

Doan's Trial Triumph

The Free Trial of Doan's Kidney Pills daily carries relief to thousands. It's the Doan way of proving Doan merit with each individual case.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

ROCKDALE, ILL., Dec. 30, 1902.—"When I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills I could not get out of bed without help. I had severe pains in the small of my back. The Pills helped me at once, and now after three weeks the pain in my back is all gone and I am no longer annoyed with having to get up often during the night as formerly. I cannot speak too highly for what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. I am now 57 years old, have tried a great many medicines, but nothing did the work until I used Doan's Kidney Pills."—JAMES R. ARTHUR.

CLEVELAND, KY., Dec. 28, 1902.—"I was laid up in bed with my back and

kidneys. I could not get myself straight when I tried to stand, would have to bend in a half stooping position. I got a trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills and took all of them. At the end of two days they got me out of bed and I was able to go about. I take a delight in praising these Pills."—ANNE GUNN, JR.

FREE FOR THE KIDNEYS' SAKE.



FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name _____

Post-office _____

State _____

(Cut out coupon on dotted lines and mail to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)

HORSE MEAT BANQUET.

Six Hundred People Take Part in One at Berlin.

A dispatch from Berlin, Germany, says: Six hundred people sat down to-night to the most remarkable banquet that ever has been given in Berlin. The dishes consisted entirely of horse meat and were served in various forms. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals issued the invitations to the dinner, which was given for the purpose of demonstrating the nourishing and palatable qualities of horse meat, thereby causing increased consumption of the meat and a ready market for old horses. This would prevent their owners from working the poor animals to death as well fed specimens would bring good prices.

The bill of fare to-night consisted of horse soup, pickled horse tongue, flet of horse and roast horse. All of the dishes were nicely prepared and were evidently greatly relished. The presiding officer of the society, Mayor Councillor von Seefeld, said 30,000 horses had been eaten in Berlin last year, and that he hoped for a large increase in this number. Many prominent members of the Reichstag and of the City Council were present at the banquet.

American Trees for Germany.

A representative of the German government has been sent to Canada to ascertain what trees can be profitably transplanted into Germany. He decided that white pine, cherry, spruce and black walnut would flourish on German soil, and experiments are to be made with those trees.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

"Messrs. Shewer Kewer & Co.," writes I. W. Kewer, "one of your agents presented me a copy of your Family Almanac for 1903 the other day. I don't think much of the medical part of it, but I have enjoyed the anecdotes and stories very much. They are the kind I have always used."

MORE FLEXIBLE AND LASTING, won't shake out or blow out; by using DeLancey starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

A New York millionaire has married a telephone girl because he was charmed by her voice. Wait till she orders him to get up in the night and find things for the baby.

If smoking interferes with your work, "quit" working and smoke Baxter's Bullhead—5-cent cigar.

The managers of the Denver fat stock exhibition will soon be getting out their cattle-logue.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Barber—Little bay rum, sir? Man in the Chair—No; if you don't sharpen that razor a little bit, you'd better give me chloroform.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West. Union. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walbridge, Kimball & Martin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is all very well to begin at the bottom and work up, but you can't dig wells that way.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"Did you stay long in Chicago?" "No; I soon got short and had to leave."

Pile's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Governor Terrell of Georgia has appointed an ornamental staff of 133 lieutenant-colonels and aides de camp. All he needs now is a corporal to drill them.

Rheumatism Positively Cured. A simple remedy which renders the disease impossible, and as unfeeling as fate in its cure. Send at once 25 cents for recipe. Prescription Co., Box 253, Denver.

"I wonder why that old hen persists in setting in our coal bucket," remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "Perhaps because it is egg coal," chuckled Mr. Stubbs.

Try One Package. If "DeLancey Starch does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

"Pooh! My papa wears evening clothes every time he goes to parties." "That ain't nothing. Our minister wears his night clothes every time he preaches."

NOT A FISH STORY. Baxter's Bullhead cigar as good as a so smoke as you can find.

"This is pretty late for a married man to be out. Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" "I hope she will, but she throws pretty straight for a woman."

Maubikeek, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS, Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "On a False Charge," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

It would be a useless waste of energy and a needless tax on patience for me to relate in detail the manner in which we passed the days immediately following the disappearance of Maligni and Nita Barliotti. But the skill of the pursuers was greater than that of the pursued. Maligni, Nita, Dambo and Tortoni were gone—evaporated—vanished—as completely as though they had never existed in New York at all. We communicated freely and constantly with other cities, and did every thing that could be done to prevent their departure from the United States without detection.

One day, two weeks after Maligni had disappeared, I, nervous and fretful, sat in the office of the Board of Park Commissioners, of which Major Simmons was now president, pouring out to him my bitterness of spirit over the failure to trace Maligni.

