

HE LIKES WESTERN CANADA.

Duhamed, Jan. 24, 1900. Dear Sir and Friend—We had a busy day, made good connections and got to Wetskiw Monday afternoon; stayed there all night, bought a pony and saddle for the boy and hired a three-wheeled rig for the balance of us, and got home to dinner next day, caught the boys cleaning up and getting ready to come after us. Wednesday the snow was all gone and we had bare ground and bright sunshine for a month, and it has been pleasant weather ever since. The ground is frozen about two feet and about six inches of snow—just enough for good sleighing. We had one cold spell in December. The thermometer went down to 22 below zero but we did not suffer with the cold at all. We have worked every day all winter, are all well and feeling well, have built a log house 24x32, two log stables 12x18, and have a few sheep in a well. We have 10 cows, three other cattle and six head of horses. The boys send their best respects to Mr. Hamilton, and say they will talk to him enough to pay for not willing when he gets up here; will write you again next winter and tell you all about the spring and family our best wishes and respects and hope this will find you all well.

Yours very respectfully, (Signed) THOMAS TATE, Duhamed, Alberta, Canada. P. S.—It has not been down to zero this month. It is 22 above now.

When General Kitchener was a schoolboy his leading characteristic was laziness, and as a punishment his father sent him to a school from his home. The boy, however, and young Kitchener, on being sent back to the public school, acquitted himself with credit.

"How Happy I Am" I am so happy I am to be able to say that I am free from pain after five years of severe suffering from rheumatism, writes Mrs. Annie Young, 1817 Oak Avenue, West Superior, Wis. "I am so thankful to be able to say that your 'Grain-O' is the best medicine I have ever used in my life. When I received your medicine I was so weak that I could not get out of bed. I had been told that it was a waste of money, but I was so weak that I had to try it. I am now from pain, my cheeks are red, my appetite is good and I sleep well all night. Many of my friends are surprised, and say they will send for some 'Grain-O'." Sample bottles of this wonderful remedy, large bottles, containing 250 doses, \$1.00. For information write to Hanson Rheumatism Cure Co., 344 E. Lake Street, Chicago.

The Magnificent Slumber Man's Greatest Blessing. Nothing kills so quickly as loss of sleep. Not needed for hours. How to obtain it without cost.

When you don't sleep well, look out for your health. Nothing breaks down a person so quickly as loss of sleep. That loss of sleep makes you nervous, irritable, and prone to catch colds. It also makes you forgetful and inefficient. The time for repairs means destruction of machinery. It is the same with the human body. You are nervous, irritable, and prone to catch colds. It also makes you forgetful and inefficient. The time for repairs means destruction of machinery. It is the same with the human body.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Squinting, Sore, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drugstores and Shoe Stores. Price 25c. FREE. Address Allen S. Crossed, LeRoy, N. Y.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative from Quinine Tablets. All ailments relieved. The remedy is in a box. Dr. E. W. Lott's signature on each box. That some men would rather hunt work than find it.

Drugs treated free to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest druggy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

A hungry parrot comes very near being a hollow mockery. Try Magnesia—It will last longer than any other.

Liberal religious literature (Unitarian) will be furnished free, on application to Mrs. H. D. Reed, 132 N. 25th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

That the man who boasts that he pays as he goes sometimes has a reputation for staying.

2753 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W. In an advertisement after 60 days you will receive a copy of "The Book of the Week" FREE. Write for it to the Editor, The Book of the Week, 2753 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.

MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY.

Weak Women Made Happy by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Letters from Two Who Now Have Children.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and was childless, so wrote to you to find out the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy, the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby, thanks to your medicine."—MRS. MINNA FINKLE, Roscoe, N. Y.

From Grateful Mrs. Lane. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote you a letter some time ago, stating my case to you. I had pains through my bowels, headache, and backache, felt tired and sleepy all the time, was troubled with the whites. I followed your advice, took your Vegetable Compound, and it did me lots of good. I now have a baby girl. I certainly believe I would have miscarried had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had a very easy time; was sick only a short time. I think your medicine is a godsend to women in the condition in which I was. I recommend it to all as the best medicine for women."—MRS. MARY LANE, Coyle, Tenn.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of Grain-O. It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Planning to Paper This Spring? We carry all the latest styles of wall paper, including the new "Grain-O" paper. We also carry all the latest styles of wallpaper, including the new "Grain-O" paper.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. The Best Saddle Coat. Keeps both floor and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms.

