle had been returned to its former security in his pocket. The sheriff leaned forward, resting his elbow upon the pommel of his saddle and rubbing his prominent, unshaven chin thoughtfully with the palm of his hand. His narrow, deep-set eyes were contracted until only a tiny gleaming line of light showed between the lids.

"Our man's gone north," he said, at length. "Struck out straight for the Rio Grande. He's got a good horse under him and five hours the start; but—" He straightened up suddenly and thrust his feet farther into the stirrups, "we're after him, and it's a good man that can get away from the sheriff of Bandera county with a hull skin. I reckon he'll make for the North fork. He won't trust himself to the open prairie in broad daylight. If I can head him off before he gets there—" He looked at his deputy, who answered with a look that said plainly they could and would.

The sheriff touched his wild-eyed little mare with the spur. She plunged forward, with the deputy's broncho close upon her track. A fine yellowish dust lifted itself from the withered grass stalks and weeds and hung about them as they rode. The sun poured its level rays full upon the parched and lifeless prairie and upon the two men galloping with grim set faces in the pursuit of justice.

All day long the man upon the black horse had been steadily making for the Mexican border. It was nearing sunset now. The man's slight figure drooped wearily in the saddle. His head had sunk upon his breast and the reins lay loosely in his relaxed fingers. The black horse still galloped, but slowly. His nose was thrust far forward and either wide nostril gave a glimpse of the red within. Great flakes of foam dropped from his bit or floated back upon the wind of his motion against his quivering shoulders.

All day long he had galloped—galloped almost without pause, under the burning southern sun, across the scorched earth toward the creek there, whose sluggish shallow tide the sunset had reddened until it had looked like a trail of blood. They had long since left the open prairie behind them. Here the ground was newer, broken by sloping hillocks and clumps of chaparral and here and there a scrub oak, affording excellent advantages for hiding. He must be keen of scent indeed who would ferret out a man in such a place—keen of scent and sharp of eye, with a long and efficient training in this country.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief Trenbar brought the black horse to a standstill in the shadow of a clump of chaparral and slipped heavily down from the saddle. He was all but spent with hunger and weariness and nervous tension. His face was pale and his knees shook under him. Yet his first thought was not for himself, but for the animal beside him.

He removed both saddle and bridle and rubbed down the tired limbs. Then he led the horse by the mane down to the creek, and they drank together—Trenbar throwing himself prone upon the sand with his lips laid to the water. It was so still there in the low western light. The ripple washing faintly the horse's heavy breathing as he drew the water in long thirsty draughts—these were the only sounds, but they smote the air with thrilling distinctness.

Once the horse flung up his head with a start and thrust his head sharply forward in the attitude of listening. In that moment Trenbar's heart seemed to stand still, but he smiled when the horse dropped his nose again upon the water.

"You're old Chief," he said; "I reckon you're as nervous as I be." A single long-drawn bird note came plaintively from a tangle of weeds on the farther bank. Trenbar turned the horse about and led him up out of the water. Then leaving him to crop the grass, which grew fresh along the stream, he drew some corn cakes and bacon from the saddle pocket and proceeded to break his long fast.

Lower and lower sank the sun until it rested a globe of fire upon the rim of the horizon. Soon it would drop from sight and night would be upon the prairie. Trenbar at full length on the grass in the shadow of the chaparral watched it drowsily, thinking

that before it set again he and Chief would be safe beyond the Rio Grande. Five hours the start and the fleetest horse in southwestern Texas to carry him had given him an advantage which even the sheriff of Bandera county would find it hard to cope with, and yet—

To use his own expression, Trenbar had been born under an unlucky star. He had drifted down to Bandera county from a point far north a year before, bringing with him all he possessed in the way of goods and chattels—the black horse Chief.

Chief soon won for himself a reputation both for beauty and speed and for the horse was dear to him beyond anything on earth. Many an angry time he had gone hungry that Chief might be fed, and well-nigh barefoot that Chief might be shod. Dire indeed would be the necessity which would bring about a separation between them.

