

## Woman's Glance for Man

When you grieve, and let it show,  
And may tell me nothing more,  
You have told me, o'er and o'er,  
All a woman needs to know,  
When I show you that I care  
(Meet your eyes and touch your hand),  
I have made you understand  
All a woman may or dare,  
So, the ears of Friendship heard  
So, 'twas seen of Friendship's eyes!  
You are sad, I sympathize,  
All without a single word.

## The Feud of the Fergusons.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"There's a buggy comin' over the hill," announced Mrs. Ferguson. "Well, if I don't believe something's gone wrong with the gear!" She was peering eagerly between the sitting-room curtains of warm red chenille. "Come here, an' see, Leslie—your eyes are younger'n mine."

But the girl sitting listlessly by the little open stove did not stir nor speak. Her bright bit of knitting had fallen neglected on her lap. Upon it her slender brown hands lay clasped in the idleness of indifference.

"Seems like you don't take interest in nothin' since you been up to Cartville to visit," went on her mother irritably. She sent a sharp glance in the direction of her daughter. Then she turned again to the window. "Its broke or something," she enunciated with brisk recurrence of curiosity. "The man's comin' this way. He's leading the horse. He's comin' straight here!"

It was a comfortable, common little room that wherein mother and daughter sat. The rag carpet had mellowed to dull tones and tints so subdued as to suggest the wonderful weaves of the Orient. There was a glass lamp on the crocheted mat of green wool which ornamented the round walnut center table. The couple of wooden rockers had crazy-work cushions and headrests. On the shelf which did duty for a mantel was a clock, a china dog, and two frost-white glass vases decorated with scarlet roses. The yellow light of the winter afternoon came in between the chenille curtains, and gave to the oval cheek of the girl by the hearth an almost peach-like translucence. Except for that skin of childlike fairness and the lustrousness of her long gray eyes, Leslie Ferguson could hardly have been called a pretty girl. Her face in repose was sober—almost sombre. But when she was pleased, gay, animated she quite took the palm from the other girls in that part of the county. Just now her face reflected her mood, which was that of downright melancholy.

Mrs. Ferguson, still sentinel at the window, kept issuing bulletins. "He's got far as the rye patch now. First I thought 't was Ellis Dix, but it ain't. Ellis don't come here much since you got to puttin' on airs after gettin' back from Cartville. This one is taller'n Ellis—he's got a moustache too. He don't belong in these parts. You go to the back door, Leslie. I'm skeered of the wind in my face with the neurality I got. Find out where he's from. You can tell him where's the tool chest in the barn if he wants to fix his harness. There—he's knockin'!"

Mrs. Ferguson looked frowningly after the slow-moving form of her daughter. "I wish I'd never let her go visitin' to Cartville!" she was muttering to herself in accents of annoyance. "Praps if I hadn't told her she shouldn't have had anything to say to that Rene Ferguson she'd never have thought of lookin' at him. Like as not 't was just the contraindrance of a girl that made her take up with him. An' then, to come home and throw over Ellis Dix like he wasn't worth wipin' her shoes on—him with the likeliest bunch of steers of any man in the township! Sayin' she'd marry Rene—or no one. An' now moppin' away like the life was thrown after her. We've had trouble enough with them Fergusons of Cartville. If they was blood relations instead of only happenin' to be folks of the same name, their family and our'n couldn't have got on worse all these years we been dealin' up to Cartville!"

Leslie, opening the back door, saw silhouetted against the white expanse of the snowy prairie, a big, burly figure in great-coat and slouch hat. "If you need the tool box," she began with perfunctory politeness, "you'll find it in the right-hand—"

She broke off with a little gasp—her heart plumping. "Leslie!" said the stranger. "My girl—Leslie!"

Then the slim little form in the blue, gold-braided gown was swallowed up in the fervent grasp of two powerful, rough-coated arms.

"Oh, Rene!" Her voice was sweet-tremulous. "Oh, Rene—how dared you?"

He kissed the loving reproach on her lips to silence. "For you!" he answered. "I've driven over from Cartville to see your father. I'm going to ask him for you. And if he refuses—" The masterful look that came into his blue eyes was a good thing to see.

"But—Rene! Father has gone to Iowa. And even when he is at home he has nothing to say if mother's around."

"But he's been keeping up the feud between the families all these years, and—"

"No—no! Its been mother. Father has only fired the bullets she made. If you can once get mother to favor you—hush, here she is!"

