The man who would wreck a child's faith in Santa Claus would wreck a bank.

resolution. When it doesn't it is just bull-headed obstinacy. A powerful effort is under way to

A Chicago preacher says Sunday schools are of no value, but they are pretty well crowded just now, all the

er. What's the matter with celery?

King Edward's coronation rites will last four hours, during which time he will be compelled to abstain absolutely from smoking.

Football is more profitable than prize fighting, if not more elevating. Yale, despite her defeats, has cleared \$70,000 this season.

Chenting at cards is legally held to be larceny in the State of Washington. In some of the other far western states it is merely suicide. A smokeless stove for soft coal has

been invented. Now give us a coalless stove for hard prices and our happiness will be complete. Andrew Carnegie seems to be having trouble in estab ishing his title as laird

of Skibo, but nobody will contest his right as universal librarian. The old method of killing yourself

vails in some parts of the country. of the anarchists, many of whom are

educated too much for their own good. By a decree of fashionable Paris, neckwear must henceforth be conred is considered to be conservative in

Paris.

If all the crown diamonds in the country shall be worn at the coming coronation of King Edward the common people will have to wear smoked glasses.

It has again been demonstrated that two such substantial bodies as steam locomotives cannot safely pass through the same section of space at the same time.

for damages on account of breach of promise of marriage, there is no occasion for mirth. It is a serious matter to a woman of that age.

As to the woman of 50 who has sued

Encouraged by the success which attended the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers, another Baltimore company has been incorporated to extract whisky from watermelons.

An anarchist orator in Chicago has just said that he bows down to the assassin of presidents and ranks him as a superior. Congress will shortly enter. provide a place for these promoters of

poetry, collect subscriptions, run the there was plenty of food left to give the oath that nearly escaped him. job press and manage a paper, all at the man a substantial meal. the same time." So it is, brother. Quit grinding out the poetry.

We earth people are not awake: we are asleep. We are dreaming now; we are just God's dreams. Wait till we awake, and then watch our smoke sweep up and smother Mars and a few million of the other peopled planets! A New Yorker has promised a job to and fro putting eatables on one end

hope of finding work here. Beck had been in the box about fifteen days when of coffee down on the table with as he was discovered and was nearly dead | much force as she could without spillfrom cold, hunger and terror. A man ing its contents. "Your vitual's set." who has the nerve and the endurance The man, scarcely raising his eyes, tainly be taken care of. Edward John Eyre, who died recent-

ly in London unknown to current fame, was the largest figure in British politics thirty-five years ago. John Stuart Mill leading one side and Thomas Carlyle the other, a fierce and prolonged national contest was fought over the question whether Eyre, as governor of haired little boy burst into the room. Jamaica, had not suppressed a negro With the unquestioning confidence of insurrection in that island with need- childhood, he walked up to the less and shameful cruelties. Eyre was stranger and said gravely, "I said formally exonerated, but retired at merry Christmas." once and forever from public life.

It is not given to everyone to enjoy music. Like Goldsmith's schoolboys at her, but did not look at the child. with their "counterfeited glee," the music critic must run across many people with counterfeited ecstasy. At the same time, even the bitterest scoffer against music and musicians must rub ing a cnair close to the table, from his eyes when he reads that a young it he mounted the end of the table fiddler just come to America will receive \$100,000 for 100 concerts. A thousand dollars a concert! Well, we sup- dark spirit. pose he is worth the price, for, as a The tramp, who seemed almost rule, managers are not Carnegies. A famished, paused just long enough to genius is cheap at any price.

Mrs. Bradley Martin has countermanded her order for a coronet that she purposed wearing at the king's coronation. As a coronet usually goes with a title Mrs. Martin's action may have been due to a hint dropped farther the man answered. up the line.