For a time Trenbar worked with a fair amount of industry at whatever he could find to do. He had tried pretty much everything in the money-making process, and nothing to succeed, for the reason perhaps that his restlessness and natural idleness would not allow of his remaining long in any one place. Then he fell into evil ways among the ranchmen and cowboys. He drank freely and when he had money gambled recklessly, so that he was soon reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and despair.

One night when he had been drinking more than usual he sold the black horse to a ranchman by the name of Cronwright for \$100 in gold and a shaggy little broncho with a heavy brand on the left flank and an excessive tendency toward bucking. He came to his senses the next day and marched back to Cronwright with both pony and money, demanding his horse in return. The ranchman laughed in his face and as Trenbar broke out into fierce maledictions against the injustice of the thing had drawn a revolver bidding him sternly to begone; Trenbar went, but he left Chief's purchase price behind him. Then and there he resolved that come what would he would have his horse again at any cost. Cronwright, anticipating his purpose, threatened him with lynching—the common fate of the horse thief.

True to his word, two weeks later Trenbar entered the corral at dead of night and took Chief out. The horse was a willing captive. He knew his master and loved him as perhaps Trenbar had never been loved by anything, brute or human, since his half-brother mother died, leaving him still a child, to shift for himself. Trenbar remembered his mother but vaguely. Yet as he lay there he heard the chaparral watching, while the cool purple shadows drifted over the hot earth filling all its hollows to brimming over, he wished that he had been born with more of her traits and less of those that had characterized his weak, dissolute father.

It was so still and warm. Lower and lower sank the sun until only a slender arc showed above the horizon. Presently that, too, disappeared, and it was dark. The horse was feeding near by, Trenbar called him still nearer; then because the quiet was so soothing and the moon had risen full and clear, and by its light he saw not a dozen rods away two men riding cautiously toward him.

Trenbar sprang to his feet with his revolver in his hand. The moon had risen full and clear, and by its light he saw not a dozen rods away two men riding cautiously toward him.

"Halt!" shouted a voice. "Throw up your hands, Jim Trenbar. I know yer and we've got the drop on yer."

"Gentlemen!" cried Trenbar, "I—" "Throw up your hands, I say."

The sheriff dismounted from his spent pony and came forward. The moonlight glanced from the polished barrels of the two revolvers which he held, one in either hand leveled at Trenbar's breast.

"I ain't no horse thief," Trenbar said, earnestly. "Before God, I ain't. That horse is mine. I never had one cent for him. Cronwright's got the money and the broncho that he gave me to pay for him. I took them back the very next day."

"See here, Trenbar," said the sheriff, grimly. "I didn't come here to waste words. I come here to do business. My orders are to take you and the horse, dead or alive. Cronwright's got witnesses to the hull transaction, and Cronwright ain't a man to fool with. Throw up your hands!"

"Never!" cried Trenbar. His wild, black eyes met those of the sheriff unflinchingly. His slight, straight figure was drawn to its fullest height. But the sheriff had faced too many desperate men to be afraid of this one.

"Throw up yer hands, curse yer," he snarled. "I don't banker after doing any shooting, but I shall let daylight into yer in less than two seconds, if yer don't surrender peacefully."

Trenbar made a feint of throwing up his hands, but the sheriff was too quick for him. Though both men fired almost simultaneously, it was the sheriff's bullet alone that took effect. Trenbar reeled, clutched at his breast and fell heavily forward face downward in the moonlight.

When the smell of the powder had cleared away, Chief, feeling instinctively that something was wrong with his master, advanced timidly to his side and sniffed suspiciously at his clothing. So it was that the sheriff was able to catch him.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wood Oil Tree.
Mr. Augustine Henry tells the American druggist that the famous wood oil of China is expressed from the seeds of *Aleurites cordata*. It belongs to a family of oil and gum-producing plants, euphorbiaceae, of which our castor oil plant is a familiar representative. Like most trees from Japan and China, it ought to thrive in our country. Wood oil is prized from the fact that it excels all other for wood varnishing.

