Morgan County, Col.

The irrigated farm is the only "sure thing" farm on the face of the earth. And the beauty of it is that it never wears out—never fails to yield double the average of non-irrigated sections. There are irrigated farms in New Mexico that have been tilled for 250 years and which are today as good as new. In Arizona, the Pima Indians have for 400 years raised the biggest of big crops from their irrigated land. Along the Nile, in Egypt, are farms that are more than 4,000 years old and which produce larger and better yields than any other lands in the world.

One of the best illustrations of the advantages of irrigation is to be found in the irrigated district surrounding Fort Morgan, Colorado, where, during the last ten years, half a million dollars have been spent in the construction of a system of irrigating canals which has no superior anywhere. A stretch of country 30 miles long by 15 wide has been brought under cultivation and now presents an appearance that is almost ideal. Fields of alfalfa, wheat, oats and corn lend brilliancy to the broad plateau. Thousands of sleek cattle and countless flocks of sheep browse upon the nutritious grasses. Here and there an orchard bends beneath its luscious load. A more flourishing community does not exist. And the secret of it is—Irrigation and Cattle. The Morgan County farmer lives on and from his farm which never fails to yield double the average of non-irrigated sections, and he grows rich on cattle.

Men who are unacquainted with the results of farming by irrigation can form no idea of its superiority over ordinary methods of agriculture. Think what it means to be able to hasten or retard the development of growing crops—to make it rain when, where and in what volume you wish. True, all this means closer attention and greater labor, but are not the results worth it?

In Morgan County there are no cyclones; no extremes of heat and cold; no malaria; no crop failures. The people are friendly. The religious and educational facilities all that can be desired. The markets high priced. The climate the finest in the world.

Morgan County land is not "cheap"—that is, it is not cheap in the sense in which that word is ordinarily understood. The price ranges from $15 to $60 an acre including perpetual water right, but as a man can make a better living off 40 acres there than off 160 acres anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains, the apparent difference after all does not count for much. 80 acres is the favorite size. One Morgan County farmer gives it as his experience that 40 acres under irrigation in Morgan County is preferable to the best and most expensive quarter section in the "rain belt." The reasons he is meeting with gives weight to his opinion.

Detailed information about Morgan County is contained in an illustrated booklet issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route and now ready for free distribution. A copy will be mailed to any one who will write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for it.

Clothing

Clothing should never be brushed in the house. Physicians distinctly assert that the dust of the street may and does contain the most dangerous germs of contagious diseases, and the greatest care should be exercised that this dust is not scattered through the house, to find its way into the lungs, and possibly to carry the seeds of disease. Garments should be either shaken from a window or carried into the yard and beaten and brushed on a line.

Merit

is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively on the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1.

Hood's Pills Pure Liver Pills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

THE AERMOTOR CO. [illegible] windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish better articles for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Governed after Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name some of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

SOUTH WEST MISSOURI

The best fruit section in the West. No drouths. A failure of crops never known. Mild climate. Productive soil. Abundance of good pure water.

For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. PURDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for An Untidy House." Use SAPOLIO

Distasteful

to every woman—wash-day and house-cleaning time with their grim attendants; "aching back," "low spirits," "tired to death," "worn out," "out of sorts." Why don't you get rid of these things? Use Pearline. There are directions on each package that will show you the latest, safest, quickest, and best ways of washing.

The wonderful success of Pearline (used and talked of by millions of women) —that alone ought to move you to try it.

And then a trial means continued use. 472

Millions NOW USE Pearline

T. MODERN INVALID

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

A great many men throughout the country, including plenty of really swell fellows, have got it into their heads, rightly or wrongly—and we are by no means sure that it isn't rightly—that there is no reason why any man should pay more than $3.00 to $5.00 for a pair of shoes, and, to say the least, the idea has this foundation in reason, that excellent shoes are now made for $3. To pay $8 to $12 for a pair of shoes is simply throwing away money, and in many cases this is done to gratify a mistaken notion that none but your favorite shoemaker is worthy to adorn your feet. The recent improvements in shoe machinery made it possible, as shown by the well-known W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, to produce a shoe today that will compare favorably in style, wearing qualities and comfort with those offered at $6, $8 and $10 per pair.