People who want to go to King Edward's drawing room hereafter must book he was holding in his arms. "You A smother wait to be asked. There is danger that know Mother Goose, don't you?" honor of meeting them will be forgot- sullen features.



by going over or through a fence and | One star burned low within the darkened dragging your gun after you, still pre- And from a stable door an answering Crept faintly forth, where through full The educational test for immigrants A woman watched. The sounds of day unfortunately will not meet the case And save the gentle tread of restless There dwelt a hush profound. The moth-So holden by her Babe took no affright
When shadows of the beams, that caught
the least
Of light, seemed shapened to a lengthening cross; servative. However, a pronounced She only saw a crown made by a fleece of golden hair. Naught presaged pain or To her, the pivot of the swinging sphere Lay sheltered in her arms so warm and

away?" the boy asked, slowly. Had Mary been an observing girl, she would have seen, under the near; A mother's heart proclaimed Him "Prince scrubby beard and grime on the haggard face, a dull red flush spread to -Edna A. Foster. the roots of his shaggy, neglected hair. "Didn't your mamma come to look A The Tramps for you?" continued the little tormentor. 'She didn't know where I was," the

morning asking for

something to eat

that Mary was

more than half in-

the rule of the

Tracy household, which stood good

at all seasons of the year as well

as at Yuletide, and refuse his re-

juest. Before she could do so, how-

ever, Mrs. Tracy herself came into the

kitchen, and, with scant show of hos-

She had always secretly grumbled

look up from the floor as he sat ner-

pair of merry blue eyes peered into the

kitchen and a shrill little voice piped

The "man" started, shifted uneasily

in his chair, but made no reply. Un-

daunted by his chilling reception, the

door was burst open, and a golden-

"Run into the other room, Donald,"

The man shot a half-defiant glance

"I don't want to." the little fellow

replied. "He's company, and mamma

said I could 'tain him. I bringed the

new Mother Doose book dat I dot from

Santa Claus to show he," and, push-

look wonderingly at his strange little

companion, and then gave his full at-

"Don't you want to talk?" Donald

out, "Hello, man, merry Christmas!"

"He's young and able to work."

vously twirling his hat.

near the table.

Mary put in hastily.

tention to the meal.

tramp answered, in a strange, muffled "Then you hided from her!" ex-

read you 'bout 'em. This one," and

Donald slid along the table as near

to the man as the dishes would al-

low, "this one is about 'Blue Boy.' I'll

read 'bout him," and, in a chanting,

high-pitched voice, he repeated the

mow?" he asked, suddenly, at the con-

"Did you ever sleep under : hay-

The man frowned slightly at the

"Was it nice?" went on his inter-

The man's lower lip was pressed

cruelly by his teeth at this question,

but a surly shake of his head was his

"Oh, was you naughty and runned

rogator. "Did your mamma let you?"

childish query, bit his lip and nodded

rhyme of "Little Boy Blue."

clusion of his recitation.

his head.

only reply.

kempt, sad looking claimed the child, with blue eyees wide creature when he open. presented himself The man was looking out of the window now, forgetful of his good at the back door that Christmas

breakfast. "I was naughty once and runned away," Donald prattled on, "and when my mamma found me she was just awful glad, but she cried, too-wasn't that funny? And she said mothers was always glad when they got their boys back, even when they was big and runned awful far off, 'straved into the paths'-I forget just what that part was, but she said I must always come back to her-an'-an'-I don't

pitality, Mary allowed the tramp to think she'd cry?" The man cast one fierce look over because Mrs. Tracy would allow no his shabby person. "Cry!" he exone to be turned away hungry, and to-"It's a hard job," says a Yoakum day there was no excuse, for the fam- his breath hard between his teeth as Donald. Among other things it con-

"Isn't you goin' to eat any more?" "Goin' to come and rob the house chirped the little fellow, with awakto-night, like's not," was Mary's in- ened hospitality, noticing that his white vellum. On the cover in gold ward comment as she put the coffee guest, sitting with his head on his pot on the stove, and she watched the hand, seemed to have lost his appe- it, "From his grateful Blue Boy, man narrowly to see if he were mak- tite. The child's voice roused him Christmas-189-. ing a mental plan of the house, but from his thoughts, and, seeing that her suspected burglar did not once Mary had paused in her work and was watching him curiously, he asked humbly, "Can I have some coffee?" Meanwhile Donald was turning the Mary soliloquized, as she bustled to nages of his book. "Here's a funny Johan Beck, the man who crossed the of the kitchen table. "Might be tol- his fat little finger, "but it's 'bout a picture," he announced, pointing with ocean in a box in the hold of the Ham- erable good lookin', too, if he was dreadful naughty boy. I'll read 'bout lion Americans, free and slave, enburg-American steamer Palatia in the shaved and dressed up-and-washed." him," and, in a very solemn and im-"There!" she snapped, setting a cup pressive tone, he repeated the tale of much as a cooking stove in all the "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

