NOT MEANT FOR THE ACTOR.

New Jersey Pest Responsible for Enthusiastic "Applause."

A certain theatrical troupe, after a dreary and unsuccessful tour, finally arrived in a small New Jersey town. That night, though there was no furor or general uprising of the audience, there was enough hand-clapping to arouse the troupe's dejected spirits. The leading man stepped to the footlights after the first act and bowed profoundly. Still the clapping continued.

When he went behind the scenes he saw an Irish stage hand laughing heartily. "Well, what do you think of that?" asked the actor, throwing out his chest.

"What d'ye mean?" inquired the Irishman.

"Why, the hand-clapping out there," was the reply.

"Hand-clapping?"

"Yes," said the Thespian, "they are giving me enough applause to show they appreciate me."

"D' ye call that applause?" inquired the old fellow. "Whoi, thot's not applause. Thot's the audience killin' mosquitoes."—Everybody's Magazine.

Returned Him.

A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some 20 years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days, and finally of the town drunkard of his time.

"Oh, he's dead," was the reply.

"Well, well; dead and buried is he?"

"Nope; they didn't bury him."

"Didn't bury him!" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what did they do with him?"

"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Revenge's Furious Appetite.

He who, from a natural sweetness and facility of temper, should despise injuries received, would doubtless do a very great and a very laudable thing; but he who, provoked and nettled to the quick by an offense, should fortify himself with the arms of reason against the furious appetite of revenge, and, after a great conflict, master his own passion, would doubtless do a great deal more.—Montaigne.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Insect Chemists.

Failing to bite sugar from several lumps, some marked bees under observation of Gaston Bonnier, a French naturalist, flew away, returning in an hour or two with other workers, after first visiting a fountain. Settling on the sugar, they were seen to pump water from their crops, when they sucked up the syrup so formed.

From the old log meeting house arose a chant, sweet echo of a determined past, the music history of Anglo-Saxon fortitude. The preacher had not yet arrived. Beneath the trees sat the wise men of the community; and when old Lim Jucklin got out of his wagon, conducted his wife to the door and came walking back with his hands behind him, a young fellow well trained in manners arose to give the chicken-fighting oracle a seat. He sat down, with his back against a tree, put his hat on the ground beside him, uttered the necessary commonplaces incident upon meeting his friends, saw a needed rain coming within two days, and then after a short silence remarked: "I see that a jedge over at Raleigh in grantin' a divorce says there don't appear to be any doubt of the fact that marriage is a failure. From time to time within the past few years I have hearn somethin' about this here failure on the part of marriage, but never put my mind down on it till one of our own jedges rendered his decision in the matter."

Then 'Squire Brizintine spoke up. "And does it seem to you, Limuel, that he has got anywhere close down to the truth?"

Out of his hat the old man took his red bandanna handkerchief, wiped his brow, and, spreading the handkerchief across his knees, replied that it was a matter that needed some little investigation. "Take the case of little Sammy Peel," said he. "Married the widder Buntin, that weighs 290. Don't appear to have been a failure in his case." The boys laughed and 'Squire Brizintine blew his nose with a loud snort, for it was known that not long after the death of his wife he had paid court to the widow. "It is a question," old Lim continued, "that is a aggitatin' of society, and has been I reckon since the Lord first flung open the front door of time. And it is a subject that so many folks are related to one way or another that it sorter makes a feller feel sad to think about the opinion of the jedge over at Raleigh. But the only way to find out whether or not a thing is true is to start an aggitation and keep it a goin'. There are thousands of men that stand ready to come forward and swear that human life itself is a failure, and has been ever since old Noah drank too much of his own wine. There is a way to look at everything and make it a failure. The Gospel itself is only a success in spots. And I reckon it's putty much that way with marriage. If the right spots ain't found it ain't the fault of the institution of marriage, but is error in the jedgment of man."

"But how about the jedgment of woman?" 'Squire Brizintine put in, and the boys smiled, for in the neighborhood it was well known that the 'Squire and his wife had with their dissensions awakened the echoes of many a dark night.

