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SOUTHERN CONDITIONS AND POSSIBILITIES.

In no part of the United States has there been such wonderful Commercial, Industrial and Agricultural development as along the lines of the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, within the past ten years. Cities and towns have doubled their population. Splendid business blocks have been erected. Farm lands have more than doubled in value. Hundreds of industries have been established and as a result there is an unprecedented demand for:

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Parties with small capital, seeking an opportunity to purchase a farm home; farmers who would prefer to rent for a couple of years before purchasing; and day laborers in fields or factories should address a postal card to Mr. J. F. Merry, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Iowa, who will promptly mail printed matter concerning the territory above described, and give specific replies to all inquiries.

Salzer's National Oats

Greatest oat of the century. Yielded a bushel in Mich., Ill. in Mo., 255, and in N. Dakota 270 bushels per acre.

You can beat that record in 1905.

For 10c and this notice we mail you free lots of farm seed samples and our best catalog, telling all about this oat wonder and thousands of other seeds.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. Le Roy, Wis.

Ask your dealer to show you the new **Western Lady** Shoe for Women

It is a perfect shoe, the final result of years of experience in shoe making—graceful in every line, handsomely modeled after the newest patterns; very stylish, extremely comfortable and unusually durable—It represents the highest type of shoe quality produced under the

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Your dealer has or can get Mayer "Western Lady" shoes for you. Send us his name and receive our elegant new style book. We also make "Martha Washington" shoes. Our trade-mark is stamped on every sole.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MUSIC FROM THE HILLS.

I walk along the country road
And in the distance see
The hills that rise like sentinels
To point out God to me;
And on the quiet summer air
Angelic music floats—
The music from the distant hills,
Seraphic, joyous notes.

Alone I walk, yet not alone,
For he is by my side;
The music from the distant hills
Reminds me of my Guide.
This friend, the best I ever knew,
Enjoys that music grand;
He knows the singers and the songs;
He rules in that glad land.

I long to gaze across those hills;
I strain my eyes to see
The ones I loved who went before
And there await for me,
And some day—sooner than I think—
I'll learn that music sweet,
And sing it to my dearest friend,
While sitting at his feet.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

WON FIRST PRIZE

I CANNOT imagine why Tom wishes me to invite that little Dorothy Irving to my euchre party Friday night. To my knowledge he never met the girl but once. That was at that garden fete we had in the village last summer. You remember, Agnes. You were there.

"Yes, I distinctly remember the affair. But the girl—I haven't the faintest recollection of any such person. Your letter was from Tom, then? So he's coming? That's awfully good news."

"Yes. But he cannot get down until the late train. Exams for something going on at the college. But he's coming. Dear old fellow! I know you're pleased, too, Agnes. All you'd know all about you two. Do you think I've no eyes in my head, my dear? You're a horrible flirt, but I think you like Tom a good bit under the surface—eh? Oh, pshaw! I tell you. I don't blame you. He's an awfully fine boy, if he is my brother. Yes, I certainly shall have to ask Miss Irving. Tom requests it particularly. Funny thing for him to do, though. Oh, yes, she's rather a nice sort. Awfully unsophisticated, and not in our—or—set, exactly. One of the village girls, you know."

Dorothy Irving troubled Agnes Mills very little. She returned to the reading of a rather risqué French novel with renewed zest, happy in the fact of her own assured position in the Hammond household, and the possession of a perfect wardrobe and an unlimited bank account. She was an heiress, beautiful, selfish, an incredible flirt, but really, for the first time in her life, seriously in love, and with Tom Hammond—or as much so as her fickle nature permitted.

The eventual night of Grace Hammond's euchre party arrived. Dorothy stood before the spare chamber mirror, putting the finishing touches to her elaborate toilet. She had donned the small lamp for a final survey of the blue taffeta waist, and could not help smiling, a little, satisfied smile that brought into play a number of unsuspected dimples, at the reflection in the mottled glass. She gave the soft curl on either side of her pretty forehead a last caressing pat. And paused in the act, for she heard a step ascending the front staircase.

"Dorothy, child, you there?" called Aunt Eliza, entering the room, pausing breathless and agitated to regain her spent breath. And she had a disagreeable duty to perform, and wished to recover all her powers for the ordeal before her.

"What is it, aunt? Has Uncle Eli had a poor spell?"

"No, Dorothy, no. But, dear child, I've had a time of it, I tell you! And I'm 'bout beat out. When Eli gets a notion set on his mind they ain't no reasonin' him out of it. Oh, dear suzz. You see how 'tis. He's just been over to Deacon Brown's, an' they've filled his head up talkin' against it. Deacon Brown says 'tain't nothin' more or less than gamblin' in a genteel way playin' fer prizes, an' I dunno what all. You know Deacon Brown is so set again cards he won't have one in his house. An' then, too, he thinks it's such a bad time, just when the revival meetin's are beginnin'. He says card playin' is gettin' altogether too common among the young folks. An', oh, I dunno what more he said. But uncle says you can't go a step to it—the party."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wailed Dorothy, plumping down beside her aunt among the feathers, regardless of her finery. "That mischief-making old Deacon Brown! Stinky, mean old thing! I hate him for it! Gamblin'! Mr. Hammond would never permit such a thing in his house, aunt. Everybody in the city in decent society plays euchre. Oh, dear!" and Dorothy's indignant tears fell unheeded upon the blue waist.