"It's dreadful bad to steal, you know," he commented, gravely. "My mamma says so, and, of course, she thing that the palate can desire, and to survive such an ordeal should cer- dropped his hat and hitched his chair knows-mammas know most every-Just as he eagerly clutched the cup think?-I stole! I didn't steal a pig can of a hundred years ago undoubtof fragrant coffee, a door opened, a like Tom, but I stole some little cakes,



and my mamma talked to me a long opposite the man, and sat there like a time, and she told me so many things sweet, rosy cherub observing some so I'd grow to be a good man. Did your mamma want you to be a good man, too?"

The man choked on a hasty cup of coffee, but made no reply. Donald did scolding and praising each according not seem to expect one, but chatted on, "I was 'fraid my mamma did not love me any more when I stole those cakes, ings on them all and promising to words. And John had forgotten her. 'cause she looked so sorry, but," with give each a present on the next morn- | He would never know. It was better "I'm not fit—that is, 'er, I don't a happy little laugh, "seemed like she ing, he disappears. Before retiring to that he should not. Love is ever know how to talk to such a little kid," loved me more'n ever after. But I rest that night each member of the lealous, and he might upbraid her, or don't want to see her look sorry like family places one of his or her shoes think even while he had won her that "All right, I guess you want to eat." that again. Did you ever make your on the table in the parlor. The doo: the child observed, graciously. "I mamma look sorry-out of her eyes, is then locked, but the next morning

A smothered groan from the ise, for in each shoe is found a presen stranger and, with a child's intuition for its owner. under the new rule some estimable peo- The man shook his head, but some- of "something wrong," Donald sought ple who want to give the king the thing like a smile flitted across his to cheer and console, and said, reassuringly, "Well, you just go an' tell than wealth without happiness

be glad and love you. I most know

The man had ceased eating and sat motionless with his head bowed on his breast until Mary approached and curtly asked if he were "done eatin'." "Yes," he answered absently, and, looking wistfully at the child, he reached for his hat.

"Is you goin' to see your mamma?" questioned Donald, eagerly.

"Yes, my little man," came the answer, in a clear, ringing voice that made Mary jump and drop a basin. "That's just where I am going. But first, tell me your name." "I'm little Donald Robert Tracy, and

my papa's big Donald Robert!" "Good-by, little preacher. You're the best one I've ever heard," and just brushing the golden head with his lips, the tramp passed out of the door and went down the street, not with the slouching, hang-dog air with which he had approached the house, but with head erect and shoulders squared, he swung along with long, easy strides.

"Of all the ungrateful wretches!" exclaimed Mary, angrily, to Mrs. Tracy, who had slipped in through the half-open door. "He never even said 'thank you.' " Her mistress did not seem to hear, but, with shining eyes, gathered her little son up in her arms, and, as she pressed him closely to her, she whispered brokenly, "And a little child shall lead them."

A year passed, and little Donald's 'taining" the tramp was forgotten



YOU KNOW MOTHER GOOSE

DON'T YOU?" by all save Mrs. Tracy. She often wondered what fruit the good seed sown by the innocent child last Christmas morning had borne. That he had been God's chosen instrument for working out some great end, her gentle heart never doubted.

It was, therefore, a great pleasure and satisfaction to her to receive a long letter from the "man." It was written from his home in a far eastern city, and told, in a simple, straightforward manner, the story of his downfall and how, moved by Donald's childish prattle, he had worked his way back home, resolved to begin life anew; how kind friends had helped him and encouraged him, and how he was doing well at his old trade of

bookbinding "I was going from bad to worse," the letter ran, "and nothing is easier for a young fellow to do, and the road down to being a 'common tramp' is a short one when one gets started. When I came to your house that Christmas morning I was bitter, hard and desperate. No one living could have touched my heart as did that little blue-eyed boy. His little sermon, with 'member any more, but I guess if you'd its text taken from 'Mother Goose, go back to your mamma she'd forget snatched this poor brand from the the naughty and be glad. Do you burning. Tell the little chap that I found my mamma, and she was glad

as he said." Accompanying the letter was a package of Christmas gifts, addressed to (Tex.) editor, "for a fellow to grind out ly had just finished breakfast and the sight of the baby face choked back tained a book-a copy of "Mother Goose" exactly like the one from which he had "read" to the man to "'tain him," exquisitely bound in letters was Donald's name, and below