Old Lim sat smoothing his handkerchief across his knees. "Well," said he, "with woman the question of marriage comes up before she has jedgment enough to make a good decision. We know that at 20 a boy is nothin' but a boy, but we expect a girl at that age to be ripe enough to take charge of a household. At 20 I had jest about sense enough to take a rabbit out of a trap. Didn't have enough to keep out of a trap myself. We talk about many virtues, but, after all, looks, eyes, smiles and hair are the main points to be considered in the question of marriage, and as these things appeal more to woman than to man, she is in the way to make more mistakes. Common sense ought to tell women that good-lookin' men don't make the best husbands; but that's where the trouble lies—the lack of common sense. A curl hangin' low over a forehead and a sort of tune to a laugh counts more with the average girl than the multiplication table. And there may be more of showy love in the curl, but it won't build as many fires in the kitchen stove. Any feller smiles when he goes a courtin', but the feller that is most useful to a community and at home is the one that smiles some when he's at work. The happiest time of a girl's life is when she is engaged, for then she has the dazzlin' promise of somethin' that ain't likely to be fulfilled. The hero that she is goin' to marry giggles and titters like June water a babblin' down over moss-kivered rocks, but if weighed and put up for sale in the market of common sense, he wouldn't fetch as much as a side of bacon. The trouble is she takes him on looks, and he takes her the same way, and after they have been married awhile they find that their minds are total strangers."

"But how would you remedy it?" some one inquired.

"I can't remedy it—and I wouldn't. It would be an interference with natur'. In the days of old it was thought, and it is still alive in the minds of smart men, that a good big part of the human family was born to be damned, and I reckon it was intended that a certain number of marriages were intended to be failures. And marriage is more of a failure now than ever before, because there are more people to get married. The more folks the more misery. If a man and a woman do the best they can and their marriage turns out bad it can't be helped. Divorce is a blight on society, it is true, but to live with somebody that ain't suited to you is a blight on the mind and the heart. We may have a good many lives to live; of that we can't tell, but we do know of one, and when that one is ruined, why we are in what the black bear said to the trap—a—well, you know what sort of a fix. All the wisdom now known to man might be poured out on marriage and wouldn't help it much. I know it's called high morality to talk against divorces, and divorces do show a loose state of affairs, but what's to be done? Divorce is most scandalous to them that don't want it. Two enemies livin' together ain't likely to have writ in their hearts: 'God bless our home,' and a home that the Lord don't bless ain't a comfortable seat for society.

"I knew of a high-spirited feller that married a tight-strung woman over in the hills of Tennessee. And it wan't long till they fell out. She called him a liar and he swore that she never had uttered a truth, and that was goin' fur, considerin' of the fact that she talked a good deal. I think she flung somethin' at him, a butcher knife, mebby; and he 'lows: 'If you were a man I'd know how to treat you. I'd challenge you to fight a duel.' 'Well, don't let the fact that I'm a woman stand in your way,' she spoke up. 'I'm as good a shot as you are, and if you want to settle it on that basis I'm your man.' So they agreed to fight. They did. She shot him in the shoulder. He declared that he was satisfied, and she 'lowed that she didn't have nothin' to complain of. Then she yoked up the steers, hauled him to the house, nursed him till he got well; and ever afterward they lived as happy as two doves. It seems to me that one of the reasons why there are more divorces now is on account of the fact that children have gone out of fashion. Men and women are shirking the responsibility of a family and that develops a weakness of character. I have seen many a man burdened with a big family, but I never saw one that wasn't more to be envied than the man that had no children at all. There ain't in this life nothin' more to be deplored than a childless old age. I'd ruther be a haungry dog shut up in a church. More men have been saved by their children than by all the moral lessons ever printed. And women—well, a woman that tells you she don't like children, and then proves it by her acts, may blaze with beauty and raise more money for the furriers than anybody, but in my opinion she ain't as much to be admired as a dish of sour milk skimmed three times. Last summer a woman came from town out here, and when I saw her pullin' of her skirts back every time a child came near her I said to myself that she must be powerful neat, but when I saw her kiss a bull pup I 'lowed to myself I'd ruther it was the pup than me. Well, some things can't be helped. Man started off wrong some time ago, and has been goin' faster and faster ever since, it seems like. But an old detective in Chicago told me that his experience proved to him that 90 per cent. of men were honest. I asked him if his town wan't made up mostly of the other ten per cent. He didn't say nothin' more and I didn't apologize. Yes, we are on the slant, but youngsters that are toddlin' now will in the years to come, when they are walkin' stiff in the j'ints, look back at these, the good old times—Here comes the preacher. Let's go in, boys."

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

IN the fiftieth year of the life of Jabez Holtite, the multi-millionaire, the thought came to him that it might be good for his soul if he gave away in charity some of the money that he had reached out and picked up right and left since his "pickers and stealers" had been strong enough to clutch.

Jabez had never troubled churches by his presence and he did not know that there is an injunction that you let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.

And yet in acquiring his wealth it must be said that he had unwittingly carried out the spirit of that precept, for many of the doings of his right hand were of so quesiionable a nature that he had kept his left hand in darkness for very shame. But (to speak fair) if the right hand had known of some of the deeds of the left hand it would have blushed. Oh, they were a good pair of hands, those hands of the multi-millionaire! Ever faithful to his material interests had they been, but now he was afraid that his chance of heaven would be meager if they did not together act as almoners—of course, with a proper "barker" before them to trumpet forth their good deeds to an admiring world.