While I was there, a heavy footstep was heard outside, and we both looked up knowingly. The door opened and the lion-tamer entered.

It was at once evident from the expression of his face that he had learned something.

"Well, lion-tamer," said the major, "what is new to-day?"

"The hunt is ended, so far as this continent is concerned," was the reply of Maubikeek, as he quietly sat down near us.

"Ended!" I exclaimed, excitedly. "Have you found them?"

"No. But I have traced them," he said, with a grim sort of satisfaction in his tones. "Maligni and Nita are on board the steamship La Gasconne, which sailed from this port three days ago. Of course, they are en route to Italy, or, more particularly speaking, to the island of Sardinia, where Maligni intends to make Nita his wife."

"I have just left police headquarters," the lion-tamer went on. "The superintendent was about to send for you and me when I arrived there. The police explain their failure to find Maligni while he was in New York by saying that he was aided by his fellow-countrymen here to outwit all pursuers. Even when he sailed he did so under the name of Luigi Barliotti. The record of passengers, so the superintendent says, shows the names Luigi Barliotti and his daughter, Signorina Barliotti, and Mariana, the attendant of the signorina. From various descriptions gathered by the police of these people from the company, they concluded at once that they were the persons sought. And I am inclined to agree with them."

"True enough," I said. "The search is ended. Now the chase begins. Of course you will follow them."

"Mr. Wilberton," said Maubikeek, extending his right arm, "as long as there is one drop of blood flowing through my veins, it flows for Nita Barliotti. There is an arm that has before been raised in her behalf, and which will be again, and there is another like it, equally quick to strike; and these two arms, working together, will tear limb from limb that man who injures Nita Barliotti, or marries her against her will, be he in America, Italy, or at the corners of the earth. I shall follow."

"Good!" I said. "We can get away at once. When shall we sail?"

Maubikeek looked at me in surprise. The major wheeled his chair around and faced me.

"We! We!" he ejaculated. "Are you going to Italy?"

"I am going wherever Maligni goes," I replied. "He has something that I want as much as Maubikeek wants Nita. The red box. We will go together, lion-tamer, and hunt the scoundrel down."

"Think well over this, Mr. Wilberton," said Maubikeek, "before you decide finally to go. Hunting a man in Sardinia, where Maligni is certainly going, is very different from hunting him in New York, where you have the assistance of a great police force. There are dangers to be met with there that cannot be imagined. Once in Sardinia, Maligni can kill the man who follows him, and will not suffer for the crime. If anything happens to me, you would be at the mercy of the most dangerous lot of brigands in the world."

I laughed at this.

"Brigands there may be, Maubikeek, but Sardinia is not given over to the industry of brigandage. I am determined to follow Maligni and obtain that red box, or wring from him the secrets it contained when he got it from Barliotti."

"Then I will say no more," said the lion-tamer. "If you insist upon going, then go with me. I thought only of your own safety. Personally, I shall be glad to have you for a companion."

So it was settled, and, after a little more talk, the lion-tamer and I started uptown.

It was with a feverish haste and impatience that I made my final arrangements to leave New York.

Our program was laid down by Maubikeek, who naturally assumed the leadership of our expedition. And, as he had said in the presence of the major and once since, that he knew something of Sardinia, the place of leader seemed rightfully to belong to him.

Of course the purpose of our journey was known to no one but the major, Maubikeek, Dilkins and myself. And

even Dilkins had not been let into the full significance of my share in the hunt, for his tongue could not be trusted. When the hour of departure had come, Major Simmons and Dilkins were at the wharf to bid us adieu.

It would be foolish for me to say that I was perfectly calm at the moment of leaving. At that moment I began to feel some misgivings as to the wisdom of my resolve, and almost wished that I had not engaged passage. This feeling, however, was but momentary. I shook it off as unworthy of me, and resolutely set my face to the future and gave no sign to my friends that I had weakened even for the moment. Maubikeek was like a man of iron. His countenance was immobile, and the keen, stern eye and set jaw boded ill for the enemy who fell within the range of his giant arms.

At last the bell rang, and the fog-horn voice of a gold-braided officer ordered all hands not going to sea ashore. The major and Dilkins shook hands with us once more, and I felt a pressure in the major's grip that was warmer than usual. With this last grasp they hustled over the gang-plank and stood on the wharf shouting their farewells at us, while the Queen slowly swung off and her screaming tug churned the water into foam.

When we had passed through the channel, the tug had been released, the pilot returned to the swiftly gliding boat that bore a number on her sail, and the Queen was plowing along, constantly gathering headway. I began to thoroughly enjoy the sensation of my first ocean voyage, and the exhilarating effect of the salt air made me feel like a new man.