"Land's sakes, I know now who that young man is!" The voice of Mrs. Ferguson preceded her like a heralding horn. She appeared in the doorway, rosy, excited, voluble. "He's the nephew of Hiram Sands has been expectin' to come to stay till plowin' time. Come in Mr. Sands—that's"

name, ain't it, Tom Sands? Hiram, he went to Chicago with cattle. He says for you to make yourself to home till he gets back. The house is took keer of by old Betsy Lynch. She ain't much account. You better stop right here till the boss is home. Got your buggy out of kilter, didn't you? Leslie, you put out the barn to him. We'll have supper soon's I can git some spice cake stirred up an' the pork fried. You set the table, Leslie!" And she bustled off into the buttry.

Leslie looked at her lover. Her face was lovely in its sudden illumination. Her eyes were sparkling. She put up an imperious little hand and laid it on Rene's lips.

"Don't say one word!" she whispered. "Its luck—all sheer good luck! Now's your chance if—" The dancing eyes flashed at him a smile of tender coquetry—"If you want me!" she concluded. "Yes—mother, I'm comin'. That is the barn Mr.—Sands!"

If ever an intriguing lobbyist laid deep and intricate plans; if ever an insinuating suitor paid serious siege to the parent of his adored; if ever a bold and ardent lover determined to win by strategem and hold in pride the one woman he loved, the wiles of these were trivial compared to those of Leslie Ferguson's adorer.

"That young man," said the deluded hostess when her guest had gone to his repose in the little slant roofed bed-room upstairs, "is the best judge of spice cake I ever see! Did you hear



"Come here and see Leslie."

him praise it? And he said he never ett such pickles—which is sayin' the truth—if I did make 'em! He knows my family too, and how high my father held his head when he drove his own covered carriage as well as a buggy. What was the matter with you? You didn't have a word to fling to him?"

Leslie looked up with a weary little pout. "Why should I? I supposed it was Ellis Dix that you—"

"Ellis Dix!" echoed Mrs. Ferguson with an unabashed change of opinion. "What is Ellis Dix to a man that will likely come in for all Hiram Sands' property—let alone a man that knows a lady an' the best of cookin' in the county when he sees 'em?"

To this triumphant argument Leslie ventured no reply.

That night a snow storm set in—a memorable snow storm that lasted three days. Then it was indeed, that Mrs. Ferguson learned how valuable an acquisition was her temporary lodger. It was he who got the kitchen fire lighted before there was a glimmer of gray at the window pane. He too, cared for the stock, and dug paths, and mended the roof where it leaked, and brought water, and made himself adaptive, agreeable, and altogether delightful. Not the least of his charm for the elder woman lay in the fact that he listened with sympathetic if silent interest to her lamentations as to the affection of her daughter for a man upon whom she—Mrs. Ferguson, had "never laid eyes."

"The trouble between our families? Indeed, it dates so far back I can't tell you just how it begun. But anyhow, the old man of the Cartville branch cheated my husband's grandfather out of some land. An' here's that girl of mine havin' ears an' eyes for no one since she met Rene Ferguson. What's the matter with you now?" For Leslie, white and frightened-looking stood in the doorway.

"It's Mr. Sands," she faltered. "I saw him driving into the yard."

Mrs. Ferguson jumped up. "I'll be sorry to have you go over to your uncle, Tom!" she cried. "I hope you'll come over real often to see Leslie an' me!"

The young man rose also. "He isn't my uncle, I have never heard of Hiram Sands. I came here for—Leslie!"

Leslie colored a delicious pink. She summoned all her bravery. She went and stood beside her lover. "You like Rene, mother," she said.

The pleasant kitchen with its tins glistening like silver in the freshness, went round and round. Mrs. Ferguson stared blankly at the two confronting her. "Rene," she said at length. "Rene Ferguson!"

"Yes, mother. You know he didn't say he was Tom Sands. You said so, and I—I made him pretend. He—Rene—thinks a heap of you already, mother!"

"You've been mighty good to me," cried the young fellow gratefully. The mother-in-law he longed to claim was silent. Rene tried again. "If only Mr. Ferguson were at home now, he might persuade you—"

"Persuade me! Dave Ferguson! He wouldn't think of tryin' to! I'd settle matters right now if—if it wasn't for—"

"But there isn't any feud now! I'm only afraid," with a long sigh, "Leslie will never be as good cook as her mother!" The mother meditated—then smiled.

"Guess I'll stir up some of that spice cake for supper," she said.

A clock is wound up to make it run, but a business is round up to stop it.