So Jabez Holtite sent for a reporter and said to him: "What is the best way to let the world know that I am not merely an acquirer of wealth, but that all my money-getting has had but one object, the final giving away of all my goods to the poor?"

The reporter said: "You might advertise on our financial page to this effect: 'Jabez Holtite, millionaire, wishes to divide his wealth among the really deserving. Address him at the postoffice, naming amount desired and giving your oath to requite him by spreading abroad the good report of his generosity.'"

Jabez looked troubled. "I am afraid that would be too widespread in its effect," said he. "I expect to live many years, and did not intend to give you the impression that I wished to divest myself of my means as a man divests himself of his shirt—at once. I thought I would be willing to give something like a thousand dollars to some well-known institution, and I am willing—perfectly willing—to talk about it to the extent of a column in your paper."

The reporter grew an inch. "Mr. Holtite," said he, "if you are actually going to give a thousand dollars to any sort of a charitable institution, or even to a college, and will promise to let no newspaper hear of it before we have a chance to give it publicity, we will be glad to devote our whole first page to it because it will be in the nature of absolutely startling news. You have never given a cent to any one in your life, as I understand it?"

"Never, unless I was sure I would get two cents in return," said Jabez, with a proud smile.

"Then I suggest that you give your money to some institution that is already heavily endowed and that will thus be worthy of your unexampled generosity." And the reporter named such an institution.

Then he took down in great detail all the facts in the life of Jabez as seen by the millionaire himself, getting thereby a picture of the man that no one else in the wide world would have painted, and worth at least six columns to the reporter.

The reporter was of a grateful disposition and, knowing that this interview would spell success for him, he wished to make a return to Jabez, and being not only grateful but also waggish, the form of his return was as follows:

"Mr. Holtite," said he, "charity is charity, and a good deed much blown about penetrates to remote places and is put to the credit of the doer of the deed; but if the good deed can be made to bear immediate fruit, if your bread comes back on the return wave, so to speak, you will probably stand for a long time on the beach chucking loaves into the sea."

"Go on," said Jabez; "I am listening."

"My idea is," said the reporter, "and I hope you will take my frankness in the proper spirit, that the public would as soon believe that William of Germany was a puppet, as that you, Jabez Holtite, would actually give away money, and I think there are thousands in this great city who would gladly give a dollar apiece to see you in the act."

"Ah, I know I am a wonder as an acquisitor," said Jabez, mentally hugging himself.

"Sure," said the reporter. "Now why not hire Madison Square garden, erect a platform in the middle of the arena and give away a thousand dollars every hour on the stroke of the clock? You might also give them a 15-minute talk on how to become a millionaire on a capital of two cents and an atrophied conscience. You catch my point?"

"Why, certainly," said Jabez. "Young man, you have a brilliant future."

The whole world knows the result. Madison Square garden was crowded every hour at a dollar a head.

And every hour, at the stroke of the clock, Jabez Holtite gave to well-known and influential institutions a thousand dollars and a 15-minute talk worth a thousand more to persons with the proper consciences, and he felt that it was well worth giving when the gate receipts were so large.

He came to think that it would have been better for him if he had begun to give sooner in life, and his mouth grew less hard solely from the human feelings that surged up in his heart every time he handed out a check for a thousand dollars and realized that the garden was packed at a dollar per.

At the end of the week he had given away $50,000 and had taken in $500,000, and then, to show that his regeneration was genuine, he hired the garden for another week and doubled the price of admission, doubling also his gift.

And to show that he was no ingrate he gave the reporter a season pass and allowed him to interview him every day. And at times he could hear his own heart beat, and then he knew that he had become generous. And his reputation as a cheerful giver was almost as great at the end of the second week as his former reputation for meanness.

It all depends upon the way it's done.

(Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

Hate to Be Passed Over.

"Everybody likes to be noticed," said Uncle Eben. "Dar is a number of people dat might try to be as patient as Job was if they thought dey could git as much fame out of it."

Men of intellectual and moral and religious culture, who are not active forces for good in society, are not worth what it costs to produce and keep them.—Henry van Dyke.

Man who's been studying the origin of the injunction says it came from the Roman law. Wasn't invented in time, however, to stop Caesar from the Rubicon.

SANDY ATE THE "PARRITCH."

But He Had to Play Mean Trick on Himself to Do It.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge, and, in order to save fuel, cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that parritch ye'll hae that whisky, an' if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort, and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle with a groad grin, as he said to himself: "Sandy, my lad, I did ye thot time, ye ould fule!"