The Christian is in great danger when he trusts in his own strength.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

Light chiffon blouses, variously trimmed with ribbon, spangled, passementerie, and lace, and worn with dark skirts, are still a feature of theater dress.

Ex, [illegible]

"How does your father manage to catch such big fish?"

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the boy who was with him on the vacation trip.

"Does he have any special tackle?"

"No, indeed. He just finds a nice shady spot and throws his line into the water and lies down with his hat over his eyes and just dreams."—Washington Star.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

Emeralds, with rubies second in favor, are said to be the leading jewels this season, always excepting the diamond, which is ever first. Opals are also popular at present, and pearls are considered especially suited to young ladies.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will give effective relief.

The latest craze in Paris among the women who lavish their time and affection on pet dogs, is the worthy ambition of supplying their canine favorites with a wardrobe as complete as their own. The dog tailor is consulted and the result of the interviews is a full outfit, consisting of reception toilets of silk, fur overcoats, waterproof bathing dresses for the seaside, and a last one dozen night gowns of fine batiste and silk.

If in need of a remedy for a Sore Throat or a Bad Cough or Cold, use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a useful medicine to keep in the house, because of its great helpfulness in all Lung and Throat troubles.

Colored moire silks, which are watered in such a manner that there is a distinct pattern, are very popular for waists, and are also used for revers and collars on gowns and cloaks.

Push your hat well up in the back, stuff in as many roses in the space next your hair, and you will have achieved the latest Paisian agony.

FITS.—All Fits completely cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Believe that God is with you in your present trouble, because he has promised that he will never forsake you in any trouble.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

No argument is required to convince a man with eyes that the sun gives light, and whoever is born of the Spirit knows that Jesus is Christ.

BALLADE OF THE NEW WOMAN.

Of the new woman now to sing
You bid me, Prince, whose jangled lyre,
Whose wrinkled muse, of weary wing,
Has lost her early might and fire.
More readily your fond desire
Would I concede and chant for you
If the fair being you admire,
If the new woman were but new.

She is, alas! no novel thing;
For history herself might tire,
Might faint and fall, in following
Where the old woman did aspire.
What stellar space, what mortal mire,
Has not the fair sex ventured through?
Indeed, we men folk might admire
If the new woman were but new.

She vexes now with questioning,
Must taste, experience, inquire,
For curiosity's the spring
That sends her soaring higher and higher,
That bade her with the snake conspire,
And to the snake alone be true
Who brought on us that heavenly ire.
If the new woman were but new!

ENVOI.

Prince, old as Adam is, our sire,
As old as Eve, whom Adam knew;
We might not labor and perspire
If the new woman were but new.
—Andrew Lang.

HEPSIE'S VALENTINE.

I WISH to be alone to-night with only the blaze for company."

Hepsie Seymour sighed and sat down near the window of her apartment to watch the sunset reddden the western snow-clad hills before it dropped into the crisp February night.

Jane turned away from the hearth after replenishing the fire, and tiptoed out of the room and down the softly carpeted stairs, cogitating:

"I wonder what her sorrow may be," she murmured, running her hand thoughtfully along the heavy walnut balustrade. "It must be a love trouble, for every time St. Valentine's Day comes around she grows paler and keeps her room, wanting to be alone."

And the observing Jane was correct in her conclusion.

Truly the blaze was all the company Miss Seymour cared for to-night of all nights, for out of the gleaming west seemed to come a tenderly uttered "Good-bye, Hepsie; I can never forget."

And to-night, as the dusk of Valentine Eve deepened around her, Hepsie Seymour sobbed up against the window-pane: "I think he still remembers. I have remembered until my heart is cankered through with the bitterness all its own."

The stars were coming out now, one by one, and great shadows trailed through the shrubbery and crept around "The Oaks."

A pained face seemed to rise out of the night and search her soul with its dark, yet kindly eyes, as once, on a Valentine Eve, six years ago. She turned to the hearth with a sigh once more. "How I suffer!" she moaned, rocking to and fro with the blaze for company.

So the time which brings loving avowals and sweet remembrances for the world of happy-hearted youth, and warmer pulsations to the hearts of the elderly lovers, only brought an agony of regret to the heiress of Oak Hill.

This was why, then, that in her elegantly appointed rooms, with arms folded over her bosom, she rocked wearily to and fro, recounting the brilliant and saddest of life's memories.