Our first day out passed without event. And in the evening we sat on deck and smoked, Maubikeek near me, lying back in a deck chair, his eyes fixed on the stars that shone brightly above us, his face unchangeable, his jaw set, his whole appearance being that of a mysterious man of nowhere, everywhere, and particularly here. I sat and watched him, furtively at first, and then, seeing that he was paying no attention to me, openly. Something in my scrutiny must have touched him, or an electric current from my brain to his must have brought a response, for as we were separating for the night he turned to me and said:

"Mr. Wilberton, you perhaps think I am a strange and uncommunicative man, and so I am, compelled, as I have been, by circumstances to withhold from persons I cannot trust all information concerning myself. But it is due to you, who have thrown your fortunes in with mine in this pursuit of Maligni and the girl I love, that I make you acquainted with me—not as I seem, but as I am. But my story is long, and I will not weary you with it now. To-morrow I will tell you who and what I am."

"I do not seek your confidences, Maubikeek," I answered. "If there is anything in your life that you wish to conceal, that is your business, not mine. Had I for one moment doubted your honor as a man I would not have accompanied you. On the other hand, if there is anything you wish to tell me, I shall be glad to listen."

"Thank you," he said simply. "To-morrow I will tell you the story of my life."

Then bidding me good-night, he went to his stateroom, and soon after I left the deck and retired to my own.

CHAPTER V.

During the night the wind gathered force and the Queen pitched and rolled with the waves beating against her bows. The result to me was inevitable. I was as seasick as mortal man had ever been. My illness effectually drove from Maubikeek's mind and my own all thoughts of the confidences he had proposed to unfold to me on that day. In fact, about the only thing that could have been said that would have been pleasing to me was the promise that I would speedily die and end it all. But this the ship's physician refused to give.

So two days and part of the third passed, and I was still unable to leave my berth.

In the evening of the third day of my illness the lion-tamer sat near me, looking over some papers I had brought from New York. Now and then he would glance at me to see if I was in need of his attention. The worst of my illness was over, but I was very weak.

"Maubikeek," I said, almost smiling at the weakness of my own voice, "why do you sit in this close stateroom? You have been wonderfully good and kind to me. I can never forget it. But I am over the worst of it, and you need not trouble with me any more. Go on deck and get a whiff of fresh air."

Maubikeek smiled.

"The air to be had on deck," he said, "is not so invigorating as you think. There is a dense fog. We are creeping along, barely keeping headway. Nothing can be seen. It is a damp, chilly evening, the sea is running high, and altogether it is uninviting on deck. I will sit here awhile and then go to bed."

He resumed his reading, and I lay still, listening and thinking.

Suddenly there was a shock and crash, a cry of horror, a shout of anger, and the ship seemed to be driven by some tremendous force, and shivered and trembled like a frightened animal.

Maubikeek leaped to his feet.

"There has been a collision!" he said. "Stay where you are, Wilberton. I will come back."

He rushed from the stateroom, and I felt to wondering what the result of this new horror would be. I was so weak that I did not fully realize my own position. It is true, I felt and knew the danger. But my senses were so benumbed by my illness and this new shock that at first I was almost

indifferent to my own fate. But the sounds of excitement had their effect on me, and I was soon groping for my clothes and struggling to get them on before joining the frantic mob on deck.

I succeeded in getting myself clad, as regards shirt and trousers. At this point I became panic-stricken, and feeling that I was surely doomed if the ship sank, I breathed a prayer and Edith's name at the same time and sank on the floor.

Just then the door of my stateroom was flung open and Maubikeek appeared. He picked me up from the floor, wrapped my overcoat around me, and taking me in his arms as if I was a child, he hurried out and up the companionway onto the deck. Here was a scene of almost indescribable confusion. The lights on the deck glimmered but dimly through the fog, and the whole scene was enveloped in a dense blackness. Yet I could distinguish the forms of men rushing madly to and fro, cursing, shouting, and crying, having no aim except to save themselves, regardless of the fate of others.

But how grandly different was the lion-tamer! With me in his arms, he sped over the slippery up-hill deck to a place at the rail where a boat was being lowered.

I saw the forms of women in it, and realized that the Queen's officers had insisted upon the rule at sea of saving the women first. Maubikeek was about to step into the boat.

"Stand back there!" some one shouted. "There's room for only one more in here!"

"You go!" I said. "Nita needs you."

"Keep still!" he said sternly, and as calmly as if nothing stood in the way of our safety. Calling to the officer in charge of the boat, the lion-tamer said: "Here! If there is room for one more, take him. This is Mr. Wilberton of the Lotus Club, New York. He is ill. Do your best for him."