BUYING PAINT BLINDLY.

Many people look upon paint buying as a lottery and so it is, the way they do it. It is not necessarily so, however. Pure White Lead and linseed oil are the essential elements of good paint. Adulterants in white lead can be easily found by the use of a blowpipe. Adulterations in linseed oil can be detected with a fair degree of certainty. See that these two elements are pure and properly put on and the paint will stay put.

National Lead Company, Woodbridge, Building, New York City, will send a blowpipe outfit and instructions for testing both white lead and linseed oil, on request.

WHY, OF COURSE.

Weary Waggs—Say, lady, would yez mind lendin' me a dime fer car fare? I'm de Duc de Chilblaines in disguise, an' I'm on me way to keep an appointment with a heiress!

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Perseverance Essential.

There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labor is as completely thrown away as that of a mechanic who began to make an engine but never finished it.—P. G. Hamerton.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Through Struggle to Repose.

Struggle and anguish have their place in every genuine life, but they are the stages through which it advances to a strength which is full of repose.—Mabie.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Life More Than a Treadmill.

Life ought not to be a treadmill, and when it appears to be such there is something wrong.

Every Woman in this vicinity will be glad to know that local grocers now have in stock "OUR PIE," a preparation in three varieties for making Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies. Each 10-cent package makes two pies. Be sure and order to-day. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

A deep true love will lift a soul out of the shallows of selfishness and the mead of greed when all other powers fail to extricate it from the slough.

GARFIELD Digestive Tablets.

From your druggist, or the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. 25c per bottle.

Hotel Heated by Electricity.

A large hotel in Grand Rapids, Mich., is heated largely by electricity.

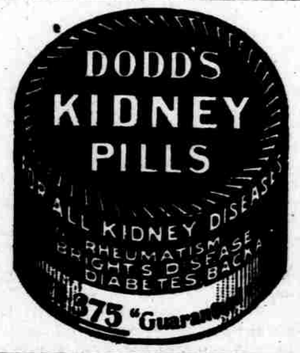
Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it.—Brooks.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Some people are always looking for an excuse to make an excuse.



Soporific Discourse.

The elder's wife was seriously ill, and the doctor advised rest and quiet. But the lady was very devoted to church work, and worried herself into hysteria because she could not attend services and hear her favorite pastor preach.

"She must not leave the house," warned the doctor, "but you can easily arrange to have her hear the sermon by telephone."

The elder grasped the suggestion and made the necessary arrangements for transmitting the sermons into his wife's room.

At noon on the Sabbath the doctor called and asked: "How did it work?"

"Fine," declarel the elder, rubbing his hands gleefully, "ten minutes after the sermon began she fell sound asleep."

He Wanted Pie.

William J. Ryan, president of the supreme council of public hackmen of New York, said the other day that the winter panic had reduced the hackmen's receipts considerably.

"We'll have to come down to English rates—12 cents a mile instead of 50 cents—if we have many more such panics," Mr. Ryan said. "Everybody felt the pinch. I overheard a tramp grumbling in a public square.

"'The trade ain't like it used to be,' he said. 'Here ten times running to-day I've asked for a bit of bread, and what do they give me? Why, durn it, just a bit o' bread.'"

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

WIDOWS' PENSIONS under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

BABY'S Favourite

Skin Soap

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap followed, when necessary, by gentle anointings with Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children, relieve eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy removal of torturing, disfiguring humours when all else fails. May be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd.; Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Post Free, Cuticura Booklet on the Skin.

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160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE.
20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre.
40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre.
35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre.
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Chances for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

W. V. BENNETT,
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Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

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THE RACYCLE has 27% less pressure on its crank hanger, less strain on chain. It runs and climbs hills easier than other bicycles. Is the largest selling high-grade wheel in the world. Will last a lifetime. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can get yours AT FACTORY PRICES by securing us an agent. Catalog and pamphlet sent FREE. It tells about the RACYCLE and how to get the $60,000.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE RACYCLE, HIGGLETOWN, O.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS **ELECTROTYPES**

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., 72 W. Adams St., Chicago

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 19, 1908.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

$3.00 $3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

Fast Color Eyelets used Exclusively.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitutes. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 dozen of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturers. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free Booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Omaha Directory

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It will SAVE YOU MONEY. The Olds Engine is the best and cheapest engine you can buy. It is the simplest in construction, most economical to run, will do your work at the smallest expense and does not get out of order. Don't fail to write for our new catalog and liberal proposition.

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For Furniture and Pianos GOOD FOR ANY WOOD

CLEANS and polishes, removes stains and restores the finish. Can not injure the wood in any way. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Absolutely the best furniture polish on the market. If your dealer doesn't carry it send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Price 25 and 50 cents.

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