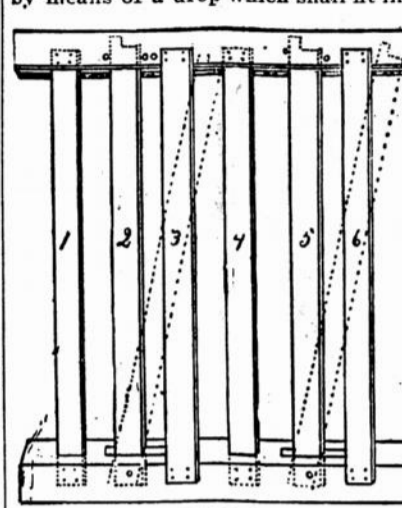
Gratitude.
Mrs. Crawford—I trust you realize how much I have done for you, Bridget. Since you've been with me I have made you a competent cook. Bridget—Yes, mum. That's why O'm after strolkin' yer fer five dollars extra a month.—N. Y. Journal.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FOR FEEDING CALVES.

Stanchions That Keep Them Separated and Compel Each Calf to Consume Itself to One Bucket.

For slopping small calves, stanchions may be constructed in the field similar to those shown in the cut. The sill may be of one piece of six by six, or it may be of two pieces of two by six with the upright pieces fastened between similar to the way shown in the top. If a six by six be used, mortises will have to be made in which to put the lower end of the vertical pieces. Piece No. 1 is securely fastened at both ends. No. 2 is secured at the bottom by means of a peg, and the top is free to swing back, making an opening through which the calf can put his head to the pail. It can then be brought into position and secured by means of a peg at the top, or by means of a drop which shall fit into



CALF-FEEDING STANCHION.

The shoulder shown at the top. When the calves are small, the opening between Nos. 1 and 2 should be four inches; as the calves grow and it becomes necessary to enlarge the space at the bottom, bore another hole through the sill at the base of No. 2, so that it can be set back five inches from No. 1. The fastenings at the top may also be arranged so that the space between uprights may be enlarged to accommodate the growth of the animal. Upright pieces Nos. 3 and 4 should be nailed to the front of the horizontal pieces so that they will not interfere with the free swing of Nos. 2 and 5.—Rural New Yorker.

UNSEASONED TUBS.

Large Quantities of Really Good Butter Are Spoiled by Their Use All Over the Country.

A great many unseasoned butter tubs are being marketed by one or two firms, which ought to be in better business, but which somehow in the competition between them do not exercise the care they formerly manifested in all their manufactures. Of course, it will be said of the guilty concerns that it is some one else that is turning out such fresh material, but investigations show that the concerns in question ought to be in better business if they desire to maintain any sort of reputation for honest, decent goods. In writing on this phase of the question to the New York Produce Review, a Mr. Dodge says among other things: "All the trouble that I have had in the past three years has been from sappy green wood, and the trouble can only be overcome by having the wood thoroughly dry and fit for use. There is nothing manufactured, that is made out of wood, until the wood is properly seasoned. I see no reason why this should not follow as regards butter tubs." No reason whatever, except the rapacity and narrow greed of some of these manufacturers. It makes a great difference in the price of butter that is not packed in first-class and thoroughly seasoned tubs or those raw and fresh. Tubs may look all right on shipment, but after the butter has been in transit to market, the defects become apparent and the goods are reported as old, affecting low quotations. Butter-makers should exercise the greatest care in such matters, and if possible make such concerns sign a contract to make good any losses sustained through want of properly seasoned tubs. There is no excuse for it any more than there is for any other kind of fraud.—Prairie Farmer.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.
Plant out plenty of small fruits. To grow large onions from seeds sow very early.