I felt myself taken by other hands, and gasped out a word of gratitude to my preserver.

"Listen!" he said. "If you are saved and I am not, save Nita from Maligni."

"I will save her at any cost," I answered, at the same time thinking that my promise amounted to little, so weak was I, and so poor a stick in this emergency.

But there was no time for further words. The boat that I was in plunged out into the darkness, and all I could see was the great black hull looming up in the fog, her bows now almost under water, and through the thick, black night came the agonized cries and shrieks of those who had been left behind. And as I heard them, I thought of Maubikeek. That noble, stalwart hero, standing there—I could almost see him, so clear was it in my mind—peering out into the darkness to watch if possible the progress of our boat, and not a murmur nor a sound of fear over his own probable fate.

Other boats had been put off, and the hope of those in our boat was that their loved ones might be in one of the other boats, and might, therefore, be rescued by some passing vessel. It was unanimously agreed that for those who remained on board the Queen there was no hope.

All night we were buffeted by the waves and chilled by the damp, cold air that swept around us, and from which we had no protection. That night seemed interminable. If time could be measured by misery, then it was high unto eternity before the morning broke.

The sailors were weary and nearly exhausted by their labors at the oars. The murmuring and sobbing of the women had given way to a condition of mute despair. But even misery ends sometimes without being relieved by the great Destroyer.

(To be continued.)

Increase in Cremation.

Cremation is one of the oldest forms of disposal of the dead, yet it is a form that lapsed from use for centuries. It appears to be in process of restoration. True, it has made but little head against the custom of burial, yet there is an increase every year in such proportion that we may look for a wide adoption of it within the next quarter century. There are in this country but twenty-six crematories, yet this is against but two eighteen years ago, and the number of cremations is 2,500 or more a year. When statistics were first collected on the subject, eighteen years ago, the annual cremations numbered sixteen. It is because they are common and have so ceased to be an occasion of comment that an impression may have been created which is contrary to this fact of growth, but the truth that about 14,000 incinerations have occurred in the United States, which, added to the large number in Europe, certainly indicates an increase.

The Proboscis Monkey.

A monkey with a nose that has made some progress on the road to becoming a trunk is a decided curiosity. On that account the new Ape House at the Zoological Gardens will probably have plenty of visitors for some time to come. In order to see the young specimen of the proboscis monkey—the first of its kind brought alive to England. In that, however, the nose is far from having attained the size which comes only with mature age. These animals are found only in Borneo, always frequenting the tree tops of river side forests, where they congregate in small groups or family parties. The general coloration is reddish-brown above and white beneath; but in young animals there is more red on the forequarters and the face is blackish. Hornaday, the well-known collector, said that if the proboscis monkey were not eclipsed by the orang it would be the most famous quadrupane of the East Indies.

Reduced Rates to the San Luis Valley.

You have for several months been reading in this paper about ROMEO and the fine farming lands in its vicinity opened up by THE ROMERO CANAL. Perhaps you have been thinking of investigating the Sunny San Luis Valley and deciding to make your home there. If you are to go in time to do any work this spring, you should decide at once. We can sell you unimproved land all fenced and ready for seeding so that you can have crop the first year. We did the work last fall, to be prepared for late comers. You can rent from us if you prefer, but we would advise you by all means to buy and so make a sure profit by the rise in the value of the land. See last week's ad. Our water rights are gilt-edged and our lands the choicest. It will pay you to take a trip and see for yourself. One day is long enough if you can't spare more time. Leave Denver on the D. & R. G. at 8 p. m., reach Romeo 7:15 next morning. No long drive to reach our land, for you stop from the train right on to it. Our superintendent will show you what we have to offer, give you a fine dinner and supper without charge, put you aboard the train at 7 p. m., and next morning early you will be back in Denver. Fare for round trip, \$12.35, provided you get special ticket order from us. Write at once to ZEPH. CHAS. FELT, 616 Majestic Building, Denver, Colorado.

A Lake for London.

One of the many plans proposed for improving the harbor of London is the construction of a dam across the Thames just below the city, thus converting the upper river into a huge lake deep enough to accommodate vessels drawing thirty feet of water. It is estimated that the plan could be carried out for about \$16,000,000.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous and often cold and damp. If you have sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Agent—Exactly, sir, exactly. Pat—Be gods, I'll take two.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

Then use DeLancey Starch. It will keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

When the telephone girl wanted to break her engagement she did it in two words, "ring off."

Bullhead 5-cent cigar. If you have smoked one you know how good they are. If you have not, try one.

Doctor—My poor boy! I'll tell you the worst! You will certainly be well by the time school opens.

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W. N. U.—DENVER.—NO. 5.—1903.

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