Up from the valley came a chime of silvery, musical notes. She paused. "Wedding bells," she murmured, impatiently, going back to the window and throwing open the sash to listen.

"Six years ago to-night," she continued. "I sent my heart's truest and best away because he was poor! O, that I could recall the past and welcome Horace back once more; but I cannot; woe is me!"

The bells ceased ringing; but Hepsie, heedless of the cold, wintry air, stood silently clasping her hands, and gazing far down the shadowy vale of St. Catherine and time together.

"Yes," she said, presently, "I have written, and, though he may spurn my confession, coming so late as it does, I am glad I sent the letter. He has made no sign; perhaps even now he hates me for the wretched past.

"No matter. I have borne a great deal. I can bear more.

"I can bear to be ignored by the man whose love means life to me, because I deserve it, but God pity me!"

She closed the sash and went back to the fire, kindled "for company," and sat down. The glow of the cheery flame flickered over the soft, satin gown and touched the tearstained face dreamily.

"O, that he still loved me!" She clasped her hands passionately and continued: "All the wealth of the Oaks might go at one sweep of fortune's wave did the returning tide bear Horace Winter's love to me. But, alas! I cannot undo.

"God only knew; and with Him 'all things were possible.' It might be yet—and to-night was the anniversary—what is it, John?"

The polite servant stood at the open door, with cap in hand.

"There's an old man at the gate as wants a cold bite, ma'am, and cravin' a shelter from the bitter night."

"An old man? Well, bring him into the sitting room below and I will see about it."

Hepsie sighed again, this time almost contentedly—if she could not comfort herself she would comfort another—and, following John downstairs, she waited. "A tramp, possibly," she said, wearily; "but tramps have souls."

An old, gray-haired man followed John into the pleasant comfort of cheery warmth.

"You are hungry?" Miss Seymour said the words with a mist of sympathy in her dark eyes. Before her sat a shivering man, with the snow flakes sprinkling his whitened locks and poor attire. Despite his rough exterior, she felt instinctively that he was a man of culture and had seen better times.

"Yes, ma'am, and very cold. The world hasn't a great deal it can spare to the unfortunate." He put his hand to his head and looked thoughtfully into the grate.

Hepsie ordered something to eat and made no reply. Somehow the words opened a wound she had fondly hoped was healed. Drawing aside the heavy crimson curtain she looked out once more into the night.

"And to-morrow is Valentine's Day!" She said this involuntarily in an undertone to herself; but the old man by the hearth was listening. He covered his face with his hands and sat very still.

"God be merciful!" She let go the curtain with this petition and turned toward the occupant of the hearth. He had also heard the prayer, but he made no betrayal of his knowledge; he only raised his head, looked steadily into the grate and said, slowly: "It must be such a great blessing to be wealthy; so satisfying."

"I disagree with you," answered Hepsie, almost impatiently.

The old man gave a little start, and without taking his gaze from the fire, he asked in tones of astonished inquiry: "Can it be possible that you are not happy in this beautiful home?"

Hepsie looked at him pityingly. "It can be and is possible;" then, with quivering lips she quoted: "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"Forgive me," said the old man, hastily; "my selfishness, I fear, led me to wrong views."

Miss Seymour made no reply, and, Jane coming in at that moment with a bountifully loaded tray, the conversation was dropped.

"Would you please carry this bit of paper to your mistress?" timidly asked the wayfarer of John, as he showed him his room for the night.

John took the paper without a word. Evidently this was a crazy old wanderer, but he would humor him. Then, after bidding him good-night, he left the old fellow sitting on the edge of the bed with a strange look on his face.

Miss Seymour took the scrap of paper with curious misgivings. Why should an alien stranger write her a note? Had she, in her resolve to be kind, but let a terrible character into her house? No; he was only a destitute old man, that was all.

She opened the crumpled note and staggered back, reeling into a seat with a short, little cry.

The alarmed servant rushed forward. "Great Heaven, ma'am, are you dying?"

"No; only so glad, John—this bit of paper is my valentine. You may go now."

The mystified servant withdrew to his own quarters, wondering at it all, especially the bright, beautiful expression on the face of his mistress; he hadn't seen such a happiness for years.