One of the best ways of improving the farm is to set out an orchard. Fine, well-rotted manure used as top dressing will help make the garden grow.

One of the best preventives of mildew on plants is powdered lime dusted on them.

Commence the cultivation in the garden as soon as possible after the planting is done.

Growth in the garden may be stimulated by early, thorough and continued cultivation.

Allow no fruit to grow on strawberry plants the first season. Pick off all buds and blossoms.

Of the different kinds of fruit gooseberries will give the best yields of any when no care is given.

Pull up any weeds that may have started in the strawberry bed, but do not disturb the mulch.

Do not let the plants in the seed bed grow too thickly or they will grow tall and spindling and be weak.

One advantage with spring setting out of strawberry plants is that it is the surest way of securing a good stand.

Place a circle of cardboard two or three inches high around the tomato plants when set out, to protect them against cutworms.

Numbering Country Homes.
Out in California they are urging the adoption of a system of numbering country residences, reckoning from the county seat as a center, and thus render the location of a point in the rural sections as simple as within city limits. The plan is to name every road in the county, first arranging them in as long lengths as can well be done. Then divide each mile into ten parts or blocks of the same length, and number them, a new number to each frontage.

HE WAS DISAPPOINTED.

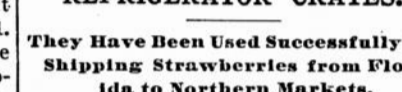
The Unsatisfactory Experience of a Farmer Who Planted a Squash Crop on Muck Land.

A number of years ago I broke up a tract located just back of the horse barn. The soil is jet black, the location low and during the winter overflowed. It is too soft at any season of the year to team over, but during the summer is sufficiently dry for tillage crops. Jim Lane (a hardy, tough Irishman, who has rested from his earthly labors now for many years), and I tilled a cess pool which bordered on the meadow, and carried the night soil on handbarrows to each hill, manuring very liberally. As the season advanced the vines started off almost on the run, for with the nitrogen in the rich soil added to the nitrogen of the night soil we had a mighty dose of it. The rank vines, with the ends of their runners lifted into the air, and their tips bent just under, looked for all the world like a tangle of green serpents straining to free themselves. The crop was a large one, of large Hubbard squashes, of a peculiar rich, light green color. With the exception of a few which grew along the borders of a ditch which ran through the meadow, the crop was safely housed before the first frost. The final result was anything but satisfactory, for the quality of the squash proved to be quite inferior; they were rather punky in their structure and soggy in their make up, both of which characteristics helped them on to an early and rapid decay. The two lessons I learned from that experiment were, first, to keep squashes off muck unless it had first been heavily treated to sand or gritty soil, a hundred loads to the acre, to supply the silica, which is wanting in all mere vegetable deposit; second, to use mineral manures, such as unbleached wood ashes and dissolved bone, rather than those strong in nitrogen on a soil that is already rich in that element.—James J. H. Gregory, in Prairie Farmer.

REFRIGERATOR CRATES.

They Have Been Used Successfully for Shipping Strawberries from Florida to Northern Markets.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker describes what he says is the favorite style of refrigerator crates now in use for shipping strawberries from Florida to the northern markets: The improvement is in the manner of supplying the ice; the latter is in a shallow galvanized tray fitting in the top, and the full size of the crate. One old style that I saw this morning had a narrow, upright receptacle for the ice, which formed a sort of partition through the center of the crate. Another had a shallow ice-pot in the center of the top, of a size that allowed a row of berry baskets to be set around



REFRIGERATOR CRATE.