**Biggest Feeds on Earth.**  
At the Washington navy yard the government has the largest pair of scales in existence. They will weigh anything up to 150 tons and, what is equally remarkable, they will accurately register the weight of objects so light as a single pound.

**Well Paid Janitors.**  
The school commissioners of New York City have just made public the list of janitors of school buildings for the coming year. It appears that the average pay of janitors is about one-third greater than the average pay of teachers in the public schools.

**Twelve Ex-Governors.**  
Vermont invites inspection of her twelve ex-governors as examples of how conducive the states cold winters how conducive the state's cold winters boys have always been long lived. They don't run to flesh, but they last.

**Senatorial Fads.**  
Several United States senators are base ball enthusiasts. Among these Mr. Clark of Wyoming is one of the most ardent, while Senator Malloy of Florida was once catcher on the Georgetown college nine.

**A WISE DRUGGIST.**  
For \$5.00 He Guarantees to Do That for Which a Lady Offers Him \$100. Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 25, 1901.—(Special.)—Some two years ago a local druggist engaged in a transaction which was in its details somewhat remarkable. He was visited by Miss Anna P. Nichols, who had a doctor's prescription for rheumatism, which the druggist was filling. In the course of conversation the good lady said: "I would give one hundred dollars to get well."

He immediately replied: "Give me five dollars and I will guarantee to cure you." She agreed, and he at once handed her a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, saying: "They are 50c a box. Two boxes may cure you, but I am quite sure that ten will."

Miss Nichols tells the story as follows: "Dodd's Kidney Pills are veritable life preservers. I was troubled for five years with rheumatism, so that at times my right arm seemed paralyzed and I could only walk with difficulty, and could not go out of doors if the air was damp or cold. I took so much medicine that I think my system was poisoned rather than helped. One day when my druggist was putting up a prescription for me I remarked to him that I would give one hundred dollars for a remedy that would make me better."

"Give me five dollars and I will guarantee to cure you," he said. I readily agreed and he handed me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, saying, "They are 50c a box. Two boxes may cure you, but I am sure that ten will." I left my prescription intact and, instead, took these Pills, and I found them, as I said before, to be veritable life preservers. Before I had finished the second box I had my first perfect night's rest in years. I gradually improved. I had determined to use the ten boxes before I would give up, but imagine my surprise to find that before half that quantity was used I was completely cured. This was two years ago, and I have not had a twinge since."

Miss Nichols is Vice Grand Baxter, Rebekah Lodge I. O. O. F., and is one of the best known and most highly respected ladies in Kansas City, and her experience will be read with interest by her many friends. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Rheumatism. They are 50c a box, six boxes for \$2.50. Buy them from your local dealer if you can. If he cannot supply you, send to the Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Among every 70 births there is a pair of twins.

The gloomiest mountain doesn't cast a shadow on both sides at once.  
**Don't Get Footsore! Get FOOT-EASE.**  
A certain cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. Cures Frost-bites and Chilblains. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

In the ladder of success there are many rounds of failure.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. 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 & Texas, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kiman & Marvin, 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 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Ingratitude is a vice that renders all others less disgusting.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary.

A long walk is a severe trial for the human understanding.

Teacher—What are the Belgians noted for, Willie? Willie—Hares and blocks, ma'am.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

The bank towel is a sort of financial crash.

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. He always is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Beeman's Peppin Gum.

One way to kill time when there is snow on the ground is to sleigh it.

\$148 will buy new Upright piano on easy payments. Write for catalogues. Schmoller & Mueller, 1313 Farnam street, Omaha.

About the only thing anger improves is the arch of a cat's back.

La Grippe conquers life—Wizard Oil conquers La Grippe. Your druggist sells Wizard Oil.

**Great Reformatory for Girls.**  
There is now being erected in the town of Bedford, N. Y., one of the largest reformatories for women ever built in this country. The reformatory, which is to cost \$300,000, is designed for girls and women from 16 to 25 years of age who are guilty of first offenses. The cottage system is to be used and the plan will be ready for use next summer.

**Let His Vote Away For Life.**  
Among the most curious election bets on record is one made by John P. Courtney, Democrat, and Harry Wallace, Republican, two plumbers doing business in Minneapolis. The agreement was that the loser must for his life cast his vote as the winner shall dictate. Courtney, who was a candidate for alderman in the recent campaign, was the loser and is now engaged in earnest but so far unavailing efforts to substitute some other penalty. Wallace is obdurate and swears that Courtney must in future vote the Republican ticket.