Christmas a Century Ago. A hundred years ago about five mil-

joyed a humble Christmas without so United States. This month, nearly seventy-seven millions will observe the same holiday with almost everywith every means, from hot coals to thing, don't they? Once-what do you electricity, for cooking it. The Ameriedly had a better stomach and a larg- heat had drooped lower. A short, er appetite than the American of to- gasping sob was in her throat, letting day; but all the same, we are all glad we are living in the year 1900. In no point of contrast is the growth | had given another promise; two years

of this country so wonderfully shown of toil and acmesickness had been as in the census figures. In 1800 there endured for her sake; but for six were, in the eight Northern States. and in Maine, Indiana and Ohio, which were not states at that time, 2,601,521 whites, 47,154 free blacks and 35,946 slaves; in the eight Southern States and Mississippi and the District of Columbia there were 1,702,980 whites, 61,-241 free blacks and 857,095 slaves; making a total of 5.305.937.

Christmas In Holland. In Holland on Christmas Eve, the children, while indulging in various failings and virtues of each child, she thought of him. to the merits of their family behavior. | nothing of John. Somehow she could Finally, however, he bestows his bless- not gather courage to frame the proves the truth of Santa Claus' prom

Poverty with contentment is better

her you're sorry an' see if she don't PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN. In the rush of the merry morning,

When the red burns through the gray, And the wintry world lies waiting For the glory of the day, Then we hear a fitful rushing Just without upon the stair, See two white phantoms coming, Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing Rows of little socks to fill? Are they angels floating hither With their message of good will? What sweet spell these elves are weaving. As like larks they chirp and sing; is it palms of peace from heaven That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold, Eager faces peeping through, With the first red ray of sunshine, Chanting cherubs come in view; Mistletoe and gleaming holly, Symbols of a blessed day, n their chubby hands they carry, Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary Of this innocent surprise; Naiting, watching, listening always, With full hearts and tender eyes, While our little household angels, White and golden in the sun. Greet us with the sweet old welcome, "Merry Christmas, every one!"

His Revenge

A Christmas Story

It was Christmas Eve that year when John Maxwell went away to make his mark in this world. Alice Tower was just eighteen. They had been lovers for a few years and were now engaged. Something that she had mas Eve piqued him. "Two years man." These had been John Maxaugured that he would make them hoarse when he spoke, good. But the two years had passed and six months more and Alice had heard no word. Sitting under the old apple tree one

warm May afternoon, she idly wondered whether his silence gave her pain or pleasure. When John had bidden her good-by the thought of his return had been the sustaining power in the moment of his departure. do us. Six months! And it seemed can afford. No concern in the United Though she had shed bitter tears over to you a long time to wait. Child, do States can sell for less money than the story of his many failures; though she had received with gladness the the reward of this moment? What cash, but will sell at the same rate on knowledge of his first successes; was hunger, toil, privation, homesick- ample time to enable the purchaser to though she had once waited with impatience for letters that did not come, she now felt it to be almost a relief | thought that all were for you, for the employ good salesmen. -nay, quite-for two years is a long, day which was slowly, slowly creeping long time, and Alice felt that in two on, when I might stand before you years she had grown old not only in and say: 'Alice, I have proved my time to plant him. years but in experience. Did it not love with a price. You may accept it. make the difference between eighteen darling, without fear. It has been and twenty? Surely, when one had purified through fire.' And when, six left their teens behind them it was

time to learn wisdom. Ah! Alice would not whisper to her own thoughts that there had been an- work. For months I was at Death's other teacher; that not so easy would door, unable to write, or to let others have been the lesson of forgetfulness had not another lesson been conned in I said: 'I will wait until I can go to its stead. It was all a bewildering her.' You were sheltereed, cared for, maze in the little head under the masses of rich brown hair, with just | praying for me-I even thanked God a glint of red among them as the sun gave them its farewell kiss.