"Incognito," whispered Hepsie when alone. Then she ran her glad eyes over the paper again. "Once I said, 'good-bye, Hepsie; I can never forget.' Now I have come at your bidding, having never forgotten. But forgive me, darling, for dawning a little early and incognito, for I am your faithful valentine, Horace."

This was what she read; then she went to the stairway and called, "Horace!" in a clear, joyous tone.

"Yes, Hepsie; I am coming," came promptly in answer.

Miss Seymour waited at the stairs with outstretched arms, an angel of peace she seemed in the soft light of the hall lamp.

"You dear old Valentine!" she exclaimed, putting her arms around the neck of the handsome, well-dressed young man who descended. "You shall never leave me again."

"No," said he, reverently; "but, Hepsie darling, I am poor yet. Not quite so destitute as the aged beggar whom you fed, who consists now only in a long, ragged coat and wig of gray; but poor, Hepsie, poor!"

"I am glad," she whispered on his breast; "I am so glad of it. Had you possessed wealth there might have come doubts, you know, Horace."

And when the silvery toned bells rang out St. Valentine's morn from the valley Hepsie Seymour whispered in the gray dawning: "There comes a sound of marriage bells."

An Old Teamster's Maxims.

As driving a horse is something that almost every one has to do, even in this day of electricity and steam and bicycles, the proper way to drive is a matter of universal interest, and the following maxims, which are the work of an old driver, will be found good for men as well as for the animals:

The more whip, the less horsemanship.

Bad-tempered driver—bad-tempered team.

Axle-grease modifies the grain bill.

There are more balky drivers than balky horses.

The golden rule applies to horses as much as it does to men.

Whips, like emetics, are to be used very seldom.

Noisy drivers are like noisy wagons—both empty.

Blinders are worth more on the driver than on the horse.

A horse's power is proportionate to his food.

Five cents invested in sugar is better than a dollar invested in whips.

He who cannot govern himself cannot govern horses.

Base Metals in Colorado.

The production of base metals is no small feature of Leadville's output of wealth, and one base metal ore that of late is assuming an importance of no small dimensions is manganiferous iron, which is being mined for shipment to the steel works, where it is converted into speigeleisen for utility in the manufacture of Bessemer steel. There are huge bodies of manganiferous iron in Leadville mines, and it is estimated that there are several millions of tons of ore in sight. These deposits were exposed while the lodes were being exploded for the veins of silver-bearing ore, and in the past, when exposed, the deposits of manganiferous iron, unless carrying paying quantities of silver, were deemed of no value. Experimental shipments were made, however, resulting in the discovery that certain of the Leadville manganic iron ores contained sufficient manganese to produce a not inferior article of ferro-manganese.—Leadville Herald.

Even with Him.

Old Meanfusser—Me give you anything? No, I won't; you're a fraud. You're not blind at all.

Indignant One—If I wasn't blind d'yer think I'd ask such a miserable, mean-lookin' cove as you are for anything?—Oakland Times.

Hope builds a nest in man's heart where disappointment hatches its brood.

Lost Delight.

There are some pleasures which are inexpensive but satisfying, particularly to the childish mind.

"Oh," exclaimed Marjorie Manson, as the dessert came on, "how I wish you had told me this morning, mamma, that you were going to have ice cream for diner!"

"Why, what difference would it have made?" inquired Mrs. Manson.

"Oh, lots!" said Marjorie, with a sigh, I could have expected it all day then.

Points on Etiquette

You know that it is not considered polite to ask to be helped twice to any dish when you are at a strangers table, but did you know that when friends are visiting you it is correct form to say: "May I help you to some of this?" ignoring the fact that the person addressed has been served with it. It is one of those minor points of good breeding which distinguish the lady from the good hearted but ignorant hostess.

Never Out of Work. Never idle in a search for those who suffer most from PAINS and cannot work. ST. JACOBS OIL will cure and fit them for work when the chance comes.

One Cup One Cent

Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa — pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, - Dorchester, Mass.

POND'S EXTRACT

Universally used and recommended for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Colds, Catarrh, Sore Throat, all Pain, Piles and Inflammations.

Genuine in our bottles only, buff wrappers. See our name, Pond's Extract Co., New York and London.

"Your BATTLE AX or your life"! "Must have it"!

Battle Ax PLUG

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for $3.

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

N. N. U. No. 374--7. York, Neb

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.