**Don't Want a Change in Climate.**  
A recent Northern visitor to Western Florida reports that the negroes of that section of the state to a man are opposed to its proposed annexation to Alabama. They say they do not like the climate of Alabama, that it is sickly and unhealthy, and if Western Florida is annexed they will all move out, believing that annexation will bring in that objectionable climate.

A divorce suit makes an appropriate traveling dress.

Mending watches and clocks is one way to improve time.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

A benevolent man owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

**The Best Herb Tea.**  
Garfield Tea is made from HERBS; there are no harmful drugs in its composition. It is the best blood purifier known to medical science.

The best net for catching an American heiress is a coronet.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**Champion Smoker.**  
Judge Ray, one of the New York delegates in congress, is said to be able to smoke a cigar faster and to smoke more cigars in a day than any other congressman. He never neglects an opportunity to smoke.

Many a small man has a large heart—and vice versa.

"Yale's New 'Oldest.'"

The successor to the place of oldest living graduate of Yale is Judge L. W. Cutler, of Watertown, Conn., born in December, 1807, and graduated in 1829, who has served five terms in the Connecticut house of representatives, two terms in the state senate, and was 24 years probate judge, retiring at the liminary period of 70 years.

**A Difficult Feat.**  
A New York police commissioner declared the other day that it was easier to hang a man for murder there than to dismiss a policeman. "Last year," he said, "the board had to pay out \$130,000 in back salaries to men who had been reinstated by the courts."

**Profits on "Romola."**  
George M. Smith, the London publisher, in his literary recollections publishing in Cornhill, says that George Eliot got \$35,000 for "Romola," and might have had \$50,000 if her artistic conscience had allowed her to divide the novel into sixteen parts, as Mr. Smith wished.

**Suicide Epidemic.**  
The number of suicides in Paris is very large at present and the chief cause is thought to be the general retrenchment following the exposition, which has thrown many people out of work. Throughout France however, suicides seem to have been increasing for some time. In the five years ended January 1, 1901, the number of suicides was no less than 27,000.

In the senate on the 18th a number of tributes were paid to the memory of Judge Samuel Maxwell.

Seven joints were closed in Great Bend, Kas., by officials as a result of demand by citizens.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER**  
ESTABLISHED 1888  
BLACK OR YELLOW  
IS THE Original Slicker  
WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE HARDEST SNOW  
Adapted to wants of the Farmer, Fisherman, Teamster, Motorman, Ranchman, Miner, etc.  
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. FREE CATALOGUES DRAWING FULL LINE OF CASCARETS AND HATS  
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## HELP FOR WOMEN

**WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED.**  
"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time. I do not know what is the matter with me."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time. Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings, all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by



Mrs. ELLA RICE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women. No other medicine has made the cures that it has, and no other woman has helped so many women by direct advice as has Mrs. Pinkham; her experience is greater than that of any living person. If you are sick, write and get her advice; her address is Lynn, Mass.

**OKLAHOMA** Offers Free Homes to 50,000 people on 3,000,000 acres of land, soon to open to settlement. Opportunity of a lifetime. THE KIOWA CHIEF, devoted to information about these lands, will contain proclamation fixing date of opening. One year \$10.00; 6 mos. 60 cents; 5 cents per copy. MORGAN'S MANUAL, (Complete Settler's Guide) with sectional map, \$1.00. MANUAL, MAP and CHIEF, 6 mos. \$1.50. For sale by Book and News Dealers, or address DICK T. MORGAN, Perry, O. I.

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If you take up your homes in Western Canada, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in growing wheat, reports of delegates, etc., and full information as to reduced railway rates can be had on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 801 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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**SPECIAL** Tours to Florida, Key West, Cuba, Bermuda, Old Mexico, and the Mediterranean and Orient.  
Rates for the round trip to many points south on sale first and third Tuesday each month. To Hot Springs, Ark., the famous water resort of America, on sale every day in the year.  
Tickets now on sale to all the winter resorts of the south, good returning until June 1st, 1901. For rates, descriptive matter, pamphlets and all other information, call at C. & St. L. R. City Ticket Office, 1415 Farnam st. (Faxon Hotel Bldg) or write  
**HARRY E. MOORES,**  
C. P. & T. A. Omaha, Neb.

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Back up a sewer, and you poison the whole neighborhood. Clog up liver and bowels, and your stomach is full of undigested food, which sours and ferments, like garbage in a swill-barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, headache, furred tongue, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. CASCARETS quietly, positively stop fermentation in the stomach, make the liver lively, tone up the bowels, set the whole machinery going and keep it in order.

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1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

His Soap.

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