it. This, perhaps, saved space, but did not carry the fruit in so good condition. The idea in the newest pattern seems to be that the ice is distributed over the entire upper surface of the crate, thus cooling the whole evenly, and as cold air settles, it goes all down through the crates seem to arrive in fine condition. The construction is pretty well shown in the illustration. This crate measured, outside measure, about two feet two inches by two feet six inches by two feet seven inches. It held four layers of quart baskets, 16 in each layer—64 in all. As shown, a drain pipe extends from the bottom of the crate up nearly to the bottom of the pan, and a spout from the latter drains off the water from the melting ice. The ice-pan can be lifted out to get at the berries. There is a ventilator through the middle of the crate, as shown. The whole is solidly built. The cover is fastened on with bolts set stationary in the crate, projecting through the corners of the cover, and fastened with nuts. The latter cause a good deal of trouble to receivers, as they are sunken in the cover, and it is difficult to get at them with an ordinary wrench. Most of them hold five tiers—80 quarts. The artist drew a 64-quart one.

Pears for the Orchard.

There is no grain that can be profitably grown in the orchard except the pea. A summer growth of buckwheat may not do any injury, but it does not enrich the soil even when plowed under, as does the pea crop. Besides, the pea vines lie close on the ground, and their large leaves shade it just as it needs to be shaded during the hot, dry weather of July and August. Large as its leaves are, the pea vine makes very little moisture from the soil. Usually its leaves are wet with dew in the night, which runs off and fertilizes the soil below, and also keeps it moist. If the peas are sown late and not cut, but allowed to lie on the ground and be fed off by hogs, there is a very material gain in soil fertility over leaving the land uncropped through the season.

Poultry and Plum Trees.
It is a good plan to scatter straw, with a little oats and corn in it, among the plum trees, where the chickens can scratch at it early in the morning. A flock of chickens can destroy more destructive insects than all the conceptions ever made. This scattering should commence two or three weeks before the trees are in bloom, and continue until the plums are as large as peas. Plum trees should always be planted in groups. For one thing, they fertilize each other, and the industry mentioned above can be followed with ease. It is well known that nature plants her plums in thickets.—E. B. Heaton, in Farmers' Review.

Material Near at Hand.

The abundance of large stones and boulders in many localities can be taken advantage of to reduce the expense of building stone roads; when properly broken they can often be used for foundation purposes. They are not so likely to be suitable for the wearing surface of the road.—Good Roads.

Sad Pay and Hard Work.

The bad pay and hard work of trained nurses has often been made the subject of benevolent remembrance by eminent medical men and nonprofessional philanthropists. It is well for an invalid, before he gets so bad as to need a nurse or doctor, to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters if he has chills and fever, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and nervousness. Use it regularly.

She Was Surprised.

Mrs. Huntley—It must have been very annoying to have had to appear in court. What did you do when they asked you to give your age?
Mrs. Huntley—Why, I gave it, of course.
"My goodness! And didn't they fine you for contempt?"—Chicago Evening News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure you, 25c.

We have noticed that the man who is lucky says nothing about the proverbial luck of a fool.—Aitchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickett, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

We often wonder what some women would do if they couldn't talk.—Washington Democrat.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When a girl goes away to a larger town on an extended visit there is no great surprise when she returns with a change of color in her hair.—Aitchison Globe.

Fits stopped (and permanently cured). No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Very few people know good stationery when they see it.—Washington Democrat.

Dr. Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been curing people right along for nearly 50 years. That's why it is acknowledged to be the sovereign Sarsaparilla. It is the original and the standard. The record of the remedy is without a rival—a record that is written in the blood of thousands, purified by its healing power.

"I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."—Mrs. A. F. Taylor, Englewood, N. Dak.

Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came from me after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

Geo. W. BOWLES, Blair, Mass.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
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Is the only safe cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Erysipelas, Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, and all other skin diseases. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Relieves itching and burning. Cures permanent. Best salve for Abscesses, Piles, Erysipelas, Cuts, and all other sores. By mail, send 25c. for a box. Sold by Druggists.

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KOLA CEREAL COMPOUND—Minnesota's Greatest Tonic in the World. Sold by all druggists.

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REMEMBER that this line enables passengers to reach the heart of the Gold Fields without enduring the hardships, exposure, severe toil and danger to life and property encountered on the Overland routes. Apply to

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