FOR 14 CENTS. We wish to give this year 250,000 new customers, and hence offer our famous "Pommell Slicker" for 14 cents.

WINCHESTER GUN CATALOGUE FREE. Send your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you our 156-page illustrated catalogue free.

EXCURSION RATES. To Western Canada and the Northwest. Special excursion rates will leave St. Paul, Minn., on the first and third Tuesday in each month.

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE. The rate of vibration of the rattle-snake's tail is said to be sixty per second. If you doubt it count for yourself.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The most powerful of life. Yesterday—A memory of a night. Send for "Cure Recipes."

AT THE CONCERT.

"It has been a mistake," said Nathan Taussig. "It has been a bitter mistake. I cannot see how either of us ever made it. But the sooner we retrieve it, the better. Perhaps, after all, I have not quite ruined your life, though you seem to think that I have. As for myself, I defy you to ruin my life. No woman shall do that, nor man, either."

"Oh, no!" interposed his wife scornfully. "no one could ruin your life. You are too independent and too selfish. One could lavish one's best love on you and you would never know it. One could hate you and you would not care. I have been angry and out of sympathy with you for weeks at a time, and you did not even suspect it. I'm tired to the soul of living with a galvanized mummy."

"Of course," responded Taussig, smilingly, "you naturally would be. Therefore, let us separate without further delay. A divorce is not necessary. I shall have no further use for matrimony, and, as for you, I know your scruples much too well to think that you would ever be the wife of another man during my lifetime. Now, I have a proposition to make."

"Yes." "Let one of us take the child and the other the home. You are to choose. If you take Claribel, then leave me the books and pictures and the other things we have cared for. If you choose the home I will take our daughter and go. The offer is not, perhaps, a generous one. It is not chivalrous. I ought to offer you the home and the child. But I see no reason for being more than just. I have been as unfortunate as you, and see no reason of despoiling myself of everything."

Mary Taussig looked about her at the familiar, beautiful room. The fire danced in the great fireplace; the pictures she and her husband had selected together looked at her from the wall; her chair stood in its accustomed place by the reading table. Beyond in the dining room, she caught the gleam of the china and crystal she had enthusiastically selected in happier days. The beauty and the association of these material things called to her with a thousand tempting voices. Her face grew white.

"I will take the child," she said. "I choose Claribel." The next morning, leading her 8-year-old daughter by the hand, she opened the door of her house for the last time. At the ultimate moment she turned and looked back upon her land of lost delights.

"What a pity that we hate each other," she said to her husband. "It is so inconvenient." "Isn't it?" he assented. He bowed her out. The latch snapped behind her. She walked to the pavement, holding her little girl by the hand. One more look backward escaped her, and she gave a sharp cry.

"My home, my home!" she said. "Mamma, you hurt my hand so!" sobbed Claribel. "Why do you talk so? I don't want to go walking. I want to go back to the nursery and play with my dolls." Inside of the house a man flung himself, face downward, upon a couch and cried: "My little girl! My little girl! How am I going to live without my little girl?"

Ten years later Mary Taussig and her daughter entered the Auditorium one Friday afternoon for the pleasure of listening to a concert by the Chicago orchestra. Mary Taussig walked with the independent step of one who is in the habit of walking alone. There was a clear and sad light in her gray eyes. Her brow had grown loftier than it had been in the days of her youth. Dignity and patience and kindness spoke in her every feature. As she moved along in her violet colored garments no woman in the audience that day, young or old, had a personality so appealing and so picturesque. About her young daughter there appeared to be something unfulfilled. The face wore an expression of longing and the vague and enchanting restlessness of a young girl, but something suggestive of more definite regret and deprivation. With the frank disregard of beauty, which the young can afford to assume, the girl had costumed herself in black. Black plumes shaded her face; her little chin was hidden in her somber furs, and the delicate hand with which she pressed down her theater chair was gloved in black.

