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Complete separation is made in 60 to 90 minutes by cold water circulating through the specially constructed center water column and outer water jacket. Simple and practical. Does not mix water and milk. Sure results with less trouble and expense.

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SMOOTH GALVANIZED WIRE put up 100 lbs. to a bale, gauges from 11 to 14 inclusive. Lengths running up to 250 ft. Per 100 lbs. \$1.40. Fence Staples, all sizes, per 100 lbs. \$2.00. Wire Nails, assorted in a keg, per 100 lbs. \$1.70. Barbed Wire, per 100 lbs. \$1.60. Poultry Netting, Field Fence, etc., at low prices. Ask for free catalogue No. 734, on merchandise of all kinds from Sheriffs and Receivers sales **CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 25th & Iron Sts., Chicago.**

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This is a genuine offer made to introduce the Peoples Cream Separator in every neighborhood. It is the best and simplest in the world. We ask that you show it to your neighbors who have cows. Send your name and the name of the nearest freight office. Address

**PEOPLES SUPPLY CO., Dept. 177, KANSAS CITY, MO.**

## NO GAS TO KILL

Very little lamp gas in an incubator egg chamber often kills every germ. No gas can possibly creep into the



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because it's heated by our rustless, heavy copper, hot water circulator. Don't waste money and lose good eggs experimenting with poor incubators. Send for free catalogue, B 18 and learn why the Sure Hatch incubator is sure. Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Clay Center, Neb. and Indianapolis, Ind.

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Our new catalogue contains hundreds of them obtained by **HUCKEY INCUBATOR** users in all parts of the U.S. Send for a copy and read the proof. It is free. Buckeye Incubator Co., Box 50, Springfield, O.

## Old Trusty Incubator. 30 Days Trial.

Made by Johnson the chicken man. Great \$10 Special. Find out. Write to Johnson. Best incubator catalog ever published. Sent free.

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## LITTLE CHICKS DON'T DIE

when fed and tended right. Feed Mrs. Pinkerton's Chick Food and make good profits. Write now for free catalogue on chick raising and learn too about our prize winning, pure bred birds.

**ANNA L. PINKERTON CO., Box 78, Hastings, Neb.**



The Favorite Brand.

Down to Bilkins' store the other day  
We had a bushel of roarin' fun;  
A travelin' man yapped in that way  
And a glowin' yarn on "health" he spun.  
Said he was sellin' a new health food,  
Made scientific, and all of that;  
And warranted wholesome, pure and good,  
And calculated to make men fat.

He was middlin' tall and awful thin,  
And pale and peaked around the gills;  
But a talker—well, he waded in—  
Talked through valleys and over hills.  
Said his preparation was immense  
For muscle buildin' and makin' brain;  
Put up pretty, and the price ten cents,  
And includin' all of the best of grain.

And old Si Hankins—you all know Si—  
He spoke right up and he said, says he:  
"All them there health foods are good, and I  
Am ready to give my guarantee."  
Says Si, a-stretchin' his six foot, three,  
And bulgin' his muscles like cords of wood,  
"What is your food made of, now tell me,  
For I'm allin' and need what's good."

And that there man without a halt  
Just talked of pro-teen, and things like that;  
Predigestion, and sugar'n malt,  
And muscle buildin' and makin' fat.  
Says he, a smitin his holler chest,  
"Two years ago I was nigh a wreck,  
But this here health food—which is the best—  
Made me a new man and right on deck."

Then old Si he says, says Si, says he,  
"I was just like you some years ago;  
Little and thin and as poor's could be,  
Blood all p'isoned and runnin' slow.  
Thought I was done for, I did, by len!  
But I got some health food right in here,  
And took it reg'lar a long time, then—  
Well, I guess I'm good for many a year."

And the travelin' man, says he to Si,  
Admirin' his tall and rugged frame,  
I was just a-vonderin', friend, if I  
Might ask you for that there health food's name?"  
And Si—you know how Si can yell—  
Just yelled till he shook the winder screens.  
"Of course I'm willin' the name to tell—  
'Twas nothin' on earth but pork and beans."

Anticipation.

Rodman was trying to write. Writing was his business, although there were times when it was difficult business. On this especial occasion, with several columns of empty space crying to be filled he found it more difficult than usual. He could not remember the statistics he had hunted up a few days before. He could not remember the names he wanted. In fact, his mind was cobwebby.

Finally he arose with a sigh and proceeded to hunt around the house for a reference book. The one he needed most was at the office, but he

thought he remembered seeing one that would do lying around the house somewhere.

"What are you looking for, dear?" queried Mrs. Rodman.