But a brighter red stole into the rounded cheek as a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the apple trees were not responsible was thrown beside hers. "Good evening, Miss Alice," said a

heery voice. "I thought that I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for indoor life." 'Yes," she answered, "it is very

"As it should be," he added, in lower, more impressive tones, "to grace your presence. Alice," he continued throwing himself on the ground beside her, "shall I tell you why I am so glad to find you here? Because it seems the most fitting place to tell you something else, which, though you must already know, it is fit that I should put into words. They are poor words, darling. I am not versed in eloquence; and even were I, here eloquence might stammer. But they are words old as the world itself. 'I love you;' I have but one hope in life, and that is, that you will share it. It is not much that I can offer you, dear. Perhaps I should say wait, before I

life may have in store for us, as we chare its sunshine. Alice, what is your answer? Will you be my wife?" Ah, it had come at last. Once the girl had tried to check the torrent of his words. He had nut caught the little, detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it tightly. The small no word find its way there. What was she to do? Two years ago she months she had heard nothing. Perhaps John had forgotten her-as ah, she had almost added, "as she had forgotten him." But of John Dent Dexter knew nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved. So it was, that when,

take you from your comfortable home.

But yet, why should I. If you love

me, you will stand bravely by my side,

and we will share whatever storms

he stooped and pressed his first kiss upon the young red lips. Curiously enough, their wedding day was set for Christmas Day, the games, keep casting anxious glances at third anniversary of John Maxwell's the door, as if expecting a visitor. At leave-taking. Dent wanted the event iength their play is hushed by a loud fixed for a nearer date. Alice was knock at the door and St. Nicholas, persistent. Perhaps she had a special clad in his episcopal robes, enters. He reason for fixing the time so far evinces a wonderful knowledge of the ahead. Poor John Maxwell! Maybe

half wondering at her long silence he

again : epeated his question, she simp-

ly raised to him the sweet, fair face,

and content with what he read there.

In all these weeks she had told him together.

for a bride to don her wedding dress by the wind.

before the wedding day. It was all UNABLE TO STAND FOR MONTHS nonsense. Alice thought, as later, she stood before her mirror and saw reflected there her own form clad in its white silken robes.

pressed her so.

at her door. The little maid entered.

Poor John! She wished she had not

man is downstairs and wants to see you immediate. Miss."

table burning dimly; but sitting in a did so much for me." corner on the sofa she saw a man's form, a man who rose impetuously to as to what treatment she pursued durhis feet as she entered.

her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet suffering so much, but we venture to in her cheeks, she tripped across the suggest that had she called in any floor and turned the lamp so that its well-known medical man he would light streamed full upon her, then have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, looked up into Dent's face to see the for it has conquered pain upwards of look of love and admiration gathering fifty years, and doctors know there is there-looked to find it not Dent, but nothing so good. The proprietors of some one who, for a moment, seemed St. Jacob's oil have been awarded a stranger-some one whose face was twelve gold medals by different interbronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love committees who made the awards were said to him about the quality of the and recognition which did not come- in each instance composed largely of present he brought to her on Christ- looked from her own paling face, from the most eminent medical men obthe dying spots of scarlet in her tainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did from now," he said, "I will come back | cheek, to the sliken train which to claim you. Then I will be a rich swept the floor in its purity, and the St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every orange flowers she had fastened in her well's last words; and there had been | breast. Yes, she knew him now. It a fire in his eye, and certain lines of was John, come home to claim her determination about his mouth which for his very own. His voice was very it is a good thing to prize what you "I came for my bride," he said. "Is

she here? Is this dress for me " ten me-

months ago, my crowning success | CAPSICUM VASELINE came, I started in search of you; but the long hardships had done their happy-aye, I was so mad as to think that your prayers had restored my life and reason. I am as the man who

tering diamond, and when at length he picked it up triumphant, he discovered it to be a piece of shining glass." "John, John! Forgive me," she pleaded, clinging with both hands to his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. I loved you then. Be

toiled all his life in search of a glit-

lieve me, I loved you then." Through the open window stole her words, paralyzing the form of an unseen listener, who had at that moment appeared upon the scene. What did it