This slender hand caught the casual glance of the gentleman occupying the next seat, and he followed it with his eyes till it rested on the owner's lap. Still its fragile contour held him, as if it awakened memories, and he sat staring at it idly, with no care, apparently, to lift his eyes higher. He was a man of middle age, prematurely gray, with a serious and intellectual face, and the manner of one who is weary with too much work or responsibility.

It was not until after the music had begun and one of the too obvious discordant symphonies of a certain modern composer began to make its insistent way into the comprehension of the audience that he chose to lift his eyes. When he beheld the face of the young girl next him a strange and comprehending light stole into his face, and his fixed regard caused the girl to return his look. For a moment perplexity had its way with her. Then an expression of awe—almost fright—appeared in her eyes. Then, quietly and naturally, the two knew themselves for father and daughter meeting after ten years.

There was no need of Claribel's soft pressure on her mother's arm to make her acquainted with the fact Nathan Taussig sat there beside them. She had noticed him when she stood in the aisle waiting for her daughter to precede her. A mist clouded her sight and it seemed to her for a moment as if death were actually knocking at her house of life. But she forced herself to calmness and seated herself.

It was fate, no doubt. From the day she had left her own home she had not lived in Chicago. For a time she and her daughter had known peaceful English country life; for years she had lived in a quiet, beautiful Massachusetts village, where Claribel had attended school. For the first time she had returned to Chicago. What likelihood, she had asked herself, was there of meeting Nathan Taussig in a city of two million souls? Yet here on the first occasion on which she ventured into a public place, she met him. It was fate, no question.

The music had changed. The orchestra was giving to the people the most reverent thoughts of a master. True and sweet and comforting was the serene major harmony, and the dew of its beauty fell into the very cisterns of the heart. In the trembling young girl in the sable garments it awoke a world of tenderness. The longing and dissatisfaction from which she had suffered took concrete form in her elated imagination.

It was her father that she wanted—her father's love, her father's guidance, his authority! As the rivulets of spring dance down the hillside to find the river, so her soul sought that of her father. The music, "yearning like a god in pain," impelled her to indulge in an exquisite impulse. She slipped the glove from her warm and quivering fingers and laid them softly—softly as a kiss—within the hand of the man beside her. On his part there was a second's hesitation as if the faithful nerves of his hand had not told his aching heart the truth. Then, with a grasp, such as a sinful one might take upon an angel's robe, he closed his hand upon that of the girl and over the two spread a happiness like the balm of a starlit summer night.

The concert ended in time. The three arose. They faced each other. Each looked beautiful to the eyes of the rest. The crowd passed along the aisles. It would have been profane to have said anything commonplace. Yet it was no place for an extraordinary word. It was Claribel who first found courage to speak. "It is strange that you knew me," she said to her father. "Tell me, was it your eyes or your heart that first informed you who I was?"

"I cannot tell. But now that we have met, are you to part?" His eyes asked the question of the elder woman, though it was the younger one he addressed. "Nathan Taussig," said his wife, "let the girl have her rights. She wants you, and needs you. Take her home with you for a time."

"But you must come, too, Mary. Come, life is going fast. Let us be at peace. What were the old feuds? I have forgotten what they were all about. I only remember how lonely I am."

"Who am I?" said Mary Taussig with those divine melodies of the master still ringing in her soul, "that I should refuse to walk the path appointed for my feet?"

So they went out together—those three—out the street, and so home—Chicago Tribune.