"Come, now, Dorothy, cheer up, dearie. You know I ain't the one to deny you anything 'n reason."

"I tell you what, Dorothy, I've fixed it up so's you can go home with Aunt Sophie an' the girls. They'll be to meetin'," continued Aunt Eliza, "so you can ride right home with them. I don't care if you stay over there the rest of the week."

"Oh, aunt, won't you need me?"

"Go right along, Dorothy. Come, now, you'll have to hurry. The bell's tollin'. You won't have no time to take off that waist. It's a pity," she added, regretfully.

Dorothy left a kiss on the wrinkled, toilsome cheek of her aunt, and fairly flew down the short, old-fashioned

staircase, out into the early twilight toward the church.

Dorothy always played the organ at prayer meetings. Long before she reached the severe white edifice the clanging bell had ceased its ringing, and she knew she would be too late to open services. She tip-toed into the outside entry, and paused to listen to Deacon Brown's unctuous voice raised in prayer.

Dorothy turned the knob noiselessly, hoping to seat herself unobserved with her aunt and cousins. It needed but a glance to find her aunt's pew vacant. Her heart sank dejectedly. A wave of hot air reached her through the opening of the door. Some one had fancied the church too cold, and had started a red-hot fire in the stove. How they all suffered and sweated! Dorothy noted it with a wicked feeling of satisfaction. Deacon Brown suffered greatly, dabbing his warm face continually with a very large red handkerchief. A hysterical desire to laugh outright seized Dorothy. At that moment she lost her hold of the slippery knob, and the door swung to with a wail that was almost human. She waited not the result, but hastily withdrew to stifle her mirth, for everybody had started apprehensively from their seats. Outside, in the stillness of the night, she paused for a moment to reflect; then, having made up her mind, she started forth upon the lonely two-mile road to her aunt's home. To give up everything was too much, she reasoned. And then, too, there was the possibility of meeting Mr. Hammond.

"How silly I am! I suppose he thinks of me as a simple country girl—if at all. I wonder if he does! I remember I couldn't think of a single interesting subject to talk about that time we met. I think he did most of the talking. But, oh, dear! How deep the mud is! It will be far worse when I get to the crossway. It's the frost coming out of the ground. It's awfully dark going past that stretch of pine ledge. I—oh! What was that?"

She stood still for a moment to remain her spent breath. Across the meadows came to her the pungent odor of a burning coal pit far up on the side of Totoket mountain, and the frogs, with their deep, baying voices, reminded her somehow of Deacon Brown's bass.

Heavens! What was that shadow just under the clump of alders fringing the highway? A man—perhaps a tramp! She made an effort to withdraw her feet from the oozing mud, but found to her dismay she could not move them. And, horrible discovery, she seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper. She called for assistance, for she feared she was sinking into one of the horrible quagmires of which she had heard, where you keep on sinking, sinking, until—

She shouted loudly now, in desperation, for the greater her efforts to extricate herself, the deeper she seemed to sink. At last, far off—miles, it seemed—she heard the thud of approaching hoofs. If only she could hold out until they reached her! Perhaps they might take the other road! Once more her fresh, girlish treble sounded upon the night air, and soon there swung into view a trim cart and sure-footed cob clattering bravely through the mud. It was Tom Hammond and his man, driving from the station.

"What's the trouble, Riley?"

The lanterns of the cart lit up the scene as they drew near. By the light these made he had recognized our heroine.

Out he was and into the oozing quagmire in a moment, regardless of his own immaculate attire, with the odious Riley in close attendance.

"There, Miss Irving, it really is you? I beg of you not to cry—just put your arms about my neck—so. Here, Riley, drive up on the bank on solid ground. We don't want to lose the trap."

Meantime he had gathered Dorothy up in his strong arms, carried her safely over the perilous quagmire and deposited her on the high seat of the cart.

Riley piled into the rear and Tom Hammond took the reins in one hand, deeming it necessary, under the trying circumstances, to support our heroine with the other arm. She soon revived her good spirits, and after due explanation laughed merrily over her somewhat unusual adventure.

They approached her aunt's house, but all was in darkness. Evidently the family had retired. Dorothy was secretly satisfied when Tom insisted upon driving on. Imagine everybody's surprise when Dorothy and Tom finally appeared at his home! The euchre party was already well under way. Dorothy's cousins were present, so any little secret misgivings she might have had vanished like air.