"Where's that old atlas we used to have?"

"The last time I saw it was up in the back bedroom," replied Mrs. Rodman.

Muttering something about "never knowing where to find his things," Rodman ambled off upstairs and began rummaging around in the seldom-used room. The good wife heard things thrown around at a lively rate and shuddered to think of how hard she would have to work the next day to get the room to rights once more. Finally she heard a sound as of tin striking upon tin, and then all was still. An hour went by, and still Rodman remained upstairs. Finally Mrs. Rodman tiptoed softly up and peeped through the door. Then she as scftly tiptoed down again.

"He will feel all right when he comes down," she whispered to herself as she proceeded to clear up the supper dishes.

"Wonder where that old book is," growled Rodman, pitching papers and magazines from a shelf. "If I didn't want it I'd stumble over it a dozen times a night."

But the much-wanted atlas was not on the shelf. He peered under the little stand, but without success. Finally he dived into the closet, struck a match and reached up to a shelf, and his hand dislodged a tin box that dropped to the floor with a crash and a rattle.

"Geewillikens, what's that!" ejaculated the startled Rodman.

When he stooped down to see his eyes fell upon a familiar sight, and with a murmur of joy he seized the box and stepped back into the bedroom. A moment later the box was opened, and there spread before Rodman's eyes were hooks, and lines; sinkers and flies; reels and spoons—the good old tackle-box that had accompanied him on many a happy jaunt to the northern lakes, to Colorado's trout streams, and even to the murky creeks wherein lurked the plebeian bullhead.

Rodman threw open the window and took in great draughts of the air that was already coming in from the south with the scent of spring in its wake. A whole mass of cobwebs disappeared from his brain, and his tired eyes began to sparkle. Another dive into the closet and he came forth with his favorite rods in his hands—one the springy steel rod whose tempered length had vibrated many a time and oft at the terrific strike of the black bass, and as he swished it as best he could in the narrow confines of the room he almost felt again the exquisite shock that came on that early June morning when his first "muskie"—eighteen pounds—seized the hook and tried to drag him out of Lake Ida.

With hands that trembled with eagerness he jointed the slim and supple split bamboo rod that had responded so nobly many a time to his efforts while whipping the trout streams in Colorado and Wyoming. It was with difficulty that he threaded the dainty silk line through the guides, because his fingers trembled with excitement, and when he finally succeeded and gave the line a jerk, the whirr of the reel sang a song that carried him over the prairies, through the woods, past the smoky city and

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure Costs Nothing if it Fails

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic preparations had disappointed physicians everywhere. I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot care to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible. My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial, simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 9515 Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

out upon the rock-lined shores of the clear Minnesota lakes. As he reeled in the line he hurried from the bank of the lake and in a moment was wading hip-deep in the icy waters of the foaming and rushing little mountain stream, casting hither and yon, now trying a dusty miller, now a brown hackle, now a grasshopper—and another bunch of cobwebs was dislodged from his brain and the sparkle in his eye grew brighter.

Ah, there's the reel that wound in that famous "muskie!" What's this—a suspicion of grit in its mechanism? It took but an instant to have it all apart, and the soft oily rag soon had its inward parts shining and smooth. There, that's better. Hear it whirr! Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Bach—not one of them ever made such music!

Rodman rushed to the window again and scented the air. March, and there was something, intangible to be sure, in the atmosphere that hinted of bass and croppie, of pickrel and pike, of trout and of muskellunge.

Well, well, when the tackle-box fell all the hooks got mixed up together. That will never do. Slowly, but with a pleasure greater than he could describe, Rodman began sorting out the hooks again, sizing them up and tenderly placing them in the proper compartments. That task finished, he unwound and tested the lines. No weak spots in that old No. 3—just as strong as it was that always-remembered day when the "muskie" tried to snap it. The little No. 1—fine as a spider's web—still safe for the gamey trout waiting for the fly in the stream already brawling down the mountain side. Linen line, cotton line, leaders, split shot, spoons—Rodman gazed at them, a far-away look in his eyes, and the last vestige of cobwebs disappeared.

"Can't you find that atlas?" called Mrs. Rodman from the foot of the stairs.

Rodman aroused with a start that sent the steel rod clanging to the floor.

"Eh, what's that?" he exclaimed.

"Can't you find that atlas?"

"Nope; haven't found it yet, and don't care whether I do or not."

Mrs. Rodman returned to her chair with a smile, and a few minutes later Rodman came down the stairs, three steps at a time, disregarding the danger of waking the sleeping children, and dashed into the sitting room.

"Gee, it's getting spring-like!" he said.

"Have you been looking for that

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