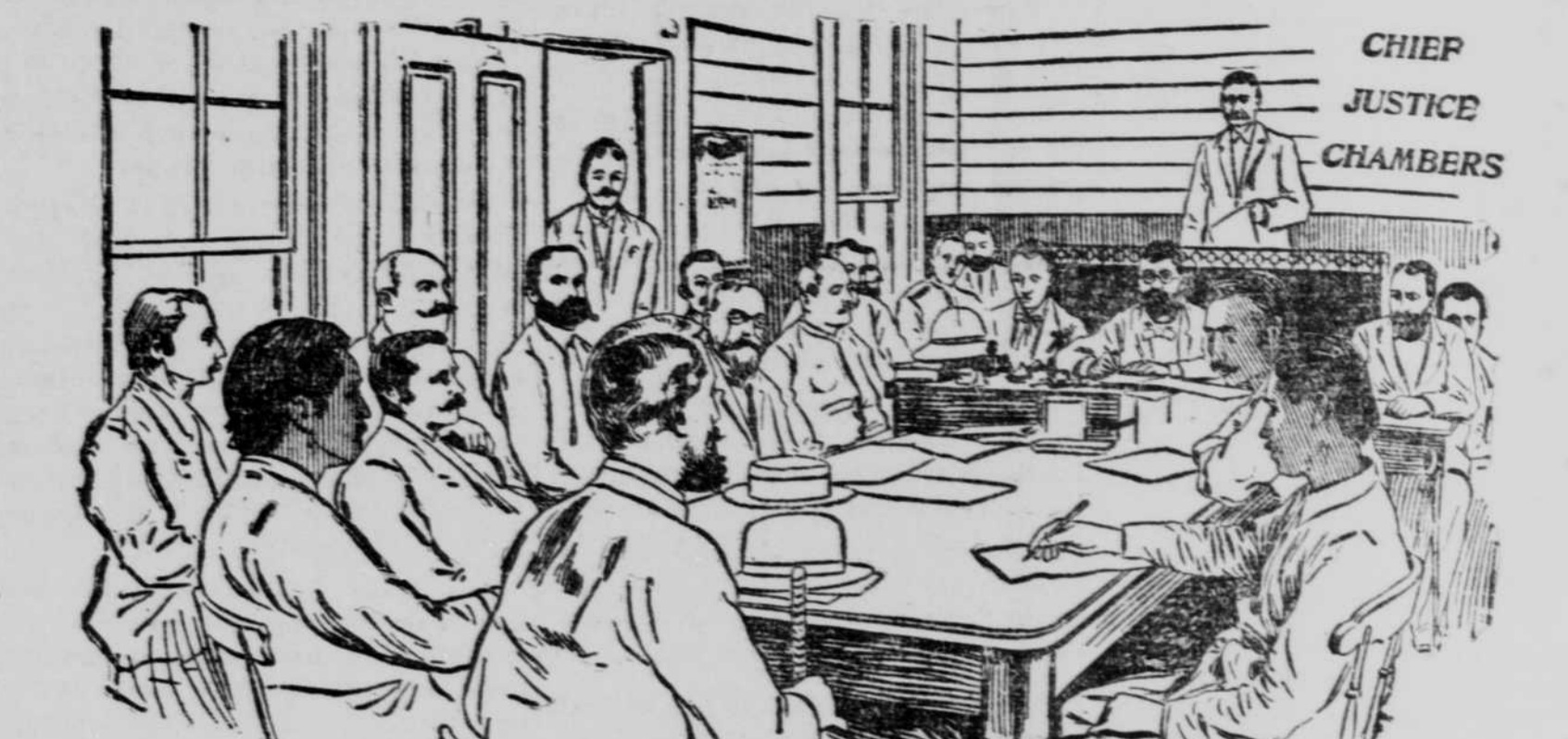
Military Salute. You've undoubtedly noticed during a military review the officers salute while passing the reviewing stand by bringing the hilts of their swords to their faces. It is a custom which dates back to the time of the Crusaders. When the Crusaders were on the march to the Holy City, the knights were in the daily habit of planting their long, two-handled swords upright in the ground, thereby forming a cross, and before this they performed their morning devotions. On all military occasions they kissed the hilts of their swords in token of devotion to the cross. The method of saluting by bringing the hand to a horizontal position over the eyebrows dates back to the tournaments of the middle ages, when after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights, who were to take the part in the sports of the day, marched past the dias on which she sat, and as they passed, shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty by placing their hands horizontally to their foreheads.