What contentment followed later, when Dorothy, her little feet laced in the Frenchiest slippers, sipped her hot coffee herself ensconced on a restful couch, among numberless pillows, with Tom for entertainer, and no one to disturb their tete-a-tete until after the euchre party had broken up. And Tom himself, with comforting brierwood, sitting not so very far away, thought her the sweetest little thing imaginable.

And later that night, when he slumbered, visions of a pair of laughing blue eyes and the most fetching dimples would mingle in his dreams. And that pair of rather willing arms which had stolen about his neck when he lifted her from the perilous quagmire—their touch was most distressing.

But the following June it happened, and everybody said what a sweet bride Dorothy Irving made. And all the college boys were there. All his friends excepting Agnes Mills. Impossible to come—so sorry—read her note of regret.—Indianapolis Sun.

NOT AN INVITING FIELD.

Traveler from Cape Colony Says Business Is Dull There.

"South Africa is at this time the very reverse of an inviting field for men who are seeking their fortunes in strange lands," said S. J. Van den Spuy of Cape Colony, in the Washington Post.

"In Cape Colony times were never so dull. There is no money except what is locked up in the strong boxes of capitalists, and they are not putting out a dollar. In addition to the hard times brought on by the Boer war we have had two years of drought, the worst in our history. Crops have been a failure, and, but for the importation of food from Australia, and South America, our people would have starved. In the pastoral districts sheep and cattle have perished by the thousand. We have a fine agricultural country, but the want of rain has well-nigh been ruinous.

"I know the conditions in the Transvaal quite as well as in my own country, and am sorry to say that they are also extremely bad. A great many of the mines in the Rand are not being worked, owing to the want of capital. The story has gone out that the mining business is slack because of the deficiency of labor, but this is only an excuse. There is the same labor in the country that has always been there.

"Complaint is made of the Kafirs, but the fault is not theirs. In the first place, the managers of the mines promise the Kafirs wages at the rate of \$20 a month, but after hiring them are only willing to pay \$10, or just half what they agreed to give. Besides, if a Kafir workman commits the most trifling fault he is flogged severely. Under such circumstances it is not strange that these people should be dissatisfied.

"Yet the English managers of the mines give it out to the world that they need labor, and raise a cry that if they could be allowed to import Chinamen the country would soon be as prosperous as of yore. This is merely a pretext to induce European capital to invest in the mines. What adds greatly to the difficulties of the Transvaal is the present inefficient government. It is so wasteful and extravagant as to be a scandal. Under the Boer regime there were forty-four state officials who drew salaries aggregating \$320,000. Under the English sway there are 125 officials with a pay of \$920,000. These figures show conclusively the difference between the Boer and British way of conducting the public business. In fact, the entire English regime since the end of the war has been a rank failure."

10,000 Plants for 10c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes.

Salzer Seeds have a national reputation as the earliest, finest, choicest the earth produces. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow:

- 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
- 2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
- 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
- 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
- 1,000 splendid Onions,
- 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
- 1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 10c POSTAGE.

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of the earliest Sweet Corn on earth—Salzer's Fourth of July—fully 10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, etc. [C. N. U.]

His Sensible Advice.

You grumble at de weather's ways,
A-drownin' yo' delights;
Oh Noah stood it forty days—
Forty days an' nights!

You keep a-frownin' at de sky,
An' weep, an' wail, an' whine;
You better all be satisfy,
An' rise yo'self an' shine!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Consumption, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 20,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N. Y.

Rather Inconsistent.

Kerwin—Deacon Goodwin is the most inconsistent man I ever met.

Parker—Come on with the explanation.

Kerwin—You remember how loudly he sang that old hymn, "I Would Not Live Always," in church last Sunday morning?

Parker—Yes, I remember it.

Kerwin—Well, I saw him in a drug store the next day buying a bottle of cough medicine.

A Place to Avoid.

Meandering Mike—Say, Pete, you lose wander strike Cincinnati off yer visitin' list.

Plodding Pete—Wot's dat fer?

Meandering Mike—Cause I seen in de paper dat enuff soap was made dere in a day ter supply de hull town for a year.

HAD CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.
Congressman Meekison Gives Praise to Pe-ru-na For His Recovery.



Hon. David Meekison, Napoleon, Ohio, ex-member of Congress, Fifty-fifth District, writes:

"I have used several bottles of Peru-na and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL CURE: Mr. Jacob L. Davis, Galena, Stone county, Mo., writes: "I have been in bad health for thirty-seven years, and after taking twelve bottles of your Peru-na I am cured."—Jacob L. Davis.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?

LION COFFEE, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

LION COFFEE is carefully packed at our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands.

In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.)

(Save the Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)

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THEY WORK WHERE YOU EXPECT DRUGS

10c, 25c, 50c. All Druggists

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

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