He heard not the man's answering words-"Forgive you? Never!"-but brace as he snatched her unresisting form in his arms and covered her face with kisses which seemed half hatred and half love, then released her and went out into the night.

bola, Saskatche and settled there. Reduced rates on all rallways for homeseckers and settlers. New districts are being opened up this year. The new forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. F. Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada or W. V. Bennett, Canadian Government Agent, 801 New York Life Bidg., Omaha, Neb. saw only his last, mad, passionate em | boia, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

into John Maxwell's hand, and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child. He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and lightness had died out of his life. "You have had your revenge," she

"The man I was to marry saw you take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but it is very bitter. You left me two years. If you had loved me you would not have done so. I was a child, and I forgot you and learned to love another. I no longer ask you to forgive me, since you have wreaked upon me your revenge." His own life stretched bare and

blank and desolate before him. For a moment he felt a wild joy that so hers might prove. The next, after a brief struggle, his manhood conquered. His revenge should be something nobler than a girl's wrecked life something which, after long and lonely years, he might recall without a blush of shame. Dent Dexter was alone in the cot-

tage he had prepared for his bride, sitting with bowed head, when John Maxwell sought him out. The interview between them was very brief; but for an instant, as they parted, their hands met in a long, silent clasp. One man had given happiness-one had renounced it. So the wedding day was not postponed, but Alice's fingers trembled as she again fastened her wedding dress, and tears dimmed her eyes as she bent to fasten the orange blossoms in her breast Christmas Eve. She knew that Dent had taken her

back to his heart and home, that somehow all had been explained to him; but quite how it all happed she never knew until, a year later, her husband bent over her where she lay with her baby boy sleeping on her breast, and told her all the story, ending with a proud glance at the child. "He gave us our happiness, darling,

We will name our boy after the man who wreaked on us such a revenge." Goats That Climb Trees.

she might prove inconstant to him as In the Atlas mountains of northern to her first lover. Some day when Africa there are goats which climb she was his wife, his very own, she trees to browse on the foliage. Some would whisper the story into his ear, of them have been seen standing erect and then they would bury poor John on the branches thirty feet from the ground, while others were lazily re-Somebody has said it was bad luck clining on the boughs gently rocked

BECAUSE OF SPRAINED ANKLES.

Cured by St. Jacobs Oil (From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary thought of him, as she stood in her endorsements of the great value of St. wedding dress. The air was very Jacob's Oil for sprains, stiffness and heavy tonight. It was this which op- soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ysbrod, near "Come in," she called to the knock | Pontypridd, South Wales, who says:

"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable "Oh, Miss Alice! law, Miss, how excellence of your celebrated St Jabeautiful you do look. The gentle- cobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely The gentleman! Of course she that I was unable to stand for several meant Dent. She had a great mind months. The pain I suffered was most to run down just as she was, to hear severe and nothing that I used helped if he would echo the little maid's ver- me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when dict, and say that he, too, thought her they immediately became better daily, beautiful. The impulse of vanity was and in a short time I was able to go not to be resisted, and gathering up about, and soon after I was quite her silken skirts she ran lightly down cured. I am now determined to adthe stairs. The room was in shadow. vise all persons suffering from pains the large, old-fashioned lamp on the to use this wonderful remedy, which Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us

ing the months she was unable to With a smile upon her lips and in stand, and during which time she was national exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The not know the high opinion in which progressive medical man. If you cannot have what you prize,

The Lincoln, Nebraska, Importing

Horse Co.'s advertisement appears "Have pity," she wailed, in answer. in this paper. Their stallions are "Two years were such a long while. selected with the greatest of care For six months I had not heard. I by a member of their company thought you were dead, or had forgot- who spends much of his time traveling over England and France. They now "Men do not forget," he answered. have a grand lot of Percheron and "We leave that to the women who un- Shire stallions. The best that Europe you know what I have endured for they can. In making sales they prefer ness to me? I almost welcomed them, pay for the stallion from his earnings for ever behind them all was the if judiciously handled. They wish to When a man has gone to seed it is

A substitute for and superior to mustard o

any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonder ful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recom mend it as the best and safest externi mend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all of your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by same carries our label, as otherwise it is genuine. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

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