Things Unfair in War. International law forbids the firing of laurel, composed of knife blades, chipped flints, and scraped shod, although you may throw shells not weighing less than 14 ounces containing all of these. To shoot an officer dressed in mufti, although to kill him when in uniform is judged fair combat. To poison the enemy's water or food. To fire on a flag of truce or a Red Cross hospital one. To search the baggage of a neutral government. To "hamstring" or to surreptitiously cut the muscles of the enemy's cavalry while in their stables. But you may spring a submarine mine and send a whole fleet to perdition, and run a ram into an ironclad and send it to the bottom.

The Girl with the Hammer. The advantages of a substantial education for women are demonstrated with peculiar force by an item which we take from the Bangor News. A barn in Aroostook went unshingled because the farmer who owned it was too infirm to climb to the roof, while one of his sons had gone to the war in the Philippines, and the other to the Klondike. The other day, however, the farmer's only daughter came home from the normal school, and shingled the barn as well as any man in town could have done it, and she didn't once pound her fingers, either.

She Knew. Bishop Whipple of Minnesota says that when he was abroad he did a great deal of parish work in Rome. After holding a service in the English church outside the walls, he overheard one Englishwoman say to another: "Who was the bishop who preached today?" "The bishop of Mimosas," she replied. "He comes from South Africa, you know."

The Chief Justice of Samoa Says Peruna is The Very Best Catarrh Cure.



Court Room Scene where Judge Chambers maintained the supremacy of the United States in Samoa. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., Chief Justice Chambers says the following of Peruna:

"I have tried one bottle of Peruna, and I can truthfully say it is one of the best tonics I ever used, and I take pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers who are in need of a good medicine. I can recommend it as one of the very best remedies for catarrh." W. L. Chambers.

In his book on "Mad Humanity: Its Forms, Apparent and Obscure," Dr. Winslow states his belief that insanity is on the increase; that the degeneration of the human race is "in gradual and sad progression," and that much of this result is due to indulgence in alcohol. His attempted proof of Lombroso's theory that genius is akin to insanity consists merely in a list of geniuses who were more or less deranged.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch. Helen Gould's Annoyance. Miss Helen Gould is much bothered by requests for autographs. She receives sometimes as many as twenty-five of these requests in a day.

Keep looking young and save your hair; its color and beauty will fade with age. HENDERSON'S, the best cure for corns, blisters.

Today—The living word that is read to-morrow. If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

From the Factory to the USER. ONE Profit. Our High Arm MELBA Sewing Machine has all the Up-to-Date Improvements, necessary Attachments and Accessories, with choice of oak or walnut cabinet. It is furnished with the latest improved AUTOMATIC SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE. By one movement the shuttle is threaded ready for service. The MELBA has the patent TAKE-UP, Automatic BOBBIN WINDER, and a COMPLETE set of best steel attachments, carefully packed in a handsome case. Weight of the machine, weather wrapped and crated, is about 12 lbs. It is shingled at five cents rate. The freight will average about \$1.00 within 300 miles of Chicago. The cabinet work is ornamental, the green drawers and cover being HAND CARVED and highly finished, having the heavy NICKEL-PLATED Ring Drawer Pulls, etc. Each machine is carefully tested before leaving our factory. A MELBA sold to you means a new friend and customer for our general line of EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME. We will ship this machine C. O. D., with examination privilege, to any point in the U. S., on receipt of \$2.00 with order. Price of 4-drawer machine, all complete, \$12.50. Established 1871. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 110-116 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertisement for Salzer's Seared Corn. Features an illustration of a corn cob and text describing the product's quality and availability.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes. Promotes "Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes" and includes an illustration of a shoe.

Advertisement for Dr. Arnold's Cough Killer. Claims to "CURE COUGHS AND COLDS. PREVENTS CONSUMPTION."

Advertisement for Dropsy New Discovery. Promotes "quick relief and cures worst cases" of dropsy.

Advertisement for a \$25,000 guessing contest. Includes a table of prizes and a list of winners.

Advertisement for roofing services. Includes contact information for The Fay Manilla Roofing Co.

Advertisement for wanted soldiers' homesteads. Promotes "The best homesteads in the West."

SPRING HUMORS.

Complete External and Internal Treatment \$1.25. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment (50c.), to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all other remedies fail.

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Resolvent. Includes illustrations of the product boxes and text describing their benefits for various skin conditions.